

DIARY OF A WIMPY KID:

Ditch the Starving to Suffer

PART OF THE "BANNED BY BOOKSELLERS" SERIES

Andrew Zhong, February 7 - 27, 2025

INDEPENDENT REPORT ON CHILD ABUSE

GREGORY HEFFLEY

PLAINVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE 8 - OCTOBER 31, 2006

Report Author: Gregory Bradley

Report Date: February 7, 2025

This journal belonged to 12-year-old Gregory (Greg) Heffley of Plainville, Massachusetts who had been severely abused alongside his 18-year-old brother Rodrick Heffley, also of Plainville, for about a month by his foster grandmother and mother, respectively 71-year-old Virginia Crawford of Newark, New Jersey, and her 44-year-old second daughter Deborah (Debbie) Hawthorne of Worcester, Massachusetts.

It was found on the dinner table in their house at 77 Kent Street in Plainville, Massachusetts, by officers of the Plainville Police Department on the morning of November 1, 2006.

The Massachusetts Department of Social Services (DSS) is the department of the state, which failed Greg even when he seriously needed them, and they therefore renamed to the Department of Children and Families (DCF) in 2008.

This case went on to become the single most horrific case of child abuse in Massachusetts history, initially dubbed "New England's Terrell Peterson". Despite that, everyone neither remembered it nor brought it up.

These entries shown below, in their original form, are crucial evidence which are absolutely distressing. As such, author Jeff Kinney rejected this entire journal as the sequel to his world-famous *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* book series.

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, September 12

First of all, let me get TWO somethings straight: not only is this yet ANOTHER journal, everything's gonna be so gruesome anyone WILL vomit within 10 pages.

It's like the first second school let out this summer everything about Mom CHANGED.

In May, she lost her journalist job at "The Globe" that she'd held for 8 years thanks to financial issues, and she must've been BRUTALLY kicked in the guts.

Ever since, she started to AGGRESSIVELY vent her frustrations AGAINST me and Rodrick, and she's also ramped up her punishments by a SKYSCRAPER.

On top of that, she became HEAVILY TANKED.

Initially, every time I fouled up, even for showing up to dinner ONE MINUTE late from Rowley's place, Mom forced me to stand in a corner in my room for a random duration, like 1 hour and a half, or 2 hours and 20 minutes.

But since mid-August, she has been literally THRUSTING me against the mirror at least once every WEEK and force me to repeat "I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY!" at the top of my lungs.

Seriously, I've got NO IDEA where she got that scum from.

Either that, or she would whip out a belt and whap me across my FACE with it. She does both of them interchangeably.

You could still see the scars, and it'll still be the case for years to come.

That's why I always try to distance myself from her for as LONG as possible and as FAR as possible. Only in a pinch do I even get within 6 feet of her.

Heck, I even ate dinner in my room!

Whenever Dad was out flying that red-tail 747 again, Mom would be a couch potato just watching TV all day until 6 p.m. or so. It's like seeing a living corpse.

Even when she DOES make lunch and dinner, it's only when Dad's home, and it's not very often. Fregley's beating me at Phys Ed EXACTLY thanks to this.

So, last week I asked Rowley to have his mom bring twice his lunch just for me, and every day he did just that. That's what best friends do.

Her character's totally BUSTED. 2 Sundays ago Mom yelled at Rodrick like an evil Russian witch. His band Löded Diper had practiced that day.

This morning I saw at least THREE empty bottles of HEINEKEN on the coffee table. Despite that, I made breakfast myself, skittishly waved goodbye to her, but all I got was a disgruntled mutter.

Manny whereas still gets to be treated like a prince, for now, at least. However, I'm HOPING he'll get on the same boat. He's the ONLY kid who SHOULD deserve it, NOT ME!

Every day, I dream of the moment Dad snags me and Rodrick on his 747, and we'd move far, far away from Mom. Right now, Dad's still considering divorce, and that he'll find the first long break to duck out, which is TWO FORKING MONTHS AWAY.

I couldn't wait. I just want this to be over and done with.

Wednesday, September 13

To drag my feet for as long as possible I played Twisted Wizard at Rowley's place again until 8 p.m. I wanted to crash over at his house but he had to get his parents' permission first.

Surprise, surprise! I got kicked out.

Instead of dinner, Mom DRAGGED me upstairs and THRUSTED my forehead AGAINST the mirror SO HARD I thought my brain spilled out RIGHT THERE.

Then, she forced me to yell "I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY!" once again.

Afterward, she hit me against the mirror TWICE MORE and left me to slump my head on the counter. I crapped myself AGAINST my will. Really!

Rodrick apparently heard me but I saw it on his face earlier today. Like me, he has bruises all over it of different colors, and even CUTS all over his body.

I knew my Mom was bad to me, but DEFINITELY not like this. If I could call the DSS, or even 911, I would call them in a flash, and my torture would be over and done with.

But firstly, I don't know the DSS's number, and second, Mom made it a pain in the butt to even GET NEAR a phone. She took away all our phones, and the kitchen telephone is locked under a glass case.

Whenever she'd see either one of us pick the lock or hold a hammer without any other explanation, she'll not JUST spank, but BEAT us ALL OVER with a belt.

That's EXACTLY what happened immediately after I cleaned myself. Manny and Rodrick had to watch me, and even though Manny was once always proud of himself for snitching on me, this time he was turned into a statue.

What came out of it? My WHOLE body HURT, especially my forking FACE!

Friday, September 15

Dad finally came home today, and it's like God's BLESSING.

I sprinted to him and told everything to him between tears right at the driveway.

Long story short, he's planning a plane trip to Los Angeles on Thanksgiving without Mom and Manny on a Northwest 747 that he himself'll pilot. Well, technically, the captain does most of the job. Dad's only a first officer.

After all, I still have my middle school to go to, and like I said, he's planning a divorce. But nonetheless, I've FINALLY heard about my LIFELONG DREAM!

Once he gets there he'll maybe rent an apartment in Long Beach and start fresh. But I guess it'll have to do in a pinch.

I couldn't keep my fingers crossed for another 2 months, and Dad knows it.

He's currently in the middle of a massive fight with Mom. I don't even have to guess it's about divorce. If it happens, it's MOST CERTAINLY Dad who Rodrick and I are gonna be tagging along with.

Saturday, September 16

Last night I was literally STARVING, so in the middle of the fight I snuck down to Rodrick's room and slid out of the window.

I ran up to Rowley's house to beg him for food like last Friday, and he gave me 2 pizza slices. In fact, he also let me in to talk.

I ended up also telling him about my current situation, like how I did with Dad, and for like the FIRST time he took what I said seriously. In fact, he got REALLY scared toward the end, but I didn't care.

I urged him to let me call the DSS immediately, and for him to have me crash there no matter what. He let me call Gramma to relay the operator because who would listen to a 12-year-old?

"Hello, Gramma. This is your grandson Greg here. I'm calling from Rowley's house, and I've just escaped from Mom at 12 Surrey Street. Yeah, it's a long story. She's STARVING me, and she often BEAT ME with a belt for the past month..."

As the cherry on top, Rowley let me sleep together in his room. Best of all, this time he didn't even ASK his parents!

But this morning I HAD to return to reality, and you know what that means!

Guess this'll be my last entry. Goodbye, boys.

Monday, September 18

This went way too FAR.

Mom literally BURNED my back on top of the stove turned FULLY ON when I came home feeling more anxious than ever. My mouth was GAGGED. I howled as LOUD as I could, but that only made Mom PUSH ME FURTHER ONTO THE FLAMES.

“BURN, YOU F#*ING GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PIECE OF S#*T! WHY WON'T YOU DIE?! I SWEAR ANOTHER MOTHER DID JUST THIS!”

Thank God Dad yanked me from the stove on time. Any longer and I could've been DEAD.

My back ALSO hurt SO MUCH Dad wouldn't even TOUCH it, along with my face. I think Mom won't stop until she has physically, unrecognizably disfigured me. But I WILL die anyway way before I could even find out.

