

DIARY OF A WIMPY KID: GUILTY PLEASURE

Continued from ***DEADLY WISCONSIN***

PART OF THE "BANNED BY BOOKSELLERS" SERIES

Andrew Zhong, April 12 - May 4, 2025

APRIL 2007

Monday, April 9

Alright. Let me tell you, I'm still Greg Heffley.

After the rest of my therapy sessions, and my constantly having to look at photos and videos of the MD-80, The Blue Angels, and other airshows up until the end of the year, I can proudly say I have recovered.

Not fully, of course, but more than enough.

Every time Dad's not home, I've been living with Gramma until Winter Break, when Dad and I went to San Francisco as part of his job. Afterward, it repeats until Summer Break. She's rather decent, to say the least. Not much more I can say. Typical old lady stuff.

In February, Dad has finally sold all of Mom's, Rodrick's, and Manny's belongings at our garage sale spanning 2 entire weeks.

He still keeps Mom's 1992 Cutlass to turn it into my first car.

Regarding therapy, Dad went into therapy right after me, but of course it's whenever he's at home. He also went into this whole reframing treatment, and so had to look at the same stuff as me, as per Dr. Willis's recommendation.

He's a bit heartbroken that the DC-10 was retired earlier this year. He never had a chance to pilot such an old relic of a tri-holer to Victorville. But otherwise, he's starting to love aviation once again.

Now that I'm done, I must get something much more important off my chest. It's exactly why I chose this date to start journaling again.

Today was the first day of school after spring break. I heard a ton of gossiping going on about ME and my journals.

At the time, I had no idea what the fuss it's about, so at lunch, I asked Rowley about it. To my horror, he blurted THIS out:

"Greg, your diary is out! I'll admit, it even cracked ME up! I dunno why!"

He showed me his copy of my OWN JOURNAL.

That's when it hit me: I had sent it away to Jeff Kinney back in August, and over the 8 months I TOTALLY forgot about it. I asked him if this was some late April Fool's prank, but he was adamant. He even thrust it onto my hand.

"Am I even kidding you? Have a look for yourself!"

Right from the cover of "Diary of a Wimpy Kid", as this proud insult is called, memories of Zoo-Wee Mama flooded me like a collapsed dam.

The “author” is listed as “Jeff Kinney”. What ticks me off is that I, GREG HEFFLEY, was the one who **ORIGINALLY** wrote it. So, he not only broadcasted my life like it’s The Truman Show, but he **STOLE** it. If my English teacher Mrs. King were here, she would’ve called this “plagiarism”.

At least Jeff has the **BRAINS** to caption it “Greg Heffley’s Journal” in the title page.

I skimmed through it, and turns out Jeff’s completely honest. There it is, all my guilty pleasures and guilts compressed into 217 pages. Dad got demoted to being a businessman. Exact dates are no longer specified. Otherwise, it’s safe to say it’s not butchered!

That is, if you ignore the fact that Jeff **DEMOTED** me from 7th grade to what I could only guess is the 6th. It literally, vaguely only says “middle school”. How was I to know about the Cheese Touch in the 5th grade?!

This is a **HUGE** difference. I assume Jeff thought: “If I couldn’t change the little details, how about I’ll start off as **BIG** as **TIME**!”

The Acknowledgments page is where I was beginning to lose it.

Where on Heaven and Earth is **MY** name?! He could’ve at least wrote: “This journal was originally written by Greg Heffley, but since this does not make for a good autobiography, my name is listed as the author.” But, **NO!** He’s adamant that I’m “**FICTIONAL**”!

Why does my name ought to be shoved by the wayside like this?! I don’t wanna sound like my old self, but, like I said a billion times before, I wrote this **ENTIRE** thing!

Once I shoved it back at him, Rowley enthusiastically, practically dragged me to the library. I tried to pull myself away, but he for some reason has an iron grip on my arms.

The first second I got in, I saw **THIS MONSTROSITY**.

Kids were sitting on the tables reading **NOTHING** but **MY** journal. It was like seeing a **CULT**. I think a few of them were giggling **AT** me.

Right then and there, I realized far too late what a horrible mistake I had made. I basically sold everyone, maybe the **ENTIRE** United States **MY** secrets and **MY LIFE**. But alas, there’s nothing I can do about it.

I immediately booked it outta there, but not before a few jerks recognized me.

“**HEY, GUYS! LOOK! THERE’S THE WIMPY KID HIMSELF!**” Ricky Fisher hollered.

In an instant, it looked like the entire library were that kid’s minions. They all jumped calling for my name and whatnot. They’re literally **LIONS**, and I’m the zebra.

I was totally **OVERWHELMED**. I had expected fame, but not like **THIS**. I don’t deserve a punch in the face for existing!

I sprinted all the way to the opposite side of the building, the side closest to my 6th period teacher Mrs. Breckman’s science room. I glanced behind me every corner I turned.

I jumped into a restroom and taped an “Out of order” sign on the door. Just in case, I even barricaded it with a trash can.

It was like hiding from a zombie apocalypse. I heard muffled sounds of footsteps that quickly passed by. I was even worried that someone could hear by heavy breathing.

I thought about how Rodrick is hysterically laughing at me for giving myself away, and how guilty I am. How many entries in there are just too embarrassing and written by a naive kid who didn't know better, I wanna forget.

When the 6th period bell rang, I slowly came out and walked as normally as possible among the crowd. I thanked my stars everybody was too busy, but I'm still paranoid somebody might recognize me.

The rest of the day, there was barely any trouble whatsoever. I didn't raise my hand at all. Whenever there's attendance, I lied.

"Sorry, everyone! You must've confused me for my twin brother! Now, everybody, would you be quiet for once?"

To double down, I changed "twin brother" to "cousin" back and forth every period. For whatever reason, my teachers continued like nothing. After school, I hurried out the back entrance to get to Gramma's car. I could only hope my own journal would just grow over me.

After I told Gramma my woes, she told me that it's normal for everybody to be overwhelmed with their newfound fame, and that I just need to give it a few days.

All I can say is: I hope she's right.

Friday, April 13

Well, she IS right!

For this past week I slowly began to gather myself and all. I have started to welcome autographs which has just filled the entire sheet, and even the Cheese Touch became a big deal once again... eh!

Some dork even had the guts to place the Cheese on the same spot!

Rowley this time included my name in his Zoo-Wee Mama strips as school cartoonist, just like how I wanted all along. So now, our teachers are not only kissing Rowley's butt, but also MINE whenever we have classes together.

Whenever either me or Rowley would nail a question or come up with an exceptional answer, the teacher would yell out: "ZOO-WEE MAMA!"

But that doesn't mean our friendship's coming back anytime soon.

I think I'll hold back girls for one or two more weeks. I'm kinda a socially awkward kid. I flat-out refused to become anyone's friend for now.

"Sorry, but I'm too busy with my own stuff. How about next week?" I told one girl.

My journal has become SO POPULAR that Mrs. King banned it for next week's book report since so many kids chose it. Normally, she tallied how many kids chose whichever book. 17 chose my journal. Not me. I've already chosen "A Series of Unfortunate Events".

But that doesn't mean I'm free from getting bullied in the halls every once in a while. A sicko even THRUSTED his backpack against my back while sarcastically yelling:

““CONGRATULATIONS”, you wimp!”

I'm thinking of ways to blend in as much as possible. Maybe keeping my head down, get a haircut, or wearing sunglasses would do. I'm gonna have a go next week.

Needless to say, I'm rather proud of myself, but at the same time I'm beginning to feel anxious and stressed out. Just please give me one more week, will you?

Saturday, April 14

Today, I got another letter from Jeff Kinney, now from "Diary of a Wimpy Kid"'s reception.

As soon I read it, my whole world shattered into a billion pieces.

“My dear Greg Heffley,

I would love to congratulate you for the instant success of this journal of yours! Thanks to you, I became #1 in bestselling authors of the New York Times! I've gained enough money to spend a week at the Bahamas with my family, and donate 1/5 to good causes, like supporting victims of an airshow disaster last year. 2/5 more will be given to you for such excellent contribution.

Since your journal has reached bestsellers, we have recieved significant demand via mail for a sequel to it. I on behalf of Charles Kochman would love for you to write the sequel covering your following year. It has to not only follow the first two conditions, but also follow his 2 new conditions, which will be explained below.

As a sequel, it must extrapolate from your previous year. The entries must start no sooner than September, and end no later than the end of that calendar year. Charles demands continuity to please his audience: children and pre-teens like you. The topic must feature your older brother Rodrick and Löded Diper.

I sincerely would love to protest, but since I do not want to return to being a ferry captain or have to write original stories myself, I have no choice but to make you go his way. He told me that if you choose not to comply, then business between us will cease, and I will have to write original stories for you.

