



THIS DIARY BELONGS TO:

**Nikki J. Maxwell**

*PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL*

If found, please return to ME for REWARD!

(NO SNOOPING ALLOWED!!!☺)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4

OMG! MY BIRTHDAY PARTY IS BEYOND AWESOME!

SQUEEEEE 😊!

Just imagine a FABULOUS and FUN bash at the Westchester Country Club with a band, DJ, all-you-can-eat pizza, ice-cream sundae bar, two hundred of my closest friends, my loyal BFFs, my adorkable CRUSH, and a humongous birthday cake.

Everything is SO unbelievably PERFECT, I need to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. OUCH!! That hurt! (I just pinched myself!)

The GOOD NEWS is that not even my mortal FRENEMY, MacKenzie Hollister, can RUIN the most AMAZING day of my entire life 😊!

The BAD NEWS is that I was totally WRONG about the GOOD NEWS 😞! . . .



ANDRÉ



MY BFFS,  
CHLOE & ZOIEY



MACKENZIE

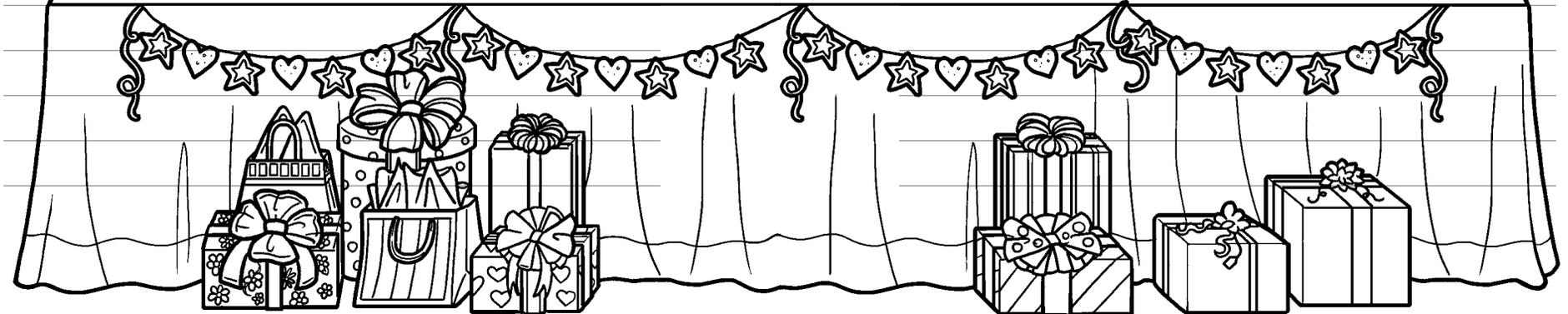


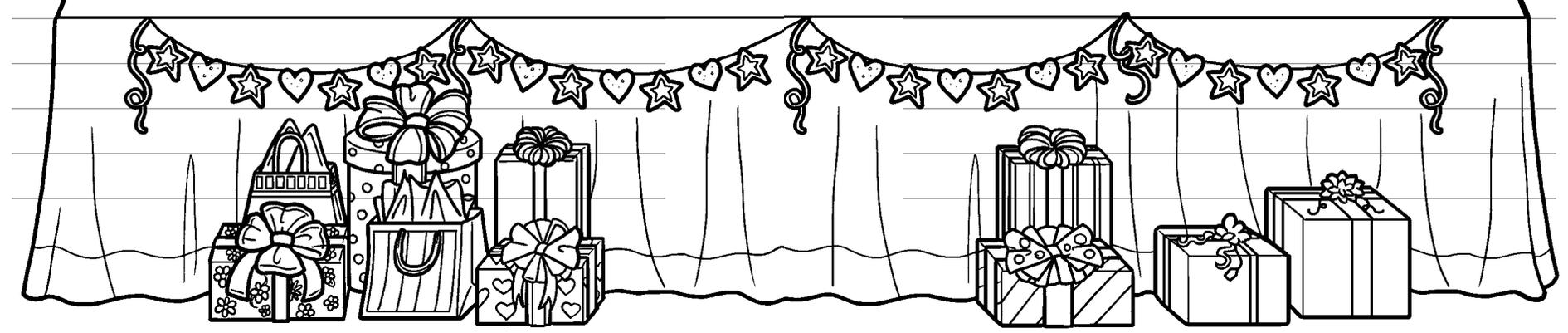
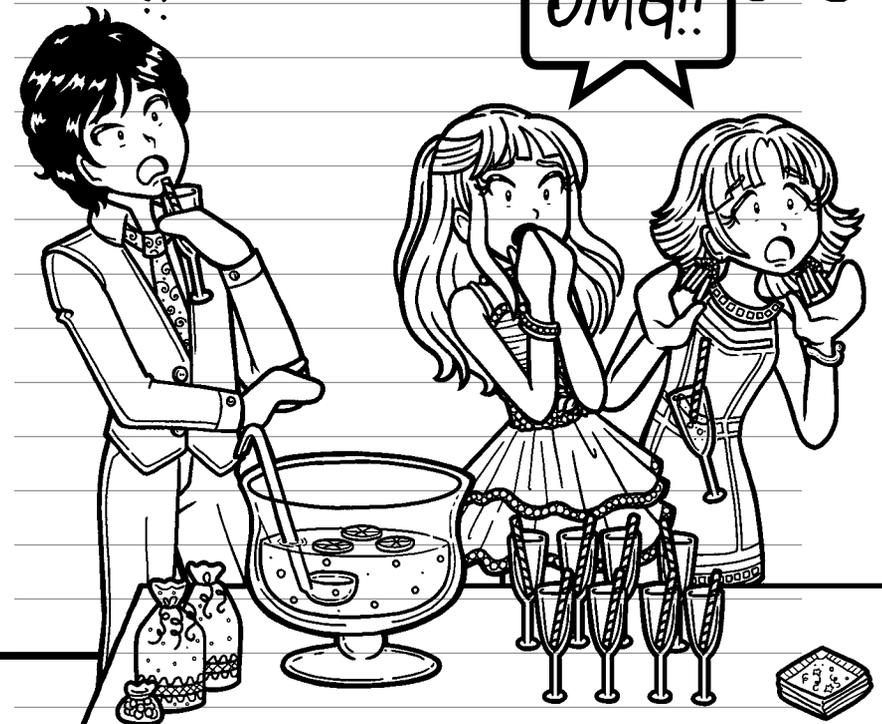
MY LIFE IS  
PERFECT!

