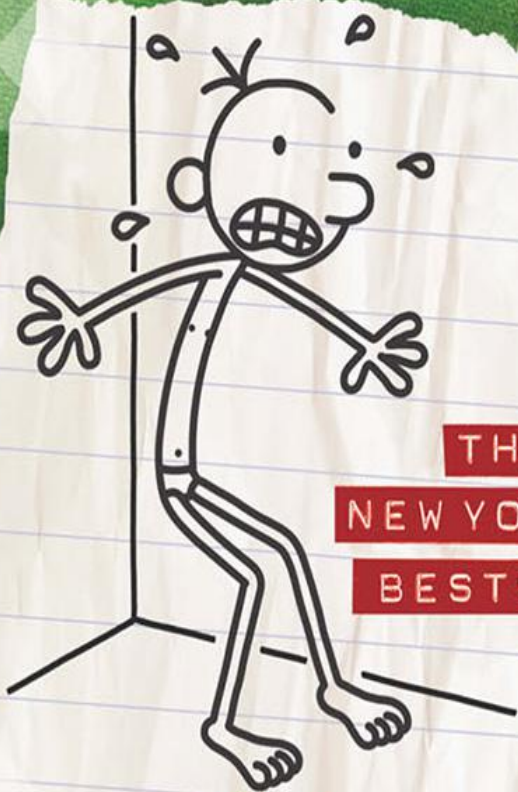


DIARY  
of a  
Wimpy Kid

THE LAST STRAW



THE #1

NEW YORK TIMES

BESTSELLER

Jeff Kinney





# Dear reader,

I'm very excited that you're holding the Kindle edition of *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* in your hands.

When I read my first e-book on a Kindle, I was amazed at the possibilities. Carrying a whole library around with me on a

device I could fit in the palm of my hand? Amazing.

What's been very rewarding to me as an author has been seeing kids carrying their dog-eared copies of *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* with them. The Kindle allows kids to have the whole series at their fingertips, and the reading experience is crisp and clean every time . . . with no chance of today's breakfast staining the pages.

Thank you for purchasing *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* on your Kindle. I hope it gives you lots of laughs and you have as much fun reading it as I did writing it.

Jeff Kinney



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*Diary of a Wimpy Kid*

*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Rodrick Rules*

*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Dog Days*

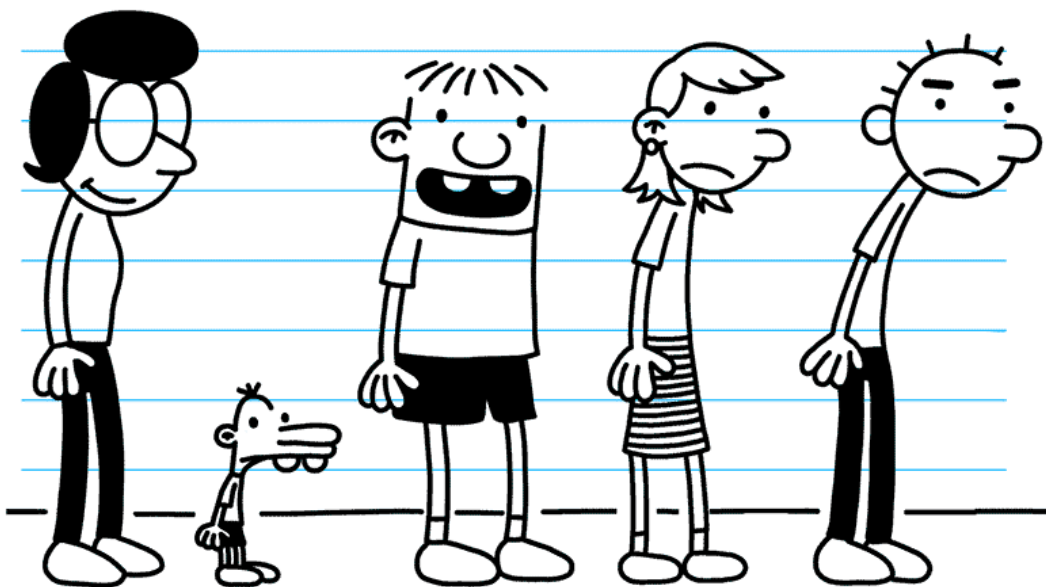
*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Ugly Truth*

*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Cabin Fever*

*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Third Wheel*

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*The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary*



# DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

## THE LAST STRAW

by Jeff Kinney



AMULET BOOKS  
New York

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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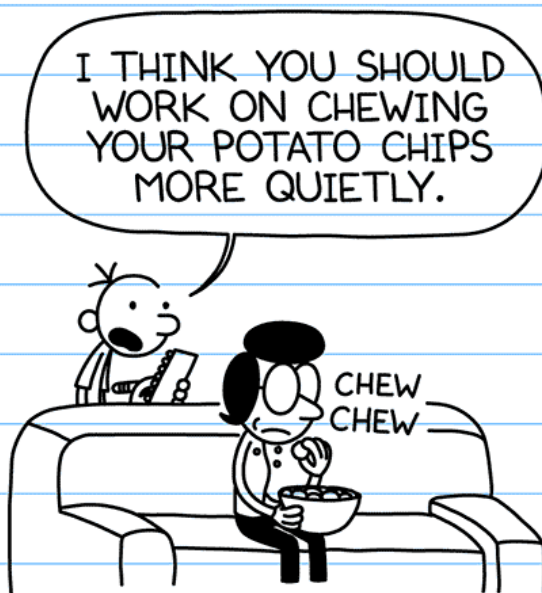
January

## New Year's Day.

You know how you're supposed to come up with a list of "resolutions" at the beginning of the year to try to make yourself a better person?

Well, the problem is, it's not easy for me to think of ways to improve myself, because I'm already pretty much one of the best people I know.

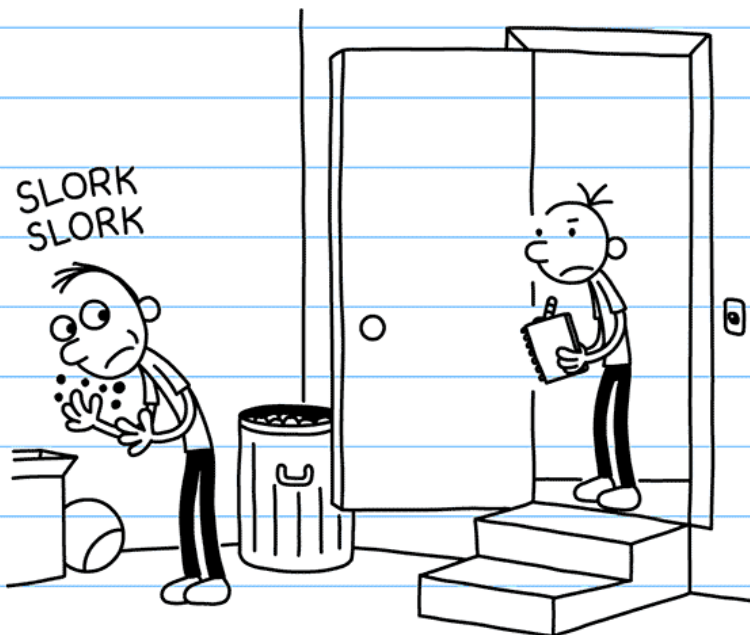
So this year my resolution is to try and help other people improve. But the thing I'm finding out is that some people don't really appreciate it when you're trying to be helpful.



One thing I noticed right off the bat is that the people in my family are doing a lousy job sticking to their New Year's resolutions.

Mom said she was gonna start going to the gym today, but she spent the whole afternoon watching TV .

And Dad said he was gonna go on a strict diet, but after dinner I caught him out in the garage, stuffing his face with brownies.

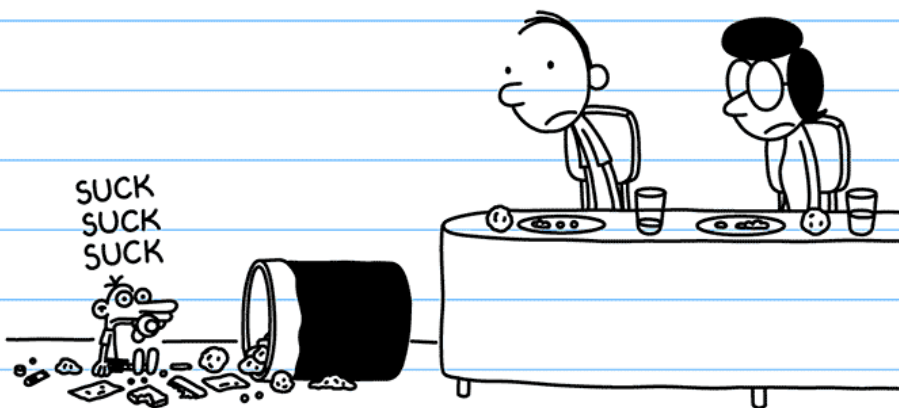


Even my little brother, Manny, couldn't stick with his resolution.