As for Mom, I couldn't imagine her punishments. I'll bet she'll burn my Xbox and games to cinders, or, heck, even pull me out of SCHOOL in a pinch, and I'll bet it's gonna be an agonizing one. In fact, I don't WANT to imagine.

But what I'm imagining is that I wanna literally live in the wild, and that Gramma had already called the Social Services even without the stove.

Thursday, September 21

You wanna know what came out of it all?

Yep, that same day that drunkard grounded me for ONE WEEK. Not only that, she LOCKED ME INSIDE. It's SO BAD that for the past 4 days I had to take a piss out the window, and crap right on the floor.

I couldn't EAT ANYTHING, and Mom made sure of that. Since yesterday I've been chewing my own TURD and drinking some of my own PISS from a cup. It's not like they're gonna even please my stomach, but I hope they work.

Do you expect me to draw those? I won't!

Anyway, I couldn't even GO TO SCHOOL, and I think Mom LIED to them saying with her calm voice that I was “ill”. School is just small potatoes anyway compared to this.

Rodrick tried to pick my lock 5 times over 3 days, but all the times Mom beat him up LITERALLY.

I heard it ALL UNFOLD, WIDE AWAKE, in BROAD DAYLIGHT. Let me tell you, it wasn't a scene AT ALL. It was REALITY.

“Mom, no, STOP! STOP IT! DON- AAAHHH! HELP ME- AAAHHHHHHH!!!”

I could only guess he now camps out in his basement.

Saturday, September 23

Finally, I'm UNGROUNDED! But... I'm sick. Very. I vomited out the window and had DIARRHEA out of it for God knows how many times.

I think I've got a high fever. My body is overheating like real crazy. That crap and piss isn't good for me after all.

I NEED water RIGHT THIS INSTANT. I cannot even SWEAT. I cannot speak WELL. No, not like my English is broken; my mouth is incredibly DRY.

I don't think I can go to church tomorrow, and I CERTAINLY don't think I can go to school. But I couldn't even ask Rodrick as he was camping out in his van by his school or something. I don't know. He no longer invites his band here anymore.

He hung me out to dry, but what's the difference gonna be? Me getting starved and beaten for 1 more week, or Rodrick getting 3rd degree burns?

I wrote a note about me to my older brother for when he comes home, and how he needs to call the school considering the note. Not like he's gonna even bother.

From now on, the word "DIARY" will be taped over with "CHILD ABUSE" or something. I didn't do it at the very start because Mom had FORCED ME to keep the word exposed for the world.

Tuesday, September 26

Well, here I am in school again, wasting away catching up. I could JUST BARELY focus in class, and it's OBVIOUS my entire class saw something's up.

Rowley's rations weren't enough. I had to get MORE FOOD.

There's this Share Station by the cafeteria line, but sadly when I turned up to it it only had apples and bananas. I cannot just ask another kid in this condition, so I resorted to the trash. I've been eating literal JUNK sometimes in times like this.

Holly Hills and Michelle Fields saw me digging and asked me what was up.

But because my voice was STILL HOARSE despite the fountains, I wrote a note explaining why I'm like this. I wasn't even trying to GET girls, by the way!

They immediately relayed this message darting toward principal Billings' office.

Now, I know what you're thinking, and I'm gonna spill the beans.

I didn't tell them sooner because nowadays who would believe me? I reflected upon myself, how I wanted to gain popularity and how it ended up failing. Nowadays, when it's ULTRA-DIRE do I even fess up to ANYONE ELSE.

If Dad lets me go live in the woods, he'd BETTER do it, and Rodrick will follow suit no matter what. Nowhere I went is good enough. Rowley's dad hates me, and school is CLEARLY not a place to live in.

I'm starting to think about Gramma's house. She's on Mom's side, so Gramma could EASILY straighten her out.

But all I can say is: I wish I had asked Dad that sooner.

Thursday, September 28

The past couple days are HELL. Because I had fessed up, that drunkard brutally WHIPPED ME for an HOUR straight on Tuesday and Wednesday. She tied me to a chair and did it.

“WHY’D YOU LIE ABOUT ME, YOU SON OF A B##*H!” she always said.

She SPECIFICALLY made sure her belt whipped me as HARD as possible. She even WHIPPED MY TORSO. Man, for 12 whole hours I couldn’t even move for TEN FEET without it being a CHORE.

Rodrick came home right then to check up on me. He tried to stop her, but she tied and WHIPPED HIM TOO! It was the same thing with Manny, so we’re ALL ON THE SAME BOAT. Look, I get that he was very irritating to me, but c’mon! Isn’t this just WAY TOO OVERBOARD?!

What’s the effing difference?!

Anyway, today after school, I checked the mailbox to see if there was anything good.

Why, to my sheer luck, OF COURSE I DID! I found a letter from the DSS, and I cracked open the envelope RIGHT THEN AND THERE!

They basically urged Mom to give up custody of Rodrick and I right TODAY, which means we’ll be living under the care of a foster mother while Dad gets this divorce settled. Otherwise she’ll be arrested.

Speak of the devil, he just pulled up to the driveway again. I showed him the letter with tears of joy and told him to confront Mom about this.

He said he would, and guess what? They’re now in hot waters again!

Friday, September 29

The police showed up, thank God!

Last evening, two cars pulled up and Rodrick and I were put into one after we’d gathered our things in suitcases. All I cared right then is that I was finally FREE of this mess.

I thought we were to go to Gramma’s house on Bacon Street, but we ended up turning onto a TOTALLY unfamiliar one.

“Kent Street” the sign says.

Last time I’ve heard, none of my family even LIVES there.

We drove up a hill and stopped at a house. It’s just your ordinary New England house, but this one is pretty weird. Kinda like it screams at you you aren’t welcome here.

The cops rung the doorbell and a lady who’s probably Gramma’s age, and who I’d NEVER even seen before opened it kind as she can be.

She introduced herself as Virginia Crawford, my HALF-BROTHERS Andrew and Richard Heffley’s GRANDMOTHER.

That came as a HUGE SHOCK for me, since I didn't even know I even HAD a half-brother, let alone TWO.

I guess when her daughter divorced, Virginia took both Andrew and Richard with her, and my current mom covered them up. That was WAY before Rodrick was born, and perhaps I'm getting ahead of myself.

But anyway, she took us in as our foster mother and we then were both plopped into the guest bedroom that I've gotta say is decently-furnished.

It was fine the first night, but this morning Virginia literally YANKED me out of bed, and I was shoved oatmeal by my "aunt" Debbie. I've barely got enough time to get prepared for the day.

After all, I just needed to "adjust here," says Virginia and Debbie.

OCTOBER

Sunday, October 1

30 days left until Halloween, and not even a day in it was the same old thing again.

My foster mom beat me brutally HARD yesterday since I dared talk back when she wouldn't let me call Rowley. She took out a loafer and whapped me 5 times. It felt like an iron against my face.

She even threatened me to stand against a corner upon second offense.

Normally, an oatmeal makes sense because it's for breakfast, and porridge is SUPPOSED to be under the same category. Why did I say that? Well, for BOTH lunch AND dinner Debbie FORCE-FED me NOTHING BUT PORRIDGE.

This lunch, I tried to convince her I'm TWELVE and that porridge is for breakfast ONLY, but it's like she's got a wood chipper in her ears. In fact, that only made her whip out ANOTHER BOWL OF THAT COLD, NASTY PORRIDGE.

"Eat this other bowl then! Be grateful you EVEN ate to begin with!"

But after all, I "just needed to wait another week and see."

Monday, October 2

Thinking about it, I don't even NEED 6 more days. This breakfast my "aunt" TIED my hands together, and my legs to the chair's legs.

I've heard about torture chambers where they tie you up so you couldn't escape, and it felt EXACTLY like that when her hands literally CRAMMED the oatmeal down my throat.

Speaking of "escape", I've always wanted to escape, but the truth is: I'm also terrified of being by myself.