Do you want to have your name forever ruined? Of course you do not. This is a pact between us. You have asked to become famous in the first place, and you shall maintain that image for me.

Your have to mail or hand your work in by Saturday, September 1, 2007.

Patently awaiting your next journal,
Jeffrey Kinney.”

So, basically, Jeff wants me to LIE to the public on purpose, while I’ve got no say. He might as well might turn me into a literal target at a shooting range.

This is just PLAIN CRAZY. I’ve got no more words.

Sunday, April 15

The first second I laid my hands on that insult of a journal (which looks exactly the same as this one), I’m starting to lose faith FOR REAL.

Dad is also mad that he has to drive there for me. But get this: He was mad at JEFF after I showed him the letter. I just claimed him that I won a creative writing contest by Jeff and that he wanted more, and that cut it.

Don’t get me wrong. I assume Dad’s probably known how famous I am just from there, plus the Barnes and Noble. They’ve got this children’s section, and smack in the middle they’ve got a WHOLE table dedicated to my OWN “cult classic”.

I pretended I didn’t notice and went to the “Journals and Diaries” aisle. The red one is all sold out. I didn’t care. I grabbed the blue one no problem. I felt even more burdened than when my entire family was alive.

I whipped my head around to see Dad walking over to the table. The cover probably caught his attention. Luckily, I managed to pull him back in the nick of time before he opened it.

“Dad, I’ve read it before! There are testimonies of the Nanking Massacre too gruesome even for you! It’s a MISTAKE! Should you judge a book by its cover?! NO!”

Dad’s currently writing Jeff what we’ve already been through to try and steer him out of Charles’s way. But because of the sheer sincerity of Jeff’s letter, I highly doubt he’d sway. That doesn’t mean Dad’s not trying, though.

Now, I don’t wanna be forced to write that filth, but I also don’t wanna be heavily bullied by not following Jeff’s “pact”.

Trust me: I don’t want quadruple the stress as now. I can’t have literal scars if I were to disagree. I want part of the money to give additional closure for all the victims’ families, including my own, even if it’d be nearly a year late.

I will work on that ignorance of a sequel over summer break.

Wednesday, April 18

I'm still refusing girlfriends. In fact, a few girls have jumped on the bandwagon. Needless to say, they think I'm still a sicko when everything's OUTDATED.

"You're still a meanie!" and "It's your TROPHY, if you will!" among others.

I'm not gonna correct them, not now. I'm not an octopus. Nobody's giving me a BREAK. I've also stopped accepting autographs. I'm seriously beginning to regret everything now.

This week, my entire class was irritating me one way or another. You know, name-calling - most often "Wimpy Kid", passing notes to me, and even a couple requests for PROPOSALS right TODAY. Only a few notes are actually HONEST.

Here is one of those honest notes, handed by Wilbur Gorham.

"Greg, if you've got a mean big brother, I've got a big brother Andrew who not only pulled pranks on me, but this winter he opened my window while there was a blizzard while I was sleeping to "TEST YOU!"

Of course, Patty Farrell had to chime in her 2 cents.

"Congratulations! I want you saw your own arms off, Greg. I've burned your piece of junk in my fireplace. You could finally put your legs and feet into good use. Birds already do it.

From, Patty Farrell."

Even my teachers are getting sick of it.

Before, all the teachers just told me to "Ignore them". Like, HOW on Heaven and Earth does that help by an ATOM?! Vice Principal Roy had to walk into Mrs. Breckman's room to order all the class to stop irritating me.

But, to be brutally honest with you, I doubt Mr. Roy's orders will work.

"Please, everybody, if you dare mess with Greg here again, then you're going to be suspended in-school, is that clear?!"

About Rowley, he's still proud of his throne, while I now want to push myself off the wayside but couldn't. We were both being paraded around the cafeteria by all our fans. I wanted to scream, but I knew all it does is to cause a racket.

Now, this quarter's gonna be real ROUGH here. I've got teachers loading me on homework and tests and quizzes. I think I'm gonna shelf this again. I'll only rant when I can find time.

Thursday, April 19

This whole time I only thought of roundabout ways to "cope" with my stress.

But at bed last night, the solution hit me:

The Cheese Touch.

How and why didn't I think of this before?

Now, to be honest, I haven't been keeping track of who has The Touch recently, so I went to do some skimming around. I kept on the lookout for some obviously-lonesome kid, and at lunch my wishes came true.

Chirag Gupta was sitting all by himself, seemed pretty down. I came up to him and asked if he has the Touch. Sure enough, he did, and was just happy someone got close to him for once.

So, I laid my hand on his shoulder on purpose, and asked to sit with him.

I most of the time just complained to him about my fame and all that. He seemed pretty interested, and toward the end, he told me that if I'm just too overwhelmed, then The Touch would come in handy.

"It's a double-edged sword, like most things."

And then, right before the lunch bell rang, I stood up and yelled across the cafeteria:

"I'VE CAUGHT THE CHEESE TOUCH!"

Needless to say, the rest of the day was a VACATION. Nobody dared mess with me anymore. I'll be excused from Phys Ed, not like it's gonna be of any use, anyway. I don't give a darn about friends. Not even Rowley.

I pray and believe the rest of the month will be a vacation, too.

MAY 2007

Thursday, May 3

My mailbox is constantly stuffed with fan mail, plus a SINGLE check for \$30,000 to me. Dad needs not know about it. I suggested him to donate half to the victims' families in Wisconsin. He agreed. I also claimed that that all the fan mail are just promos. That pretty much cut it.

I didn't even say another word about my book to Gramma. She might die of pure shock. I don't know how much longer I can hide it.

About 1/3 of them are actually criticisms - how I treated Rowley and all my classmates, my arrogance, parents telling them I'm a bad role model, you name it. But to me, ALL of them are insulting. Don't worry. I've burned them all into crisps in the fireplace.

I don't even care if they're even honest or not.

Here's a letter from Durham, North Carolina. It represents the other 2/3, by the way.

"Dear Greg Heffley.

Will you be my friend? We both have a lot of things in common, but I don't have an older brother and the constant pranks on friends. My best and only friend Meredith hasn't been around for me very much. I'm rather lonely, and a little jealous.

Sincerely, Pete Christiansen."

There's also a letter back from Jeff that basically said that he's not swaying anytime soon.

Boy, Rodrick's ghost is probably laughing his own butt off seeing me regretting my life decisions. I've got ZERO girls by CHOICE, and I'm becoming sicker and sicker of getting hassled.

Maybe, that's what I deserve for being such a selfish brat. You haven't had the foresight to predict this. I certainly didn't once upon a time. I suggested Dad that we should move to Canada, but he claimed it's a huge hassle.

But then again, since "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" is such a bestseller, I'm confident it might infect other countries: Canada, Japan, Europe, you name it.

That is, unless I try to defy Charles.

Monday, May 7

For pasttime, I often sketched whatever comes up to mind. I teared a bit getting these images out of my head, but it was worthwhile.

The other day, I drew this painstaking sketch of the exact moment the world came crashing down at AirVenture, seen from my eyes. Needless to say, it was impossible to do with a straight face.

I heard somewhere that when you write and draw your thoughts down, they might go away. Definitely not told by Dr. Willis, though!

I don't need a reference photo. In fact, I only need a pencil and some paper. I drew the scenes themselves in IMPECCABLE detail for my age, but I'm just comfortable drawing people in my "Journal" style, though for the past month I'm practicing drawing people realistically. By that, I mean "with quality on par with the scenery".

Today, I'm going to draw more mundane sketches to distract myself. Maybe some "what-if" scenes between Rowley and I if nothing like THAT happened.

Whenever Dad's here he'd sometimes ask me to go outside and exercise. However, he himself would either read Airways magazines or just work on his Civil War diorama.

That's like wanting your cousin to bike to work while you continue driving.

Well, today Dad just left for work, and he was so much in a rush that he forgot to drop me off. Whatever. I'm gonna munch on the rest of the Butterfingers and Doritos for lunch and dinner before walking to Gramma's tomorrow.

Monday, May 14

Usually, the bullying I've gotten has been run-of-the-mill, but today it has to be FREGLEY who made my day ONE HUNDRED times worse.

At lunch, he for some godforsaken reason ate someone's cupcake with the icing and all that, and he started bouncing all over the walls - classic Fregley. That weirdo repeatedly whacked that insult on my HEAD.

The worst thing happened right after school. While I was getting my stuff, he SHOVED me in my own locker. I don't think anyone EVER does that outside of TV shows, but it is what it is.

