



# THE DIARY OF AMOS WEE

Lights, Camera, Superstar!

ADELINE FOO

Illustrated by  
STEPHANIE WONG



## BOOKS IN THIS SERIES

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1. **THE DIARY OF AMOS LEE**  
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Lights, Camera, Superstar!



- 
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# THE DIARY OF AMOS LEE

Lights, Camera, Superstar!

Written by  
**ADELINE FOO**

Illustrated by  
**STEPHANIE WONG**

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents  
either are the product of the author's imagination or are  
used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons,  
living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First Edition

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1





If life can get any better, I would be surprised. I'm totally miserable. Of all the 500 odd kids from my former primary school who made it through the Primary School Leaving Examination, I had to be posted to this new school with Michael, my arch enemy.

As if that wasn't bad enough, we were placed in the... SAME CLASS. Mum, ever the optimist, said, "There's always a silver lining in the cloud." Is she talking about Bif, my enemy bigger than Michael, who FAILED his PSLE?

Or is she referring to the fact that my best friends, Alvin and Anthony, are in a totally different school. TOGETHER?

So there I was lamenting, "Why, why, why is life so unfair?" till someone stole my diaries. That's right, the notebooks in which I had made a habit of writing while in the toilet to get away from all my troubles were GONE! Disappeared without a trace!

I thought it was Michael who had taken them. But when I confronted him, he said he wasn't interested in the life of a loser.

Oh man... It was such a horrendous nightmare!

I thought at any moment that I walk into my classroom, all my classmates would be roaring with laughter, shouting and screaming with glee at my darkest fears, deepest secrets and gnawing pains that had been plaguing me. Like wetting my bed and suffering from bad bouts of acne that left pockmarks the size of moon craters on my face!

But strangely, none of my worst fears materialised although I had my suspicions when I started getting letters and cards in my locker.

I didn't even realise people had the time to find paper and write! Isn't this the Tweeting and Facebooking age? But it's kind of nice to receive handwritten notes. Even if they were quite badly written.

I'm still trying to figure out if this was part of a bigger plan to humiliate me, but this is FANTASTIC to hear from someone!

♥ Dear Amos  
You're 500000, 500000 talented!  
I've enjoyed reading ALL YOUR DIARIES!  
Will you be my friend?

I am a HUGE, MASSIVE,  
GARGANTUAN FAN of yours!

Please check Facebook. I want to be your  
everlasting slave for life! Please, please,  
please accept my friend request. ok? XXX



Seriously, it's redundant to use "huge, massive and gargantuan" in the same line. But I get it, so I'm popular, but duh, that's nothing new. What I want to know is, why are these WEIRD people even writing to me?

In the past two weeks after losing my diaries, I've received 255 friend requests from people I don't even know! AND THEY'RE ALL GIRLS! When you have a mother like mine, you want to be careful with making friends on Facebook. She's spying on me. I know that. I can't help it if people like my writing, but the bigger question is, how on earth did they get to read my DIARIES! In plural!

Obviously someone has published my diaries! When I get my hands on the low life scum, I'm going to KILL him! But not before I accept these friend requests. Oh well. What's a guy got to do, when girls insist on throwing themselves at my feet?

Amos Lee

# SCRAP BOOK DIARY



Wednesday, 5 January

It's the fourth day of school! I'm TOTALLY MISERABLE! I'm writing on scraps of paper because I can't find my diary. Where is it? ARRGGHHHHHH!!!!

Friday, 7 January

Still writing on scraps of paper. WVPI said she didn't take it. Everest had no reaction when I asked him, he just looked blank. Oh man... life as an older brother is sooooo tough. A typical conversation with the lesser mortals in my flat goes like this:



The phone's ringing.  
Can't you hear it?



No.



No.



Pick it up!



No.



Over my  
dead body.



Did you see my diary?



No.



Not interested in the stupid thing.



The phone is still ringing! PICK IT UP!



No.



I can't hear anything.



I'm going to KILL both of you. Do you know how I'm going to kill you?



No.



I don't care.



AMOS!!!!!!  
ANSWER THE PHONE!