To me, escaping means dying ANYWAY, whether it's jumping out of the window, or try to live in the woods or as a beggar.

It's like a "Choose Your Own Adventure" book but all roads lead to death.

When Virginia dropped me off at school today after swerving into the opposite lane twice, she literally SHOVED me out of her station wagon and screamed at me to:

"GET RAN OVER, YOU A#*HOLE!"

Yet, everybody was too busy to even give a damnation.

For good measure this morning I still asked Rowley to bring me extra food until his parents get sick of it. He replied skittishly:

"Greg, how would my parents EVEN get sick of you? I heard your mom ABUSED you, and you need to make up your weight. So, the answer is 'yes', always."

I didn't have the heart to tell him my foster parents also abuse me. Because if I did, then it'd drag on for WAY TOO LONG.

At recess Vice Principal Roy asked me about the matter. So, I spoke up yet again, but a much more condensed version since it's an even LONGER story now that I'm under Virginia's "care". I'll bet it's gonna be even MORE dire.

I didn't know my foster mom's number, so I just told him her address. I also told him that I wished the state's gonna resettle me once again.

Tuesday, October 3

When I got home yesterday Virginia straight-up SHOVED me head-first into a toilet and squeezed my stomach BRUTALLY HARD for some reason.

"What is she trying to get out?!" I thought.

Eventually, I gagged, and I couldn't help myself but spit out a small chunk of sandwich Rowley gave me.

"Aha! You aren't following the rules, you little s#*t!" my foster mom said.

"What rules?!" I shouted while coughing.

"You have been eating in school today because you seem to be not grateful enough. I ALWAYS make sure you are grateful to the best!"

We then fought, with me claiming that Virginia herself is just like Mom, while she of course denied it, chucking that "grateful" bullcrap over and over again in her drunkenly-mad voice.

And then it got physical. I got PUNCHED in the stomach twice.

It ended when she went to call the school for them to make sure I won't eat anything AT ALL. Rodrick tried intercepting her, but it sounds like he got the loafer treatment. But I could hear glass breaking.

It was like hearing a girl being slaughtered like a pig.

I came out and he had SHARDS all over his head. I looked over and saw a broken bottle with a puddle of something like water. I peeked into the living room, and saw a WHOLE collection of bottles by the couch. She was sitting there, just watching TV all tired.

I squinted at the labels, and they all read “ABSOLUT VODKA”. It’s obvious that it’s alcohol because who would package water in GLASS BOTTLES?!

I had to whap Rodrick several times to wake him up, and then I nervously tried plucking each and every shard out VERY CAREFULLY. If you ask me, it was REALLY GRUELING. Every time I try to pull he winces. But it’s not like he’s unconscious, so what’s the difference?

I then used some napkins as makeshift bandages, then carried him to bed.

Anyway, today is just about the same ordeal, minus the Vodka, except I also vomited out BLOOD, and Virginia KICKED my freaking STOMACH... HARD.

When I got to my room, I had the strong urge to jump for FREEDOM.

But the problem is: I’m in a 2-story house, and there’s no roof between my room and the grass. So, I sneakily surveyed the entire downstairs.

Believe it or not right at the end there’s a SLIDING DOOR leading out to to FREEDOM!

That gave me a BRILLIANT idea: I’m gonna ESCAPE tomorrow.

Rodrick apparently ripped a page from my book despite him LITERALLY bleeding a bit. All he needs is to get his van and we’d be FREE!

But first I had to cook that turd for dinner. No one ever taught me HOW to do so, so I just slightly burned my arms overcooking that porridge. The whole time Debbie was standing by me, glaring at me, seemingly having it in her.

I don’t know how close we were to setting the smoke detector off, but I’ve got a hunch that even if I did, my foster “parents” won’t give a darn about us.

I had to rush it outside and let it sit out in the cold backyard for AN HOUR because that master made me wait that long.

Wednesday, October 4

It’s about 9:30 p.m. and we’re supposed to sleep. But we aren’t. In fact, we’re currently walking down Kent Street. I’m trying to write as we pass under each light pole.

A couple hours ago Rodrick and I discussed on how to escape, and they’re VERY simple:

1. Fetch a paper map of the city.
2. Sneak out the patio or front door without making any noise.

3. Walk (or rather, run) back to 12 Surrey Street. Rodrick's van is still parked on the driveway, and he has its keys under the doormat, so we could just hop in.
4. We're off!

First of all, I've already found the city's road map when I snuck into her bedroom (which is off-limits) last night. Virginia was downstairs with my "aunt", and they were too busy getting tanked to give a damnation.

Our room's door fortunately is unlocked, and we went out the front door without any noise, knowing if 8:30 p.m. is lights out for us, then it's lights out for them as well. Not a single hide and hair of my masters is found.

Along the way, we ducked to a bush every time we hear a car. God forbid her damned wagon pulls up behind us, out in the open.

Most of the time we just enthusiastically talked about our future plans. But when we got to the part when we ACTUALLY leave this county we kinda ran into a wall.

WHO IN MY OWN BLOODLINE LIVES OUTSIDE OF HERE?!

We entertained that thought for a while, and in the end we decided to just first take our van to lodge at Gramma's about 10 miles up as a stopover for the time being, then debate if it's truly necessary to move out of this county.

We eventually made in his van, got out of my old house, and I've gotta say I'm practically JUMPING in my seat as my dreams are FINALLY coming true!

Oh, how I daydreamed what'd happen when we'd get there!

But then, I noticed this car following us rather suspiciously. At first, I thought it was only a coincidence, and we drove on normally. But I couldn't help but stare at the right side mirror.

We turned right onto Washington Street, and that was when I saw its model.

I've been driven to and from school in that damned green wagon for long enough I could UNMISTAKABLY tell its design. Rodrick didn't notice her, though. I made sure he DOES.

"Hey, I didn't mean to start a chase, but I think Virginia's following us."

Guess what? Rodrick sped the van right up to the SPEED LIMIT, and that wagon sped up TOO. We turned left onto Fisher, into some random neighborhood, then turned left again, and that wagon did the same too.

I can tell Rodrick was hyperventilating, and his driving was getting a bit erratic.

"HOW THE HECK DID HE FIND US?!"

"HOW WOULD I KNOW?! I'M NOT FREAKING JESUS!"

Right as we were about to turn back onto Washington, I couldn't see the headlights anymore.

And then her damned Ford SWERVED right in front of us!

Rodrick almost CRASHED into that sicko! Virginia immediately sprinted out her car and REPEATEDLY PUNCHED MY window. As if her looks could kill.

“BACK AWAY! DANG IT! BACK AWAY!” I screamed at Rodrick.

“WHY NOT RUN HER OVER?!” Rodrick asked yelling.

“THE COPS WON’T BELIEVE US! JUST BACK IT!” I screamed again.

He performed a J-turn as Virginia’s literally CLINGING onto my handle for dear life. Fortunately, she lost her grip, and now we’re on the run once more. Rodrick apparently lost his sense of direction. We’re supposed to be heading NORTH!

VIRGINIA!

Deborah's 46-year-old boyfriend Edward Gibbs, a 42-year-old Crossland High School history teacher from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, was driving the entire time, while Virginia directed him from the passenger seat because she was heavily-drunk.

He had been spying and eavesdropping on the brothers throughout their walk, and called back reporting the appearance of Rodrick's van to her. Right after the J-turn, Edward left Virginia to call Deborah via a payphone to pick her up, thus she would not get injured.

About 1 second after Greg wrote that, Edward diagonally collided Virginia's 1981 Ford Country Squire with 18-year-old Rodrick's 1990 Ford E-150 on the left side, after running a red light at over 30 mph at the junction between South and East Washington streets in North Attleborough.

Both brothers sustained a couple of cuts and bruises especially on their limbs, along with mild whiplash. Rodrick had shards of glass jammed in his left cheek, and arm which was broken.

