

10TH ANNIVERSARY 4-IN-1 EDITION

THE **WORLD FAMOUS DIARIES** OF

Amos Lee



*"If you liked *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*,
you'll love Amos Lee."*

The Guardian

ADELINE FOO

“It has delightful local flavour, humour, sketches and even unwanted comments from Mum (who corrects his spelling, of course).”

Wong Siow Yuen, *Young Parents*

“Everything is familiar but fresher.”

Tan Shee Lah, *Lifestyle*

“So entertaining yet full of learning for children... In simple but engrossing language, the book shows that the everyday life of a child like Amos is laced with opportunities and challenges... A delightful read for the young and adults alike.”

Sparkling Mindz

“I loved the spunky Amos and the way the book is written, not to mention the awesome illustrations.”

Preeti Shenoy, author of *Life Is What You Make It*

“The diary becomes in many ways a peep into Singapore.”

The Indian Express

“Amos is a character who can 'travel', and insert himself with cheeky ease into parallel childhoods everywhere.”

The Hindu

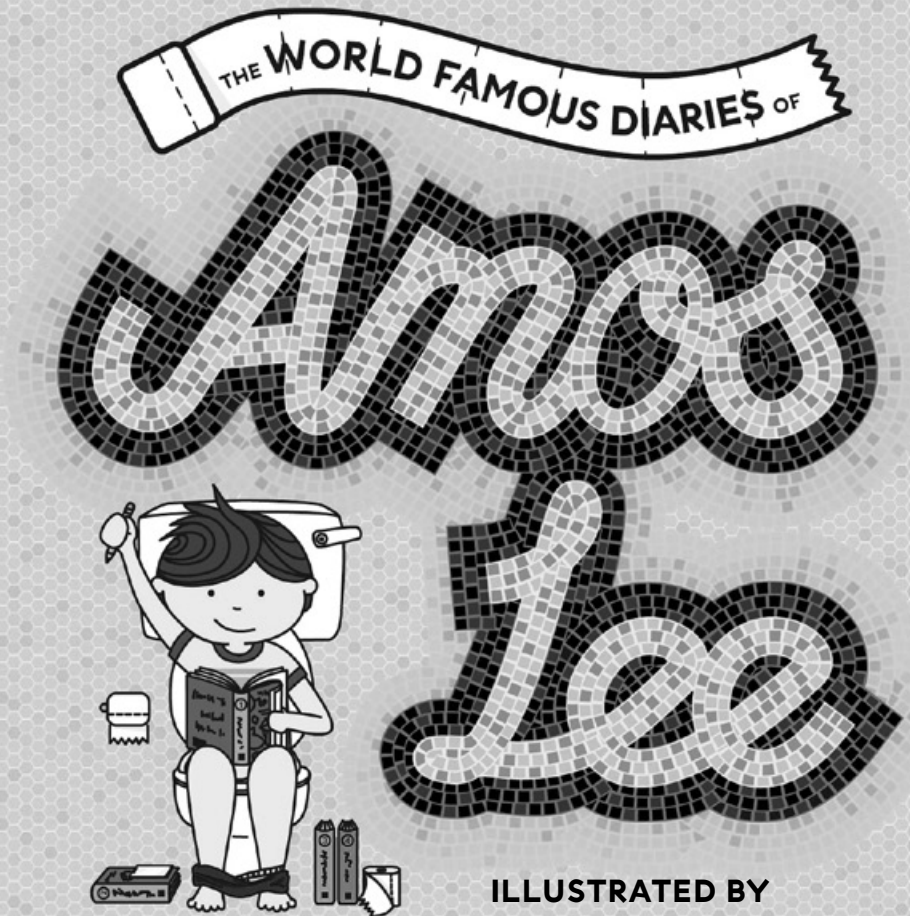
“*The Diary of Amos Lee* books have enriched my boy's life and given him buckets of laughter. He relates to the spunky and true-to-life character.”

Busy Mom's Busy Blog

“My son enjoyed the book so much that he finished reading the book within a day... Parents, if you are trying to cultivate good reading habits of your children, try these books.”