I could barely see anything. Nobody was coming for me, because my cries for help were muffled. Besides, the staff and teachers probably were leaving through other halls.

Often, I thought I was about to suffocate, so I breathed as slowly as possible. I thought the slits on the door were just not enough.

One and a half hours later, the janitor happened to stumble across my hall. I called out, and he had to saw the lock off to finally free me. It's stuck for some godforsaken reason. I believe Fregley might've shoved his own boogers inside.

Gramma was out cold in her car left running at the drop-off curb. She almost had a HEART ATTACK once I tapped at her window. For a moment, she must've thought I went missing for 10 years! I don't blame her.

Now, I think Fregley's mom should give him therapy straight away. Does she think it's normal? Nobody else thinks so. That's like seeing a riot breaking out along your street. You can't just sleep through it. But since she's his mom she doesn't give a darn.

Wait... if Fregley pushed me in, then that means I DON'T have the Touch anymore!

How could this happen to me?!

I've made my mistakes!

Got nowhere to run!

The night goes on as I'm fading away!

I'm sick of this life!

I just wanna scream...

"How could this happen to me?!"

Wednesday, May 16

Yesterday, once everybody caught wind it was the same Hell again.

So, right after lunch today when the teachers let us outside, I went to WRESTLE with Fregley FIRST CHANCE. I winged it.

Of course, he has the Touch. I want to get it back, and also to give him a taste of his own medicine. Like the first time I got it, practically the entire crowd went BERSERK. They all began cheering on for us. They only cared about the “fight” part, like always.

I broke Fregley’s glasses off really easily. We both bled out from the nose. I believe I broke that weirdo’s nose and bit out a nasty wound on his arm, but who cares? We’ll both be busted by Mr. Roy soon.

After nearly 10 minutes of thrashing and crushing and biting and kicking and screaming and all that, Mr. Roy had to have another teacher physically separate us from each other while dragging us. Fregley looked like he was having RABIES.

Long story short, we both got after-school detention for 2 days. Mr. Roy had to telephone my Dad and Fregley’s Mom. At least the moderator, Mr. Ray, made me sit on the opposite side from Fregley.

I barely felt any remorse, not only since it was worth getting The Touch back, but also since in the end, it doesn’t even matter. Regret, that is.

Sunday, May 20

Today, Gramma went out to adopt a dog. She wanted company when I’d live with Dad, especially at her old age of 77. She came back with the dog she for some godforsaken named “Sweetie”, and that is final. The dog is a BOY, by the way.

Right off the bat, it was love at first sight.

Gramma told me that Sweetie didn’t need to be walked since it was “dangerous”. Also, since she was so attracted to him she even put him in the guest bedroom, which she was planning to strip of all furniture next week. I tried to tell her that’s OVERKILL. but she told me:

“Greg, you’re happy with how big your room is, and surely Sweetie will be, too!”

That’s the kind of old lady bogus. It’s just TOO FAIR, too UNUSUALLY fair.

Monday, May 28

Dad wasn’t home at the time, but a few days later later he is. He was fuming HARD. He yelled at me for like 10 minutes, and then grounded me for a week for that mess. Tomorrow, I’ll be ungrounded.

I just don’t give a darn. Video games, out. Rowley, obviously out. I’ll just be sketching everything, unaffected.

Anyway, yesterday, I just realized this: I could make Jeff FORGET about the whole thing.

All I need to do is to turn in something so disgusting and so crude that BARELY meets Charles’s expectations. That way, they might argue over it so much and for so long my system would be safe for at least a little while longer.

I specifically Googled disasters relating to a band, and ended up skimming through the Station Nightclub fire's Wikipedia article. All I needed to know was that it's gruesome.

So, I went to work just scribbling the insult with absolutely horrendous writing and drawings, so much so that I sometimes didn't even know what I was even WRITING.

"As soon as Rodrick started performing his pathetic song, it was like the entire auditorium was set ablaze. Everybody was almost FLASHBANGED.

Then, I heard the fire alarm. I knew something went terribly AWRY. Everybody was trying to get out in a massive frenzy. I had to go with Dad, and Mom and Manny went another way. Oftentimes, if not all the time, I felt like SUFFOCATING while being crushed. Screams of agony everywhere.

Little kids were wailing all over. I didn't know where Rodrick and Bill Walter even is. No one could hear each other, but at the same time heard each other's screams.

Dear God, did I just crush a girl's SKULL?!

I lifted my foot, to find that I DID. My shoes and her head were covered in BLOOD. Needless to say, I screamed like I was being stepped on myself."

And I've got an even more GENIUS entry.

"I saw the impact with my own eyes. The next thing I knew, Blue Angel I was careening DIRECTLY toward all 800 of us while on fire. We'd barely got any time to REACT when it violently PLOWED into us.

If there's "dodge a bullet", then I've got "literally dodge an exploding jet". It JUST BARELY missed us by like 10 to 20 people to our left. Debris was flying everywhere.

By a stroke of luck, a huge piece of flaming debris hit not only Manny, but also Rodrick. Rodrick was beheaded by it, while Manny's head BROKE OPEN. Boy, they FINALLY paid their price, just like how I wanted ALL ALONG.

Anyway, Blue Angel I left nothing but PURE BLOODSHED. We all fled in terror. As I ran along, I constantly caught glimpses of the bloodbath. I was HORRIFIED.

Dismembered pieces of bodies and limbs, organs like intestines and brains and whatnot, and sometimes, whole bloodied corpses. All are just laying out there strewn all over the taxiway. I will never forget such evils."

Yes, I ACTUALLY wrote all of those. Plus some actually relatable, normal middle school entries with accidental jokes sprinkled here and there. I'm exhausting myself of ideas very fast, but at least all bases are covered.

Now, all I need to do is to wait until mid-July, just in case.

JUNE 2007

Tuesday, June 5

You know what's my SECOND-biggest pet peeve?

Ignorant teachers!

Whenever I tell them on Fregley or the constant rumors about me that I've eavesdropped onto (trust me, I'm too embarrassed to write them down), they would tell me to just "brush it off".

My teachers would often say: "Just ignore them, Greg. Problem solved."

Like, HOW on Earth does that help by a single atom?! Would it kill them to write a simple detention slip?! And stop Fregley from doing his disgusting shenanigans scot-free?!

I asked them even those, and they'll just shrug and say this: "Well, Greg, it's THEIR choice. Just ignore them and they'll grow bored soon."

When I was younger, Mom bought Rodrick and me a Tattle Turtle since she was getting tired of us having to come up to her. For whatever reason it NEVER worked for me! One time I told it: "Tattle Turtle, Rodrick dunked me into a boiling tub!"

I bet you'll guess how THAT worked out.

Anyway, the same logic applies here at school, only it's 100 times worse!

For example: If I were to say an insult to Rowley, he would run up to Mr. Roy crying, so I'll be chewed out. BUT, if the tables were to be turned, then I guarantee ratting HIM out will work very RARELY.

It's like the tables are always turned AGAINST me.

When I told Mr. Roy in mid-April about my constant getting called names and getting shoved around in the halls, he "promised" me that he would "look into this matter".

But guess what? Nothing's different! No assembly, no notices, NO NOTHING!

Today, Fregley did it again! But this time, he BIT my LEG out of nowhere.

It was even BLEEDING, so I booked it straight to Nurse Powell's office to tell her. She said that she'll "tell Mr. Roy about this, OK?"

Guess what? NO DIFFERENCE. I wasn't called to the office for ANYTHING.

I guess Thomas Westmore Middle School's gotten so sick of having to deal with Fregley that they basically let it all slide. Education first, dealing with bullies last, I guess.

That's like an airline saying "Image first, maintenance last."

Friday, June 15

Finally, Middle School is OVER! To cap off my career, we celebrated with a party! It went surprisingly normally, just so you know.

Now that a tough stage of life is over, I await my NEXT, even more tough stage: High school.

Sure enough, I opened up my yearbook to find this insult of a GIANT portrait hogging one entire Class Favorites page. It's even framed!

In it, I was proudly sitting on a throne like a KING who was totally smug, and wasn't totally embarrassed of himself. I was holding a scepter on one hand and my insult of a cult classic on the other. To top all it off (pun intended), I was even sporting a CROWN.

Those dorks had the guts to call me: "His Highness, the Rich and Famous".

What you're seeing is ACTUALLY what's on the yearbook. Some douchebag actually drew in MY art style this hideous portrait, then slapped it on the page for crying out loud!

I thanked my lucky stars the teachers handed them out at 8th period - the last period of the day. I oughta dodged a bullet back there! Also, If Rodrick were still here, he'd keep this page to humiliate me for LIFE. Regardless, I tossed that book deep into my closet.

