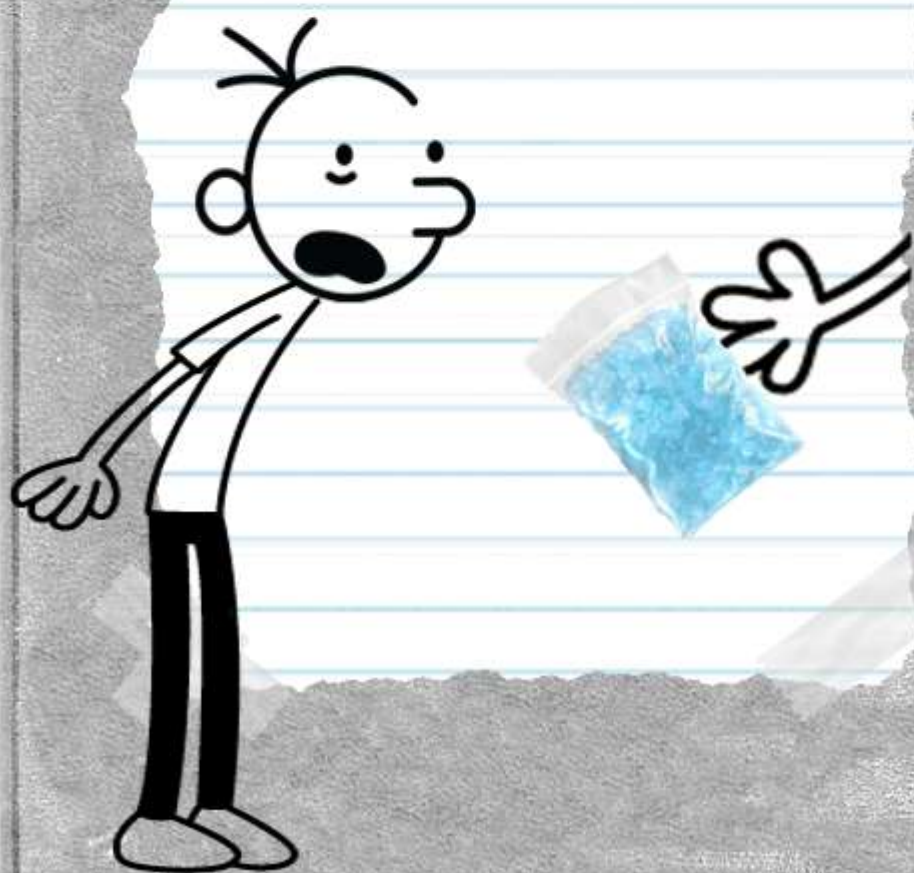


DIARY OF A SKETCHY KID

COOKED & CORNERED



Middle school sucks. But you know what sucks worse?
Being broke while your stepdad's cooking meth in the
basement and your math teacher's your dealer.

My name's Greg Heffley, and this is the totally legal
story of how I went from failing chemistry... to
mastering it.

With a best friend who smokes smarties, a rival gang
of eighth graders, and a school dance that turned into
a SWAT raid... let's just say this year is about to get
crystal clear.

Just don't tell Mom.

Cooked & Cornered

So apparently, crystal meth is not the same thing as sugar.

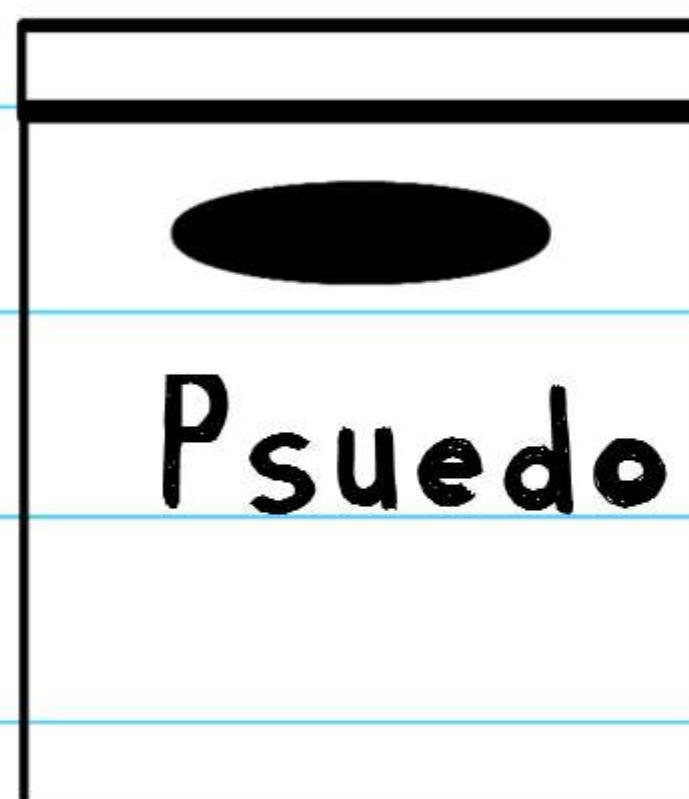
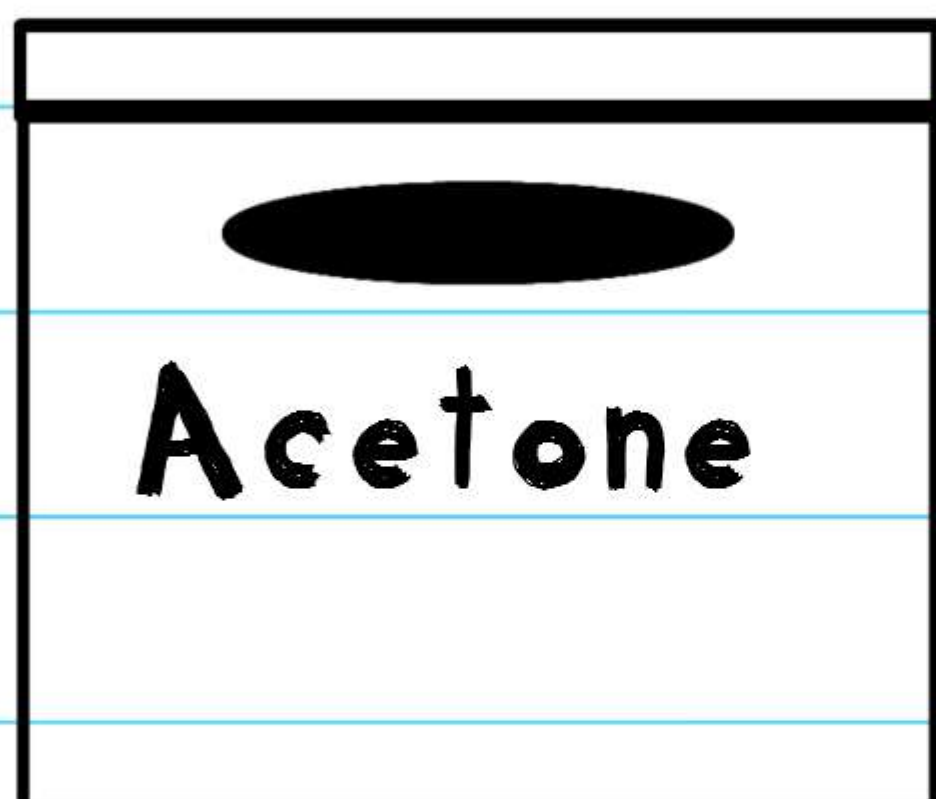
I found that out the hard way when I sprinkled some on my pancakes before school. Let's just say I was very alert during math class.



Then Coach Barkley told me to "walk it off." I ran seven laps around the field before anyone noticed I was missing my pants.

Okay, so first of all, I didn't mean to become a drug dealer.

It started when I went into the garage looking for duct tape and found THIS instead:



My older brother, Rodrick, says he's just "running a small chemistry project." Yeah, okay. And I'm the Queen of England.