GenZKids.com

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**ILLUSTRATED BY
STEPHANIE WONG**

ADELINE FOO



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Related series

Whoopie Lee:
Almost Famous
The Big Spell Off

The Travel Diary of Amos Lee:
Lost in Taipei!
Monkeying in Malaysia!
Seoul Searching!
Quokking in Australia!

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Published in Singapore by Epigram Books
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Cover design by Stephanie Wong
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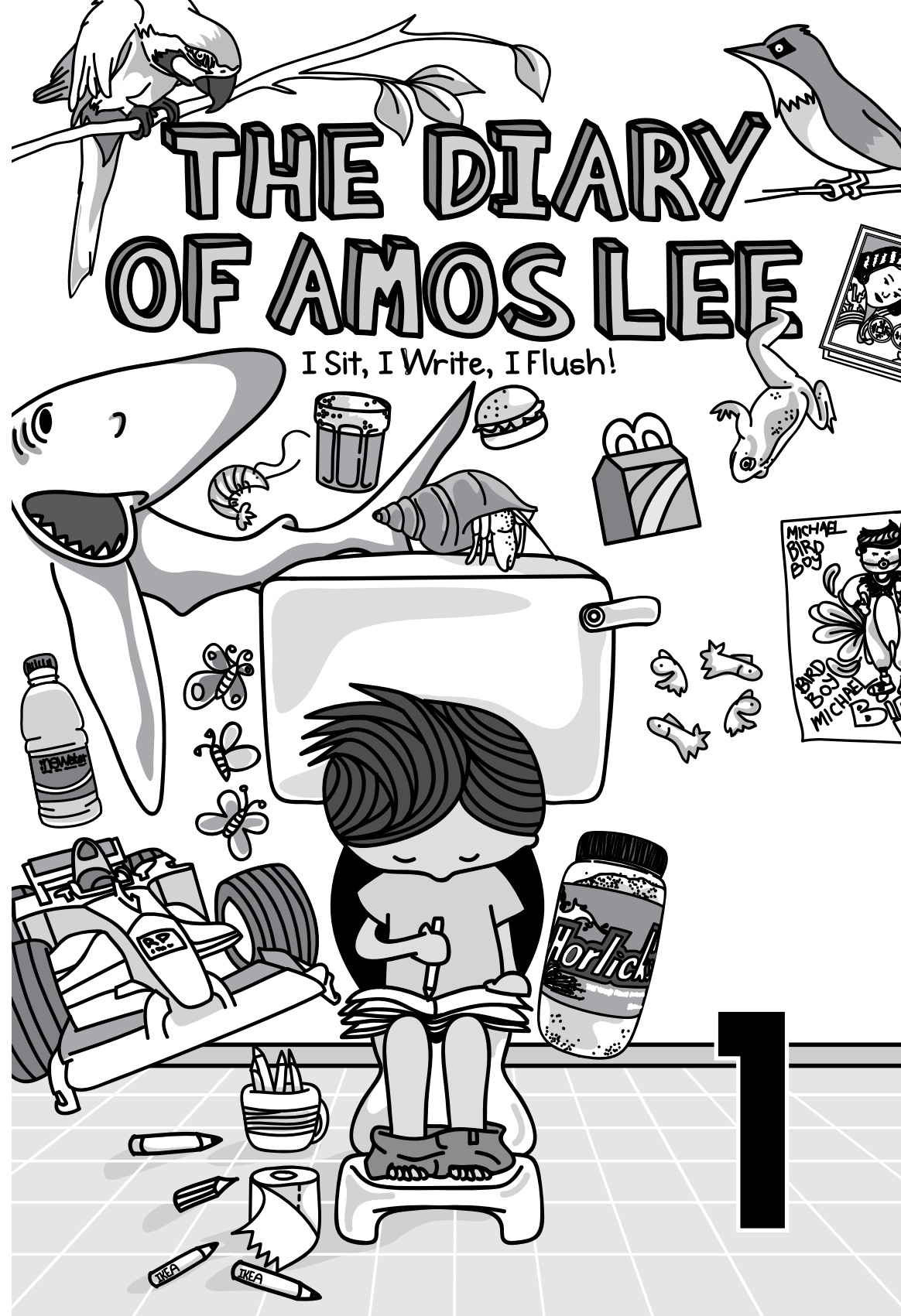
NATIONAL LIBRARY BOARD SINGAPORE
CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION DATA