They, along with Edward, were rushed to the Sturdy Memorial Hospital's emergency department at Attleboro, where doctors discovered bruises, scars, and wounds accumulated during the brothers' months being abused.

A Plainville police investigator Courtney Duarte was called in to examine Greg in recovery the following morning.

She noted: "Gregory has bruises, marks, and lacerations all over both new and old, but nonetheless equally abhorrent. Over the months, he has accumulated injuries including: Back visibly burned and slightly tender; body bruised and marked throughout as well as extremities; face bruised, marked, and tender; buttocks swollen and tender; and both lower arms burned 1st-degree."

Their biological parents Susan Heffley (Maiden name: Susan Moore), 41 years old; and Francis (Frank) Heffley, 42 years old; were ordered by the investigator to not return their sons to their foster home.

Speaking of the matter, the Crawfords were not even blood relatives of Greg and Rodrick, proving the DSS simply lazily looked through documents of Frank Heffley and chose the Crawfords, perhaps simply because Frank had once been married to Deborah.

Greg's foster grandmother was later arrested at her house, and was charged with reckless conduct for constantly beating the brothers while drunk.

Edward was arrested on October 8 for attempted vehicular manslaughter. Virginia was ordered to appear at the Wrentham District Court on October 7; and Edward was to show up 3 days later for 10 years in prison.

In Virginia's trial, Greg and Rodrick were supposed to be taken in by their case worker Scott Trudeau, but due to the incompetence of the DSS, neither brothers appeared after their discharge, and Jack did not show up on their behalf.

For this reason, there was no victim in court to testify. The district court judge Emogene Johnson-Smith erroneously took the foster mother's word for it and erroneously acquitted her.

To add insult to injury, Scott wrote a fake report that he put into each of the brothers' files stating that: "Judge Johnson-Smith believed the defendant Virginia Crawford, and did not find Crawford guilty of child abuse."

Despite the brothers' medical records from that hospitalization, which were not scrutinized, Greg and Rodrick were discharged on October 6, and returned by the officers 77 Kent Street.

The following entries are of such terrifying and harrowing qualities that they shall not be read if the reader is too timid, or "wimpy". In other words, only the bravest of readers shall brave on.

Sunday, October 8

Man, Virginia's so proud of torturing me that I'm back at 77 Kent Street, a.k.a. our Dachau.

2 days ago after we were discharged we thought Virginia's FINALLY gonna get booked. But, NAH! The cops smacked us RIGHT BACK at HER house.

I was fuming so hard once I got out that I wanna attack them like a lion right then and there, but I knew it's just gonna get me jail time.

The very unfortunate thing is that Rodrick broke his left arm. On top of that, that van is TOTALED, along with that wagon. At least he's got some rad signatures all over his cast. I'm not even JEALOUS anymore!

The whole time I thought that demon's mangled and all, but officer Duarte, when she questioned me at the E.R., told me that it was Debbie's boyfriend Edward Gibbs who'd did it. That didn't surprise me one bit; Virginia's always drunk.

Anyway, I gave my best description of Virginia along with her qualities and her address. The cops later told me she got detained, but NOPE! SHE'S FINE!

I was SO CLOSE to getting saved, yet I was SO FAR!

I wanna yell to EVERY officer here: "Why did it take a full-on CRASH to even DETAIN that creature?! And why is Virginia NOT JAILED AT ALL?!"

If or when I grow up, I wanna be in charge of the DSS FIRST CHANCE.

Virginia INSTANTLY threw me over to my "aunt", who tied me to a board, tied some device to my arm, and I had to wear this backpack which this thing was hooked to.

Once again, I felt like I was in a medieval TORTURE CHAMBER.

"Help, help me! Help! Please! Don't do it! Don't! HELP-"

Then she SHOCKED me, LITERALLY. 12 times, 1 for every year I've lived.

I literally felt like being attacked by a wolf. I think my heart ALMOST STOPPED BEATING. I think I also nearly busted my vocal cords howling.

Shortly after my ordeal my "aunt" proudly explained to Rodrick how we "deserved" it. I could BARELY listen to her especially after my near-death experience.

"You've just saw that retard deserving what I've deserved! Way back when, I've tried to escape from the Judge Rotenberg Center so many times that they let me keep my GED, what that is called! Remember, we can EASILY find you, UNDERSTAND?!"

I don't forking understand why they HAVE to use this GED thing?! Other than I had tried to escape ONCE?! But I've gotta say, Debbie was REALLY ballsy she even TRIED to escape that "Judge Rotenberg" place so many times.

Rodrick ALSO got the GED right after me! 18 times!

In the middle of it all, I went to dial 911 to have the operator relay what I frantically said to Social Services, and I intentionally held the receiver as close to the scene as possible just so the operator would believe me.

Luckily, the operator let me hang up in the nick of time! Nobody noticed!

But for “good measure” my “grandma” locked me in my room AGAIN. Once again, I couldn’t go out for ANY REASON. I think Rodrick got the attic, but I’m getting ahead of myself here.

I couldn’t even be bothered getting up yesterday, and I also wouldn’t today. I’m shaken. I want my real Mom and this Crawford house to go away forever. If or when I die, then you need to help me fix everything.

I’m NOT talking to you child abusers!

Tuesday, October 10

Alright, time to make use of my time, not like it’d be useful in the long run. I’m currently writing a letter for the DSS detailing my account on a piece of paper I got from my closet.

When I’m done I’m gonna set it aside for now. When she lets me out I’m gonna shove this inside my underwear. When she’d be too busy I’m gonna sneak off and rummage through her office next to the downstairs bathroom. I hope the supplies are there.

Occasionally I looked out the window at the small clearing and the forest beyond.

If you see me whimpering, then I’d be thinking: if even Southern slaves could walk around, and the prey of hawks could live mostly unharmed, then why couldn’t I? Here, I’ve got even LESS freedom than an Alcatraz inmate.

Should I leap for freedom again? But if so, was Debbie right after all?

I’ve pondered it again, and I realized: I would end up like Rodrick, arms broken and all, before I’d just continue starving. Not just the electric shock.

The forest is not for me, after all.

Rowley’s probably asking every house in this city about where I am.

Wednesday, October 11

For the past 2 nights, repeatedly I’ve tried to fall asleep, only to wake up an hour later. A few times I saw a plate of fresh fruit on my bedside table that disappears once I tried to get closer, twice it was Dad in his Northwest uniform urging me to come along.

Worst of all, I was paralyzed seeing Virginia standing by the door staring at me while holding a bottle of Vodka. She LOVES drinking it. I bet she’ll try forcing me to chug it.

All of which are of course not true, but I just couldn’t help it.

I'm thinking of opening that window, and I actually tried 5 minutes ago.

Good grief. It's LOCKED shut.

I tried pulling the handle to unlock it, but it's like she SUPERGLUED it. I'm not ready to chuck this journal before my life, else I'd get the loafer.

Before my escape I tested opening it, and it did just perfectly fine. I originally planned to escape there as last resort when it's snowing, but now it's none but hopeless. Give me Rowley for comfort. Or, give me a teddy of him! I don't care!

Friday, October 13

It's Friday the 13th. I've been literally eating literal turds and drinking piss again. So what do you expect from my being FINALLY let out?

Well, for starters I tried sneaking off to the office, but sadly I didn't even leave the living room when Debby noticed me and did the GED thing again. Again, it was 12 times, and again, it felt like WOLVES wildly clawing.

She felt my waist as she was trying to lift me up, and she asked me:

"Hey, do I feel a sheet here?"

I responded: "It's personal business, you demon!"

She then insisted that if I kept that "personal business" bullcrap she's gonna shock me 6 times more and yank down my shorts afterward.

Believe it or not, it went EXACTLY that way.

My "aunt" then yanked out the letter, she skimmed through it, TEARED IT into pieces, and CHUCKED them right into the boiling pot of porridge.

It was Rodrick's turn to cook that turd for lunch, and it's DOUBLY HARD since his arm's STILL BROKEN and wrapped in a cast. No surprise, he went all mad.