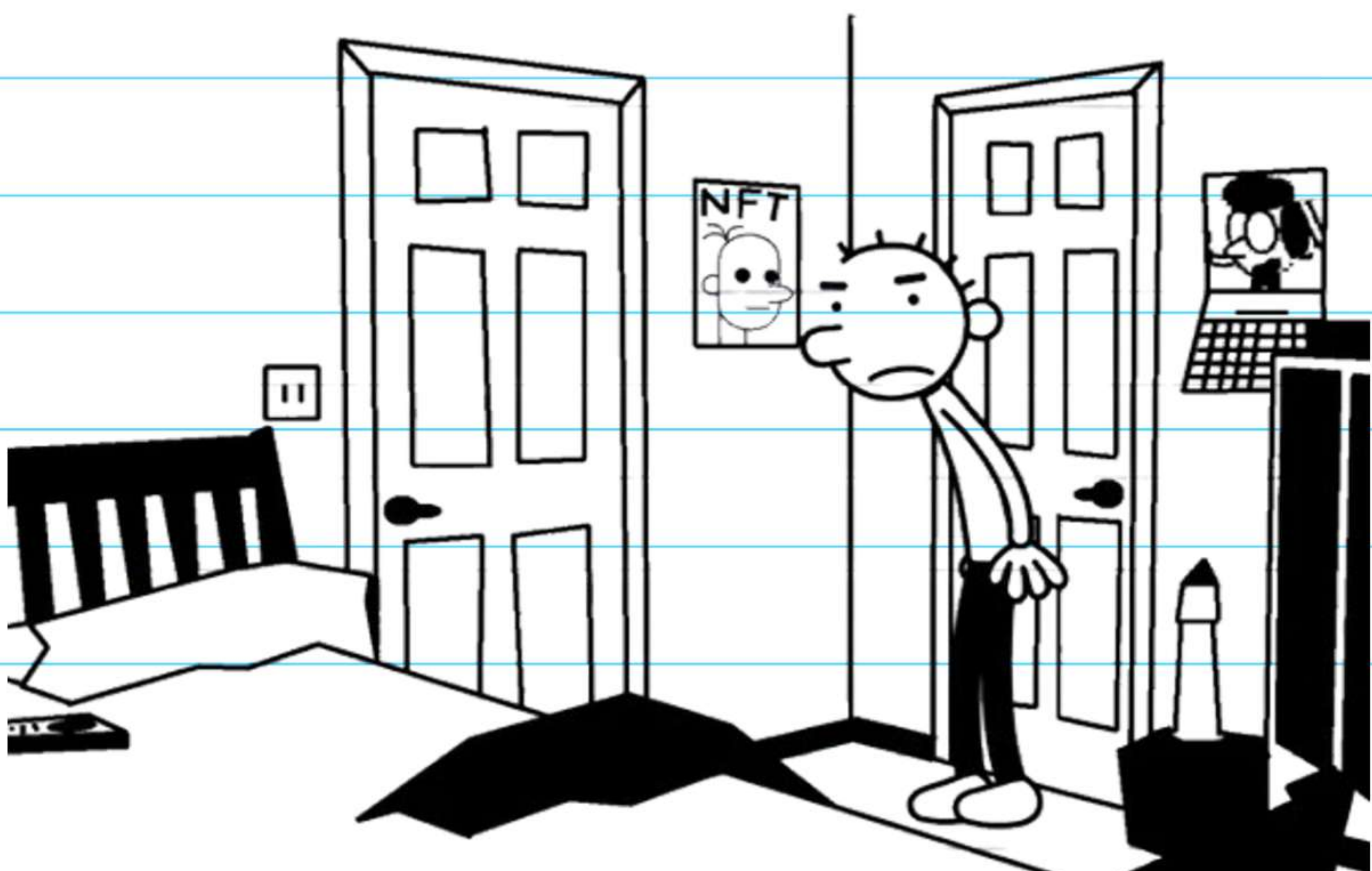
I asked him what the boxes were, and he said:



And then he laughed like a villain. Like MUAHAHA.

I was gonna tell Mom, but she thinks "Breaking Bad" is a cooking show and Rodrick's her "Gifted little genius."

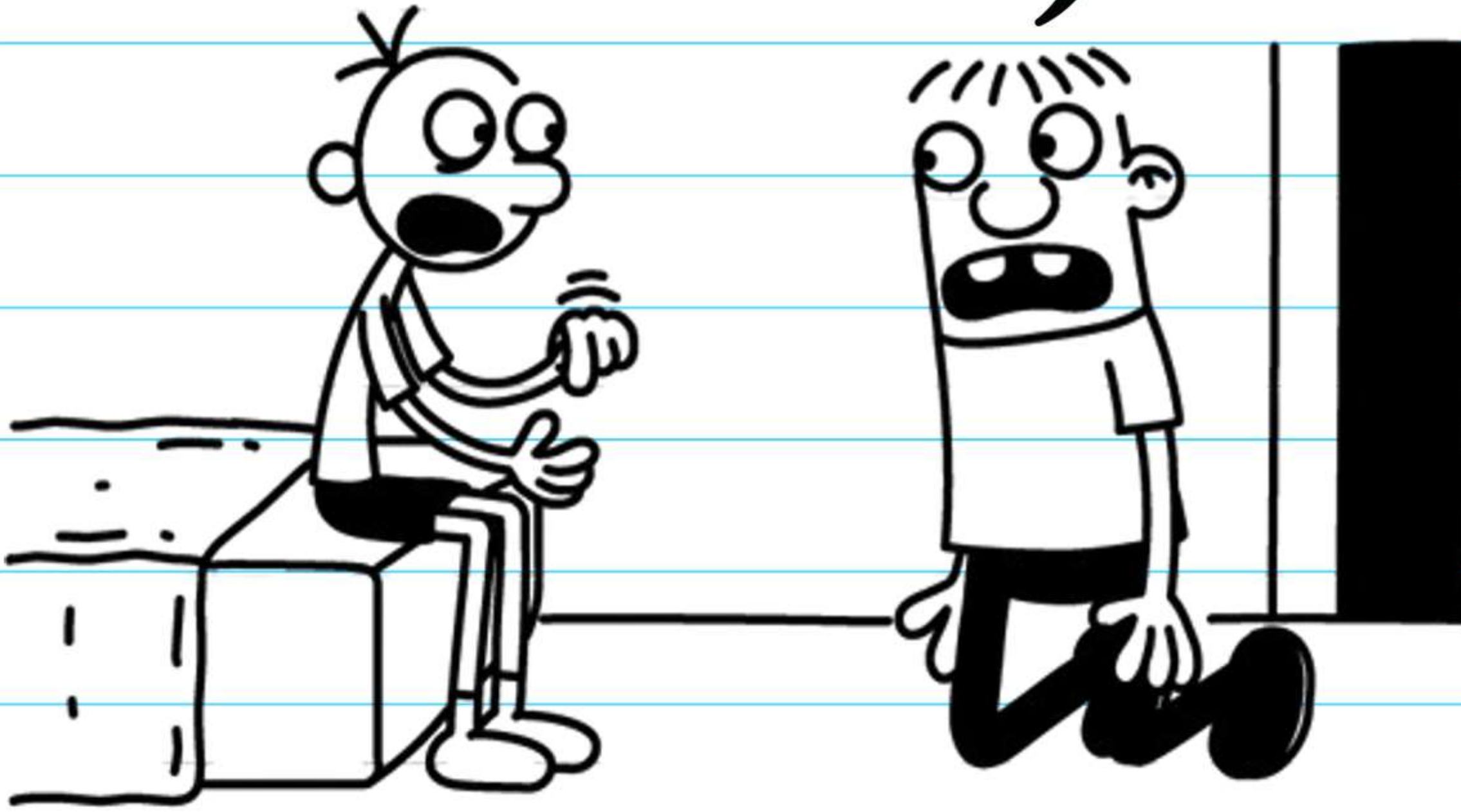
So yeah, that's not happening.



TUESDAY

My best friend Rowley is the only person I trust. He once snorted Smarties powder in 5th grade and thought he was on "space cocaine." Anyway, I told him about Rodrick's meth lab. His eyes got big.

DUDE WE COULD
SELL IT. LIKE
FOR REAL.



And just like that, we were in "Business."

We decided we needed a test batch.

The problem is, we don't know how to make meth.

So Rowley looked it up on YouTube. We found this guy named "GrandpaGary1942" who showed us how to cook.



We used Mom's crockpot.

WEDNESDAY

We set up shop in the shed behind Rowley's house.