Foo, Adeline, 1971-. | Wong, Stephanie, 1979-, illustrator.
The world famous diaries of Amos Lee / Adeline Foo ;
illustrated by Stephanie Wong.
Singapore : Epigram Books, 2019.
OCN 1111534920 | ISBN 978-981-47-8557-0 (paperback)
Boys—Singapore—Diaries—Juvenile fiction. | Children—Singapore—
Diaries—Juvenile fiction. | Singapore—Juvenile fiction.

DDC S823—dc23

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, September 2019.





This diary began as Mum's New Year's resolution to get me to write.

She came up with this weird idea that we should make good use of our time in the bathroom. On a wall above the toilet seat, she put in a wire rack to hold an old jotter book, some pens and coloured pencils. She said that when I am doing my big business, I can write. "Five to eight minutes max!" she said. "I don't want you to develop piles!" I think that means something that blocks my poop from coming out.

"And why must I do this?" I asked.

"It's either this or you spend one hour every day writing one composition!" she said.

"Who wouldn't pick writing in the bathroom?" I thought to myself.

And so my writing in the bathroom began.

Dad said it would teach me to multitask, a very important skill to have when I eventually go to work.

My entries started with the boring old stuff—describing my family, my day at school, things I would love to do to my pesky little sister, and so on...then Mum got this new job as a writer for a magazine.

She received the weirdest of assignments and dragged my sister and me along to check out new places. And that's how I found more to write about. Some of these places Mum took us were quite fun. I started collecting entry tickets to these places, so that I could enter my name in the Guinness World Records one day. That way, I will become famous, and one day, my diary will be worth a lot of money!



Amos Lee

WEDNESDAY, 2 JANUARY

My family

ABOUT ME AND

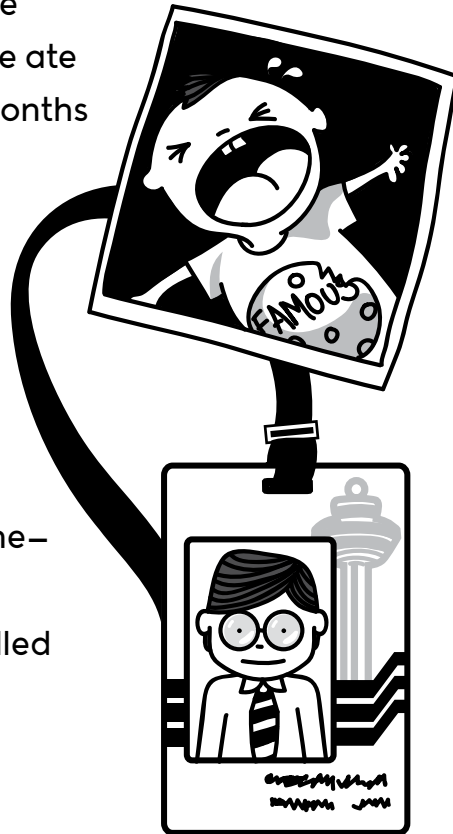
HOW I GOT MY NAME!

Mum had weird food cravings when she was pregnant with me. At one time, it was for char siew bao. Another time, it was for cookies—double chocolate macadamia nut. She ate so many cookies in the nine months carrying me that when the doctor asked what she was naming her baby boy as I was being pushed out of her womb, she shouted, “He will be famous one day. I will call him Amos!”

And that’s how I got my name—Amos Lee. Well, it could have been worse. Imagine being called Lee Char Siew!

MY DAD

Dad works at the airport. He says it’s an important job. He has to make sure that the airport is running 24 hours a day and that nothing breaks down so he doesn’t get complaints.