See, it's always me. Amos, do this. Amos, do that.  
Or, AMOS, IT'S YOUR FAULT! My life is so tough!  
WHERE IS MY DIARY?

Tuesday, 11 January

Still writing and doodling on scraps of paper. I still can't find my diary. I've looked everywhere! I'm soooooo going to KILL whoever stole my diary.



**Famous Amos** added 4 photos to the album My Family Portrait on Toilet Paper.  
Tuesday

EVEREST, my brother, the mountain baby! He's soooooo cute I want to puke. Obviously someone stole all the good genes from my parents.



Like Comment Share





**Famous Amos** added 4 photos to the album  
My Family Portrait on Toilet Paper.

Tuesday 🌤️

My sister, the whiny, pesky and irritating brat. Or just call her WPI. The sickening thing is, in the last two months, she had some sort of growth spurt. She's now almost my height, which makes me look SHORT, FAT and a LOSER. Totally depressing.



Like · Comment · Share



**Famous Amos** added 4 photos to the album  
My Family Portrait on Toilet Paper.

Tuesday 🌤️

My grandparents. They've bought an apartment in China, and are happily retired, doing taiji on the Great Wall and tweeting to keep in touch with us.



Like · Comment · Share



**Famous Amos** added 4 photos to the album  
My Family Portrait on Toilet Paper.

Tuesday

My parents. Currently obsessed with who's losing more hair, Mum with a thinning top and Dad with a receding hairline. Isn't it the same thing? It's called BALDING!



Like • Comment • Share

352 people like this

View all 80 comments



**grandpaElvis**

Wearing a wig isn't that bad. You have 267 ways of looking chic! Take your pick :)

Poor Mum. I saw her crying her heart out when she saw grandpa's comment on Facebook. Must be tough hitting mid-life crisis. Whatever that means.

Saturday, 16 January

Hmmm... someone sent me a Facebook message.

Messages

Send a New Message



**Doll Face**

You're SO cute! Can we be friends?

Sent 10

I deleted the message immediately. The cyberspace is full of weird people. Mum said you can't trust people who call you cute, even if it's true.

Monday, 17 January

I try to keep in touch with Alvin and Anthony through playing Facebook games. And WhatsApp. Before I discovered WhatsApp, Mum would always be screaming her head off at me. For my huge handphone bills.

"How on earth do you chalk up THOUSANDS of SMS messages? Why can't you just talk on the phone? Er... seriously, she is so clueless. Who talks on the phone? That's so lame..."



I was jealous to hear that they are both auditioning for their school's English & Drama Club. Really, I wouldn't have thought Anthony had it in him to be an actor. But he said it was either the Drama Club or the National Cadet Corps.

His mum supported him in choosing the easier co-curricular activity, to minimise the chances of getting bitten by jungle leeches. If anyone can beat my Mum at being neurotic, Anthony's Mum wins hands down.

But I know the real reason. It's something he wouldn't tell his Mum of course. He just wants to get close to the girls. He said the cute ones are all in the Drama Club. Hmmm... I wonder what's Alvin's real reason for joining the Drama Club? He's already got a girlfriend, Somaly. He can't be interested in meeting more girls!