After two hours, the mixture smelled like death and looked like orange Jell-O. Rowley called it "experimental."

We fed a tiny bit to his hamster.



We were kinda freaking out, but also impressed.

Because the goo in the crockpot crystallized.

It looked just like what Rodrick had in the garage.

Except ours was bright green and sort of... humming?

Anyway, we called it:



THURSDAY

Rowley brought a Tic Tac container full of Zomb Dust to school and sold it to this 8th grader named Marco.

We made \$20.

That's like, 80 Doritos Locos Tacos. We were officially in the meth game. Middle school style.

But then things got weird.

Marco came back the next day saying his cousin 'really liked the stuff' and wants to buy more.

Like, a lot more.

Also, he gave us this:



So now I guess we're also in the gun game?

Cool.

FRIDAY

Rowley told me not to panic. He said we just had to scale up our "operation."

So we borrowed Rodrick's burner phone, stole some supplies from the science lab, and turned my grandma's RV into a mobile meth kitchen. She still thinks it's a lemonade stand.

SATURDAY

The first big batch went well, except Rowley accidentally mixed in Kool-Aid powder and now it smells like fruit punch.

Marco's cousin LOVED it.

He said we're going to be "moving product" across three schools.

We are now officially drug lords of the district.

SUNDAY

Things got a little out of hand.

Marco's cousin sent over this guy named Frankie "The Nose" who said we need to start laundering the money.

I asked what laundering meant and he just said: "Don't worry.

Just give it to your mom to run through the PTA bake sale."

I have no idea what we're doing anymore.

But Rowley made us business cards. Mine says: **Greg Heffley, CEO of Crystal Clear Industries**



MONDAY AGAIN

We got invited to a secret meeting with Marco and the 8th grade gang. They said they want exclusive rights to our Zomb Dust.

Rowley said we'd need better terms. I just nodded and pretended to know what that meant.

Then one of them pulled out nunchucks.

Long story short: we agreed to the deal.

Rowley says we're playing the long game. He also says we need a lawyer.

So we hired this 6th grader named Ned who once beat a truancy ticket.

Ned charges in Capri Suns.

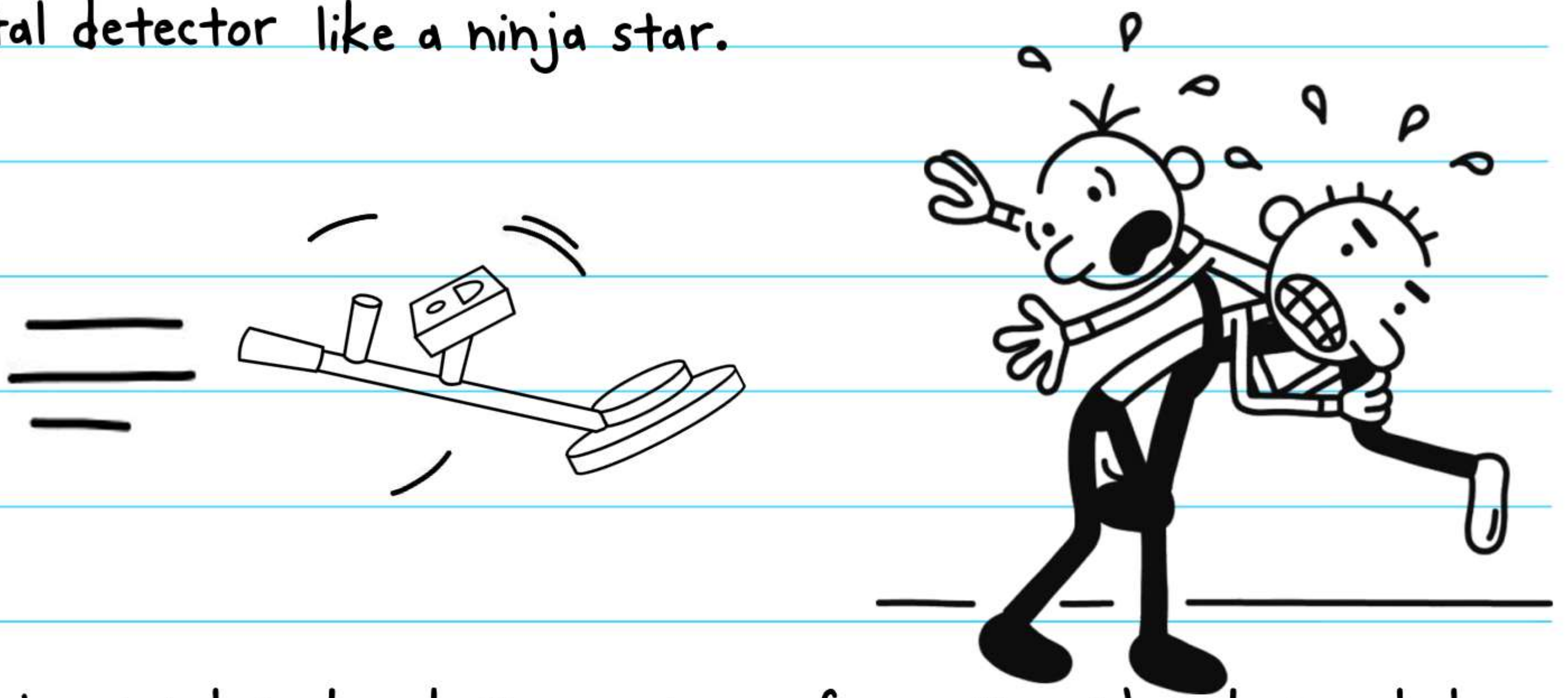
Rodrick finally found out what we were doing. He was furious.

Not because we were making meth. Because we were "cutting into his brand."

Now we're in a turf war with my own brother.

What started as yelling turned into a full-on backyard brawl.

There were fists, flaming bunsen burners, and someone threw a metal detector like a ninja star.



Rowley tried to break it up using a fire extinguisher but ended up spraying a neighbor's cat.

By the time it was over, we were bruised, our fake teeth had popped out, and Grandma was yelling at everyone in German.

And then Rodrick said we had to "pay rent" to use Grandma's RV.

So now we owe him \$400, a gas card, and a PlayStation.

Also, he told Mom we were running a "science club." Now she wants to be our volunteer chaperone.

We had to do a drop-off during the school field trip.

Rowley hid the Zomb Dust inside one of the vending machines at the aquarium.

Unfortunately, a dolphin trainer thought it was bath salts.

The dolphin attacked him.

The news called it "a freak aquatic incident." But we know the truth. Also, Marco said his cousin's cousin now wants us to cook something "even stronger."

Rowley says we're ready. I say we're 12.

THURSDAY

Everything came crashing down today.

The substitute teacher, Mr. Cavendish, wasn't actually a sub.

He was undercover.

Turns out the cops have been tracking us since we bought 43 boxes of cold medicine from Dollar Tree.

They raided Grandma's RV.

She tried to hit a DEA agent with her walker.

They dragged Rowley out in handcuffs. I hid in a recycling bin for three hours.

They didn't find me. (Thanks, juice boxes.)

Now I'm on the run. I'm writing this from the crawlspace under my house.

FRIDAY

Rowley's doing 30 days of juvenile probation and mandatory rehab. Marco's cousin disappeared. Rodrick left town with some sketchy biker chick.

As for me?

I'm laying low.

Until the heat dies down, I'm sticking to selling candy bars.

TWELVE YEARS LATER

Greg here. Again. Older, wiser, with slightly less acne. I was cleaning out my closet while moving out of Mom's house and guess what I found? Yup. The diary. The one with all the Zomb Dust chronicles.

So of course, I did what any totally sane adult would do. I called Rowley.

"You remember that time we poisoned a dolphin and took down the district's PTA?"

He groaned and said, "Please tell me you're not thinking what I think you're thinking."

I told him we should get back in the game. He told me I was out of my mind. I said it could work again-

"We're adults now. With bank accounts. Credit cards. Kitchen supplies." He said, "Also criminal records."

We went back and forth for hours.

I told him this was fate.

He reminded me he got juvie AND therapy.

I said: "We'll do it smarter this time. If anything happens, I take the fall."

He paused.