In fact, I'll bet Rodrick would laugh at me and "torture" me over that insult anyway, and Mom would keep telling me to just "accept it". I'm glad both of them are dead, as well as Manny.

I flat-out refused to tag along with Dad. I've gave up trying to play my fame along long ago. somebody might recognize and swarm me. Hotel check-ins will be a massive pain in the butt.

I'm picturing this scenario where the check-in lady asks for Dad's name, and the first second he says the name "Heffley" she will whistle for the entire lobby to swarm us with paprazzi.

Once, I thought of moving to another state, but then I realized that no state is safe. Nebraska, Missouri, and even Wyoming, all have been infected. Such a vast country tied to one single book. What would be the difference moving?

The only safe haven for me will show after I practically BEG Dad to move to Canada. I have a single uncle in Winnipeg. Once there, I'd forget to tell Jeff on purpose.

But then again, my book might've been EXPORTED there, and I believe I'm wrestling with Harry Potter in the UK. So now, I believe Australia might be my next best bet. As long as the country speaks English, I'm in.

Today first thing after school, I took that draft to Jeff's house and delivered it as calmly as I could, just so I could shut that slave owner up. I just couldn't wait any longer.

I GUARANTEE one of them will be choked to death.

Thursday, June 21

Today was my 14th birthday. Now, I'm 1 more year into my teenage years.

Dad normally HATED teenagers to death, especially Rodrick and this neighborhood kid Lenwood Heath who Dad had a HEAVY grudge against. Why? Lenwood kept trashing and egging Dad's house constantly.

Dad has called the police on him like 500 times. In December, I think his parents got sick of him, because I've heard they shipped him off to some military academy, but I digress.

I've seen stereotypes for a birthday on TV, which is ALWAYS a party. I've been to parties before, and of course, my parents before had set up parties for me, so I thought that it ought to be THE ideal. If it isn't, like this year, then everybody will hate me. All I wanted was to end this milestone on a high note.

And, lucky me! By sheer coincidence, Dad's flying to Las Vegas today!

The day was uneventful - just as I wanted. We took off from Boston, stopped at Detroit, and arrived at Las Vegas without a hitch. We checked in at MGM Grand, and got put in a room facing McCarran Airport.

At about 6:30 p.m. we went out to this steakhouse for dinner. Dad and I savored this filet mignon and lobsters, and it tasted like God literally gave me it. He believed that this is to make up for the lack of cake and presents, and I must say he's right!

When we were done, we walked to The Bellagio to see this fountain show. This spectacle I will never forget, in all the GOOD ways.

It was 10 times better when this bittersweet Italian violin music was playing, if you ignore the fact it was the same song playing at my family's funeral. Nonetheless, I was too captivated.

P.S. Here's one benefit being me: No one here sees me outside of my drawings. I could walk virtually untouched without incident. That is, unless Dad screws up and blurts his surname out. I hope this'll never happen.

Saturday, June 23

We both just stayed dormant in our room since there's really barely anything here. Sure, there are casinos all about, but I'm too young for those.

The entire time, I left the TV for some noise as I stared outside, wondering how many out there have known me, the OLD me, and wanted to berate me for their sadistic pleasure. Or, maybe, pondering how my family would think of me.

I sometimes became so skittish I couldn't even sleep. Boy, I'm TRULY living up to Jeff Kinney's insult of my nickname.

Today, Dad asked me why I was staring outside like a zombie. I tried to wave him off, but he kept insisting that I should tell him. That's when I knew I couldn't hold it in no longer. So, I fessed EVERYTHING up, right from the very beginning.

Toward the end, I started to tear up. When I was done, Dad seemed surprised, but was otherwise calm. He gave me this advice:

“Son, listen: When you’re feeling so guilty about yourself, struggling to avoid gazes from all your fans and friends and classmates, the best for you is to embrace it. Just accept you’re the news. Be flattered, you’ve done this to yourself. When something doesn’t go your way, keep calm, don’t panic. That’s what they told me at flight school.”

It was a pathetic one at that. How could I EVEN calmly face the world when they’re all on me? Poking and prodding into even my private business? Why am I even writing this?!

Anyway, he advised me to tell Jeff I’m abandoning the books entirely, and that Dad will then try move me elsewhere within Boston’s reach. Needless to say, now that I think about Jeff’s letter, all roads will lead to his torture chamber.

But that wasn’t enough. Dad will also constantly threaten Jeff via mail for me, and if things escalate he will personally go wrestle him. I also doubted him on THAT, as usual, but since his voice was so sincere and grim I chose to let it slide.

Dad immediately chucked me right in my face that my draft was MORONIC. To be honest, I’ve been seeing it coming. He listed me all sorts of things that were plain dumb.

“First of all, Greg, what you were doing is piggybacking on your own pain.”

He then told me that writing all these will only do me no good. Well, I’m literally too tired to even argue anymore. We’ll be going to the Hoover Dam in an hour, anyway.

Sunday, June 24

That trip to the dam was a bit terrifying, of course. If Rodrick were here he’d chuck me off first chance, or if Manny were here I’d chuck HIM off, no remorse.

As I gazed upon Lake Mead, I wondered what’d happen if I were to fall into it. Maybe I’d get dismembered into confetti by the dam’s mechanisms before I’d drown. But I don’t want such a violent death, of course. All I want was to fly under the radar.

That’s all there is to it. There wasn’t any incident, just so you know.

Our mailbox’s jam-packed again. In fact, it’s so stuffed the mailman had to leave mail under our DOORMAT. I told Dad I’ll read the “promos” to see if there’s anything good, and of course, I again instructed Dad to pay half of ANOTHER check, again, for \$30,000, to charity.

I think everybody has received closure in court. I’ve heard Captain Kittinger has been executed the month after the capsizing. Pan-Laker Lines is now defunct. I believe the rest of their fleet are at the breakers in Alang, India.

Believe it or not, here’s what I got from my slave owner himself: My draft stamped with a big, fat “REJECTED”, and its accompanying letter.

“My dear Greg Heffley,

I hope this letter finds you well. Last week (June 18), I argued with my boss Charles over this overly gory and dark draft of yours. We debated on what do with it, and when Charles discovered you made me present this, it became heated, even physical for a while. He was furious at me for letting you slide easily.

After one week of fighting and bickering over such contents in your draft, today we have decided that this abhorrent draft is to be rejected. Test readers are not even necessary. Bothering to edit it is also unnecessary. It does not follow from your first journal, and it is definitely a massive departure from it, an aberrative one at that.

Therefore, I give you one more chance to submit another draft, but it has to be devoid of any blood and gore. It has to match the tone of your previous journal to ensure continued success. Otherwise, as a reminder, business between us will cease and I will write journals myself for you, fully independent of rebels like you.

Sincerely,

Jeffrey Kinney.”

He’s totally right calling me a “rebel”, but I’m gonna stress this out again: I’m NOT gonna produce yet ANOTHER draft of that scum, let alone the scum itself.

When I was done shuffling through the rest of the mail, I chucked them all in the fireplace. I then worked on the letter I’ve been DYING to spill out, and I’ve gotta say, it’s looking bluntly sharp.

“To Jeffrey Kinney and Charles Kochman.

Wednesday, June 25.

My dear editors,

I would kindly ask you two douchebags as well as your scummy publisher Abrams to stop this entire “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” scum right immediately. Do not submit to the demands at all.

I know your brainwashed zombies of fans are egging you to publish a sequel, but let me cry this out loud: You slave owners are virtually, legally trying to enslave me, with the only difference being that I actually get paid. How would anyone support you and your vile business once they find out what I, the real Greg Heffley robbed of my mother and brothers, have to say?!

Besides, I am so frustrated from constantly getting bullied at school thanks to my moronic mistake, so I am asking you two to retract them all for me, right this instant. Seriously, this scum is all but the writing on the wall. I do not want to get severely disfigured before university, nor do I want my house getting ransacked.

Now that I think about that letter regarding the reception for the first volume, I now am not seeing any difference between my dilemma whatsoever. I do not give a darn about my image anymore.

Go on, bastardize me, master Jeff, but just so you know if you even have a brain: Do not export any more of that insult abroad. It is a cult, and it broadcasts lies.

Jeff, once you are done with the insult of a sequel, please for the love of God leave me be forever, undisturbed and unharmed. Halt everything. Feel guilty. I want to go on strike. I do not care about money no longer. I have already gotten a true, bitter taste of becoming rich and famous and I do not want to be milked any further.

I am never going to retract. I am simply not ready to become famous, and I never will. This is the hill I will die on. Do you even know what "growing up" means?! You sadistic, greedy, stubborn, abhorrent, moronic, worthless scumbag slave owners?!

