

# DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

THE FRENCH SURPRISE



5ème C  
Collège Benjamin Franklin 78 Epône

# DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

THE FRENCH SURPRISE

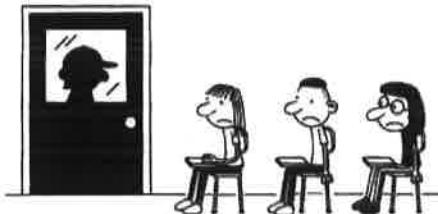


5ème C

Collège Benjamin Franklin – Épône 78

Everyone at school loves the new kid. They're interesting, because they're not from around here. Everyone wants to be their friend, because they don't HAVE any yet.

For those first few days of school, the New Kid is anything you WANT them to be, at least in your mind.



I always wondered what it would be like to be the new kid. But today, I stopped wondering. Because today, the new kid was ME.

## Monday

Hello everyone! Today I'll tell you about the

feeling of being new in a school. No I'm kidding! Did you really think I was going to tell you about my life just like an intellectual? That's for the perfect girls who write diaries. Yes, "diary" is the correct word, at least I have that in common with my moronic cousin Greg Heffley!

Here are a few things about me (it reminds me of French teacher who wants to know us better at the beginning of the year!). My name is Lily Heffley (I know, it's a baby name, another crazy idea of my parents). I'm not an only child, unfortunately, I have a sister called Lea, the worst fifteen-year-old baby in the world! I'm jaded and I'm tired of being the teacher's pet because you do not get better grades in the end. My parents are totally different, they are not a good match.



Anyway, tonight we were eating mashed broccoli (why do parents make broccoli puree when you can make mashed potatoes instead?), when Lea said she would take me to school for the first day as my parents would certainly have no time. What a rotten idea !

### Tuesday

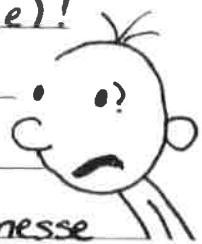
The first day of school. Joy, happiness, laughs... Greg was surprised to see me (not aware, again).

A few negative points:

- There is a pest in the classroom
- A boy named Franck Henri tried to flirt with me at break time.

- A girl named Lila, STICKS to me all the time  
- But most annoying: there will be a school KERMESSE! Who invented that? This person was obviously bored to death!

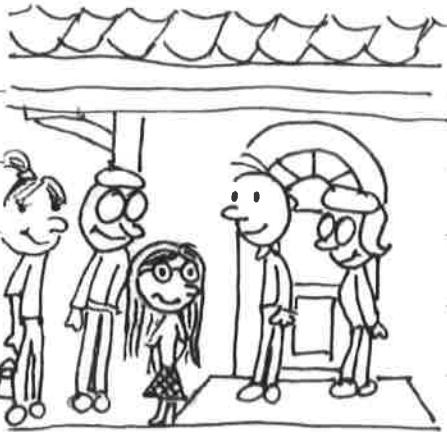
Greg looked devastated: for sure his mother will "bring her strawberry" as we say in French (yes, I'm French on my mother's side)!



### Wednesday

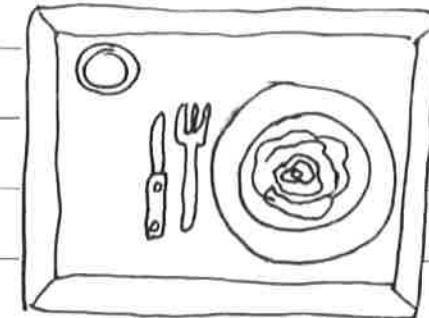
When I told my parents about the Kermesse (big mistake) they said it would be a nice way to make new friends and they asked me to help Greg and his mother on a stand. At first, I thought it might be darts or something cool, but it's actually the raffle ticket booth!

It's dead! (another French expression, only used by teens this time, no need to translate). They spoke in front of Greg's parents (opposite our house), I was not going to be rude.



Thursday

To make it short, I'm a little "star" in my class because everyone wants to see me, know where I come from... And as I'm French, they are attracted by my "French accent" (do French people have an accent ? We learn every day !) I confess I do not miss my old life : my new best friend, Lila Kipping, does my homework, I can wink at Greg which amuses the kids in class. The only problem is the group of snooty girls crossing the canteen with their salad bowls on their trays, the kind of girls who write a diary precisely !

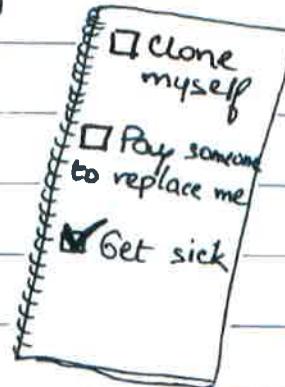


Being the new kid is not so much fun because at first, everybody thinks you're amazing and after a while they're used to you, well, you've become normal. If there is a problem, everyone is on your side but after some time, finished. So, it's really bad to be the new one.

OK, I know that you're waiting for an "obstacle" in this story, don't worry, here it is: the kermesse. I had to go.

## Friday

I have to find an excuse not to go to the Kermesse. I know the new kids have to go. So annoying. Ideas:



I checked the last one.

Let's see ... the flu? No, I've tried already, and I had to stay in bed all weekend.

A cold is not enough, my parents will drag me out with a cap on and a scarf. Fever?

That's perfect!

Here's my plan:

1. I wake up before anyone on Saturday (kermesse day).

2. I stick the thermometer against the heater full blast.
  3. I speak like Jeanne Moreau (a French celebrity who had a hoarse voice) to make it true.
  4. I stand very close to the heater <sup>to redden</sup> my cheeks I stay at home, so easy!
- I look at my messages and I see one from Greg :
- "kermesse cancelled, it's raining, postponed till next weekend!"
- GREAT!!**.