← ME



MY CRUSH,  
BRANDON



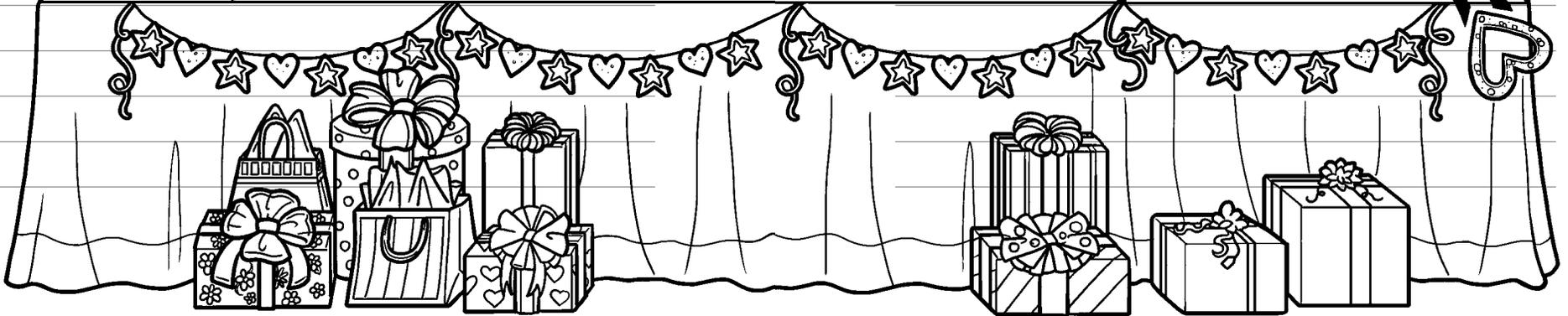
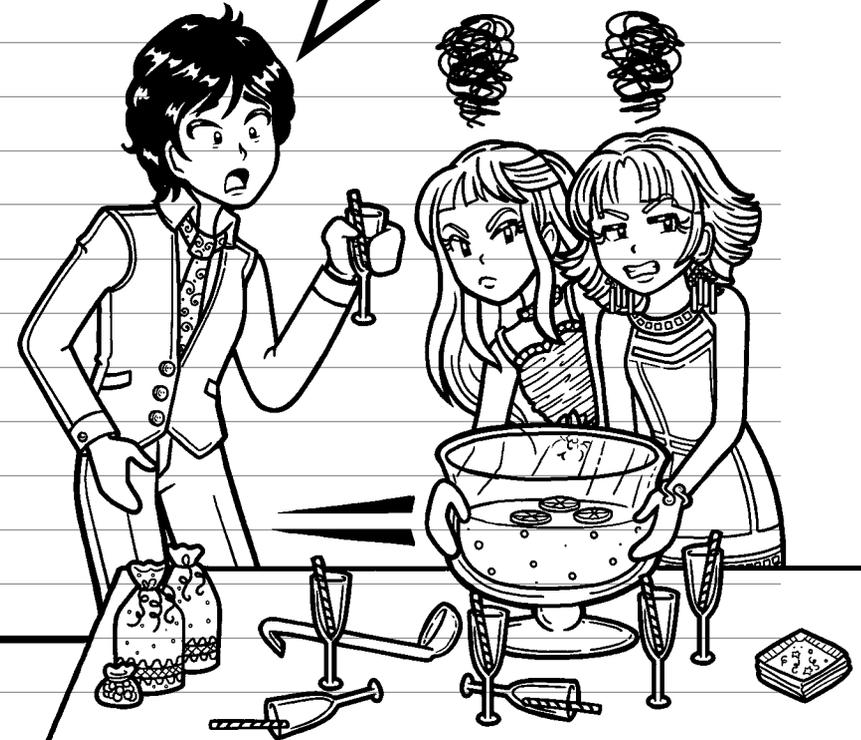