Your absolutely fed-up slave,

Gregory Heffley.

P.S. Please, for the love of God, spread this entire letter out! I hope Plainville shoots you both down. Also, I am going to high school next year for crying out loud!"

All I have to do is to cross my fingers and wait for that scumbag Jeff Kinney to pay.

Monday, June 25

Last night, Dad looked up houses all over our state on Realtor.com and found a decent one at I McDonnell Drive in Worcester.

Single-story, 3 beds, 3 baths (one of each are spares), and a spacious 3,000 square feet plus a basement. All that for a decent price! \$300,000!

Today, we toured there. Nothing too pathetic, also not too attention-grabbing, and just from there Dad's dead-set buying it. This house is PERFECT. Who needs this excess space of our current one?

I'll forget to tell everybody I'm moving to Worcester. Nobody's gonna start a man hunt. Once there, I'll tell everybody to chalk my full name up as "mere coincidence". I don't want nobody taking a page from my book.

There are lots of John Adams since it's just a generic name. I'll bet John Hancock also had somebody vastly unrelated bearing the same name. To whoever's also named Thomas Edison, good for you. I could only pray my excuse works.

JULY 2007

Wednesday, July 4

Today is Independence Day. I just got a return letter from my owner Jeff Kinney. Surprise, surprise. I've broken the deal, literally.

"To my dear author,

You have officially kicked the bucket.

You, Greg, have kickstarted my Diary of a Wimpy Kid journey, but now, I must rid myself of the training wheels, tough ones at that. And no, we are not slave owners, and we are not “scumbags” as you call us. You have conditioned yourself to our pact, and you broke it. You have sent a grotesque draft, then you flat-out insulted me and Charles right at our face.

Now, I am not sorry to say that I am not swaying and obeying such a 13-year-old brat anytime soon. My whole point of hiring you is to produce me relatable middle school journal entries, and you fouled it. You had one job, and you fouled it.

I should have never hired a kid. It would have been less of a hassle if I wrote the novel myself, and as a matter of fact, I am going to write it myself. Expect Rodrick and Löded Diper, and expect continuity.

There is a reason why I chose not to credit you as the author. This does not make for a good autobiography, and I did not ask for an autobiography to begin with, just like how I did not ask for you to be so belligerent. I have to cater to demand, and it is not going to wane. The kids want *that* Greg, not *this* Greg.

Goodbye,

Jeffrey Kinney.”

I just don't give a darn anymore. Life now has been pretty open-and-shut. Expect nothing special beyond today. I'll write again once something interesting happens.

Monday, July 9

Remember Sweetie?

Well, Gramma has severely OVERFED him. He now could barely physically MOVE. So much for an entire bedroom. It's better if he's in Gramma's room.

To double down, she even dressed him up like a gentleman, in a 3-piece suit and everything!

Whenever she's busy, she even tells me to feed him, since apparently overfeeding doesn't lead to vomiting and diarrhea, and even DEATH. In fact, he even VOMITED on the bowl today.

She dismissed it as “normal behavior”, even after I persuaded her THREE times to take him to the vet.

I've learned about natural selection, and I could only hope Gramma doesn't adopt a girl dog, because I don't want a whole sea of pups that look like their dad, all living tough lives all over the country.

Saturday, July 28

Today was the 1-year anniversary of the disaster, and guess who had to die?

Spoilers: It's NOT Dad. It's Gramma. She just had a heart attack out of the blue. I called Dad, who then called the ambulance, and they arrived about 10 minutes later.

Sadly, she passed away on the way to the hospital.

But is there anything special about her? I genuinely don't think so. Again, typical old lady shenanigans. Baking pies, inviting me to play poker, and all that. Nothing is too special about her, other than Sweetie, but she was still my Gramma.

After this, I couldn't bear another death. Not Dad, NO ONE.

Speaking of Dad, the other day he tried to complain to Jeff about his trying to take advantage of me, but Jeff shut him up. He even threatened to SHOOT Dad and me with a rifle. Well, that was enough to shut Dad up real hard.

AUGUST 2007

Friday, August 11

Today, we're moving.

Dad got Sweetie, and he's been losing some weight after some routine dog walks that started off small and short. Today, Sweetie has lost like 1/4 the weight.

Whenever Dad's at work, I'm always home alone since he told me that I'm old enough to do so, and I routinely fed and walked Sweetie like Dad told me to. He's thinking of renaming the dog to Vincent, after my Grandpa. Good!

Starting in July, Dad has been DELICATELY packing his Civil War battlefield for the move. I'm happy to say it all went without incident. Nothing is broken. He had taken photos of it before disassembling it.

I also emptied my closet, and stuffed even all my embarrassing stuff plus my video games delicately because who knows I'd be reminiscing upon them later on?

Again, the move went without incident, just so you know. The mailbox was empty, and I hope it will be empty forever.

Even though I was happy to see my city for the last time, I naturally teared up seeing my HOUSE for the last time. After all, I was about to leave my hometown forever. I could only hope Worcester will be kinder to me.

I'm not a poet at all, so I'm gonna say this as a final farewell.

Goodnight, Plainville, my hometown.

Goodnight, Thomas Westmore Middle School.

Goodnight, the Cheese Touch.

Goodnight, Zoo-Wee Mama.

Goodnight, Rowley, Fregley, and all my classmates.

Goodnight, Jeff Kinney, I won't miss you.

Goodnight, my entire family.
Goodnight, my childhood.

And finally, goodnight, goodbye, diary.

Look, I'm getting way too old to keep journaling like this. I'm already losing the interest to do this anyway, and today is the day I've officially lost my interest. A new beginning means I've gotta rid myself of my OLD self.

This is Greg Heffley, signing off.

NOVEMBER 2010

Friday, November 26

Long time no see, guys. I'm 17, and I'm currently limping through my senior year at Doherty Memorial High. You might be wondering where the heck I am all this time.

Well, Dad and I have moved in to Worcester without incident, and we still live here. Freshman year was INITIALLY run-of-the-mill. I adjusted really easily, by the way. I've grown into art - sketching, oil painting, watercoloring, you name it.

But for the sake of this journal, I'm still keeping my old "Wimpy Kid" art style.

I couldn't be bothered with friends at all. They don't matter. At home, particularly whenever I'm alone, I just drew and painted to pass the time. Once in a while I played my old video games, but they haven't grown on me.

Dad now flies for Delta ever since Northwest got absorbed. All things considered, that means all this money I'd gain had I mindlessly followed Jeff would mean NOTHING.

Sweetie has indeed been renamed Vincent, and he lived a decent life as a normal dog like he deserved. But unfortunately, he was killed last month in a car accident.

Anyway, Right from the get-go, I tried to convince my school that my name, Greg Heffley, is nothing but a "coincidence", as if some dork still clings on to my old self.

Believe it or not, it actually WORKED!...

...Until February 2008 came, and along came that dreaded sequel to the cult classic that's really my worst nightmare. It's called: "Rodrick Rules".

That's what Jeff Kinney tried to force me to write back in 2007.

To be sure, I even checked it out from the city library, and it's forking CANCER. I'm calling "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" ITSELF "a cult". Sure enough, everything within didn't happen AT ALL, except maybe the swim meets part. Otherwise, they're all LIES.

Long story short, school was the same Hell all over again. Even high schoolers are being drugged. Now, they BEAT, KICK, and otherwise fork around with me almost every goddamn DAY!

What's the DIFFERENCE, then?!

Fortunately, the teachers are the no-nonsense kind of guys. They sent most of the punks (which are an awful lot of kids here) to detention or SUSPENSION, and every day it's like this. Not to mention a few have even been EXPELLED.

In fact, this school one time considered shutting down due to the dwindling enrollment, and most of the teachers now have co-teachers just to discipline. I don't care. I'll be off to California.

Luckily, my long-estranged friend Rowley Jefferson didn't tag along. I could only guess he stayed behind, without getting even a heads-up. Today I thought of apologizing to him for all my guilt, but who knows if he's remembered me. Would he still see me as his old best friend? Or would he see me as a sicko?

But I digress. Today I Googled my own books out of my own morbid curiosity, and Jeff's cult website at Wimpykid.com has killed the cat.

Apparently, he has expanded his cult. Now, it has like FIVE books, all of them pure LIES. At this point, I'm too literally Wimpy to read anything beyond "Rodrick Rules". Jeff Kinney has butchered my ENTIRE backstory. My God, the Providence Journal sucked his butt so much that I'll have to rant line-by-line here.

I'm gonna include the "GOOD" parts.

"What Kinney has done is make "wimpiness" cool, as seen in his two — count 'em, two — "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" books currently topping the New York Times' bestseller list for children's chapter books."