MY MUM

I was happier when Mum had a job. But she quit to spend more time with my sister and me. She drives us to school, cooks, cleans the house, irons our clothes and sends us for tuition, swimming and ballet classes. She is very busy but she knows when I am going to the bathroom. “Write in the bathroom!” she yells all the time.

I wish she had a real job.

MY SISTER

Just turned five. I call her WPI. Whiny. Pesky. Irritating.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

Grandpa and Grandma have taken care of us since we were babies. Since Mum is home now, they only come over a few times a week.

Grandma cooks dinner and

Grandpa watches us when Mum has to leave the house for errands or to meet her friends. Most nights when Grandpa and Grandma stay late, they just sleep over at our house.



THURSDAY, 3 JANUARY

Mum found a job!

Mum was very excited today. She was asked by an old boss to work as a writer. She can write from home (not very good news for me) but some days, she won't be home as she has to go for meetings. That's the good part.

9pm: I heard Mum telling Dad that maybe she could bring WPI and me along for her ~~ass-in-mens~~ assignments. Oh man...

See, now I know Mum reads my diary. She cannot stand it when I do not spell correctly.

SATURDAY, 5 JANUARY

Mum's 1st assignment—breakfast watch

Mum said she needed to observe what locals eat for breakfast. I was excited because, well, I love eating! Mum's editor said that the article must cover "traditional breakfast favourites". Sounds interesting enough.

I only know of McDonald's hot cakes, fried carrot cake—must be black—and kaya toast. We usually eat these. But Mum said her article has to be more balanced, including choices of food eaten by all races.

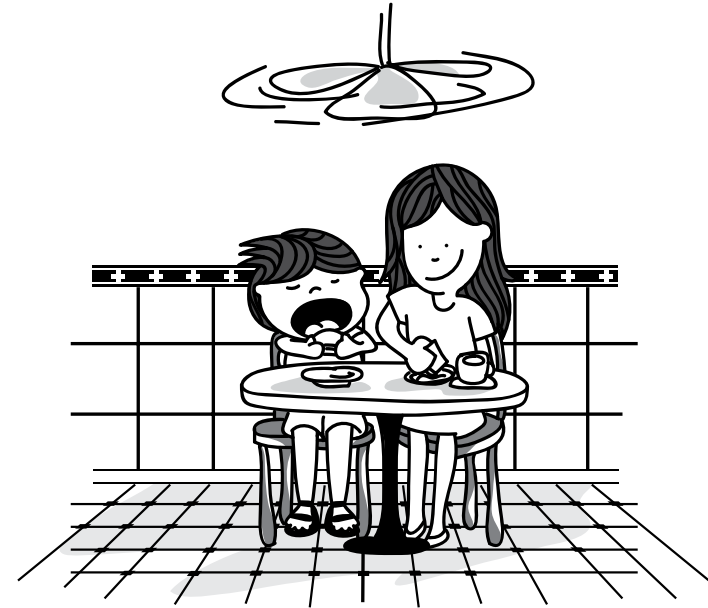
"Right, what about McDonald's Big Breakfast, fried carrot cake—can be white—and kaya bun?" I asked.

Nope, fried carrot cake didn't meet her cryteeria. Mum said she would bring me along for "food tasting" at coffee shops and hawker centres. Yippee! This is one assignment I don't mind helping out with!

It's "criteria", Amos!

SUNDAY, 6 JANUARY

Breakfast at Chin Mee Chin



Our first stop—a coffee shop along East Coast Road. Been around since 1925, Mum said. Mosaic tiles for flooring, ceiling fans that go click, click and click, and marble table tops. Almost everyone was eating half-boiled eggs with dark soya sauce and pepper. Toasted buns with kaya and butter seemed to be a second favourite. (See, I was right!) There were also cupcakes, cream cones, swiss rolls and custard buns. I had the kaya bun. Mum had the halfboiled egg and kopi.

TAKE-AWAY AT KIM CHOO KUEH CHANG—YUMMY!