Then said: "Fine. But this time... you're the one with the hamster blood on your hands."

We had a problem, though. Marco? Dead.

Apparently, after the whole juvie mess, Marco gave his cousin some old Zomb Dust. The cousin got caught and went away.

When he got out on bail, he beat Marco to death.

And then got life in prison for murder.

So yeah. We needed new customers.

We spent three days swiping through shady forums, burner Discord servers, and graffiti bathroom stalls at gas stations.

Finally, Rowley called me. "I got someone. Guy goes by 'Neon Chuck.' He's in. And he's got friends."

Before we started cooking again, we had to get Grandma's old RV back. It was impounded and now sat behind Big Tylers's Tow Shop. So naturally, we robbed it.

At 2 AM, wearing ski masks made from old socks, we snuck in and broke the lock. There it was. Still covered in graffiti and the smell of expired fruit punch meth.



We got it out. But the keys weren't inside.

Rowley told me we had to go to Grandma's.

So we did.

She didn't answer the door. I remembered Grandma always leaves her spare key under that ugly garden gnome Dad keeps telling her to remove. So I picked up the gnome, took the key, threw the gnome into the neighbor's garden, and unlocked the door.

We went inside.

She was lying there. On the floor. I'm after you, Greg.

Next to her: a piece of paper.

Written in smeared black ink:

- Kyle

We went to the funeral. I found the keys hidden in the cookie jar. I swore revenge on Kyle and then Rowley told me that he is in prison.

I told him he WAS in prison.

We started rebuilding the operation. Neon Chuck's crew began pushing product.

Every time we made money, something went wrong:

a dog ate the cash, a buyer overdosed on a hotdog-and-meth combo, a drone crashed into the RV mid-cook.

We were drawing attention. The wrong kind. A cop car followed us.

We ditched it. But soon the DEA was watching. Shit. Crap. Fuck

The RV exploded during a chemical mishap. We rebuilt.

We moved town to town. We became full-time fugitives.

And then, when I was walking with Rowley, I saw this. Crap.



We tried to launder money using a kid's party clown business.

That failed spectacularly when I handed a bag of Zomb Dust to a 7-year-old. The clown got arrested. Rowley panicked.

We holed up in a ghost town in Nevada. Neon Chuck got raided.
Turned out he was an informant. Rowley and I escaped by driving
through a motel wall.

Now the DEA was closing in.

We were camping in the desert. Paranoid. Sweaty. Filthy.

I started journaling again. Like this.

Helicopters.

Sirens.

A megaphone voice: "COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP."

Rowley looked at me. "Dude... I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

And that's when the dickwad snitched on me.

While a cop was cuffing him, he pointed behind him. Rowley shouted:
IT WAS HIM! HE'S THE BOSS!

Fucking rat.

I didn't even have time to react. I jumped in the RV.

Slammed the gas.

Bullets. Lights. Screaming.

The RV peeled into the night.

I heard a radio behind me. "Suspect is armed. Extremely flammable."

Repeat: FLAMMABLE."

I dodged spike strips. Drove off a bridge. Ended up in the deep
desert. Camped under the stars. No food. No gas.

I woke up to a noise. Footsteps.

Then a voice.

"Gregory"

It was Kyle. Marco's cousin.

Scarred. Grey-eyed. Holding a shotgun.

"I told you I was coming."

I jumped in the RV, tried to drive.

The gas light blinked red.

Kyle opened fire. Bullets ripped into the side.