It's HORRENDOUSLY outdated, from March 2008. I don't blame the journalists themselves for misattributing my journal, but I DO blame the ringleader for spreading this propaganda whose wheels keep getting oiled and thus are still turning.

Like I said, that dork bastardized me into his character - his PRODUCT, and didn't keep me as a real, traumatized and guilty boy. But then again, maybe it's what I deserve for bringing myself into this mess.

"The first book has sold more than a million copies, and it's been reprinted in more than 20 foreign languages — including German, where the title, loosely translated, reads: "Greg's Diary: I'm Surrounded by Idiots.""

Well, I must've been such a pain to that junk, he actively DISOBEYED me.

I don't wanna know what the other 19 are, but regardless I'm certainly crossing the entire Europe off my escape plan. Not only are English-speaking countries infected, but also GERMANY?!

Great. The last thing I need is for some Chinese or Swede to look up to "me" and laugh at "me".

OK. The rest is just too frustrating and too long to copy down, so here's this bullcrap excerpt from Jeff's red herring of a biography page.

"However, Jeff was not successful in getting his comic strip syndicated after college, and in 1998 he started writing down ideas for *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*, which he hoped to turn into a book. Jeff worked on the book for six years before publishing online on Funbrain.com in daily installments.

To date, the online version of *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* has had more than 80 million visits, and is typically read by more than 70,000 kids a day.

In 2006, Jeff signed a multi-book deal with publisher Harry N. Abrams to turn *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* into a print series.”

None of those even HAPPENED! He was a ferry captain during all this! I heard that Jeff actually started the Funbrain version in September 2007 as a red herring, NOT 2004 as that scumbag told everybody, which means he DUPED the public.

So, basically, Jeff is arrogantly claiming that “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” was ENTIRELY HIS idea, and he has fouled me up beyond all recognition, while, like I said long ago, the REAL me fell by the forking wayside.

Apparently, a movie has been made based on the first “journal”. I’m not gonna watch them, obviously. I don’t think Jeff could get ANYTHING right.

Regardless, every month I’ve sent threatening letters and emails to that A-hole calling him to STOP this forking cult. But each time he either waves me off or doesn’t respond. Such a despicable man. I’m giving up trying.

Thanks to Jeff, I’ve since completely recovered from the Deadly Wiscon-Sin - because I couldn’t even forking THINK about all those!

That’s all I’m gonna rant. I’ll be an octopus until school’s out.

JUNE 2011

Tuesday, June 21

Today was my 18th birthday. Now, I’m all grown up.

I’m no longer the Wimpy Kid, so you might think. I’m just the Wimp.

Dad was incredibly proud of me, but he has no gifts to give, and he doesn’t want to bring me to attention to the rest of my family, so he just took me on a road trip to New York City.

We went on the Empire State Building’s 86th floor, got on a nice ferry tour on around Manhattan, passed by Times Square, gazed at sculptures and especially 19th century paintings at The Met, and even got on the State of Liberty itself!

To cap the day off, we ate steak again at some Italian restaurant midtown. When we left, Dad joked about our birthday tradition of going to steakhouses.

“Steaks are the new cakes, am I right?”

7 days ago, June 14 was the last day of high school. Finally, public education is completely over. My getting bullied is also over. Beyond now, I’ll go to Berkeley.

Why Berkeley? I SPECIFICALLY wanted to go there or UCLA because the rest of the universities in California are either too small like Irvine or too grandiose like Stanford. Speaking of "California", I want to distance myself from home as far as possible.

The graduation ceremony was surprisingly normal, though I have the hunch that a few kids were struggling to maintain a straight face.

And then, it's done. I cried tears of joy for making it so far, for enduring this whole chaos that is middle and high school, and now, I'm in peace... for now. College's gonna be a whole 'nother level. I must brace myself.

JULY 2016

Thursday, July 21

It's been exactly 10 years since I first started this journal, and 9 of them 10 has been agony, even after I went to Berkeley. Seriously, my roommate Stefan Nielsen has been constantly bugging me about "my" book series.

He often forced me to read them, volumes I through EIGHT. Yes, 8 books during my senior year at Berkeley, and as of this date there's TEN! And there are THREE movies as well! No offense, but that's like forcing a Muslim to eat pork.

Whenever I refused, he'll just read it as my "bedtime story".

I hid Rodrick's iPod - the last thing I have of him - and plugged in my earbuds. Any heavy metal's better than having to listen to Jeff's drug. Luckily, Stefan hasn't caught me red-handed.

"Diary of a Wimpy Kid" still hasn't grown on me, and it certainly never will.

I don't know how many more volumes Jeff's gonna write in the next 10 years, but I certainly hope it caps at 10 like now. I swear, if I see an eleventh one, I'll go NUTS.

I graduated Berkeley a Bachelor in Computer Science in 2015, and in June that year I legally renamed myself to Gerald Hughes - call me "Jerry". It's kinda a tedious process, but at least I don't have to carry my stigma around no more.

In August 2015, I moved to San Diego to attend Sling Pilot Academy. I heard that there was an accelerated pilot program. For over half my time there, I was a flight instructor since I had to. It was a tedious job, sure, but it was worth hitting 1,500 hours.

I graduated Sling in April, then quit my day job as a bellboy at the San Diego Airport Hilton. On the phone. Dad sounded like I won the World Cup! But, he again has no gifts to give.

Next month, I'm moving to Minneapolis for SkyWest. I'm hoping to follow in Dad's footsteps. Why? When I was 15, sitting by Fort Independence watching the planes take off, Dad told me:

“Son, when you’re 30,000 feet in the sky, you can kick back and relax way above the hustle and bustle of this whole complicated world of ours in the privacy of your cockpit, and let autopilot do the job, even if it’s for a few hours.”

Now, let me tell you a “Where Are They Now” story.

Dad still flies for Delta as captain. He’s still alive and well. Boy, he’s flying the Queen of the Skies! By the way, in 2013, he changed his surname to Hughes since even he was done with Heffley. In fact, my entire living family became the Hughes, so no more Heffleys.

Rowley Jefferson now works as a full-time cartoonist for Zoo-Wee Mama in Boston. I believe he doesn’t remember me anymore.

Fregley (Frederick Langley Russell) was brutally murdered in a gang fight in New York, 2012, by his own literal gang. I guess even gangs couldn’t stand such an imbecile.

Dr. Willis is about to retire as therapist next year (He’s 66).

The Blue Angels continued to perform in Oshkosh as normal, with the Pierced Heart maneuver being retired following the disaster.

I’m currently single, and I’m staying that way by choice. I have zero interest in friendship and dating whatsoever. Like friends per se, they don’t matter.

And Jeff Kinney STILL profits out of “me”. The FAKE Greg. The Wimpy Kid Greg. The Greg who never grows up, as I’ve heard. All for the kids. All for relatability. All for jokes and laughs. But maybe, I’ll give “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” a try someday, like maggots...

APRIL 2019

Tuesday, April 2

First of all, let me get something straight: I’m Jerry Hughes, no longer Greg Heffley. I know it shows in my relic of my handwriting and drawings, but when I went to grab this thing from my junk drawer, I SPECIFICALLY pulled out one that said “DIARY” on it.

Great. All I need is for “The Outsiders” dust jacket to fall off as I carry this thing around, and have my fellow pilots get the wrong idea.

If it DOES happen - God forbid, then my more senior colleagues might call me “SISSY!” as they punch me hard - just like the good ol’ days.

The other thing I want to clear up right away is that this is entirely MY idea. The only reason why I’m doing this is to vent all my stress out. After all, when you express your mind you might feel better. I believe later on, I’m gonna tell the world the truth.

I believe there’ll come a time where I’ll stand behind a podium and I get journalists bombarding me with questions like: “Jerry, tell us all about your childhood!” or “Were you always so witty and wimpy?”

And I might just calmly say: “Here’s my journal. Now, read it! See the truth!”

Like I said, I don’t care about being rich and famous no more. I’m 25, and I’m stuck at SkyWest as first officer with 1,500 flight hours, with a bunch of morons.

As first officer, I get to fly to Minnesota’s neighbors from Minneapolis-St. Paul - Minnie for short - in Delta’s Embraer 175. My job pays me decently, like \$50 per flight hour.

When I flew to Appleton, Wisconsin (which is next to Oshkosh) as my first flight in September 2016, I now see Oshkosh as an ordinary city. AirVenture’s not until July. Even then, I might watch the planes like nothing.

On that flight back, my mind suddenly began to ponder:

“Why am I afraid of myself?”

That question then grew so much to where all I thought was Greg. I’d get to bed at 10:30, but I’d actually fall asleep at 1 a.m. after a series of tossing and turning. A few of my crew were actually quite ticked off, but on the plane they couldn’t care any less.