Mum said we had to observe "buying behaviour" at this shop. It was interesting to see cars parking outside the

shop, and the drivers dashing in to grab their orders. They bought mostly mini kueh chang and nonya kueh. Boy, these drivers were really fast! But of course—they didn't want to be fined for illegal parking after all! Why didn't anyone ask me to be a lookout for the parking attendant? I would have done it for free kueh chang.



Mum bought some for me to try. I loved them! Ate six at one go! Mum also bought two boxes home for Grandpa and Grandma.

NASI LEMAK AT ADAM ROAD FOOD CENTRE

Mum said we were eating nasi lemak next, a "favourite Malay breakfast food". The food centre was huge. Many stalls with lots of choices for breakfast! Mum checked out the Selera Rasa Nasi Lemak stall. The stall has been rated

number 1 by many foodies, Mum said. All I know is that there was such a long queue! Everybody was ordering the nasi lemak with a fried chicken wing, otak-otak, fried egg and ikan bilis. The sambal chilli was very good, Mum tried and told me. I ate only the rice and fried chicken wing. Yummy!



NEXT STOP, PRATA AT JALAN KAYU

Mum said we were having prata next. I told her I couldn't eat anymore. But she insisted that I try the prata at Thasevi Famous Jalan Kayu Prata Restaurant. I told her I believed the stall was famous. No need to try. But she insisted. I ordered it with ice cream. Actually it was quite nice. After eating, I told Mum I had to go home. But she wasn't done yet. She said she wanted to visit a wet market.



While travelling in the car, I thought of wet market smells. Suddenly I felt sick. I told Mum to stop the car.

I got out to throw up in the drain. I saw what was left of my undigested kueh chang, nasi lemak and prata ice cream. It was horrible!

Mum felt really sorry after that. We headed home. Went to bed to rest. Couldn't eat or do anything else the entire day.

MONDAY, 7 JANUARY

Woke up feeling empty in the stomach.
Washed up and got dressed for school.
Sat down for breakfast. Hmm...I thought maybe kaya toast with hot Milo would be nice. No such luck. Breakfast was re-heated kueh chang from yesterday.



TUESDAY, 8 JANUARY

Grandpa bought prata and kopi for breakfast this morning. Thank goodness no more kueh chang! I feel better just by avoiding those things!

I wonder what drink goes well with prata? Hmm... a Milo drink, hot or iced with lots of Milo powder on it. The Milo Dinosaur! Let's see, I have seen the Indian uncle at the drinks stall make it with Milo powder, hot water, condensed milk and lots of ice. Then sprinkle Milo powder on top. Maybe I can try adding ice cream—vanilla or chocolate. And maybe I can add whipped cream, the kind squeezed from a nozzle...ssss. I can call my drink a Milo T-Rex! Or Milo Godzilla sounds better... Raahh!



What about yogurt instead of ice cream?

Muuuuuuuuuummm...must you read everything I write?
And yogurt with Milo sounds GROSS!

Grandpa's guide to kopi and teh!

KOPI O/TEH O
Black coffee/
tea without milk.



**KOPI PENG/
TEH PENG**
Iced coffee/tea.



KOPI C/TEH C
Coffee/tea with Carnation evaporated milk. (C stands for Carnation. In Hainanese, "see" also means fresh, as in fresh milk.)

TAK KIU/MILO!
In Hokkien, tak kiu means kicking ball, which the old Milo ads used to show.



Here's more. These terms are used mostly by Ah Pehs. The same references are used for teh.



KOPI SIEW TAI
With less sugar.



KOPI POH
Light.



KOPI KOSONG
Black coffee without sugar or milk.
In Malay, kosong means empty.



KOPI KAR TAI
With more sugar.



KOPI KOW
Thick.



AH HUAY

Chrysanthemum tea.
In Hokkien, huay means flower.



TEOH HERGH

Chinese tea. In Hokkien, this means fishing. The dipping of the tea bag resembles fishing!



TAI KA HO

Horlicks. In Cantonese, this means good for everybody!