"DEBBIE, YOU WANNA KILL US, RIGHT?!" Rodrick yelled.

That argument quickly escalated after this.

"I SAID, YOU WANNA MAKE US EAT PAPER WITH INK?!"

"IT'S YOUR PRESENT!"

Finally, here's the thing I've secretly been waiting for...

"Well, here's YOUR present, Deborah!"

Then my brother spilled the entire boiling pot right onto my "aunt".

She was blindly swatting as he watched her slip on the puddle, then she hit the ground hard. She's bleeding from her nose but I didn't care. I realized the porridge was FINALLY useful for once! Why hadn't I thought of it before?

It was like watching a cartoon, except it's live action. I couldn't help but laugh.

Virginia noticed me like she was gonna murder me right away, and so she BRUTALLY whacked a FULL bottle of VODKA on my head! Like what Rodrick had went through!

But oh, no! That was FAR from enough! She got out 2 cords and WHIPPED me from HEAD TO TOE with BOTH of them at the SAME time!

Then, that scumbag burned BOTH my arms holding it above the stove for FIVE minutes.

She even forced me and Rodrick together grab his puddle and EAT that absolutely disgusting turd right off the floor. It doesn't even help that it's coated with VODKA as well!

All I can say is: next week I'm literally gonna DIE in class. Really.

Debbie came back with her face LITERALLY RED. She joined in by STEPPING on us and KICKING our heads around like a soccer ball. They laughed like killer clowns.

I'm surprised I'm even WRITING this after those demons nearly KILLED me.

Anyway, time to pull my shards outta my face. It's gonna be BLOODY.

Monday, October 16

I'm TOTALLY screwed.

I've got like a BILLION overdue papers right now, and for some godforsaken reason I STILL HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL.

The only good thing to come out of it is that most my classmates now care for me.

I personally had to explain to ALL the teachers about my condition. Yes! EVERY SINGLE ONE! Even Principal Billings and Vice Principal Roy! They all said they'd have it with the DSS, yet I'm somehow STILL hearing my grades are BORKED! And the report card's not even out yet!

God, I've got SO MANY to blame!

I blame Mom for even abusing me in the first place.

I blame Dad and Rodrick for not having me jump ship with them first chance.

I blame the school for still forcing me to go there like I'm not being abused.

I blame my foster home for continuing abusing me.

I blame the police and the DSS for letting all this SLIDE SCOT-FREE.

In fact, I blame the ENTIRE WORLD for watching me suffer!

But I'm not gonna kill myself. I'm gonna let my foster home kill me if they wanna. If I die, I doubt there's gonna be much difference.

This morning I've discussed he should bring me lunch at recess instead of lunch. That way by the time I get home I won't get kicked. I've also asked every classmate from homeroom through 8th period to do the same.

I tried tagging along with Rowley after school, but we hadn't even left school property when Virginia screamed at me, from her "new" car, an '80s 4-door Cadillac, to:

"GET IN THE DAMN CAR! OR I'M GOING TO RUN YOU OVER!"

Rowley was so petrified he had ZERO other choice but to let me go... but not before I told him her address IF he has the guts to get abducted.

At home, I got the Heimlich again. Guess what? my trick WORKED!

"Greg, you're getting so grateful! Keep it up and you'll be treated better!" Virginia gleefully said, as if I even LIKE her.

I'm starting to ABSOLUTELY hate the word "grateful", because I NEVER AM grateful! Virginia's grateful she's not even arrested!

Wednesday, October 18

For past week or so I could BARELY walk TEN FEET without virtually EVERY PART of my body screaming at me to get to the hospital.

I tried telling people not to come near me, else I'd scream like a maniac. I expected sympathy, which I got from half my classmates, but I didn't expect verbal insults like "Red Man" or "Get a wheelchair, retard!" in the halls, you know that.

When I arrived home yesterday I've tried begging with all my might my foster parents to let me do so, but all I got was a hard WHIP. They also BURNED MY FEET on top of a heating grate cranked FULL BLAST. I felt like I was literally on fire.

So, Fregley, please stop asking me why I was walking weirdly. I've already calmly explained this to you, and you STILL ACTED DEAF! Goodness!

"May I PRETTY PLEASE see your feet?"

"No. You'll go home crying."

In Phys Ed Mr. Underwood noticed my weird gait, so I had to get my hips skinned for my soles RIGHT at this school, and I for once was excused from Phys Ed full-time. Mr. Underwood promised my grades wouldn't plummet. I hope.

"Greg. You seem too beaten. Get a break."

"But what about my grades?"

“Your grades will be fine. I’ve talked to Principal Billings.”

I’m in the library killing time reading. The whole time I hopelessly saw how I couldn’t fit with ANYONE in the stories, even historical books like the ones about U.S. history. Everyone lived such free and normal lives, while I have to languish.

Thursday, October 19

Yesterday after I wrapped that entry I stumbled across this series of books fittingly titled “A Series of Unfortunate Events”.

From the title itself, I thought the contents match my situation well, and BOY DID I HIT JACKPOT!

Basically in the first book, the Baudelaire’s mansion burned down, so the main characters the Baudelaire orphans got settled into their distant relative Count Olaf’s house by the family banker Mr. Poe.

The kids ended up getting abused by Olaf, verbally and physically. He even slapped Klaus (the middle child) brutally hard somewhere around when Olaf’s theater crew came one time for dinner.

By the end of chapter 5 this book fits PERFECTLY with me. This is the hill I’m gonna die on.

In it, the kids tried pleading Mr. Poe for help, but they ended up getting turned away thanks to his oblivious to the truth, along with the legal term “In Loco Parentis”. Those three words hit me way harder than an Acela. God, I hate it so much!

But in other words, Olaf is their legal guardian, so he could get to treat his foster kids however the heck he wants, EVEN if it’s child abuse.

I’m not gonna spoil anything beyond here, except that toward the end ONLY when Olaf blurted out, after a performance fiasco, that he’d kept the infant Sunny high up in a bird cage did Mr. Poe even TRY to detain him.

Mr. Poe is their DSS, and Count Olaf is their 77 Kent Street. The Baudelaires, removing all their traits, are me and Rodrick. I realized that I’m living in the Baudelaires’ world, but 1,000 times worse. No matter how hard either of us try to plead to Mr. Poe, he would always turn us away until it’s almost too late, or in our case: it’d be too late.

Friday, October 20

I’ve gone through SO MANY toilet Heimlichs that my stomach CONSTANTLY ACHES. Vomiting blood is pretty much routine now, though I always only coughed out a small bit, so I should live a LITTLE BIT longer, I hope.

That scumbag at this point now KICKS my STOMACH when I have been careless, probably to stop food from going in, since I GENUINELY couldn’t think of anything else.

But then again, I’m STILL STARVING, and I’m a testing range anyway. A few kids, like 6th graders, have the GUTS to bring up the “Cheese Touch” thing once again.

It's sorta like the same thing, but instead of looking normal and all you look halfway to a soldier just back from WWI. You cannot pass it on. Worst of all, you're starting to DISFIGURE. That's who I am!

Basically, no kid except Rowley even bothered coming within 6 feet or so of me unless it's to bring me food or something.

Most of the time, they're either disturbed or disgusted. But Fregley has the GUTS to REPEATEDLY BEAT, STOMP, and BITE me all over. If you've ever heard of a slaughterhouse, then you've ONLY seen the preview.

Obviously, most kids tried tackling him try as they might, but a few brain-deads CHEERED HIM ON. Goodness! What is up with those sadists?!

"GET OFF OF HIM!" A girl screamed trying to yank him.

"I'VE HEARD THAT HE USED ROWLEY!" Martin screamed in between punches.

"HE'S ALREADY SEEN SO MUCH! STOP!" A boy called out.

"GO, FREGLEY, GO! EAT THAT FAILURE!" Another boy angrily howled.

"HE'S BEING ABUSED ALREADY! YOU WANNA GO TO JAIL?!" Rowley kicked that biting weirdo in the shins afterward.