Every single night I reflected upon myself and my problems. In the morning, I turned back the pages to refresh my brain. Of course, it all boiled down to when I had this dumb idea to give my oldest journal away.

I reflected upon my life afterward. I haven’t actually read the books in over a decade, yet I was acting like Victor Frankenstein. It’s quite silly thinking about it now.

This morning I decided that I must get over my fears ASAP.

So, I called my co-pilot, captain Louis - Lou - Clarke to see if he has “Diary of a Wimpy Kid”. Conveniently, he does have the first 10 - or more accurately, his cousin Phil has them.

Phil let Lou borrow them since Phil’s in high school. I told Lou to bring all of them on our plane. He thought this whole thing was plain dumb, but after I told him the pretext that I wanted to “return to innocence”, he gave in.

Tomorrow’s my job to Chicago. My brain, particularly my smug 12-year-old self is literally screaming at me to face my so-called nightmare.

I could hear Wimpy Kid me begging adult me to: “Read ‘em, Greg! Come on and take ‘em down! Just LOVE me for once!”

It was bittersweet to hear my naive and witty and innocent self like a ghost, but I’ve been quite scared of him for a decade now, for no good reason. I must truly see if “my” journals are really that bad. Man, why didn’t I even bother thinking this sooner?

Maybe I must’ve been so shaken, so paranoid, yet so busy with my life and job that I actually couldn’t think of the simple solution, one Dad had told me as a kid.

“Son, listen: When you’re feeling so guilty about yourself, struggling to avoid gazes from all your fans and friends and classmates, the best for you is to embrace it. Just accept you’re the news. Be flattered,

you've done this to yourself. When something doesn't go your way, keep calm, don't panic. That's what they told me at flight school."

Wednesday, April 3

I asked, I went, and I read.

I've only got time to read most of the published version of my one and only REAL journal in the cockpit, and I'm proud to say that I've enjoyed it, somewhat. But do you wanna know how I REALLY felt?

Bittersweet.

See, the whole point of the books was for them to be relatable to pre-teens and how they would think, so no wonder it got bestsellers. Don't get me wrong, I DEFINITELY would've laughed at myself. Alas, Oshkosh took away most of my family, and my wittiness with them. Being the "Wimpy Kid" didn't help, either.

But looking back, they're the silver linings in the cloud.

When I read about the Cheese Touch, I felt proud that this curse existed to make middle school feel way more fun and tolerable.

At the parts where I REALLY deserved it, like the Safety Patrol, I teared a bit. Perhaps it's due to guilt, or perhaps it's nostalgia. I'm dead-setting on guilt. After all, Rowley and I were only 11 then.

I thought again to apologize to Rowley, but turns out he in fact no longer remembers me. He quit Zoo-Wee Mama after a month due to poor quality. He lives in Monterey as a fisherman, legally renamed to Roger Washington. That's what I know when I called his Dad when I moved here.

As we claimed our bags, tears welled in my eyes for a while, again, due to nostalgia. Lou noticed, but didn't question it.

Anyway, I'm excited to say that I finally conquered my fears. This one is truly a nostalgia piece.

Thursday, April 4

I didn't go out today. Instead, I've burned through "Rodrick Rules" and "The Last Straw", and they're in a nutshell a long "What if I never ACTUALLY grew up" trip.

Not gonna lie, I actually cracked up at a whole ton of Greg's shenanigans, like the "Restroom Incident" and this entire ordeal with Holly Hills. So pathetic they're funny. Even the REAL me wouldn't do it, even at 13, even if Dad didn't suggest the trip.

But despite all those, I've found a problem. A GLARING one at that. Like I said, Jeff wrote "me" like this to be enjoyable by every kid, and he meant it!

In the books, all the characters - most importantly, Greg - probably had their brains wiped clean like a used computer on eBay. Nobody has learnt anything, and even if they did everything would amount to nothing by the next.

Greg was supposed to mature, to AGE. However, in RR and every future sequel, he NEVER did. In TLS, he should've known Rodrick's gonna lock him out the hotel room, just like when Rodrick locked Greg in the basement for his house party in RR. Seriously, screw Jeff. He couldn't get nothing right.

Besides, there were a few mentions of events happening "last year" here or there, meaning they "happened" WHILE Greg was in progress with a previous journal or even the Original.

In RR, he mentioned Chirag being his friend the previous year - which sorta was true - but in the Original, he's mentioned only ONCE. Also, Manny's now 3 instead of the correct 5. I have no words. But at least the "Invisible Chirag" prank is mentioned in TLS.

And most importantly: The Cheese Touch is no longer a concern whatsoever - like, did somebody move out? The books don't say nothing.

And there are 100 whole lots more of bullcrap like this.

It's called "Continuity", Jeff Kinney!

I'm believing Jeff retroactively INVENTED the events because he wanted kids to have the option to read the series out of order, at sheer random volumes, unlike "Harry Potter" and whatnot. He thought kids wouldn't give a darn.

See?! This is what you get when you let Jeff Kinney butcher your "story". At least I didn't have to do all the grunt work.

So, continuity is half-busted. Even a 4th-grader could figure something's up! I mean, who the heck doesn't record events immediately after it happened? Just to save for retrospects as if on CUE?!

Imagine under the entry for the day of the Halifax Disaster, you said you were at Niagara Falls. Then, dozens of pages later you shoehorned in: "In December of last year I was strolling around the harbor at Halifax..." like it's nobody's business?!

Friday, April 5

First thing this morning, I read DD, and holy fork did Jeff fork it up!

For starters, Manny somehow not only reverted his own age, but he also reverted to not being potty trained. In RR, he WAS potty trained, but in DD he for some godforsaken reason wasn't.

In the previous book, there's a giant "THE END" on the final page. I was caught off guard at first, and I genuinely thought it's the end of the Wimpy Kid, but it's just a gimmick. Jeff HAD to submit to demand.

I've heard the first 5 books are taken straight from the online version. While Jeff was writing it for Funbrain, the entries were all "shuffled" into the 1,300-page manuscript, but I'm still standing on my hill that that moron doesn't give a darn about continuity.

Anyway, if you somehow ignore continuity (eugh...), this is what I get if I try reading “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” back-to-back, with Jeff slowly burning through joke after joke.

This insult is much, much more PATHETIC. All Greg’s antics at this point are pathetic. Everything’s pathetic. Half of them aren’t even FUNNY. I think it’s because I’m too old, but either way, at this point, Greg is practically FORCING me to crack up.

“Dude, All the kids out there are laughing their butts off, and I feel so FLATTERED! Why don’t YOU too?! It’s your first time, Jerry, God dang it!” is probably what Greg would say as he’s holding me as a marionette and forcing me to read his journals.

I kid you not, I dreamed it last night.

DD me STILL maintained this ridiculous goal of becoming rich and famous, but he really MEANT it, like in the V.I.P. Lawn Service fiasco and his future plans and Heather Hills. But, given how volatile the Wimpy Kid could be I’m gonna give that one a pass.

Speaking of the Lawn Service, I didn’t even realize I was laughing at “my” mistakes - just like Jeff intended, as usual. Man, that showboat was probably even getting the hang of SLAVERY. Take what I, Jerry, said for gospel, because his falling-out with Rowley was plain moronic.

Jeff was probably thinking: “What the fork is the Safety Patrol?!”

Holy God. That was a massive pain to get through. And then, there was “The Ugly Truth”.

Honestly, the only ugly truth I see in TUT is that I never changed despite FOUR books spanning 2 grades, an entire goddang falling-out, and the fact I was going through PUBERTY. Nothing’s even funny no more. I think Jeff’s trying to fork with the world, and they’re sucking up to him.

I was completely right back when the Original got published. I’m not gonna read this turd of a book series anymore.

I believe Jeff stripped away the CONCEPT of character development, slapped on the “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” logo, and WANTED you to point out how Greg is such a scumbag. Boy, Jeff sure doesn’t forking know what “character development” even is. Why even call it “A novel in cartoons”?! It’s just “cartoons” at this point.

So, the Wimpy Kid is a showboat who often is not even guilty, a future slave owner, jealous, crafty, sadistic, foresight-less, and overall PATHETIC.

Jeff has been pulling the same crap for 12 years now, and if I were still a kid, Greg could’ve killed me with frustration. How is this turd something to be all “nostalgic” over?!

Monday, April 8

Alright, guys. I’m busted. 2 days ago, early in the morning - like 6 a.m. early - before we were to leave back for Minnie, I woke up to Lou shaking me.

He asked, “Hey, isn’t your name Greg Heffley?”

I drowsily replied, “No, my name’s Gerald Hughes. What’s up?”