Amos' guide to café coffee and tea



AMERICANO



LATTE



CAPPUCCINO



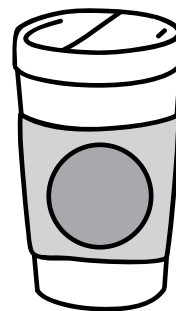
ESPRESSO



CAFE MOCHA



TALL



GRANDE

WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT LIVING IN A FLAT?

Mum asked me what makes living in a flat unique? I suspect it's another assignment. Why is she asking me? I am only a kid! But since she's my mother, I will help her. Let's see, I like living in a flat because we get to play along the corridor. We can run and play "catching". The flat has a void deck too, which is good for cycling and playing football. Sometimes while waiting for my school bus, I like watching old folks play checkers.

*Amos, you should not be playing football!
HDB has signs that say, "No Football"!*

8PM: What everybody said about living in a flat

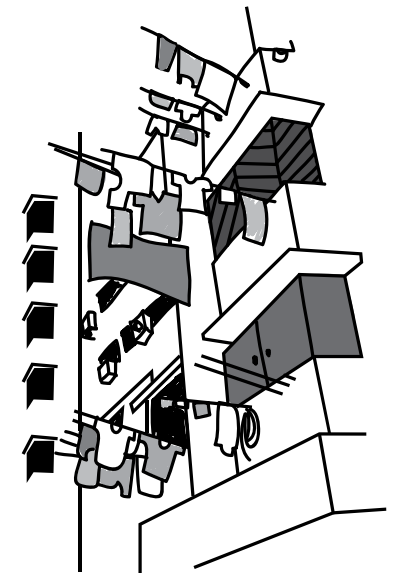
Grandma said she likes to hang her clothes outside the kitchen window. They dry fast.

Grandpa said he can have a private garden along the corridor with his potted plants.

Dad said the void deck provides a common space to hold weddings or funerals.

WPI said she likes going to the kindergarten at the ground floor of our flat. Some of her classmates are also our neighbours.

Mum said she likes the urine detection device in the lift.



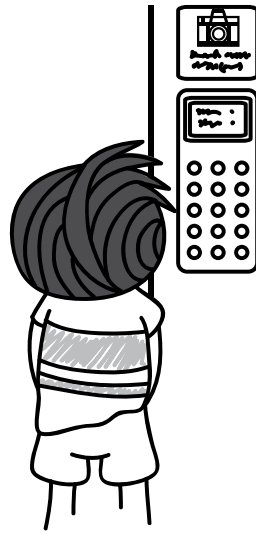
She calls it a great invention. No one dares to pee in the lift now.

But I'd leave that out. It's got nothing to do with living in a flat. And I think it's fake. Just a sign to stop people from peeing.

Hmm...Grandpa said maybe I can try peeing to see if it works.

AMOS! You will do no such thing!

Yes, Mum. I mean NO, I wouldn't dare.



MONDAY, 14 JANUARY

My best friends at school

After I had been to school for two weeks, Dad asked me how I liked my new class. I told him everything was fine. Two of my classmates from the last three years are in the same class—Alvin and Anthony.

Grandpa asked if I chose my friends based on their first names. Maybe I did. I like being called one of the 3As in class. That's us, Amos Lee, Alvin Tan and Anthony Wong. The 3As. We aim to beat the girls in all tests and exams. To be number 1 in class, no less.

Grandpa said we're number 1 alright—from the bottom of the class. That's true. Last year, I was 28th in class, Alvin was 29th and Anthony was the last boy in class. Anthony's mother cried when he went home with his report card. I was puzzled as it's not like he got retained. He got around

60 marks for each of his subjects: English, Mathematics, Science and Chinese. His mother asked how Alvin and I did, and when he said we were the last three in class, she became upset. She said he should start mixing more with the top kids in class this year. He might get better results.