Eventually, Vice Principal Roy personally witnessed the scene and practically DRAGGED Fregley (I now know him as Frederick Russell) for a suspension. Thank God I would rest an ITTY BITTY easier.

I had to stay in nurse Powell's office for the rest of the day until that absolutely disgusting demon picked me up during lunch. I was bandaged all over like a toilet paper mummy.

School was FINALLY over with... you guessed it! Not only the Heimlich, but also my bandages being RIPPED OFF, Rodrick repeatedly getting burned for eating at school multiple times, and my being forced to cook lunch and dinner with at least one burn.

Saturday, October 21

If you ask me at recess why I drool at even the most mundane things, I'm REALLY starting to crave EVERYTHING the kids gave me. Heck, even the most mundane things like a granola bar tastes like FILET MIGNON!

The best thing to go in my mouth is CANDY, especially PIXY STIX! Even though all the candies taste rather equally SWEET, I find the powdered candy to be the BEST since your teeth don't have to claw and bite their way in!

Why? BECAUSE MY TEETH ACHES NOW!

I remember on Halloween 2 years ago, 1/3 of houses gave me Pixy Stix, but that's ONLY because they're found in virtually EVERY candy pack you see at your Kmart.

Nonetheless, Rowley and I were too naive. So, we literally FILLED our mouths with a whole different combo of flavors, then swallow it! I think they even left a nice taste in my mouth for a moment.

But anyway, I'm SUREFIRE betting my foster parents' gonna lock us in when the free kids have that time of their lives stealing "our" candy.

Except, the problem is I couldn't even GET into my room. My "grandma" LOCKED it.

She's probably thinking I should be a forking Southern SLAVE.

In the hallway I was greeted with a PALLET. Yes, a FORKING PALLET, like those you'd find in warehouses. On it a Post-It note labeled it as: "Greg's bed".

HOW ON HEAVEN AND EARTH DO YOU EVEN CONSIDER IT A "BED"?!

Geez! It's gonna be a WHOLE LONG NIGHT. The A/C's cranked full blast out here, and the pallet is BARE. There's not even a blanket. I had to sleep in my school clothes.

10 minutes ago, Rodrick tried pulling me into my old room, but Virginia was happening to walk by when she caught him, and so he had to maintain a pose where you dig your nose right into the floor, and your body is in an inverted V.

Then she stomped on his head and body. She even stomped on his butt. He howled like one of those engines Dad's old DC-9 had. But that made her stomp even HARDER. He's practically HALFWAY up the stairway.

Results? My brother got ANOTHER pallet right next to me! His nose was a BLOODY MESS that's still flowing no problem. The carpet floor looks like a CRIME SCENE, which this SHOULD be IF those scum of cops EVEN GRADUATED high school.

But then again, most here are totally brain-dead anyway. One time Uncle Gary ran over a mentally-deranged man who was about to attack him, and Gary was given a week of community service as well as getting SUED. The victim WON.

Tuesday, October 24

7 days until Halloween. I came home today to be greeted with a haunted house in place of my prison. It was very, very SPLENDID, with those fog machines, the gravestones, a WHISPERING BLOODIED DOLL, spiderwebs on the windows and everything!

But inside, we're being abused here for pretty much the past month. That undeniable fact makes it DOUBLY eerie. Need I say that again?

I went in and saw an ENTIRE BOX FULL OF PIXY STIX!

I also saw a whole bunch of smaller Ziploc bags of I guess flour right beside them. But why is flour even NEEDED at all?

I snagged one and showed it to Virginia.

She waved me off while chugging yet another bottle of Vodka.

“Shut up, you retard! I was gonna make cake!”

I didn't wanna get injured again, so I did.

But I still don't understand why they're in LITTLE ZIPLOCS. If they REALLY wanna make a Halloween cake for every kid here, then they should've just gotten another sack.

Thursday, October 26

Let me tell you: this “routine” is driving me NUTS!

I wake up being yanked out of bed, given 5 minutes to prepare for the day, dragged downstairs sometimes half-naked to breakfast, force-fed oatmeal, then at random times a random form of punishment was given. I couldn't leave without getting whipped.

On school days I was literally shoved into Satan's right hand woman's car, then we'd be SPED to school without a peep, where my classmates would give me food throughout the day. But even so I'd still resort to trash cans.

After school I'd be squeezed brutally hard in my stomach to make sure I'm “grateful”. DO expect Virginia to go all “grateful” this and “grateful” that.

But today I flunked my history test on the War of 1812. It was just a small potato, but otherwise don't blame me, since that scumbag apparently did.

She tore through my backpack, yanked that damned big fat ZERO out, and DUNKED me into an upstairs toilet to EAT her TURDS and DRINK her PISS.

All I can say is: it's so DISGUSTING not even a PIG would wanna do that!

Anyway, after that ordeal, as usual, I had to take turns with Rodrick cooking lunch and dinner without any proper training, so nearly every day we burned our hands at least once, and those savages would simply scold us for not “being perfect”.

In the afternoon, I'm so beaten by those cruel and unusual punishments that I couldn't even focus on the pile of overdue homework that my school FORCED me to do.

Like, REALLY?! How BRAIN-DEAD does Thomas Westmore Middle School have to be?! I've literally talked to the VICE PRINCIPAL once for crying out loud!

I'll bet Virginia would say: “Screw the Consitution as you're not a TRUE American; screw common sense; screw the police! OUR house = OUR own country = OUR LAWS!”

Most days you'll just see a kid sitting with his head just barely being held up by his arms, and his tears well up upon his homework. That's me.

I couldn't even slump my head. Virginia's just gonna yank me and beat the living crap out of me either with the loafer or the belt, or maybe kicking and stomping on me and whatnot. That's what happened half an hour ago. Rodrick of course isn't exempt.

Some days, when it's dire, either one of us would sneak off and call 911, but eventually somebody's gotta find out before the cops.

8:30 p.m. is lights out for us and Rodrick and I have to sleep on those pallets. I still can't fathom WHY this was even an "idea", and I SURELY can't fathom WHY the cops even SENT us here.

If we even bothered escaping, they're guarding both the front door and the patio, unless they're ULTRA-DISTRACTED with what to do with us. On those times Rodrick would sneak away to beg the neighbors since bringing two is "too risky".

Well, let me tell you what IS too risky: the cops PLOPPING us RIGHT HERE!

I'm gonna call 911 again, not like it'd be useful.

Friday, October 27

After I tried to call 911, Virginia dragged me out and TIED me to a RAILING on the back deck to leave me there all night long. I had to shiver to sleep in my shirt and shorts in the torturous breeze, while I was also scared that I might fall and die.

That was the SINGLE-LONGEST NIGHT I've EVER endured.

This morning, she untied me and DRAGGED ME to that damned heating grate to "fix you".

Long story short, that didn't help AT ALL. In fact, my back and chest got burned, and they're ABSOLUTELY PAINFUL to even TOUCH.

Of course, I've caught cold, so I couldn't actually go to school today. Yay, I guess.

Rodrick escaped again today, and he'd made sure to bring me along.

We'd just beelined to our next-door neighbor Mr. Harrison's house for food. Rodrick didn't carry me along before the collision; didn't step into my shoes. But I've only got myself to blame. He's starving even more than I am.

Mr. Harrison was absolutely ASTONISHED by our looks.

"Hello?- AAAHHHHHH!!! WHO ARE YOU?!"

But then he calmed when we begged him to give us that thing we REALLY CRAVED.

I and Rodrick had to go on a long rambling ratting Mr. Harrison's next-door neighbor out. I think either he's old (which I could VISIBLY tell) or this is ultra-dire since he always has to jot down notes after every sentence.

He then went to phone the DSS or 911, I dunno, then he kindly gave us a basket of candy EARLY. They were surplus from last year. It's OK, they aren't expired yet!

Sunday, October 29

Friday night it was raining, and Mr. Harrison had to go on a graveyard shift somewhere, so he basically hung us out to dry, or rather: soak.