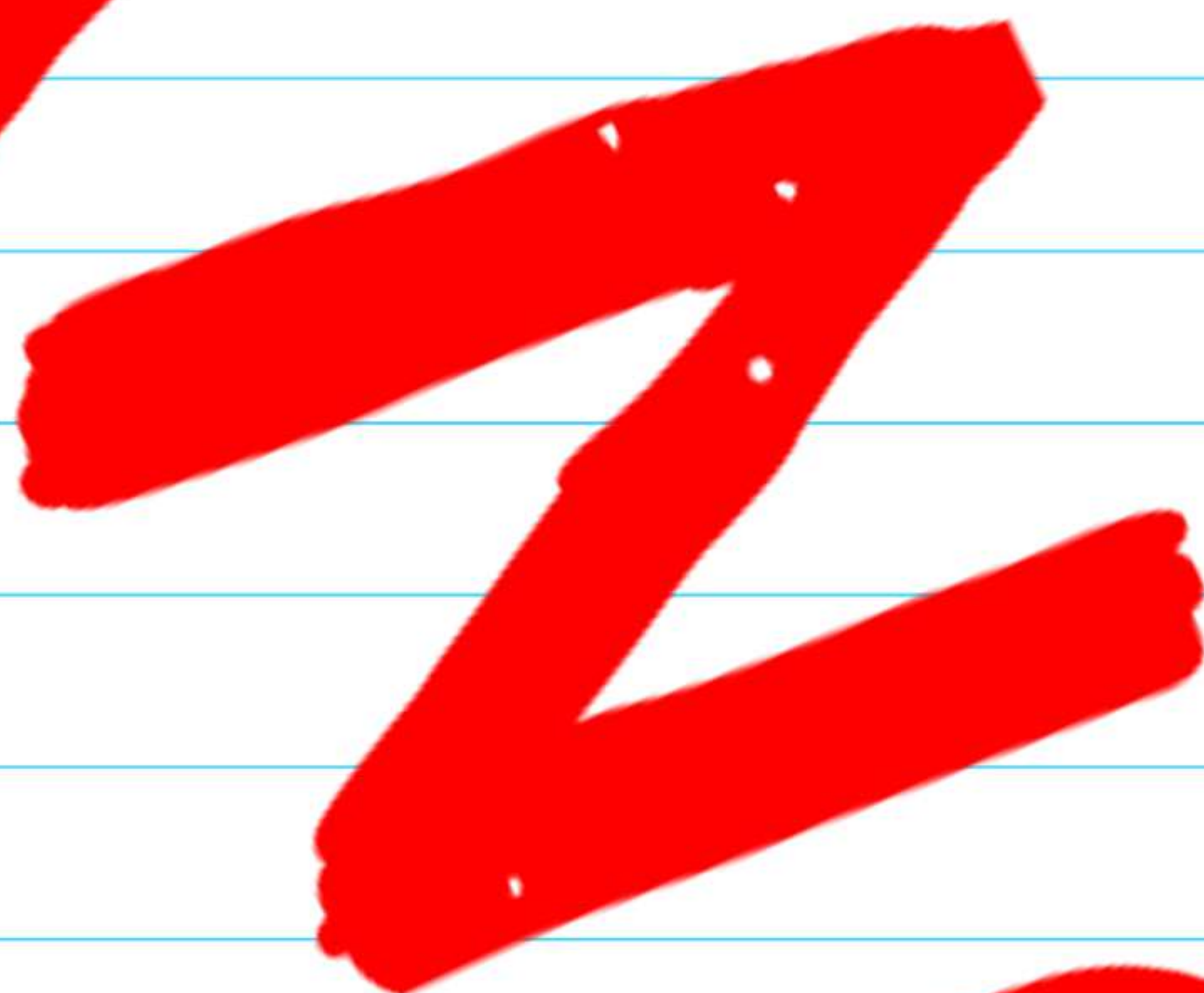
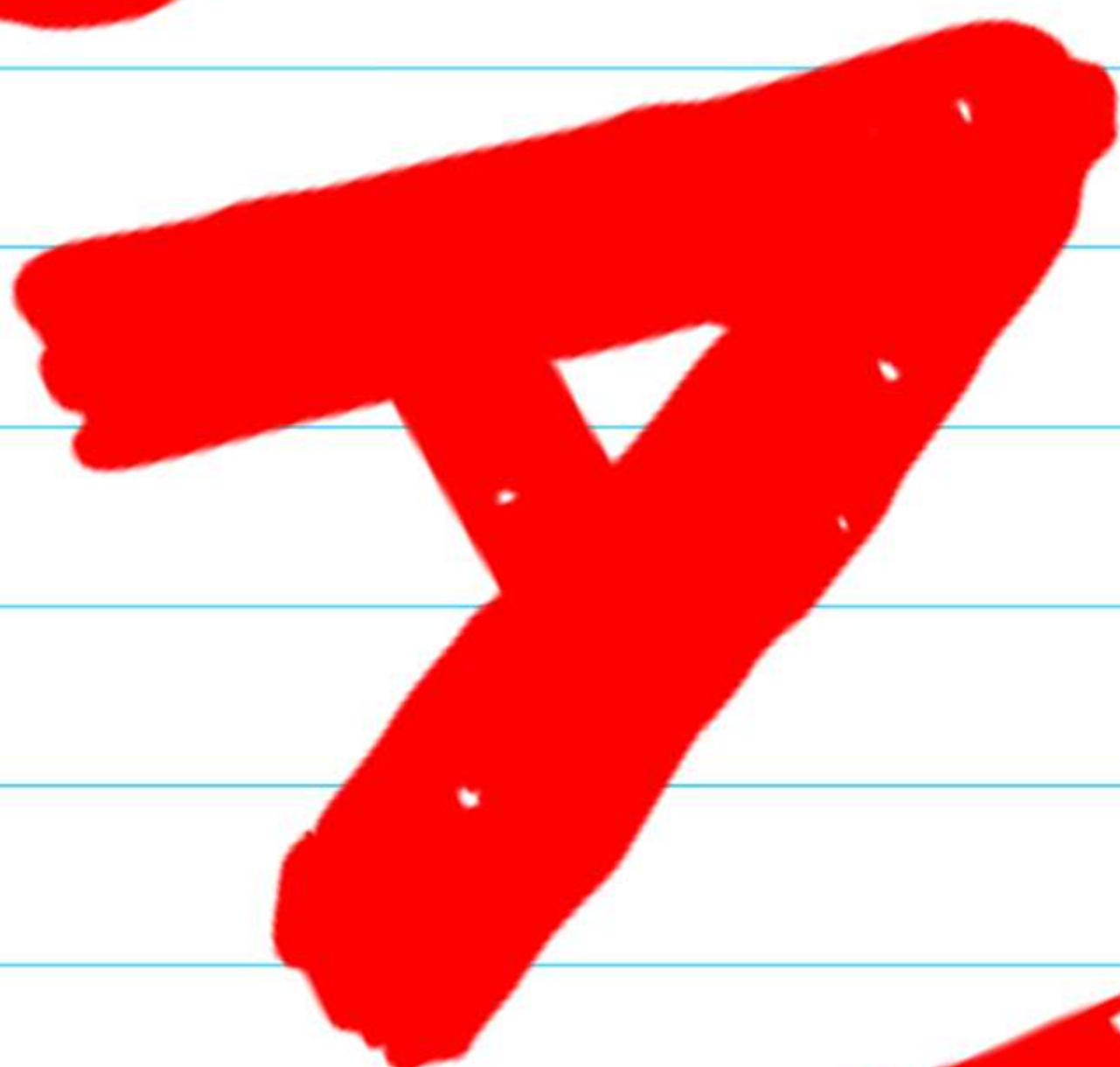
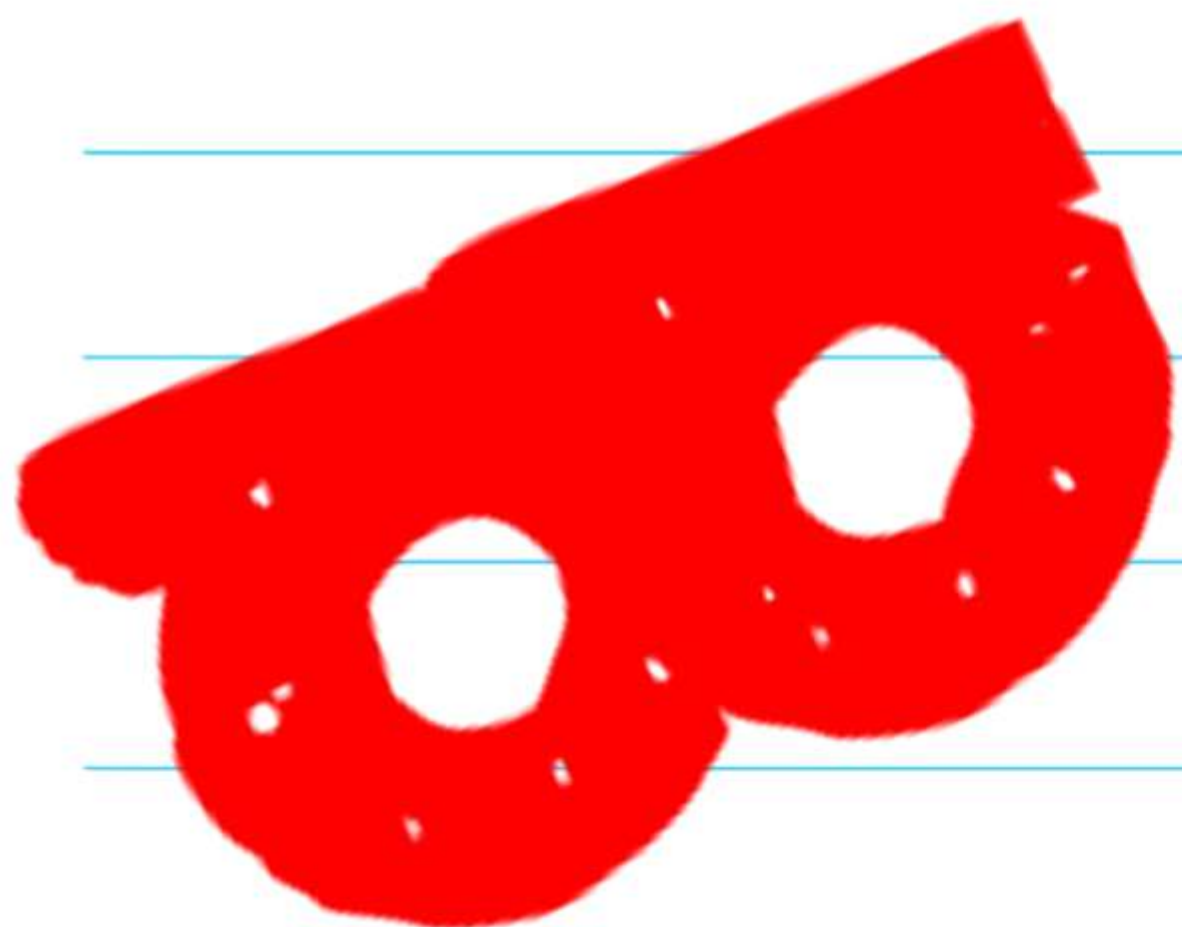
He shouted: "THIS IS YOUR FAULT!!!!"