He then held up this naked journal without its “The Outsiders” jacket. I guess he mistook it for “The Outsiders” and didn’t realize he was scammed - a GOOD scam. At first, I was astonished, almost mad, but then I realized: Lou’s probably the first other guy to know about MY true story. He wasn’t acting all berserk, thankfully.

We ended up having a good laugh after I verbally spilled everything out in the cockpit.

As we touched down back at MSP, he suggested that I should PUBLISH it for the masses. I plainly told him that I just don’t feel ready yet given how bastardized my birth name became.

Lou swore that he’ll pledge to not spread the news. I could only hope that Lou stays honest. I don’t want Rodrick 2.0 at my job!

JUNE 2019

Saturday, June 1

You might NEVER believe who I stumbled upon in Kansas City, Missouri...

Yep, ROWLEY JEFFERSON, now Roger Washington, of all the people.

He works for the Yellow Cab before he’d become a high school teacher here. Seems like fishes - those suckers - eventually told that he sucked in Wilmington.

The only reason I knew him went like this:

Once he saw this journal as I was trying to stuff it in the glove box after - again - finding nothing to write about (journal’s naked since I lost the jacket), he asked me that something’s a bit familiar about me. His appearance looks oddly familiar as well, so I struck up a questionnaire.

“Alright, Roger. I’ve got a weird question, but did you eat the Cheese back in middle school?” I asked Roger.

“Why, Gerald,... of COURSE!” Roger replied back.

The last question I asked before he realized was this: “Do you remember how ashamed I was when you shoved that journal at me? I should be flattered, Roger, but I just couldn’t, given the circumstances...”

Roger put two on two together very slowly, and then, when we were about a mile from hitting the off-ramp to the Nelson-Atkins Museum (a.k.a. the Badminton Field), it hit him.

“You... you’re... GREG HEFFLEY, hah!” Roger brightly exclaimed.

“Well, long time no see, Rowley Jefferson! It’s a small world after all!” I exclaimed in genuine enthusiasm.

And then, I went on a whole long round apologizing to him. Trust me, I've been practicing and improvising over this from a script of mine for like a month now. Since it's so long, I specifically spoke slowly. I'm quite a fast talker.

"Look, Rowley. Everything I've done to you, just remember that we were only horsing around. You know, remember that time we broke up after the Safety Patrol? Remember when I broke your arm? Look at us! 13 years has passed! We've both grown so far! Now, I've actually tried to apologize back at school, but I was too distraught, simple as that. Everything's all too complicated, y'know? So, Rowley, I'm kinda scared to say this, but sincerely, deeply, from the bottom of my heart, I am so, so sorry about this. Do you, too?"

Believe it or not, Rowley actually took it! I half-expected him to shove me out of the cab.

"Gregory, I'm honestly so glad we're finally together again! All this time, I thought you DIED all so arrogant! Your slaves must've caught you, huh? No, heh heh!"

He was half-right about that, but at that point we were almost at the museum. I asked for his number and address and told him about this journal and how it might be all so very important. He gave me it, and I paid the fare and we parted ways once again.

Back at the MCI airport hotel, I'm dead-set thinking that when I should be the day. I'm gonna mail this to Rowley. I've got 3 days left here at Kansas City, but I don't care.

Now, the world needs to know the truth, the real Greg Heffley.

Guess this will be my last entry. Goodbye, boys.

DECEMBER 2019

Saturday, December 21

I'm moving to Lyttelton, New Zealand ASAP.

In June, I mailed Rowley this journal, and waited for about 3 months to get it back. Once I did, Rowley gave me a letter saying that Abrams refused it due to "trademark infringement", mostly because I suggested Rowley to mail it to the publisher under my BIRTH name - figures. Either way's the same.

In that letter, Rowley wanted to pull my leg again just for one last time:

"Greg, how about you go to this fandom subreddit r/LodedDiper and have the absolute best Zoo-Wee Mama of your life!"

At first, I didn't think much of it, since I've got like \$2 million and have bought myself a decent house here in the Twin Cities that month. I've got a sizable Geminijets collection, by the way. 2 entire cabinets full!

But one day last month at home, I got incredibly bored, so I decided to look the subreddit up.

Jesus H. Christ, what is this?! What the FORK is this?!

Fanfictions, there are LOADS of them. I guess the edgiest ones like “25 Years Later” are simply the top ones. This just shows that there are depraved lunatics in this fandom - like every other, I surmise. Seriously, I’ve read a couple of the LLB’s.

DISGUSTING.

My God, did those lunatics bastardize Manny. They’ve cranked his brattiness up to 1,011 all for the sadism in those “memes”. Nothing more.

You think I’m safe? Well, I’ve discovered from Mumkey Jones that Wimpy Kid me’s a “sociopath”. At least now I have a proper noun for that stagnant crap. I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again: Greg’s been pulling the same crap over and over, and nothing’s been done!

And most of all: EDGE.

It forking stinks! It’s everywhere! Like the Wimpy Kid himself, but it’s pure SADISM. Not like what I went through at Oshkosh - no, that’s totally uncharted territory. I’m just lucky I didn’t go blind right there. Rowley, it’s not April Fool’s, OK?!

Anyway, go check it out for yourself. I’m too tired to rant about this crap.

And OH! “Coincidentally”, Rowley doxxed me to Jeff Kinney himself! And then his fans! And then their cronies and siblings and whatnot! My mailbox’s jam-packed again, this time they’re SADISTS! Goodness!

“Dear Greg Heffley.

You are such a dirtbag, such a depraved sociopath that I wanna punch you, run you over and cripple and mangle you plus that crippled kid Manny alongside you, your Mom, and your Dad. Nobody wants such a flamboyant, arrogant narcissist around here! I hate your guts! And I’ve burnt all your piece of crap books.

Dylan Mallard.”

I burned all those insults first chance. Fortunately, I managed to convince my neighbors that the “Greg Heffley” name is a mistake, but I don’t know how long I could hold it.

Now, you might be asking: Where is Francis, your dad?

Well, it hurts to say this, but he had a stroke in late October, and passed away on November 1. He was 54. I heard he was an optimistic guy. He was just too busy flying transatlantic to be here for me. I attended his funeral in my hometown Plainville only because my boss let me.

For this past month, I heard a few of my colleagues gossiping behind my back, or giggling at me like the good ol’ days. Great. The last thing I need is to get SWATTED by those nimrods. As a result, I quit my job last week.

I’m so disturbed from the Wimpy Kid that I oughta start from zero in the isolated and peaceful country of New Zealand. The quality of life is way better there. Nobody is going to disturb me anymore.

Goodnight, America. Good morning, New Zealand.

MAY 2025

Monday, May 5

Last of all, let me get something straight: My name is now neither Gregory Heffley, nor Gerald Hughes, but Steve Foley, after Blue Angel 1's pilot who was killed at Oshkosh back in 2006. I know my writing is still American, but it's an old habit of mine.

I moved here in Lyttelton in January 2020 under this name that I'm sticking to. Life here has been peaceful. Now, "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" doesn't bother me anymore. It has grown too much.

During COVID, I worked as a programmer as a stop-gap before I became a pilot for Air New Zealand in 2022. I had to start my career over from zero. I've now been piloting their ATR 72 turboprops, most often between Christchurch and Auckland.

When I first stepped aboard the ATR's cockpit last year, I met captain Kenneth Sullivan. He's my old pal Rowley's distant cousin, and he's quiet and lonely and a bit caring, just like me.

On my flights, I would always read him my long tale of woe which all started when my late father, Francis Heffley, brought my family on a trip to Oshkosh nearly 19 years ago, and changed our lives forever.

Kenneth was clearly interested. I think it's mostly because he's already interested in tragic cases like the Sampoong Mall collapse and the Ramstein Disaster. The Blue Angels team never learned from there. Such ineptitude.

It's beautiful here at Lake Pukaki. The water is bright blue from Mount Cook, and it's made more prettier by the light breeze. Heck, I could even do a photo shoot here!

I'm sitting along its shore with Kenneth. He suggested me that I should scan and post this entire thing to r/LodedDiper. After all, it's just a fandom on the web, and you don't have to wrestle with publishers. This way, everybody will know the truth way easier.

Alright. I am going to end my 19 long years of journaling with this:

Dad, thank you for everything. I could've never been writing this in such peace without you. I could've never started my piloting journey without you. Last but not least, I could've never been who I am now - a better man - without you.

Thank you all fans of the Wimpy Kid. You've laughed at "me" all these years, and I'll bet you've made yourself an amazing childhood, but it's now time that you should know the truth.

Every cloud has a silver lining.

Goodbye, diary.

Signed, Steve Foley.