This morning he told everyone that he's a "big boy" and he's giving up his pacifier for good. Then he threw his favorite binkie in the trash.



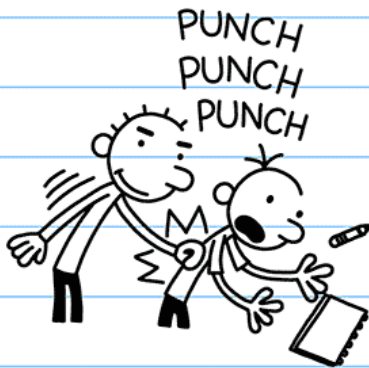
Well, that New Year's resolution didn't even last a full minute.



The only person in my family who didn't come up with a resolution is my older brother, Rodrick, and that's a pity because his list should be about a mile and a half long.

So I decided to come up with a program to help Rodrick be a better person. I called my plan “Three Strikes and You’re Out.” The basic idea was that every time I saw Rodrick messing up, I’d mark a little “X” on his chart.

Well, Rodrick got all three strikes before I even had a chance to decide what “You’re Out” meant.



Anyway, I’m starting to wonder if I should just bag my resolution, too. It’s a lot of work, and so far I haven’t really made any progress.

Besides, after I reminded Mom for like the billionth

time to stop chewing her potato chips so loud, she

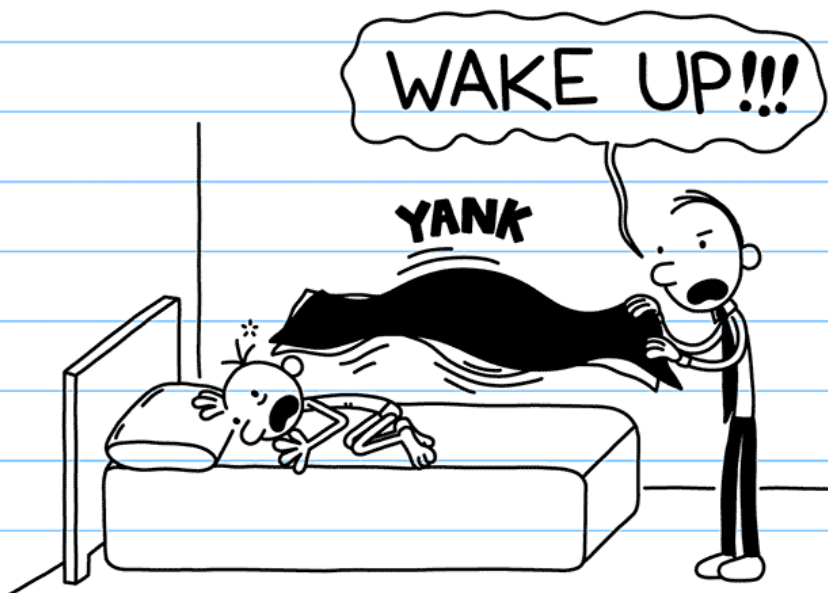
made a really good point. She said, “Everyone can’t be as perfect as You , Gregory.” And

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from what I’ve seen so far, I think she’s right.

Thursday.

Dad is giving this diet thing another try, and that's bad news for me. He's gone about three days without eating any chocolate, and he's been super cranky.

The other day, after Dad woke me up and told me to get ready for school, I accidentally fell back asleep. Believe me, that's the last time I'll make that mistake.



Part of the problem is that Dad always wakes me up before Mom's out of the shower, so I know that I still have like ten more minutes before I need to get out of bed for real.

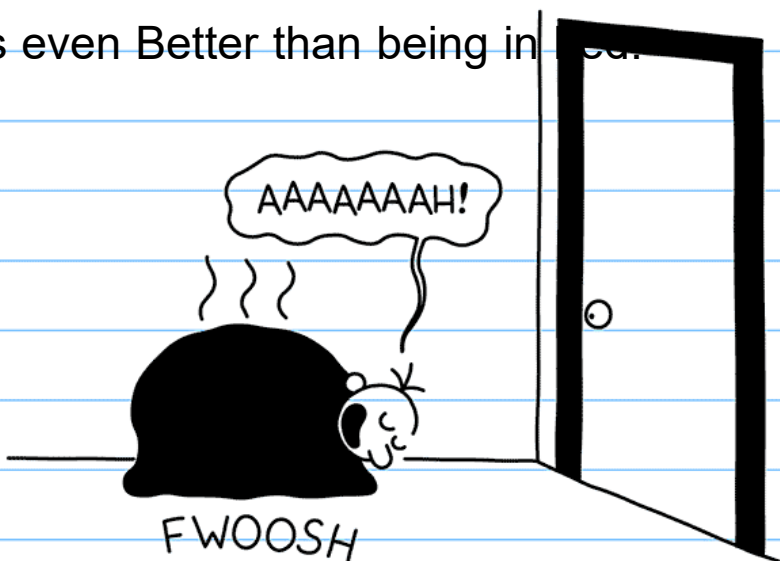
Yesterday I came up with a pretty good way to get some extra sleep time without making Dad mad. After he woke me up, I took all of my blankets down the hall with me and waited outside

the bathroom for my turn in the shower.