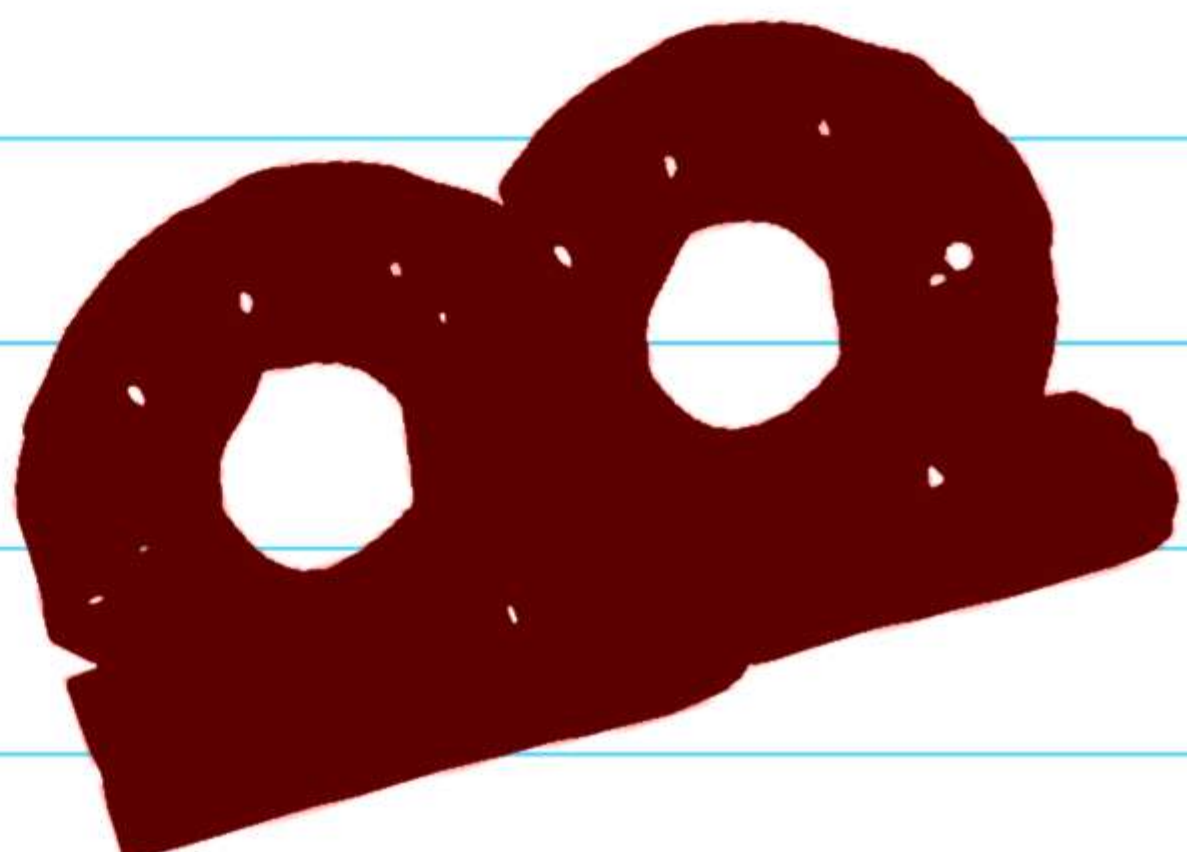
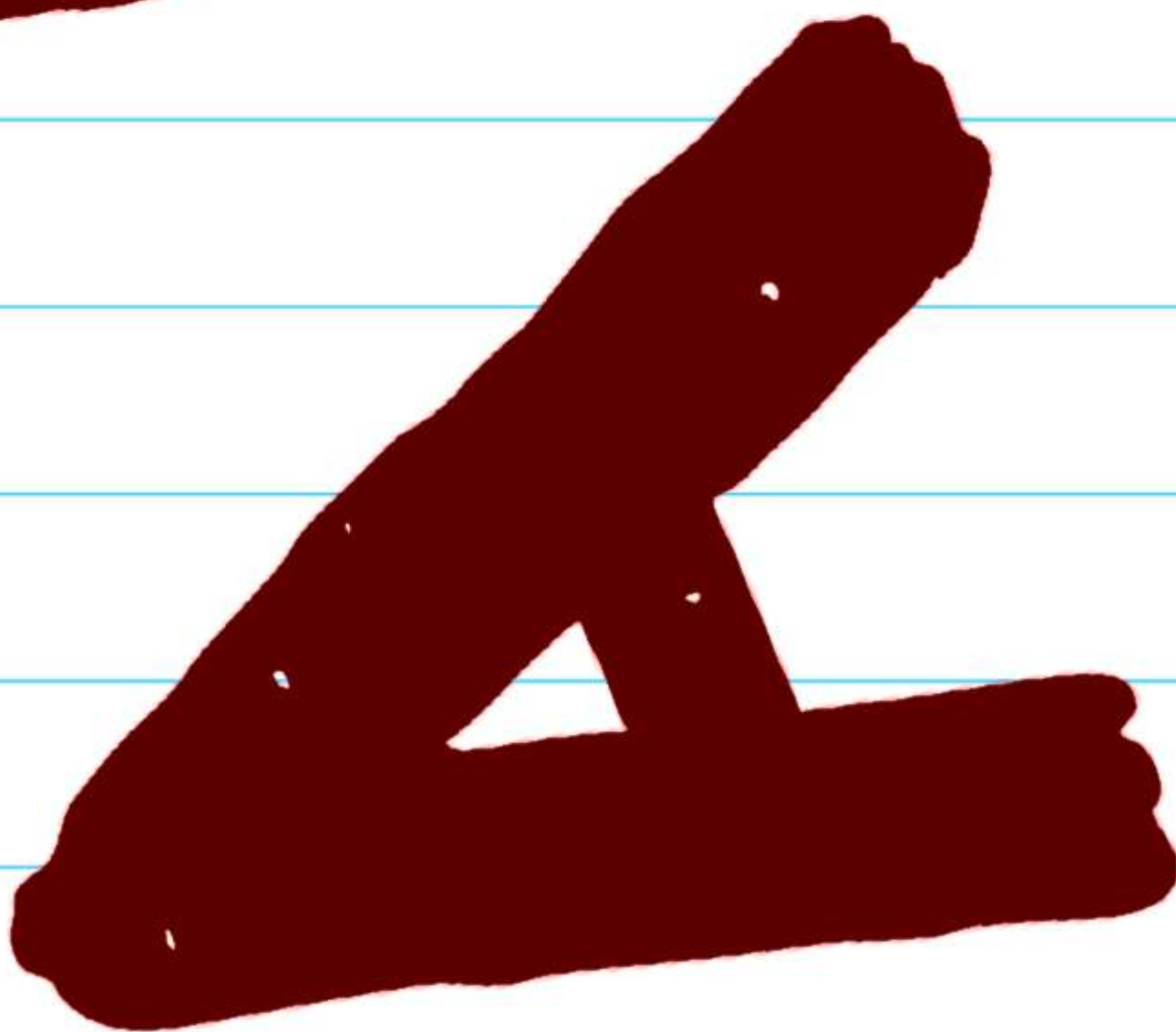