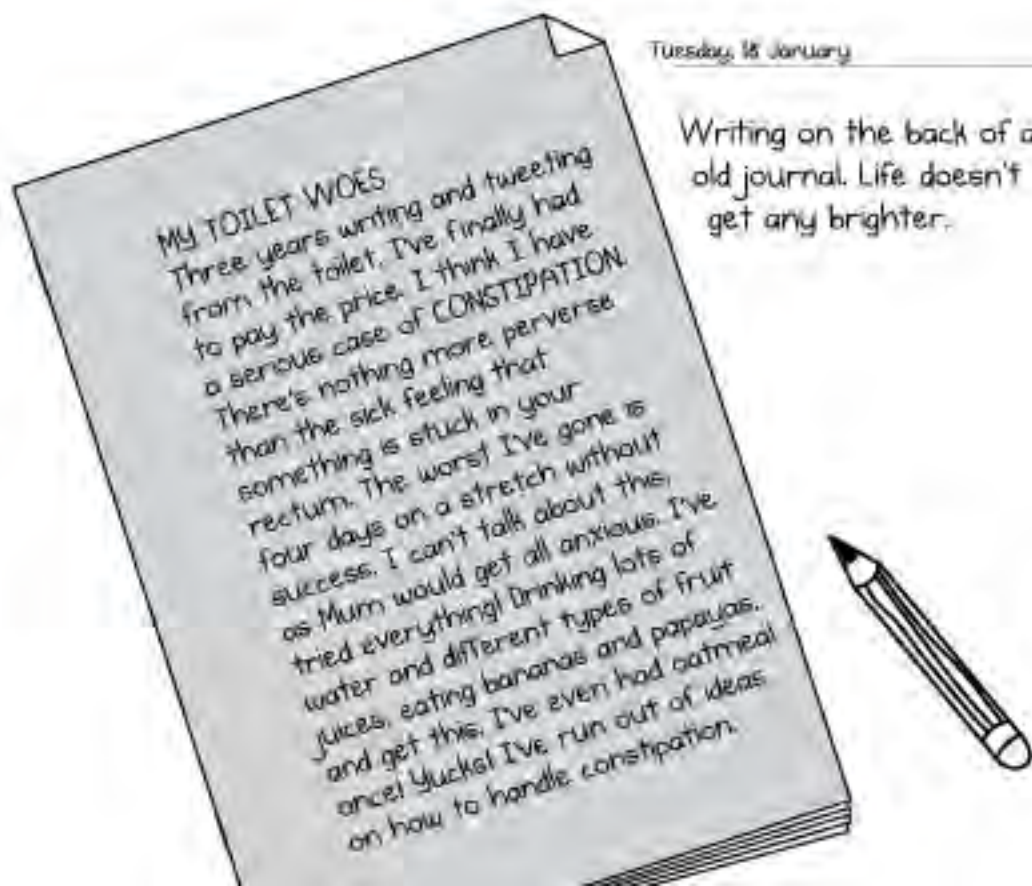
Oh well. That's my two best friends. We used to be inseparable in primary school. But now we only get to meet on Facebook. I was kind of embarrassed when Alvin and Anthony asked what I was trying out for my co-curricular activity.

Actually, it was also the Drama Club. But I have a valid reason. I just want to avoid the swim club. As a former competitive swimmer, I know my new teachers would try to recruit me for the new school's swim team. But I don't want to, because I don't want to be seen in my swimming trunks!

I can't bear the thought of having girls laugh at me behind my back, or giving Michael the lousy excuse to make fun of me: "Amos, the wee thing!"

I can just hear him screaming with glee, relishing my humiliation. So Drama Club it is. But Anthony is right, all the cute girls are in the Drama Club. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, I can't wait to show these girls how well I can act. Wait till they see me, wait till they hear me! I won't be surprised if I win a Best Actor award at the end of the school year.

It's expected! I write well because I read a lot. And honestly, I'm into studying what makes characters tick on the page. So will I be a fantastic actor? Of course! Imagine this, Amos Lee, the next big thing in acting! When I'm famous and popular, surviving this new school wouldn't be as tough as I had feared.



Tuesday, 18 January

Writing on the back of an old journal. Life doesn't get any brighter.

So I've turned to Facebook for help. I'm amazed at how much people are willing to share.



I don't know these people. They are some of the 255 friends who sought me out on Facebook. Now why would I guess these are girls? As for squatting on a toilet seat, isn't that risky? What if your foot slips and finds its way into the toilet bowl? Eeeiuw. GROSS!

I've set up a temp blog while still looking for the THIEF who stole my diary. No clues so far, as I've been busy at school.

## FAMOUS AMOS eblog

### MY MOTHER

If you've ever been harassed by your Mum while doing any of these things on your iPhone, you'd understand why I say, "MUMS ARE PARANOID!"

- ★ Listen to the iPod
- ★ Surf the Internet
- ★ Check Facebook
- ★ Tweet
- ★ Text your friends
- ★ Post pictures on Facebook
- ★ Bomb away... yes, in the toilet, duh... where do you think I was?