Then I lay down right on top of the heater vent.

And when the furnace was blowing, the experience

was even Better than being in a car.



The problem was, the heat only stayed on for about five minutes at a time. So when the furnace wasn't running, I was just lying there on this cold piece of metal.



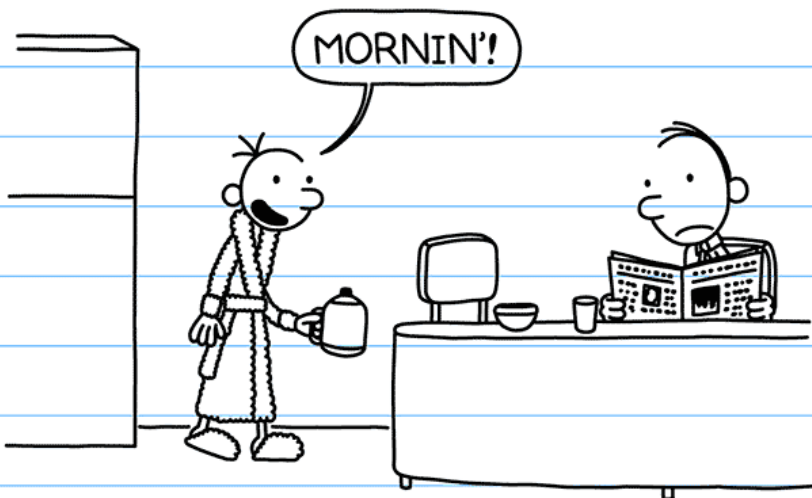
This morning, while I was waiting for Mom to be done with her shower, I remembered someone gave

her a bathrobe for Christmas. So I went into her closet and got it.

Let me just say that was one of the smartest moves I've ever made. Wearing that thing was like

being wrapped in a big, fluffy towel that just came out of the dryer.

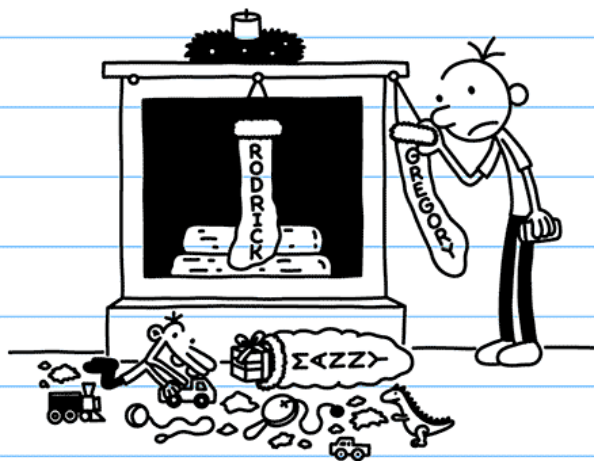
In fact, I liked it so much, I even wore it after my shower. I think Dad might've been jealous he didn't come up with the robe idea first, because when I came to the kitchen table, he seemed extra-grumpy.



I tell you, women have the right idea with this bathrobe thing. Now I'm wondering what else I'm missing out on.

I just wish I had asked for my own bathrobe for Christmas, because I'm sure Mom is gonna make me give hers back.

I struck out on gifts again this year. I knew I was in for a rough day when I came downstairs on Christmas morning and the only presents in my stocking were a stick of deodorant and a "travel dictionary."



I guess once you're in middle school, grown-ups decide you're too old for toys or anything that's actually fun.

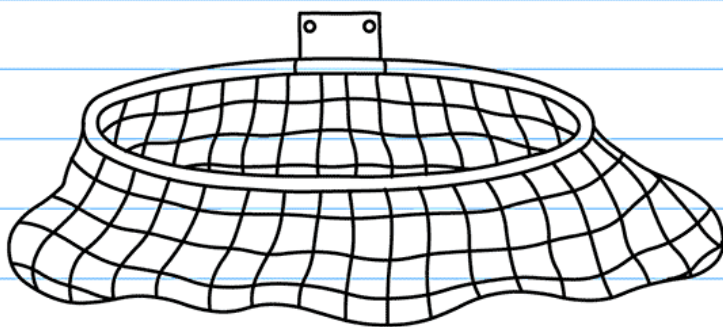


But then they still expect you to be all excited when you open the lame gifts they get you.