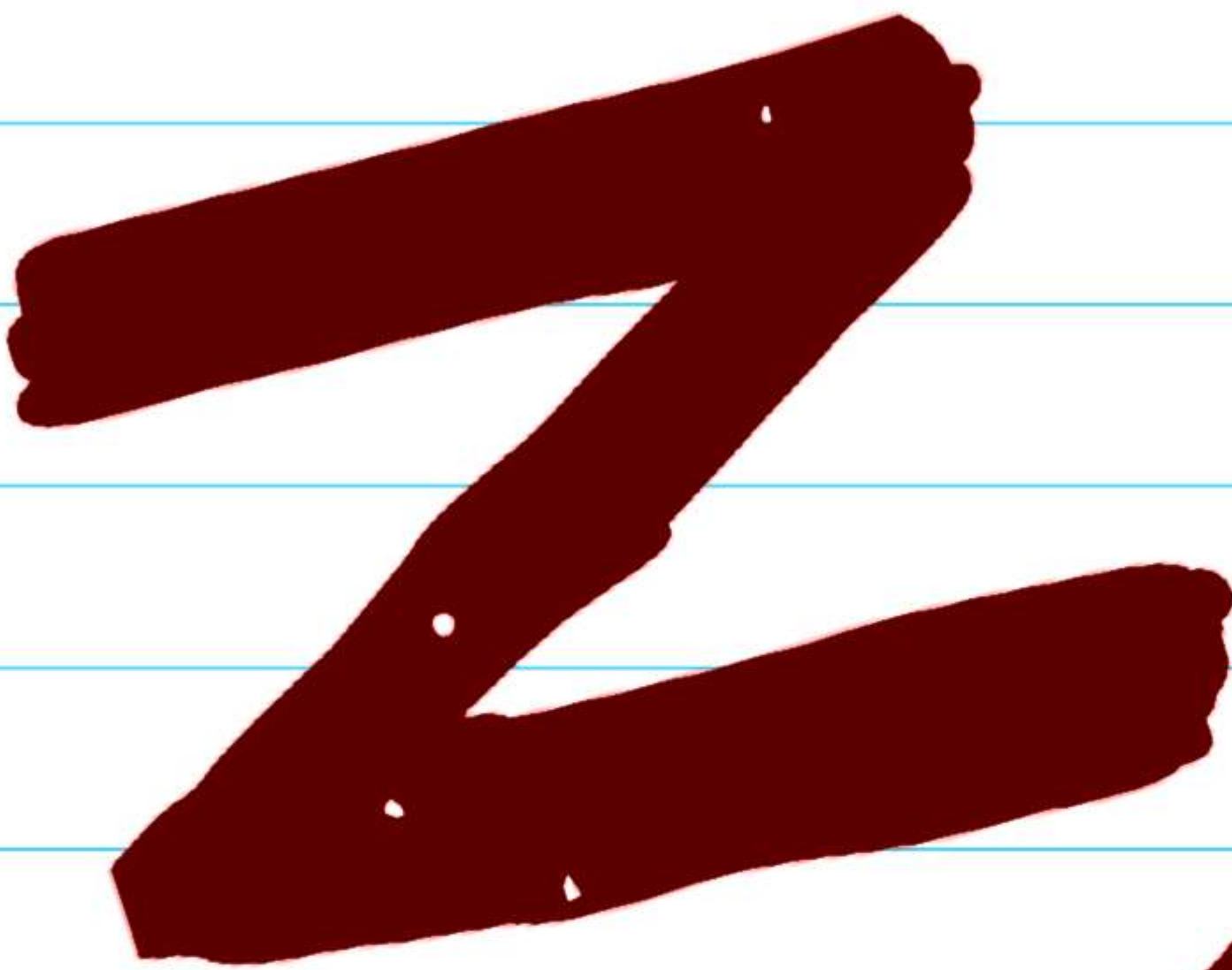
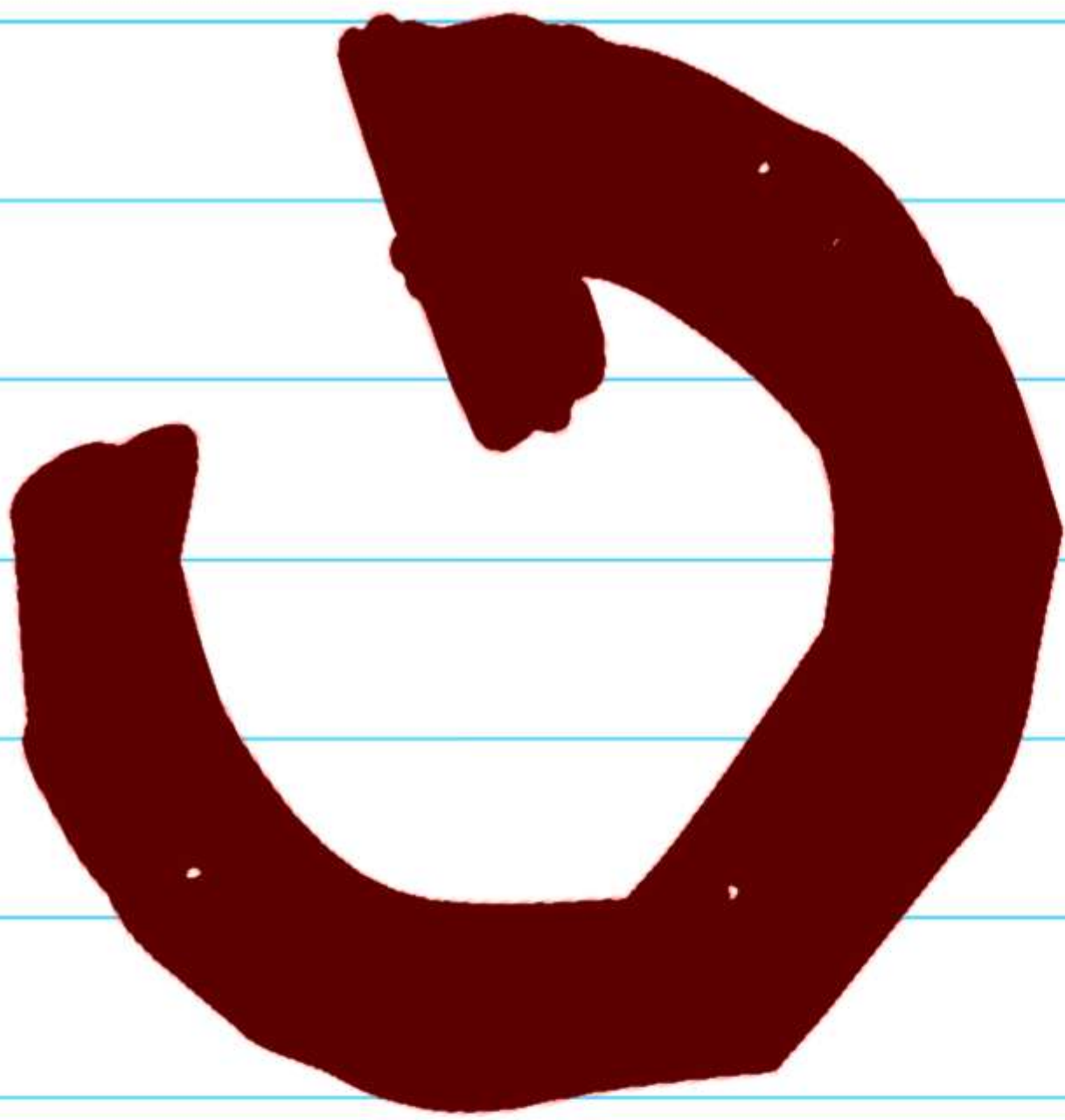
The door burst open. Kyle climbed in.