We couldn't go back to 77 Kent until the next morning, so we had to make do and curl into fetal positions right by his fireplace on his patio under the deck. Thank goodness the fireplace was enclosed by glass!

When we woke up yesterday it was still raining. Today it's also raining. It's even HARDER this time! My God, will that weather ever let us BOOK IT?!

We rung his front doorbell 5 times. No answer.

"He's still not back?! Greg, that means..." Rodrick faltered.

"We have to go back. Sorry if I drove you nuts." I somberly said.

We got electrocuted. This time we were not NOT expecting it.

Then, my "aunt" TIED OUR ENTIRE BODIES, and AGGRESSIVELY FORCE-SHOVED BOTH OATMEAL AND PORRIDGE again like we're BABIES. They're ALL COLD.

"EAT THIS S#*T, YOU LITTLE BRATS! F#*ING EAT 'EM ALL! EAT IT! C'MON!"

She yelled for Virginia to drag me up to the grate, when both of us hadn't even finished CHEWING that turd yet. She yanked our shirts off and BURNED our BACKS!

All the while my master hit the loafer and Debbie whipped 2 cords on Rodrick and my bodies respectively! Those demons officially crossed the line a LONG TIME ago, yet they're breaking the line EVEN FURTHER for their own "fun"!

I think my organs were starting to MELT by the time she finally shut it off.

To cap off, we were kicked and tossed around like soccer balls again.

The whole time I could only think: "Where did these sickos even GROW UP in?!"

Halloween

Today, FINALLY! Virginia and Debbie let us go trick-or-treating and eat outside food for once, no consequences! Mrs. Jefferson gave me my pirate costume from last year, and Rodrick just tagged along in his normal clothes.

But the catch is: we'd be on LEASHES. Literally!

It's STILL RAINING, so we only hit 2 streets: this, and Burlington on the top of the hill, after the crossroad with East Avenue. We only hit no more than 10 houses.

Everyone told us all to stay safe and not get sick, especially Virginia. I guess they're all too worried about the rain to even glance at us up and down.

“Here you go, kids! Stay safe and well out there! Don’t catch cold!”

One didn’t answer us, and it was around 9 p.m. by then. So, my “grandma” wrapped up our trick-or-treating by presenting her remaining 5 Pixy Stix as proudly as she could! Best of all, she even let us choose our own flavors!

After some choosing, she handed 2 to Rodrick, and the remaining 3 to me.

Oh, I’m SO EXCITED I’m almost bouncing off the walls right now!

We all came home, finally happy that we even made it an evening without a beating. I’ve gotta say, this is virtually the FIRST TIME she has spoken nicely.

I pleaded Virginia to DEATH to let me eat it FIRST THING! But in the end, I have to save the best for the last. At least she gave me time to catch up on this entry.

Alright, time to eat my Pixy Stix! Rodrick can go after! Here goes nothing!

I don’t know why my treat got stuck in the straw, but thank God Virginia helped loosen it!

It tastes very BITTER, and God! My stomach hurts!

Virginia NEVER told me that. She told me it was “fine”. In fact, she even gave me Kool-Aid to save my taste buds by washing that crap down.

Jesus, I’m gonna throw up!

This is Greg Heffley, over and out!

That would become Greg's last entry ever.

As it turned out, he had consumed 3 Pixy Stix laced with doses of potassium cyanide enough to kill 1 grown adult per straw, that Virginia had put in.

After drinking Kool-Aid given by her to wash the powder down, he ran into the downstairs bathroom to throw up, and ended up passing out.

Rodrick saw this and immediately successfully summoned an ambulance while screaming as he was being beaten by Virginia with a telephone cord for doing exactly so.

After nearly 5 months of being severely abused, Gregory Heffley, at the young age of 12, was pronounced dead an hour later en route to the Sturdy Memorial Center's emergency room.

An autopsy revealed the fatally-high traces of cyanide in his stomach, and Rodrick's testimony as witness promptly made Virginia the culprit.

Not only that, but both brothers were revealed to have been burned, beaten, and whipped in such gruesome manners to the point where virtually every part is tender.

Greg was starved to 101 pounds in the hospital (before he weighed 116 pounds), and Rodrick weighed 125 pounds (before he weighed 147 pounds).

When Plainville Police officers showed up to 77 Kent Street the following morning, Virginia plainly lied to them saying that she did not remember where she had gotten the Pixy Stix from.

Since the family only went to houses on two streets due to the rain, the police became suspicious, and ordered Virginia and Deborah to visit every house on the streets again for proof.

To the cops' suspicions, none of them have handed out Pixy Stix.

Thus, the mother and daughter ended up claiming that they had knocked on the empty house's front door, but the lights did not turn on. Despite that, she only saw a "hairy" arm giving out 5 straws, from the door which was opened halfway.

The owner of the empty house at 91 Burlington Street was Brett Adams. He was a professor at Harvard University who did not get home until 11:00 p.m. that night. Brett was proven to be at work by over 100 witnesses consisting of his colleagues and students, so the police singled the Crawfords out and promptly detained them.

The remaining 2 Pixy Stix straws were later seized to also find the same amount of doses of cyanide. Apparently, the straws, after they were laced, were resealed with a staple.

Virginia eventually confessed in an interrogation that she had purchased the cyanide from a chemical supply store in New York City 9 days prior, since she was beginning to become irritated with "cleaning up after those retards", as she described the brothers.

Greg's journal was also seized by the authorities as crucial evidence.

On November 2, she, along with Deborah, was finally charged with aggravated assault and battery, and cruelty to children. Virginia was charged additionally with 1 count of capital murder, and 1 count of attempted murder.

They were initially given death sentences for the 1-year anniversary of the killing, and were booked in to the Massachusetts Correctional Institution (MCI) in Norfolk.

As the investigation went on, police discovered that Virginia's atrocities all sourced from when her eldest daughter 27-year-old Winifred Hawthorne, Francis Heffley's first wife, was severely gang-raped and murdered in Manhattan in 1988.

As a result, she began drinking heavily and getting addicted to cocaine.

To cope with her loss, she also began severely physically abusing her second daughter Deborah Hawthorne, and Winifred's 5-year-old twin sons Andrew and Richard Heffley, akin to how she did with Greg and Rodrick.

Because the DSS was broken beyond belief, she got away with those abuses.

Virginia's husband Lawrence Hawthorne divorced in April 1989, and she lost her job as an optometrist in Pawtucket a month later in May 1989 for obvious reasons, and she was imprisoned for 2 years charged with Driving Under the Influence (DUI) on July 11.

On the same day, soon after her arrest, her daughter and grandsons were transferred custody to Virginia's twin sister Cassandra Crawford.

Virginia was released in 1991 and put under probation for another year, and right after she went through that without incident, she yanked her daughter, who was already an adult, away from Cassandra to "mold that poor, sad witch into what I desire".

In 1993, Deborah was sent to the Behavior Research Institute (later renamed to Judge Rotenberg Center in 1996) due to "temper and autism" issues she had "for no reason". She tried escaping 7 times over the years. Every time she was electrocuted with a Graduated Electronic Decelerator (GED) device as a result.

When she left the institute 10 years later, the center gave her mother the GED for home use due to Deborah's rebellious behavior.

Her mother was still addicted to crack and alcohol nonetheless. Deborah for a time wanted to move out, but Virginia constantly brute-forced her daughter to stay. Therefore, over time, Deborah was beaten into submission.

The authorities found copious amounts of evidence relating to past crimes, chiefly of David Pelzer, from the copious annotations in his autobiography *A Child Called "It"*; Terrell Peterson, a 5-year-old Atlanta boy who was abused in similar circumstances a decade prior; and Ronald Clark O'Bryan, who clearly was the madwomen's role model on Halloween night.

The final straw came when the GED device was found, that had been used multiple times to shock the brothers. It significantly pushed the execution date sooner to New Year's Day 2007, when the two abusers were both finally lethally injected.

