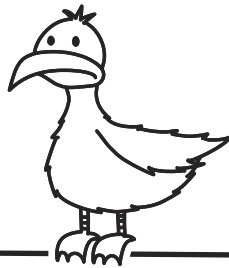


About

Diary of a Wimpy Kid

THE LONG HAUL

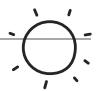


A family road trip is supposed to be a lot of fun . . . unless, of course, you're the Heffleys. The journey starts off full of promise, then quickly takes several wrong turns. Gas station bathrooms, crazed seagulls, a fender bender, and a runaway pig—not exactly Greg Heffley's idea of a good time. But even the worst road trip can turn into an adventure—and this is one the Heffleys won't soon forget.

The beach was a few hours' drive away, so I decided to take a nap in the backseat until we got there. And believe me, with all the junk piled up in the back of the car, it wasn't easy.



I woke up when Dad slowed down. I thought we were at the beach, but we hadn't even gotten to the bridge yet. It was Friday afternoon, and it seemed like EVERYONE had the same idea WE did.

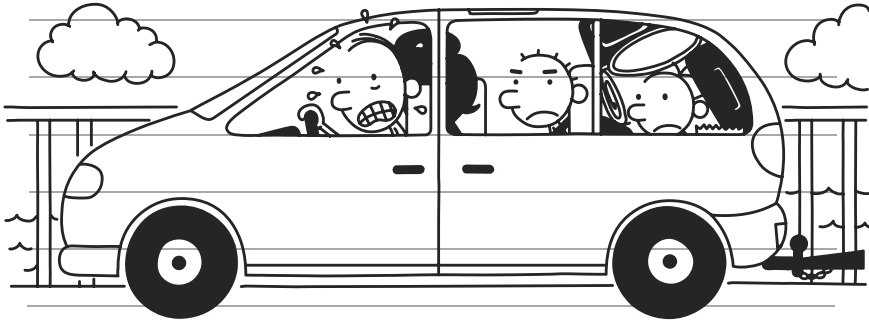


HONK HONNK BEEEEP



When we were about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, I could tell Dad was starting to get nervous.

He HATES bridges, because for some reason he gets dizzy whenever he has to drive over one.

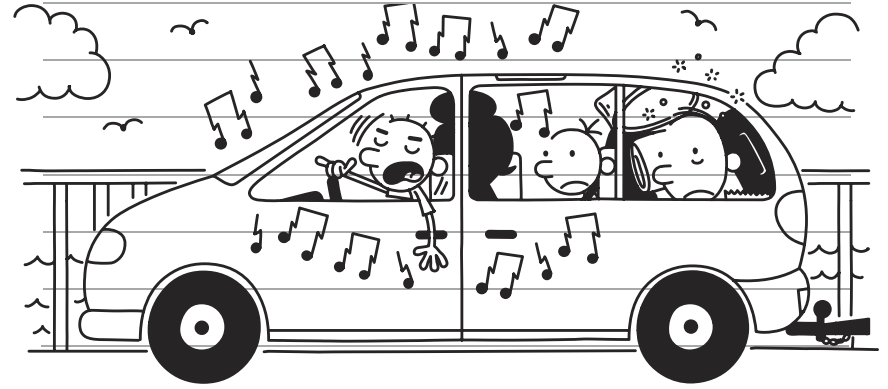


The bridge to the beach was one of those kinds that's really high above the water, and I'm sure Dad wasn't looking forward to being stuck on it for the next half hour.

Mom told Rodrick HE should drive, because she needed to wake Manny up and feed him lunch. So we pulled over and everyone switched seats. Dad took my place in the back so he wouldn't see the bridge out the front window, and I moved to the middle row.

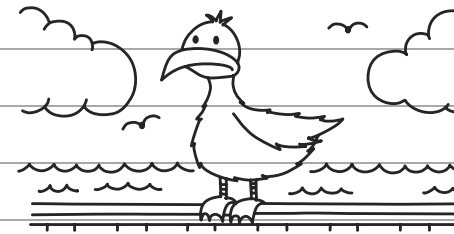
We have a rule that the person who's driving gets to control the radio, and when Rodrick got in the driver's seat, he blasted his heavy metal music.

I could tell that wasn't helping Dad with his nerves.

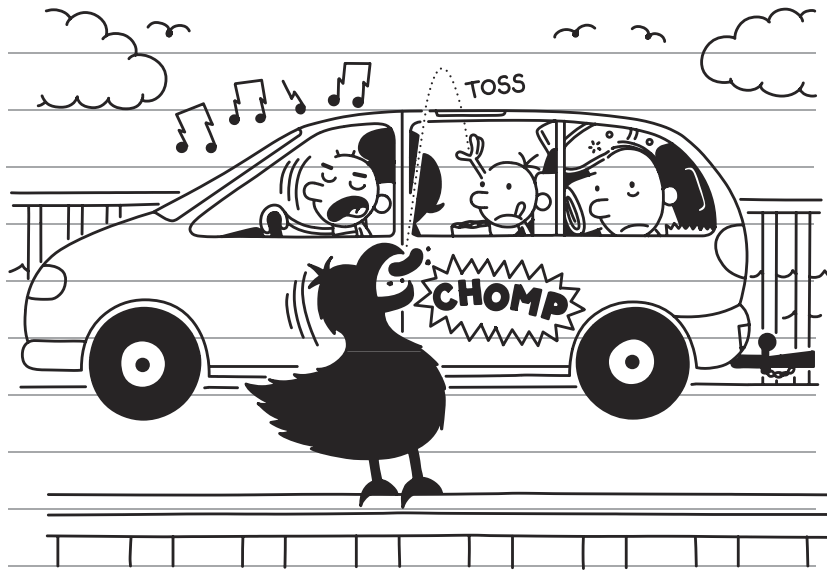


We were only going about three miles an hour, and it looked like we were gonna be stuck on the bridge even longer than I expected. Mom passed around a grocery bag with some snacks she packed, and I grabbed the bag of cheese curls.