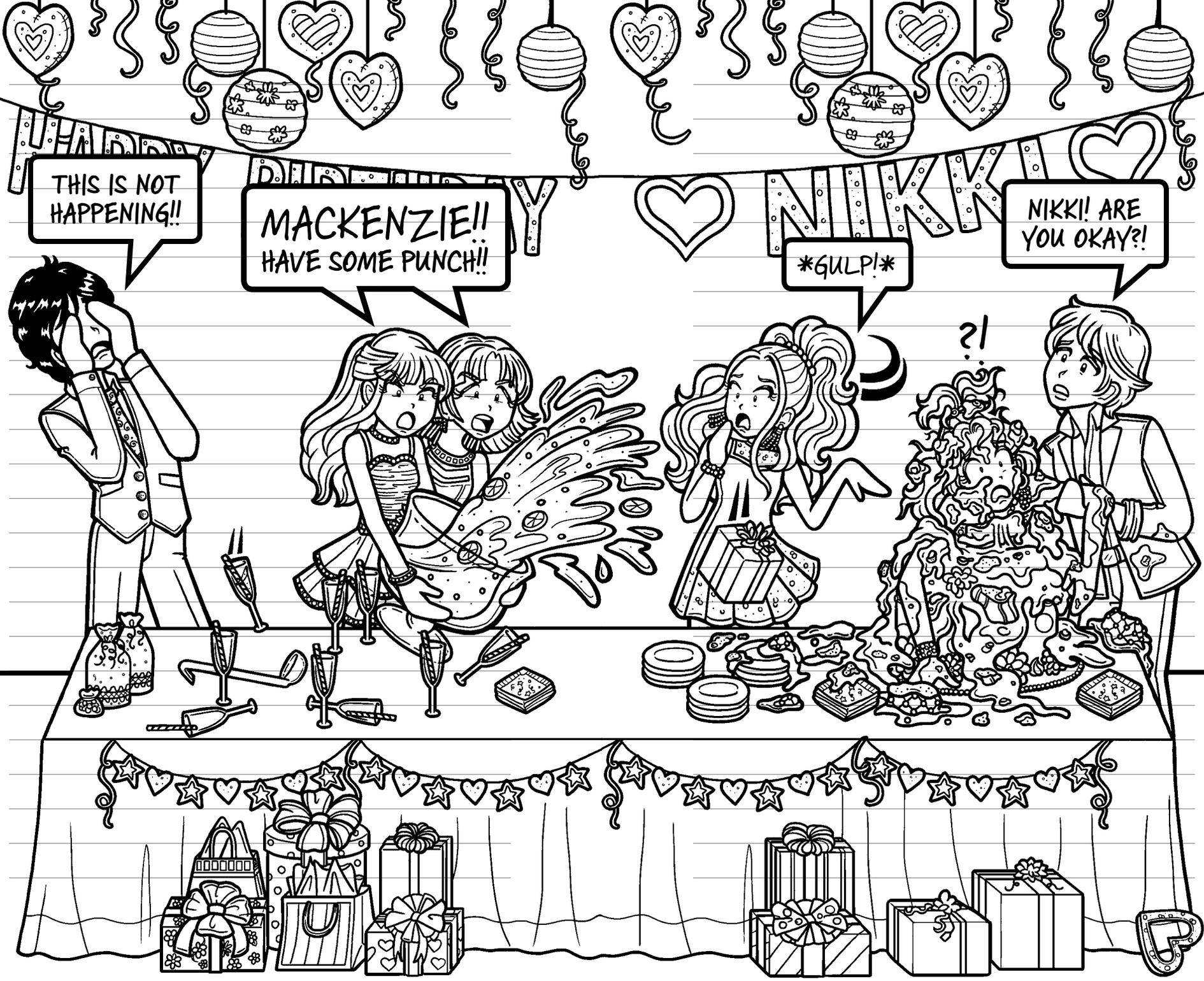


MACKENZIE!  
STOP IT!

OOPS! SORRY  
I'M NOT SORRY!

NIKKI?!





THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!!

MACKENZIE!!  
HAVE SOME PUNCH!!

\*GULP!\*

NIKKI! ARE YOU OKAY?!

?!



POOR NIKKI!

OOPS!!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY NIKKI

\*DUCK!\*

P

My wonderful birthday party had turned into a complete CATASTROPHE! It was AWFUL! Thank goodness the entire thing was just a . . .



HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE 😱!!

OMG! That dream felt SO real! I woke up FRANTIC in a cold sweat.

And now just the thought of having a party is totally FREAKING ME OUT.

I'm obviously suffering from a very serious and debilitating medical condition called CBPP, or CRUDDY BIRTHDAY PARTY PHOBIA.

It's an irrational fear of birthday party disasters.

I think I first contracted this illness on my fifth birthday. I had invited my ENTIRE kindergarten class to my party, and my dad dressed up as a clown.

He was HILARIOUS!

Until he was lighting the candles on my birthday cake and somehow accidentally set the seat of his baggy clown pants on fire.

Don't ask me HOW!

At first Dad panicked and ran around the room shouting, "FIRE! FIRE!"

Then he quickly put it out by SITTING in a huge bowl of fruit punch! . . .