WEDNESDAY, 6 FEBRUARY

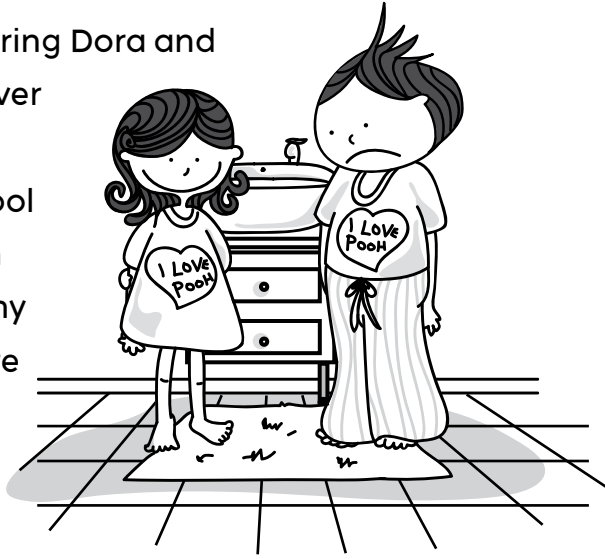
It's going to be Chinese New Year!

10pm: Tomorrow is the first day of Chinese New Year! Tonight we had our reunion dinner and Mum said we could stay up to watch the Chinatown countdown on TV.

Grandma asked what I liked best about Chinese New Year. There are only four things really: pineapple tarts, love letters, kueh lapis and of course, ang pows!

WPI and I got new pyjamas for the new year. Matching ones. Mum has this thing about getting us matching pyjamas. She thinks it's cute, but no way! I don't mind if WPI wears pyjamas with my favourite cartoon characters, but most of the time, Mum would buy us something that

WPI likes. So I end up wearing Dora and Pooh! This is why I will never invite my friends to stay overnight. The whole school would laugh at me if Alvin and Anthony got to see my bedtime wear. The 3As are not called big mouths for nothing. But only I can laugh at others.



THURSDAY, 7 FEBRUARY

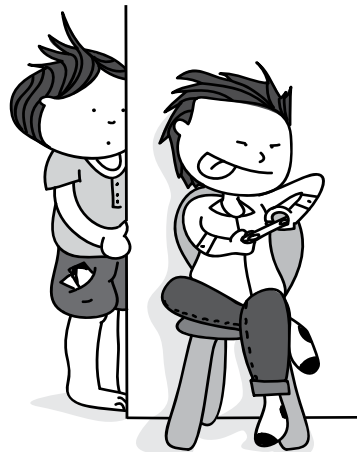
New year visiting

9pm: I am so tired! We've been out the whole day. I think we must have visited at least 10 families, from Grandpa and Grandma's place to the homes of so many aunts and uncles that I don't even know!

But the best part? I collected tons of ang pows!

WPI was really tired and by lunch time, Dad had to carry her around. She couldn't walk any more. She must have been bloated from all the pineapple tarts she ate. But she never throws up when she over-eats.

I saw something interesting today. It was a kid playing a Handheld Gadget. Smart way to keep himself



amused. While the adults were talking non-stop and playing mahjong, the boy kept to himself in a corner. I wanted to try The Gadget but he refused to lend it to me. Dad said this was anti-social behaviour. Keeping to himself and playing with The Gadget.

Well, I just think The Gadget is cool.

FRIDAY, 8 FEBRUARY

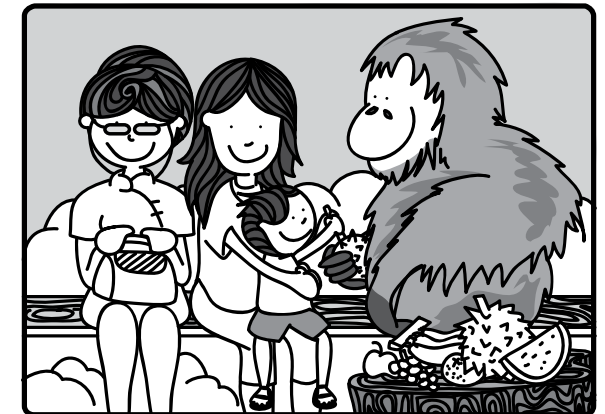
The true Singaporean girl—Ah Meng

6pm: AH MENG HAS DIED!