There was a seagull sitting on the railing of the bridge next to the car, and it looked right at me.

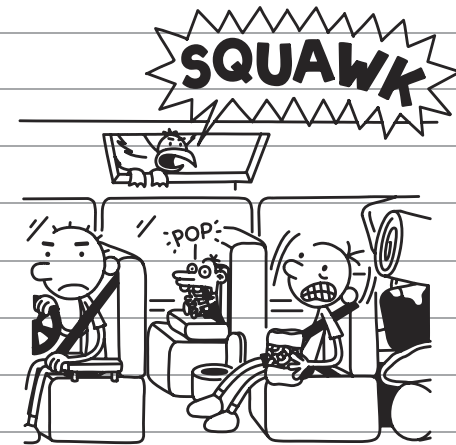


I guess I kind of felt sorry for it, so I tossed a cheese curl out of the moonroof. I have to say, I was pretty impressed when the seagull caught the thing in mid-air.

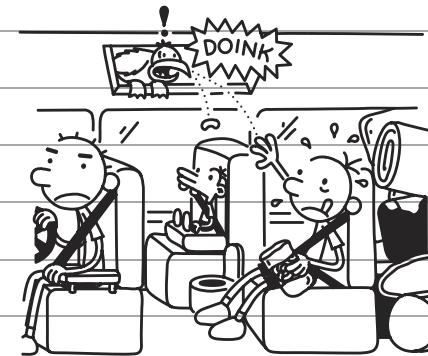


I was about to throw it ANOTHER one, but Mom stopped me. She said seagulls are really aggressive, and giving them people food is a bad idea.

She was right about the "aggressive" thing, because two seconds later the seagull was on top of the car, and you could tell it wanted more food.



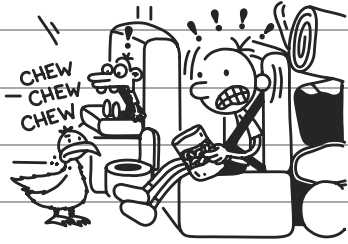
I threw another one at it to try to make it go away, but the seagull bobbed the cheese curl, which fell right back into the car.



That's when things got BAD.

The seagull hopped down INTO the car and ate the cheese curl off the floor.

For a second, everyone was in a state of shock that a real live seagull was in our car, and nobody moved a muscle.

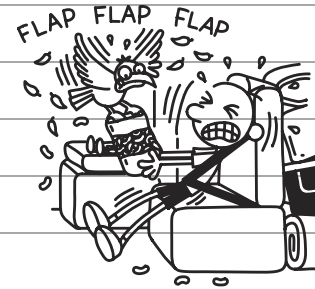


The seagull squawked a few times and then tried to fly back out the way it came in. But it missed the opening by about two feet and smacked into the roof.

Then it just went completely nuts, flying around the car and crashing into the windows. Everyone was in a total panic, and feathers and cheese curls were everywhere.



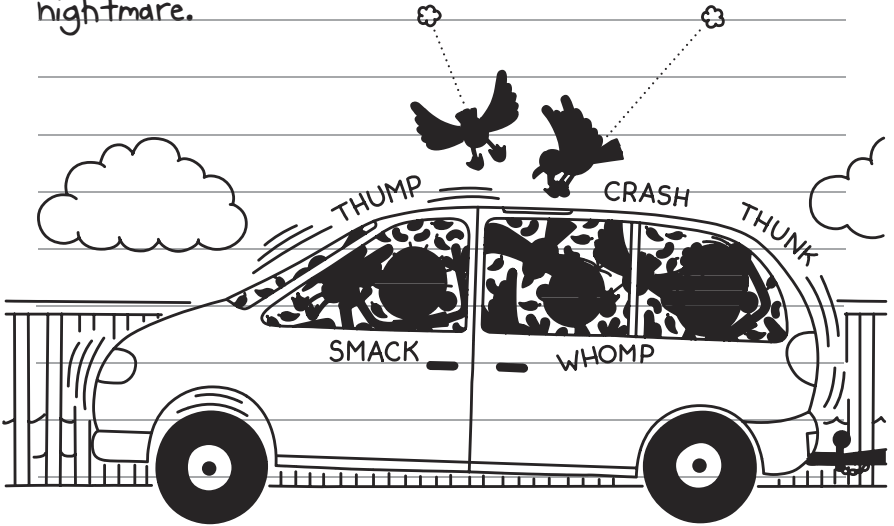
Then the seagull got greedy and grabbed my bag of cheese curls off the floor. But I snagged it and held on for dear life. Everyone was yelling at me to let go of the bag, but I wasn't giving in.



Finally, the seagull beat me in our tug-of-war and flew straight up through the moonroof, taking the bag with it. For a second it seemed like the whole incident was over. But the seagull didn't get far with the bag.



About three-quarters of the cheese curls ended up BACK in the car, and from there, it was a total nightmare.



A few of the seagulls flew up front, and Rodrick got so freaked out he hit the gas. When the birds finally cleared out and things settled down, we had a whole NEW problem to deal with.