So I spend an average of 15 minutes in the toilet each time. And guess who would come knocking on my door?



Amos, are you in there?



Do you see me outside?



What are you doing?



MUM! I need some privacy!



Doing what?



Lots of things!



Amos, you're going to develop piles if you continue sitting for so long. Hurry up!



Er... I'm multi-tasking, please go away.



I'm going to count to THREE! GET OUT OF THE TOILET!

Even with two toilets in the flat, she just wouldn't leave me alone. I know why she's always watching me like a hawk. Oh pleaaaaasssee... I'm not doing anything naughty, Mum.

Sunday, 23 January

Finally, I know what happened to my diary. Someone didn't just steal it, my diary got published! And it wasn't just this year's diary! It was last year's, and the diary I wrote the year before too! Oh man... I AM SOOOOO DOOMED!

Monday, 24 January

Mum was mad with me. See, I was so sure WPI took my diaries and sold them! But who would have guessed that Everest would stand up for her?

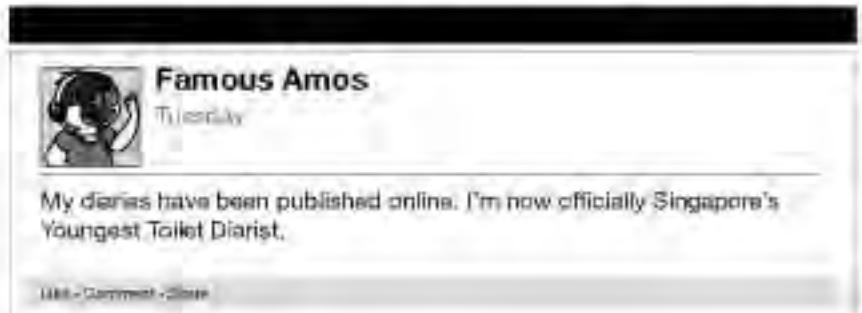
So there I was, almost closing the doors on her when Everest ran up to me and pushed me away. He yelled, "BAD AMOS! I WILL TELL MUM!" The PUNK then released WPI from the cupboard and hugging each other tightly, they yelled for Mum! Mum came charging into the bedroom like a rhinoceros, took one look at WPI and twisted my ear hard. IT WAS SOOOOO PAINFUL! For goodness sake, WPI couldn't have been crying real tears! How could anyone cry like a water tap, oh pleaaaaassee... So Miss Big-Fake-Crocodile-Tears kept insisting she didn't steal my diaries. If she didn't take them, who did, then? And I had to pay the price!

I could have tied her up, but I didn't! I was only trying to see if she would fit in the cupboard! I thought it was an ingenious naughty corner, what's wrong with that? So Mum didn't give me any food for dinner last night. It made me so mad! Not only was I angry, I was also very, very hungry! Well, thank goodness my little brother came round to his senses, he saved me some food.

He handed me a half-eaten bag of potato chips. They were grimy from his saliva, but I couldn't care less. That's the right spirit, brothers should stand united against girls! I need to teach him a thing or two. What was he thinking, siding with the brat? He should have helped me instead!

## NIGHT

Guess the shit is going to hit the fan. Now all my darkest fears and deepest secrets would be read by everyone.



**Famous Amos**  
Tuesday

My diaries have been published online. I'm now officially Singapore's Youngest Toilet Diarist.

Like · Comment · Share

Thursday, 27 January

Alvin and Anthony sent me a Facebook alert. Apparently, a few people have set up fake 'Amos Lee' Twitter accounts.

And get this, with outrageous monikers! Amos-Wee-Nat-Lee. TheRealFamousAmos. Even this really ridiculous one, AmorousLee! Who are these JOKERS?

Alvin said this was a compliment. Really? Why don't I feel honoured? Because it's stupid and infuriating to have your identity stolen! These fake Amos Lee Twitter accounts were set up by people who had read my diaries online.

And they are obviously suffering from some demented medical condition. They want to pretend to be me! I HATE THESE PEOPLE! Don't they have better things to do with their lives?