MY DAD, THE CLOWN, GETTING PUNCH!

All the kids laughed and cheered because they thought it was all part of his very funny clown act. But I was SO upset, I couldn't eat any of my birthday cake.

To this day, I have an extreme FEAR of clowns. Luckily, not ALL of them. Just SCREAMING CLOWNS with their BUTTS on FIRE!

I'm VERY serious! They practically scare the SNOT out of me.

DON'T LAUGH! It's NOT funny ☹!

Okay, maybe it IS kind of funny ☺.

But STILL!

Anyway, my birthday is on Saturday, June 28, and my BFFs, Chloe and Zoey, are BEGGING me to throw a big birthday party.

They're so excited about it that they're coming over tomorrow to help me plan everything.

Unfortunately, Chloe and Zoey are going to be SUPERdisappointed when I break the bad news that I've changed my mind. That scary dream has me worried that if even the TINIEST thing goes wrong, my birthday could turn into a complete DISASTER.

Hey, I'd LOVE to be the pretty and popular PARTY PRINCESS.

But come on! WHO am I kidding?!

MY life is NOT a fairy tale.

And I am NOT Cinderella.

Sorry! But if I dramatically dashed out of the royal ball at midnight in a glamorous, enchanted gown and lost my beautiful glass slipper, I'd step right in a pile of DOG POOP!

