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**ENGLISH**

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Paper 2 INSERT

**October 2015**

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This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Read this extract from 'Diary of a Wimpy Kid' by Jeff Kinney.

## September

Tuesday

First of all, let me get something straight: this is a JOURNAL, not a diary. I know what it says on the cover, but when Mom went out to buy this thing I SPECIFICALLY told her to get one that didn't say 'diary' on it.

The other thing I want to clear up right away is that this was Mom's idea, not mine. But if she thinks I'm going to write down my 'feelings' in here or whatever, she's very wrong. So just don't expect me to be 'Dear Diary' this and 'Dear Diary' that.

Saturday

Well, the first week of school is finally over, so today I slept in.

Most kids wake up early on Saturday to watch cartoons or whatever, but not me. The only reason I get out of bed at all at weekends is because eventually I can't stand the taste of my own breath any more. Unfortunately, Dad wakes up at 6:00 in the morning no matter WHAT day of the week it is, and he is not real considerate of the fact that I am trying to enjoy my Saturday like a normal person.

I didn't have anything to do today so I just headed up to Rowley's house. Rowley is technically my best friend, but that is definitely subject to change. I've been avoiding Rowley since the first day of school, when he did something that really annoyed me. We were getting our stuff from our lockers at the end of the day, and Rowley came up to me and said, 'Want to come over to my house and plaayyy?' I have told Rowley at least a billion times that now that we're in middle school, you're supposed to say 'hang out', not 'play'. But no matter how many times I tell him, he always forgets the next time.

I've been trying to be a lot more careful about image ever since I got to middle school. But having Rowley around is definitely not helping. I met Rowley a few years ago when he moved into my neighbourhood. His mom bought him this book called 'How to Make Friends in New Places' and he came to my house trying all these dumb gimmicks. I guess I kind of felt sorry for Rowley, and I decided to take him under my wing. It's been great having him around, mostly because I get to use all the tricks my older brother Roderick pulls on ME.

Monday

You know how I said I play all sorts of pranks on Rowley? Well, I have a little brother named Manny, and I could NEVER get away with pulling any of that stuff on him.

Mom and Dad protect Manny like he's a prince or something. And he never gets in trouble, even if he really deserves it. Yesterday, Manny drew a self-portrait on my bedroom door in permanent marker. I thought Mom and Dad were really going to let him have it, but as usual, I was wrong.

Now answer the questions in the answer booklet.

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