### I HATE THESE TWEETS:

What's happening? 65

**My diaries are sensational because with a wee thing, you need a big ego.**

Latest: Cookiee Back Tweet

 **Amos-the-Cookie**  
50 tweets

657 Following 280 Followers 0 Listed

What's happening? 12

**I'm famous because I'm a good boy; I write what my mother tells me to.**

Latest: I am the real deal! Tweet


 **TheRealFamousAmos**  
50 tweets

50 Following 30 Followers 0 Listed

What's happening? 40

**I LOVE GIRLS! I write to amuse and entertain them. Seriously, what will I do without my female fans?**

Latest: Check me out on YouTube Tweet

 **AmorousLee**  
50 tweets

550 Following 80 Followers 0 Listed

What's happening? 37

**Dear Amos Lee fans: Buy my latest album, "Believe". I dance like Michael Jackson, grabbing my privates.**

Latest: I am the real deal! Tweet

 **Justin-Amos-Bieber**  
150 tweets

520 Following 7000 Followers 80 Listed

# MY NEW DIARY!



Friday, 28 January

I've decided to start a new diary. Forget about the stolen online version! Today, I'd like to write about a psychological condition that some people suffer from. It's called BIRG, an acronym for 'Basking in Reflected Glory'.

For a long time, I was curious why some of my classmates idolise pop stars. Just name them, Justin Bieber, Miley Cyrus or the stars from Girls' Generation, the Korean girl band. My classmates would hoard their posters, music albums or even go to the extent of dressing up like them. I call this condition A Serious Case of Obsessive Demented Worship.

These are fans who buy into the fame and glory of the people they look up to. There's nothing wrong with idol worship if it's managed with a practical mind, but if it gets to a state where fans actually think they are their idols, I think that's taking it a little too far. By assuming the identities of their idols, fans reinforce their belief that they are also famous and popular like the people they worship.

I guess this is what all the fake Amos Lee Twitter account holders are guilty of. They think it's cool to be me. Well, I have a secret life that they're unaware of!

Here's a lowdown on my current state of life. At home, I'm stuck with babysitting my sister and brother while my Mum prowls the shopping malls for miracle cures to reverse the order of her thinning crown. When my Dad travels abroad for work, I'm expected to be the man in charge. That could mean anything! Like helping Mum to trap incorrigible lizards that insist on making unwanted

appearances, or worse, serve as a look-out to make sure that no one from my flat above throws rubbish onto my Dad's car.

And there's more! Like teaching Everest to kick a football, just to ensure that he doesn't grow up to be an uncoordinated klutz like my sister.

At school, I'm constantly picked on by Michael, the Greek-Hero-Hercules-Look-Alike. Compared with him, I'm a joke. Girls laugh at me behind my back. They think I don't know. Well, I do! I hurt inside, they just have no idea! And it's all because I have a face stricken with red spots that ooze the occasional pus when I can't stop prodding and peeling. Mum says it's part of puberty, but it seems to be going on for a loooooong time!

So this is me, my life isn't incredibly exciting. I didn't ask for my identity to be stolen. These fake Amos Lee Twitter account holders should stop robbing me. It's really frustrating knowing that copycats exist to live in my reflected glory. It's an absolute crime.





## MORNING

Something strange happened in school today. I found several things in my locker! Letters, from people I don't even know.

Heck, they were quite badly written, with several grammatical mistakes. But the cards, oh... they were quite beautifully designed! What got me really excited was a pair of movie vouchers addressed to "Amos: My Favourite Author!" Boy, was I surprised! But pleased! I took a quick glance, they were still valid and not expired vouchers. So it wasn't a prank. Hmmm... I wonder whom I should ask to watch a movie with.

Now about the letters. They were all silly, melodramatic stuff from readers who have obviously read my online diaries. The comments I received were varied. They ranged from "Hilarious!" and "Can't wait to read more!" to "Cheap thrill with writing from the toilet!" and "Get a grip, you're so FULL of yourself, writing about pimples and body hair... GROSS." I ignored the negative comments.

Out of 11 letters and cards left in my locker, only four were written by jealous, pea-brained critics who obviously are drowning in self pity because they can't write... Well, I refuse to let their comments get to me.

