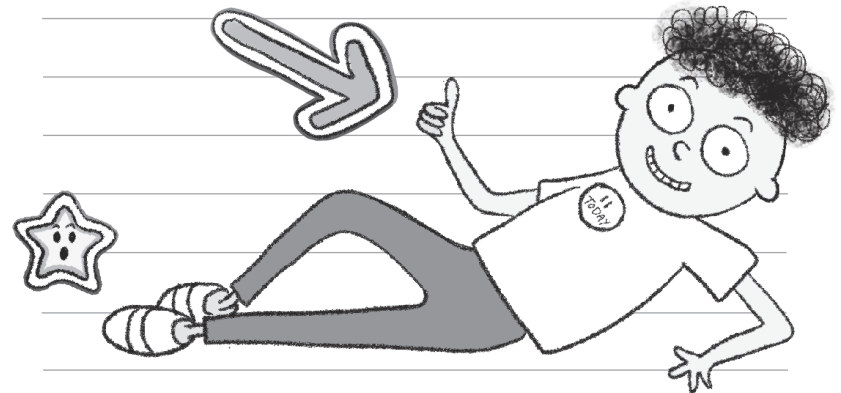


Something strange has happened to me.

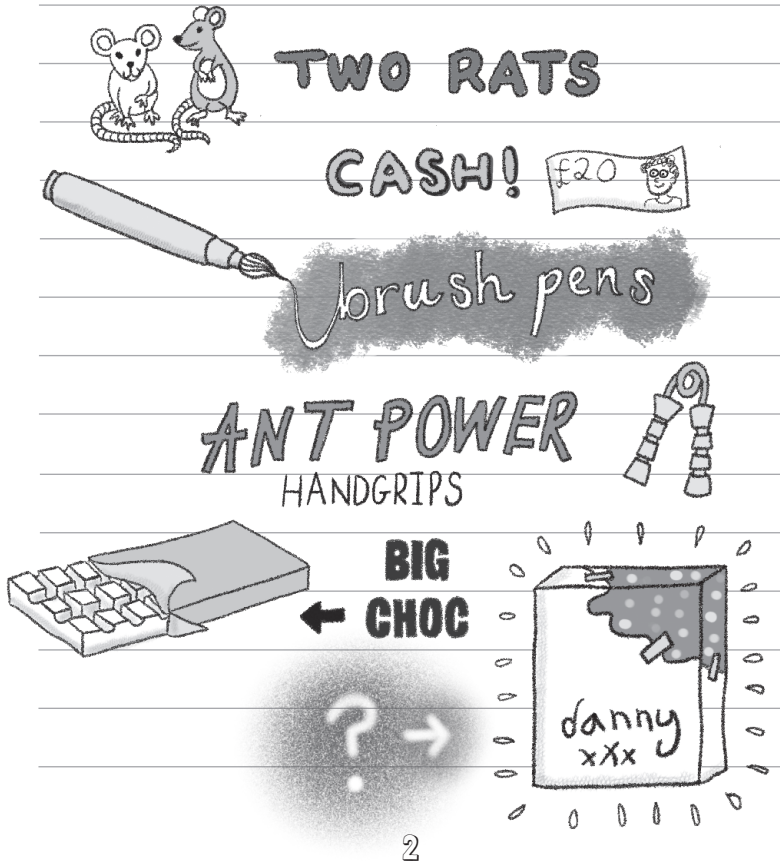
It's so massively strange that I've decided to write this diary so I don't forget a single thing.

If this diary is ever turned into a film (which it probably will be) then the actor who plays me, Danny Todd, needs to be eleven, small (but strong), handsome, good at drawing, funny and look like this.



Right, back to the strange thing.

It began this morning when I went downstairs to open my birthday presents. I got six. Five were good and one was bad. I've put them in a list. I'll let you decide if the list goes from good to bad, or bad to good. P.S. I've kept one of the presents a mystery.



I'm excited about the rats. I've wanted rats for ages and now I've got two. I've called them Tony and Noah because Mum will only let us have pets if we give them human names.

Cash is always good.