I tried to grab a wrench.

Too slow.

FUCK ME SIDEWAYS. HE'S GOT A GUN





Silence.

A fly buzzed.

Kyle walked out of the RV. Lit a cigarette.
RV burned behind him.

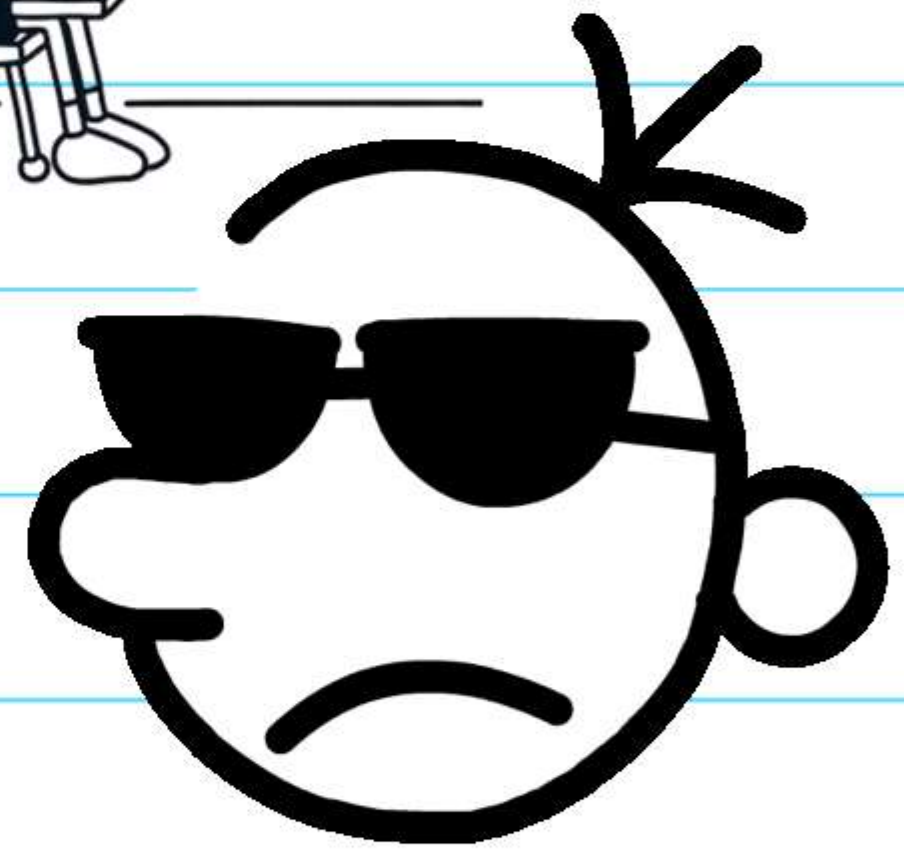
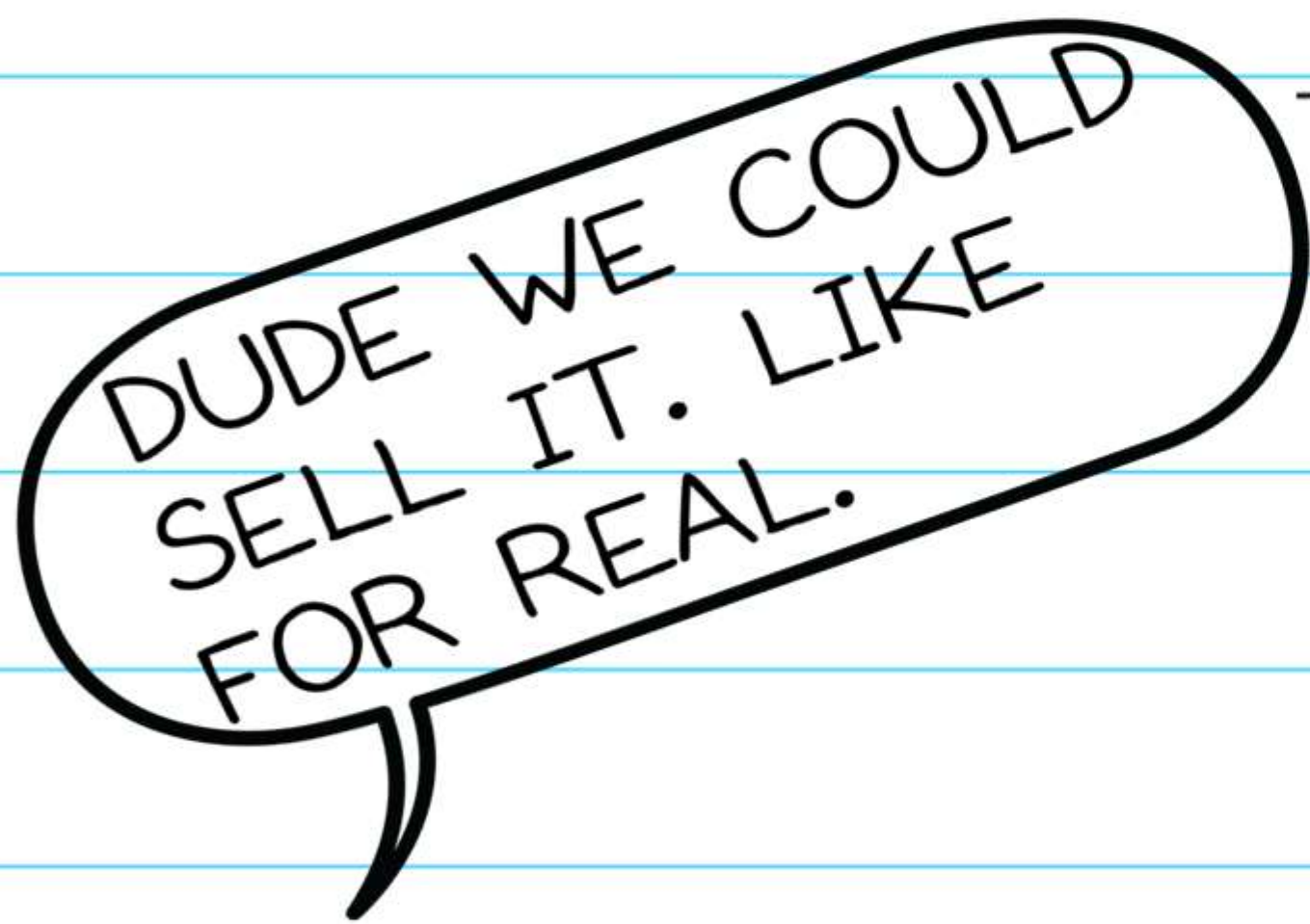
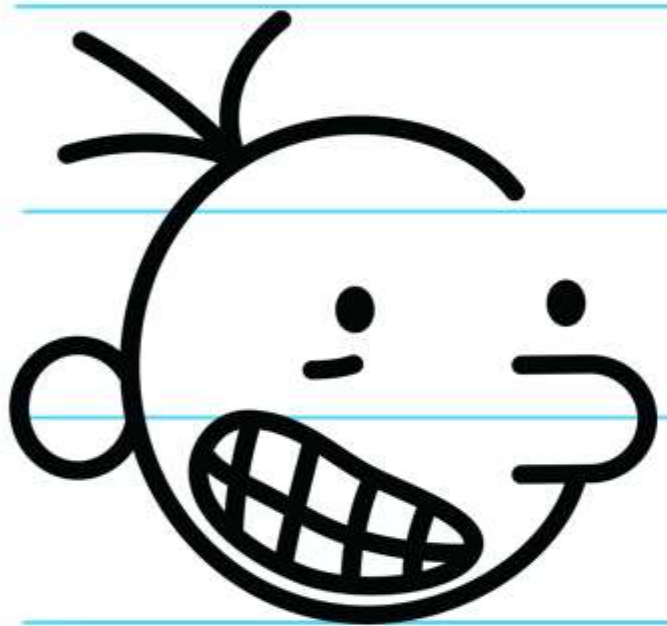
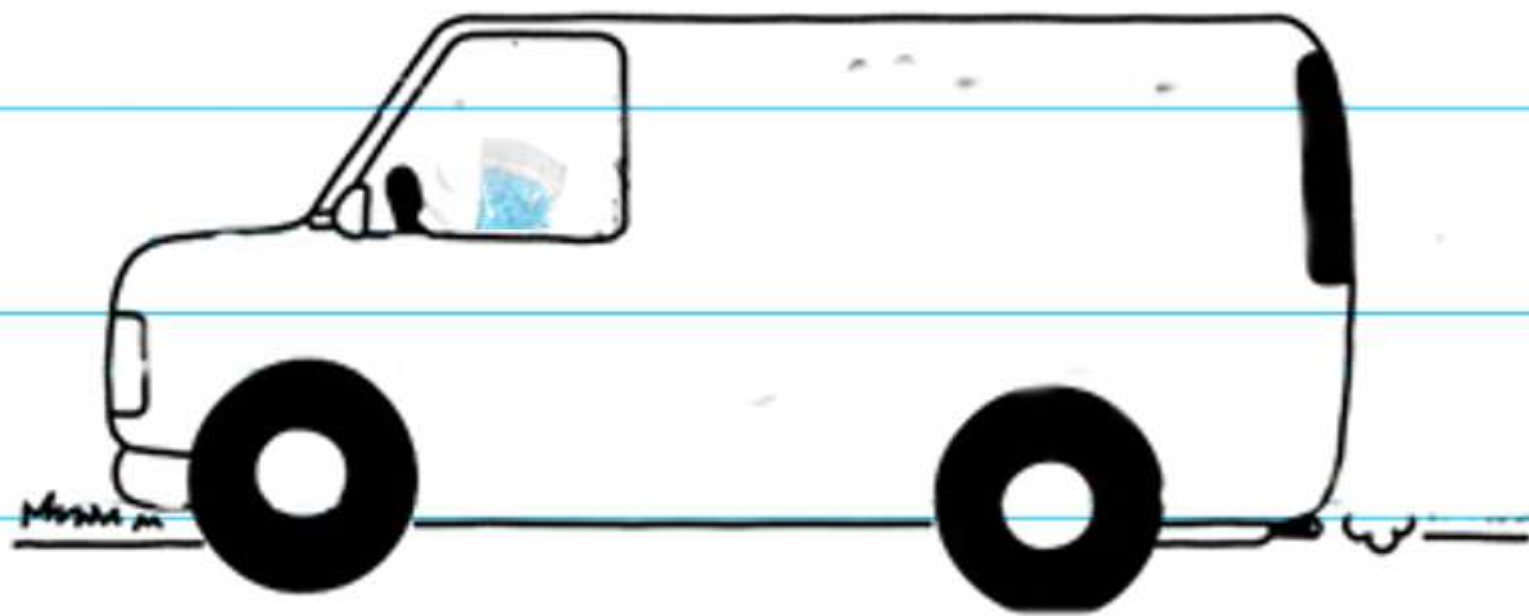
Tell Rowley... he still
owes me \$2.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

The end.

DIARY OF A SKETCHY KID

COOKED & CORNERED



U/SKONNNYPLAYZZ

ON REDDIT

Thanks for reading my shitty LLB!

Stay tuned for "Diary of a Sketchy Kid: Burned and Buried!"