## NIGHT

Alvin and Anthony said they can't join me for the movie. Alvin even warned me that I'm not allowed to ask Somaly. Seriously, he's sooooo paranoid! I wasn't thinking of her! I'm thinking of putting my movie vouchers to better use.

Michael confronted me in school today. Of all the places and times, he had to choose the day I was auditioning for a school play.

I had no idea what "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was about, I only knew it was written by Shakespeare. An ugly, bearded man who lived in England a loooooong time ago.

So there we were, all lined up and asked to pick auditioning scripts. I took a hasty look and selected one with the fewest lines. The character was called Nick Bottom.

I saw some girls from my class watching me secretly from behind the curtains on stage. I was so nervous that I kept tugging at my black body-fitting tee.

Before the audition, Mum had convinced me to wear something snug, she even lent me a red shawl to drape over my shoulders. "To get into the element of the period," she said. Mum tried so hard to cajole me to put on her Pilates tights that I did, just to shut her up.

But I almost died when WPI walked in on me! All it took was one mean-spirited howl from her. I knew I would never survive beyond the audition if I wore the spandex on its own.

So I put on the black tee and Mum's shawl for the audition. And I wore the spandex under my shorts. Hah I thought I looked really cool! It was a good match, it must be, as the girls were smiling at me!



Famous Amos

Sunday

A total bummer.



Like | Comment | Share

640

387 people like this

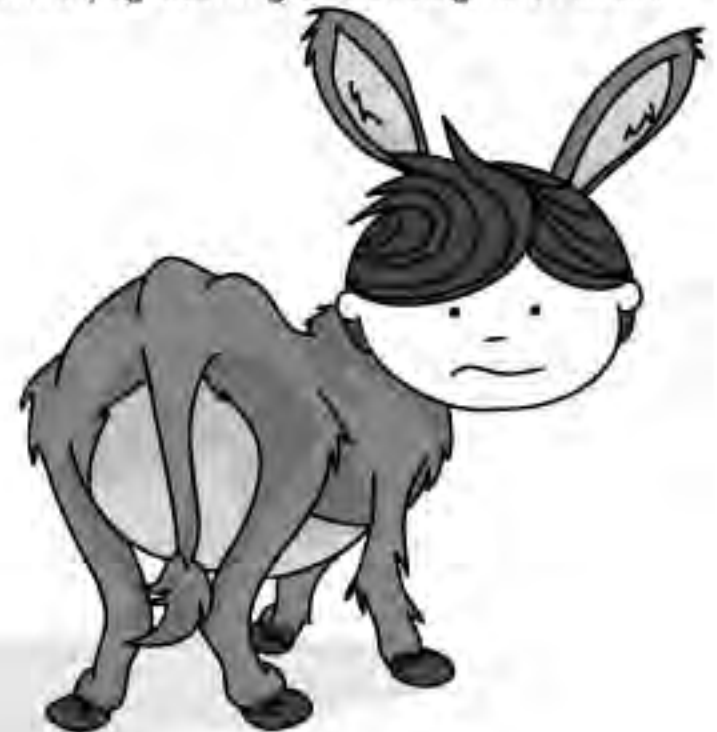
The audition hall was freezing! I had goose bumps just thinking about the audition again. I read my lines with as much flourish as I could. But it was kind of hard when spandex was clinging to my skin. It was so ITCHY!

"When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
My next is 'Most fair Pyramus'. Heigh-ho! Peter Quince!  
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!  
God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have  
had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the  
wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an  
ass if he go about to expound this dream. Me thought  
I was - there is no man can tell what dream."

I thought I did quite well. But I heard someone snorting in the audience. Then, a piercing wolf whistle followed. Next, claps. But it was the way it was done, slowly and pausing between each clap just to make it echo ominously, that made my hair stand.

What got me really confused was when a spotlight came on. Even with the glare shining in my eyes, I could make out Michael's profile. He stood up from his seat and started laughing rudely. Just as I walked off the stage, I heard him yell, "You're only an ass. Almost Go back to what you're good at. Write and don't act!"