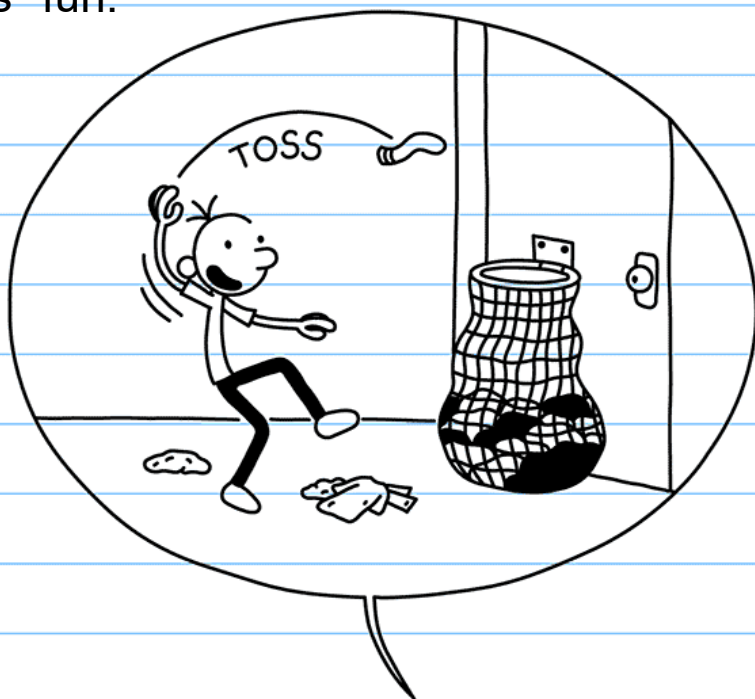


Most of my gifts this year were books or clothes. The closest thing I got to a toy was a present from Uncle Charlie.

When I unwrapped Uncle Charlie's gift, I didn't even know what it was supposed to be. It was this big plastic ring with a net attached to it.



Uncle Charlie explained that it was a “Laundry Hoop” for my bedroom. He said I was supposed to hang the Laundry Hoop on the back of my door and it would make putting away my dirty clothes “fun.”



At first I thought it was a joke, but then I realized Uncle Charlie was serious. So I had to explain to him that I don't actually Do my own laundry.

I told him I just throw my dirty clothes on the floor, and Mom picks them up and takes them downstairs to the laundry room.



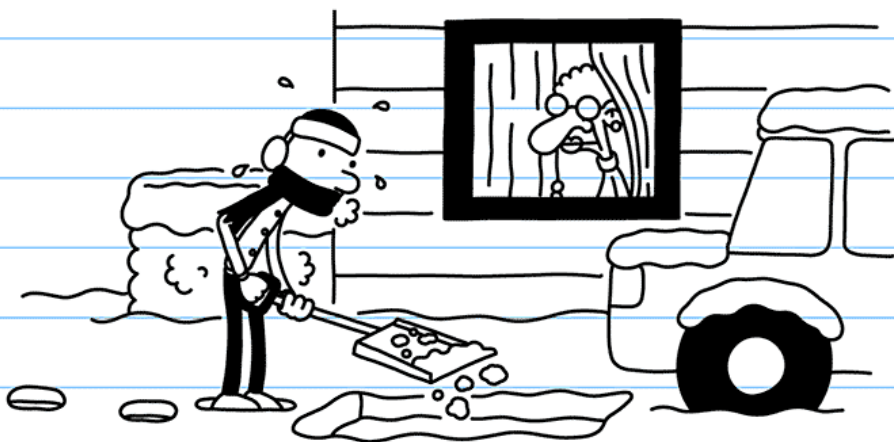
Then a few days later, everything comes back to me in nice, folded piles.

I told Uncle Charlie he should just return the Laundry Hoop and give me cash so I could buy something I'd actually use .

That's when Mom spoke up. She told Uncle Charlie she thought the Laundry Hoop was a great idea.

Then she said that from now on I'd be doing my own laundry. So basically, it ends up that Uncle Charlie got me a chore for Christmas.

It really stinks that I got such crummy gifts this year. I put in a lot of effort buttering people up for the past few months, and I thought it would pay off on Christmas.



Now that I'm responsible for my own laundry, I guess I'm kind of glad I got a bunch of clothes. I might actually make it through the whole school year before I run out of clean stuff to wear.