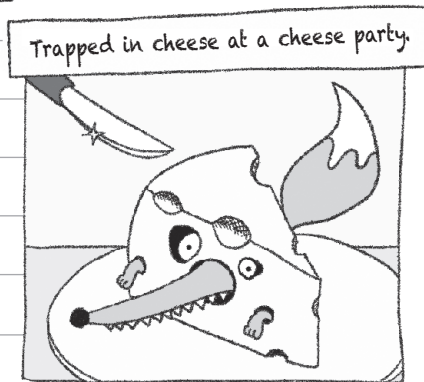
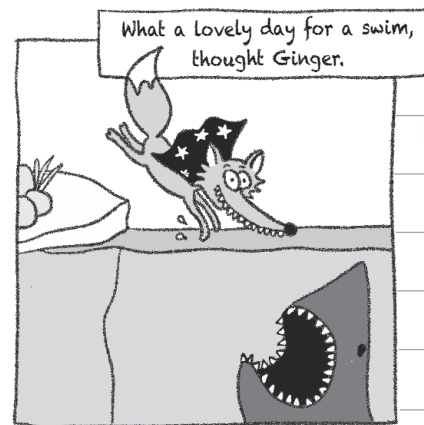
The brush pens are amazing because I draw cartoons about a fox called Mystic Ginger who wears a cloak.

Every one of my Mystic Ginger cartoons ends up with Mystic Ginger about to die in a terrible way.

Like this ...



Or this ...



I got the hand grips so I can get muscly fists before I start secondary school. I actually wanted **DEADLY VIPER HAND GRIPS** like my best friend Kabir, but Dad says mine are better because ants have a better grip than vipers (plus, I looked on Amazon and they were ten pounds cheaper).

The massive bar of chocolate was from my mean-but-boring big-sister, Jasmine.

JAS



SOPH

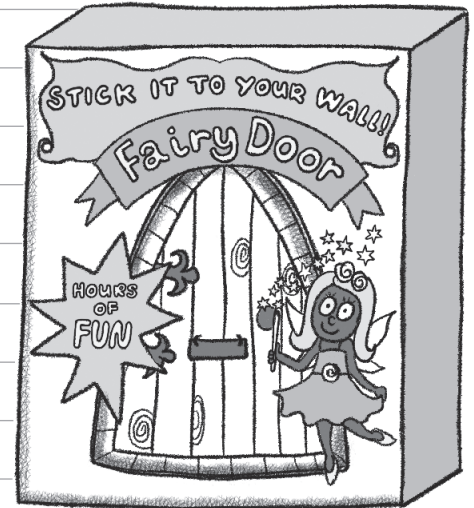
The mystery present was from my kind-but-wild little sister, Sophie.

'Got you this, Danny,' she said then she

threw a badly wrapped present at my face. She can't help her wrapping or her throwing – she's only three – but Mum and Dad should have supervised her present buying.

Because when I ripped off the paper I discovered Sophie had got me this.

That's right. A fairy door. You're supposed to stick it to your bedroom wall and it does . . . absolutely nothing. It just looks like you've got a fairy door stuck to your bedroom wall.



'Oh great,' I said, sarcastically. 'Just what I've always wanted . . . NOT.'

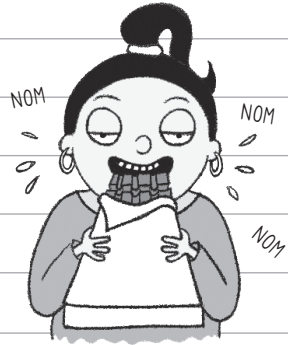
Mum told me off for being mean, but we all knew Sophie had chosen a present for herself.

Before I could take the fairy door out of its box and see if the little letter box opened, Sophie snatched it out of my hands and ran upstairs with it, cackling like a witch.

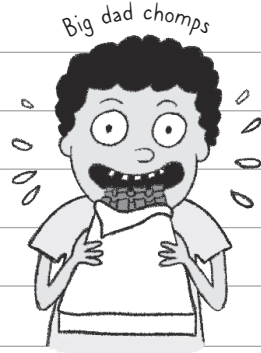
Mum, Dad and Jasmine thought this was

really funny, but I told them I was one present down now, and they owed me another one.

Mum said I was spoilt and to teach me a lesson she ate a row of my chocolate bar.



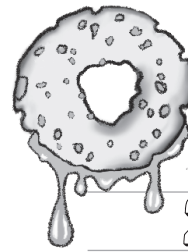
Then I said that I was TWO presents down so Dad and Jasmine both ate a row of my chocolate bar.



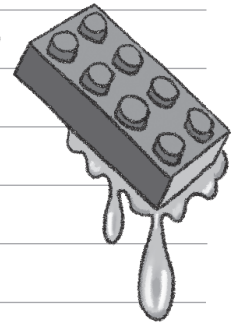
I shut up after that.

I spent the rest of the day eating chocolate, training Tony and Noah and giving myself fists like Iron Man.

Then IT happened. The strange thing and the reason I'm writing this diary.



## 2. SOPHIE AND THE GLUE



I was using my new powerfully strong fists to carry Tony and Noah's cage into my bedroom when I discovered Sophie had been on a sticking spree with Superglue.

She had stuck:

