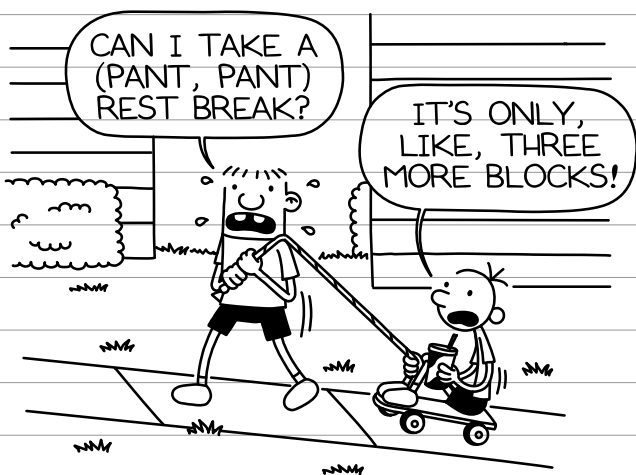


## SEPTEMBER

Thursday

It's been almost two and a half weeks since me and my ex-best friend, Rowley Jefferson, had our big fight. To be honest with you, I thought he would've come crawling back to me by now, but for some reason that hasn't happened.

I'm actually starting to get a little concerned, because school starts back up in a few days and, if we're gonna get this friendship back on track, something needs to happen quick. If me and Rowley really ARE through, that would stink, because the two of us had a pretty good thing going.



Now that our friendship is history I'm in the market for a new best friend. The problem is I invested all my time in Rowley, and I don't have anyone lined up to take his place.

The two best options I have at this point are Christopher Brownfield and Tyson Sanders. But each of those guys has his own issues.

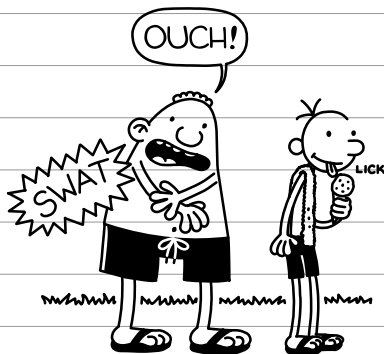


CHRISTOPHER

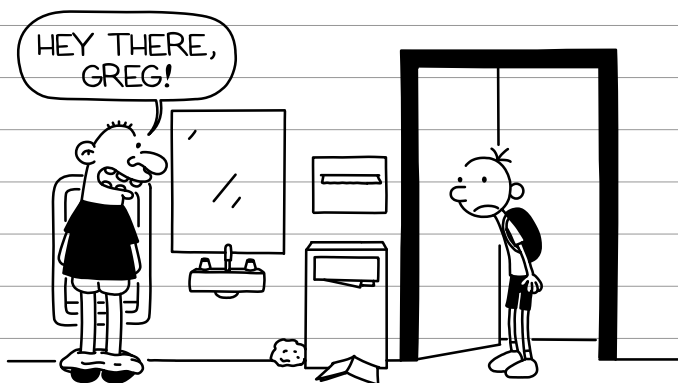


TYSON

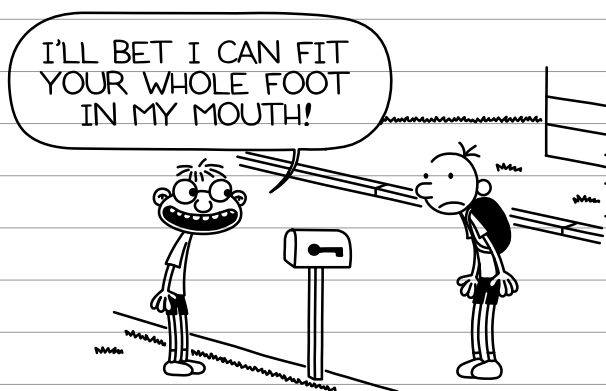
I hung out with Christopher for the last few weeks of the summer, mostly because he's a really excellent mosquito magnet. But Christopher is more of a summertime friend than a school-year friend.



Tyson is nice enough, and we like the same video games. But he pulls his pants all the way down when he uses the urinal, and I don't know if I can ever get past that.

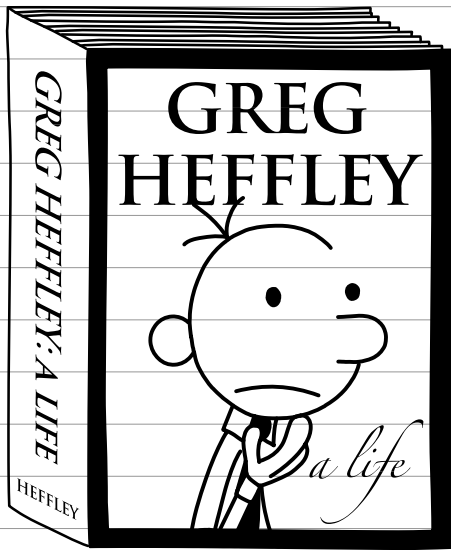


The only other kid my age who's not paired up with someone is Fregley, but I ruled him out as best-friend material a long time ago.



Anyway, I'm still keeping the door open a crack for Rowley, just in case. But, if he wants to save this friendship, he'd better do something fast.

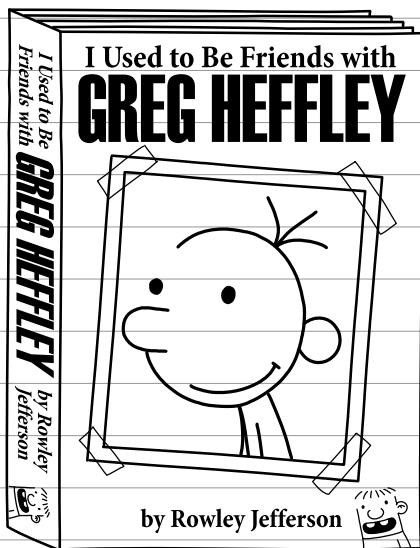
Because, with the way things stand, he's not gonna come out looking very good in my autobiography.



## CHAPTER 8 CHILDHOOD

I used to live near this kid. I think his name was Rupert or Roger or something.

With my luck, though, I'll go on to be rich and famous and Rowley will STILL find a way to ride my coat-tails.

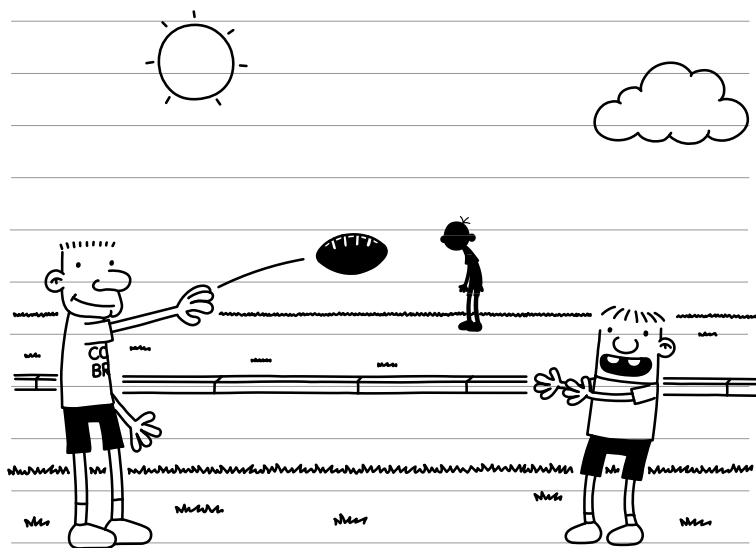


Saturday

The reason I don't see things changing between me and Rowley is because he's already found himself a replacement friend. Or, to be more accurate, his PARENTS did.

For the past few weeks Rowley's been hanging out with this teenager named Brian.

Whenever I go by Rowley's house, he's out in his front yard throwing a football or a Frisbee with a guy who looks like he's in high school or college.



Well, I did some poking around and found out that this Brian guy isn't just some normal kid from the neighbourhood. He's part of a company called "Cool Brian", which is sort of like a big-brother-for-hire kind of thing.

In fact, I'd be willing to bet money this guy's name isn't even really Brian.



Mom said she thinks the Cool Brian thing is a great idea because it gives kids a "role model" they can look up to. That makes me kind of mad because, the way I see it, I'M Rowley's role model.



And now Rowley's parents are paying some guy to do what I've been doing all these years for FREE.