I didn't understand what he meant until I went home to google online to read about the character I had chosen to play. That was when it hit me. Nick Bottom got turned into a donkey in the play. Just my luck. I really hate Michael.



Monday, 31 January

### MORNING

Something good came out of the audition yesterday. Someone left me a box of chocolates at the general office. I got a message that I was to collect a parcel. It was a pretty package wrapped in pink and silver foil, tied with a blue satin ribbon. I thought it was a prank and refused to open it. An office clerk chided me for being suspicious. When she said it was a bunch of girls who had left the parcel with her, I blushed furiously. Who are these girls?

### AFTERNOON

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy— there are 21 different types of chocolates in the box! I LOVE THEM! I don't care if I'm going to get fat eating everything! I can't help myself! At the last count, I had tried nine assorted flavours. Everest took four before vomiting everything into the toilet bowl. What a wimp. WPI sulked when I refused to share any with her. Finally, I relented. I gave her Everest's fourth chocolate bar. It was half eaten anyway.

Guess I have to thank the thief who got my diaries published online. Receiving letters, cards and gifts from fans... I could get used to a life like this.

Wednesday, 2 February

I told Mum about the letters, cards and gifts that I had been receiving. She sounded nervous when she said I shouldn't let fame get to my head. Why the paranoia?

She should be pleased for me! Since when do kids get so much attention? I am now the proud owner of 39 letters and cards, four friendship bands and two discarded boxes that used to hold chocolates and candies.

There was even an ugly creature left at my doorstep, but I don't think that was something my fans sent. It was probably an abandoned pet that some kids in my block got tired of. WPI tried to get Mum to let her adopt it, but Mum refused. She screeched when she saw the thing, "NO MOUSE IN THE FLAT!"



**Famous Amos**

Wednesday

Mum freaking out at the 'Mouse'



Like • Comment • Share

107 people like this

View all 30 comments

Actually, the real name for it is the 'skinny pig'. I googled and confirmed it. It's a breed of hairless guinea pigs, it probably reminded Mum of what she was headed for, losing hair by the handful each day. The poor thing, Guinea pig, I mean. Not Mum.

Saturday, 5 February

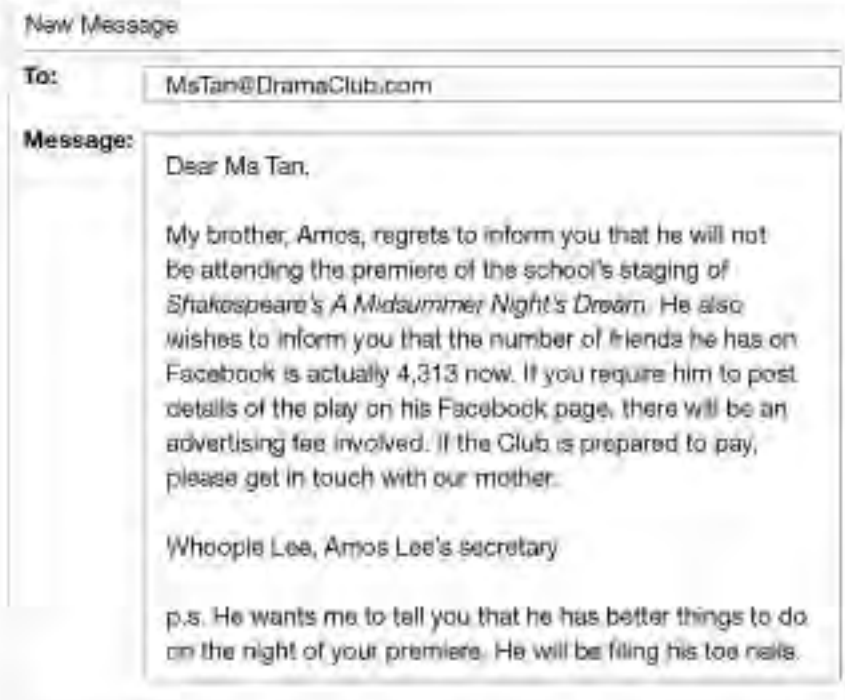
## AFTERNOON

Today, I received a note from the Drama Club teacher. I almost laughed when I read it.