Francis finally divorced when his wife Susan Heffley was arrested on November 4, 2006 for drowning their youngest son 4-year-old Emmanuel (Manny) Heffley in a hot bathtub.

She was soon charged with felony murder, aggravated assault and battery, and cruelty to children. She followed suit in the same prison on January 2, 2007, only a single day after the Crawfords were executed.

On November 8, 2006, the Massachusetts DSS internally investigated whether the case workers at its Fall River office even followed appropriate policies and protocols to begin with.

To the astonishment of Martha Vanderbilt, head of the DSS at the time, she discovered George Johnson, head of the Fall River area office, had not.

The DSS was supposed to have a case worker visit 77 Kent Street every day exactly to keep the foster mothers in check, but in this case they did not even bother going there. That was a major reason why Virginia and Deborah got away with abusing.

Out of a total of fourteen calls made over the months, only one single had been handled properly, and that was made just prior to the brothers getting relocated. This essentially means all the other calls were outright ignored.

As a result, George hastily wrote a press statement to cover up his office's abhorrent acts. It stated that even though his workers were outraged at a loss of life, they had done "comprehensively and accordingly", contradicting what Martha discovered.

Due to privacy laws of the DSS, it was not until February 2007, a lawyer Elizabeth Wexler who wanted to sue the state on the brothers' behalf received files from the office which contained evidence, including scans of the journal, that George would be busted.

She remarked about him, saying: "Hadn't it been somebody who wanted to brush everything off despite having to live sleepless, everybody would still trust that fraud."

No other major changes were made to the DSS, aside from the Fall River head being urged to retire in April 2007 with a pension, its procedures being revised to be more stringent when handling calls, and its renaming to the DCF in 2008.

Greg was buried at the Plainville Cemetery on November 11, 2006. He never saw his life being butchered beyond belief by a local cartoonist.

His mourners were not many, and mainly included the Jefferson family whose son Rowley had this eulogy to say:

"My best friend shouldn't deserve all this to begin with. But to be frank, thinking about it now, all those beatings and whippings and burnings Greg had went through, I'm just glad that he's dead for his own sake. His agony is finally through."

On November 21, Rodrick, via telephone calls to the rest of his band members, sadly disbanded his garage heavy metal band Löded Diper, which had been inactive since September, to prepare to start over.

The late Greg's first journal from his 6th-grade year was among his and Rodrick's belongings that were getting sold at the Heffleys' garage sale the day before they moved out, and a cartoonist Jeff Kinney happened to pick it up while on a stroll.

He found all its entries oddly relatable to his own middle school years while also unintentionally hilarious, so he bought it and immediately went to adapt upon it.

The heartbroken Francis Heffley stuck to his original plan, and he along with his remaining son moved to an apartment in Long Beach, California on Thanksgiving Day of 2006 (November 23) to start over from zero.

On December 14, Rowley killed himself by running in front of an Amtrak Acela Express train which was traveling at over 120 mph past Attleboro station. His skull broke open upon impact, and he was thrown to one side and slammed against the platform wall at a high velocity.

The incident traumatized dozens of waiting commuters, who were delayed by more than half an hour since his corpse was being retrieved. His note left in his house stated that he could no longer live blaming himself for Greg's death, and that all he wanted was a fair deal.

He was cremated upon request of his parents Linda Wojtyla and Robert Jefferson, and his ashes were scattered across his middle school Thomas Westmore.

On Christmas Day of 2006, Jeff urged Rodrick via telephone to return to Plainville immediately to exhume Greg for cremation, since Jeff feared "local panic" might ensue for reasons that were not mentioned in the initial call.

Rodrick back then did not know what he knows now, so he took Jeff's word for it, and exhumed and cremated Greg on December 28. His ashes were scattered all across Long Beach on a helicopter tour on New Year's Day 2007.

On April Fool's Day 2007, the first volume of *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* was published in the U.S.

It instantly became a bestseller everywhere except New England, where almost no copy was purchased, apparently due to the leftover outrage surrounding the incident.

Jeff was apparently upset due to the sales being unfair, and he feared that Greg's image would forever be tainted. As a result, he planned to write a sequel himself.

Between May 1 and July 1, Rodrick repeatedly attempted to separately airmail the journal and appropriate newspapers of the time to Jeff Kinney for him to halt any wishes for the series.

Unsurprisingly, to Rodrick's dismay, it was rejected and returned to him.

In fact, the following year, Jeff made significant progress covering up by using his own sequel, titled *Rodrick Rules*, while he, alongside his publisher Abrams Books, also went as far as to sue all websites and presses within the U.S. to erase any and all record of the incident.

Rodrick gave up convincing shortly after and decided to move on.

He legally renamed to Gregory Bradley in September that year, claiming it was done in order to distance himself from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*.

He took his education seriously and concurrently became heavily-interested in journalism on current events, so he ended up graduating from Berkeley as a Bachelor of Arts (BA).

As of February 2025, Bradley is now a 35-year-old journalist for *The Los Angeles Times*, living in Long Beach. He is married to 33-year-old Martha Abernathy, a high school teacher in Huntington Beach from Provo, Utah. They did not bear any children as of yet.

Francis Heffley followed suit a month after Rodrick by legally renaming to Wayne Thomas Bradley.

During the Northwest Airlines and Delta Air Lines merger in 2010, he was transferred to Delta Air Lines, while still retaining his position of first officer.

As of February 2025, Wayne still flies for Delta Air Lines as a captain living in Inglewood near Los Angeles International Airport (LAX). However, he is ready to retire soon due to his age of 65. Even today, he is still guilty about not bringing Greg along sooner.

He never remarried, stating that it "reminds me of that scumbag [Susan] who totally knew what she was doing."

A MESSAGE FROM GREGORY BRADLEY

Dear reader,

I compiled this report solely using my unfortunate brother's journal which I still physically have, alongside its scans of all its pages already shown; my ample newspaper archival library spanning from October through November 2006 I brought along during the move to archive in case the incident were to be forgotten (which I am right about), after they sat in 12 Surrey Street's mailbox untouched; and my firsthand experiences I still vividly remember as if everything happened only yesterday.

For all it is worth, I have heard about Rowley's suicide only after I returned home to exhume Greg, when I checked up on the Jeffersons. Mr. Robert Jefferson immediately told me at the front door all about his son's death in between sobs. I took notes of what he said on the fly to not forget, and as I was writing the report, it finally came in handy.

The purpose of documenting all of this is this: I want to spread the actual truth out.

Almost all of Greg Heffley, whom we all now know and love (to hate), is a complete lie fabricated by Jeff Kinney to pacify the American populace, and to an extent: the entire globe.

In fact, as of today, no forums, news presses, and not even a single Bay Stater remembered anything about the incident. Like I wrote in the report, Jeff Kinney had forcibly sued all of them to submission. Therefore, all searches, both online and offline, solely lead to cul-de-sacs.

The *real* Greg Heffley was completely erased from the face of the Earth by the impostor who forcibly took the unfortunate kid's throne on the fly.

Jeff single-handedly butchered my brother's entire life past his first journal beyond all belief to me. That should easily explain why Greg never matures physically, mentally, and emotionally past his arrogant and selfish pre-teenager stage.

The Wimpy Kid himself is long dead, so there was no more reference material to work with other than, of course, his first journal, probably where you have first met Greg. Other than that, every single "journal" and movie (both live-action and animated) star the impostor Jeff *wants* you to see.

Of course, all the details within them are mostly, if not completely wrong and made up by Jeff himself, but that is not the main subject here. I would probably be just wasting my time just listing every discrepancy I could find at the Main Library here in Long Beach. But for the sake of simplicity, we will just say that his first (and only) book is the most accurate.

Now, I do not know about you, but I do understand that you did not even know about this incident when you were young innocently reading *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. But now, you all have since grown up, and it is time for me to tell you this:

You have known the truth. Please, re-evaluate your own childhoods.

With urgent regards,

Gregory Bradley/Rodrick Heffley.