Well, well, well. The Club has the gall to reject me and yet ask for help! I wrote an immediate reply.

Then I asked my secretary to type out my message and email it to the Drama Club teacher.



## NIGHT

WPI said I was mean to include the bit about the toe nails. Really? Maybe I should have said I was cleaning out ear wax. My right ear feels kind of blocked lately.

I told WPI that she shouldn't question her boss too much. She's just the hired help. I have to pay her real money, from my pocket allowance! But hey, I can afford it, I'm going to make money from charging people for advertising on my Facebook. This is going to be awesome. Oh yeah. Fame is fantastic!



Next week, it's going to be Valentine's Day! Oh boy! I can't wait to see what I'm getting from my fans! I love my new life! Who would have thought that fame could buy newfound friends?

Yesterday, I witnessed the extent of my star power. One girl in my class asked if I would be acting in the school play. I paused for dramatic effect before saying in a really piteous voice, "But I didn't pass the audition... I would have loved to be a part of the school's first Shakespeare show, but sadly, I have to skip it. My pride is totally crushed."

I could have sworn the girl's eyes started watering! I stuck my face closer to hers, but she backed away hastily before I could confirm what I saw. But her lips trembled when she replied, "I'm so sorry to hear that. Maybe I should get my friends to boycott the play! To show our support for you!"

Wow, I was soooooo thrilled to hear that! But I was smart enough to act cool. I said in a low voice, "Please don't do that. It's not fair to the other actors who are putting in so much effort to rehearse."

Hah! That was done just right. It shows my conscience in a good way. I thought I was getting really good at this acting business. But guess what? Michael had to go spoil my little moment. He was lurking in a corner of the classroom, eavesdropping on our conversation and looking daggers at me. What, can't I have some female admirers? I'm definitely more popular than that twerp!

He overheard every word we said. He sauntered over, trying to act cool, but it was all a farce as I could see his clenched fists. He must have been bursting with resentment.

Out of fear, I stepped closer to the girl. He wouldn't dare to do anything to me in front of a witness. He was almost spitting venom when he said, "Arnos, you're such a wimp! You can't act for nuts. Stop telling people to pity you." With that, he turned and stomped away. Really, what did I do to deserve that? The girl was embarrassed to be caught in our spat. She just smiled awkwardly and walked away. I soooooo hate him!

## AFTERNOON

I was doing big business in the school toilet when Alvin called to chat. I tried to be discreet in bombing away, but what really irritated me was to have this conversation play out.



Hello?



Hey.



Hey.



Are you talking to me?  
A third person (yes, an idiot  
in the toilet next door)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Adeline Foo is an MFA graduate of New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, Asia.

She has 18 published children's books, including five national bestsellers. *The Diary of Amos Lee: I Sit, I Write, I Flush!* won the inaugural Red Dot award for 'Best Junior Fiction' presented by the International School Libraries Network (Singapore) in 2009. *The Diary of Amos Lee* is also published in India, Indonesia, China and now, the Slovak Republic. It has also been adapted for a 10-part TV series on Singapore's MediaCorp children's channel, okto.

Adeline is currently developing an inane iPhone game, 'Are You A Dada?' Slated to launch in March 2013, it is zany and obsessive, but the best part? It's a FREE game that all MOTHERS would APPROVE of!

Visit [www.amoslee.com.sg](http://www.amoslee.com.sg) for more details.



## ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Stephanie is a designer at Epigram, a local design house. Epigram started Epigram Books, a publishing arm dedicated to producing well designed and thought-provoking books ([www.epigrambooks.sg](http://www.epigrambooks.sg)).

Her first Tweet post was in 2007. She has eight followers on Twitter and 236 friends on Facebook. Stephanie is currently obsessed with following her favourite band @garbage on Twitter.

For other adorkable projects and random musings, visit [www.steffiatplay.blogspot.com](http://www.steffiatplay.blogspot.com).

Stephanie would like to thank all those involved in Amos, her friends, family— as well as all the many Amos readers everywhere! You kiddos ROCK!



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Will he succeed?



**E**

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