Singapore's most famous orang utan was 48. That's 95 in human years, according to Grandma.

I feel sad as she was one of my favourite animals in the zoo. We even had breakfast with her once. WPI wasn't born yet and I was basking in all the attention, with Mum, Grandma and Ah Meng dotting on me. Ah Meng had some grapes, watermelons and durians for breakfast. She was a true Singaporean at heart, loving her durians.

Mum said Ah Meng was a true Singapore Girl, a poster girl for Singapore and our world-class zoo. See, just proves that you don't need to be beautiful to be famous. Just need to have orange hair and long limbs.



Mum said that orang utans feel as deeply as we do. I wonder how Ah Meng's children and grandchildren are feeling. They are surely very sad about their mother's death.

WPI came to sit on my bed. She had seen Ah Meng at the zoo once. I told her we are close cousins of the apes. Ah Meng could have been part of our family once upon a time. That got WPI crying.

9pm: It's not just WPI who cried over Ah Meng's death. The whole of Singapore is mourning! Amazing. She's only an orang utan.

SATURDAY, 9 FEBRUARY

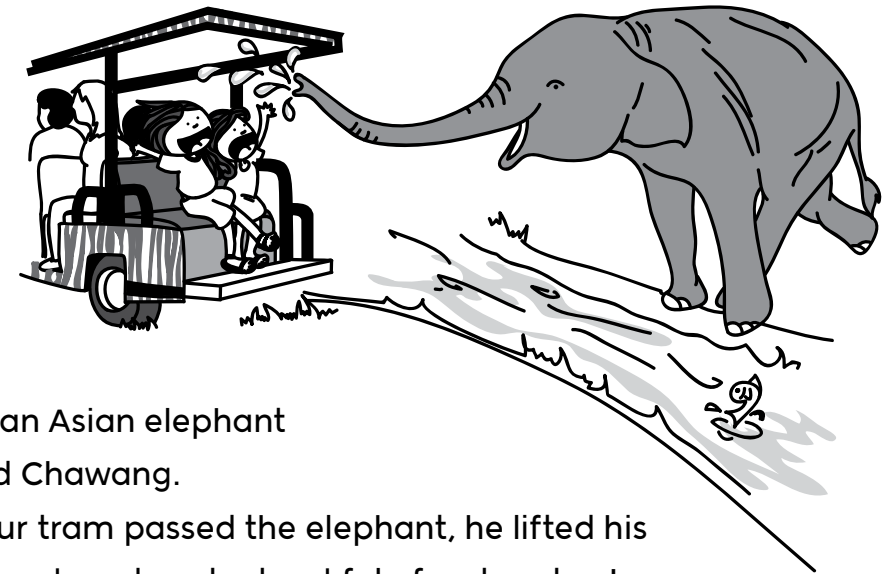
Drenched by Chawang

Mum suggested going to the Night Safari. Let's take a break from New Year visiting, she said. That means fewer ang pows for me, but it's okay because I love the Night Safari. There is always lots to do there. At the entrance, we saw fire-eating natives of the Borneo rainforest. So cool!

Mum rushed us quickly into the queue for the tram ride and warned me not to even think of trying to eat fire. Ahem. Would I ever think of that? Ahem.

The tram ride took 45 minutes. It was dark but we could see the animals with special lighting in their enclosures. They were really active.

The rhino, giraffe, tapir, tiger, lion, deer, babirusa (a pig)—we saw them all. But guess who stole the show?



It was an Asian elephant named Chawang.

As our tram passed the elephant, he lifted his huge trunk and spat a trunkful of water at us!

We squealed as the water hit us! I could swear that he was gloating from his little trick. What a night!

As we left the Night Safari, something interesting caught my eye—there was a man sitting in a knee-high glass tank having his feet nibbled on by little fish!

I stood with my jaws wide open. How interesting! The poster by the fish spa said that the tiny toothless fish are called Doctor Fish and they feed on dead skin. It seemed like a fun way to have your skin taken off... Hmm...

I have an idea...

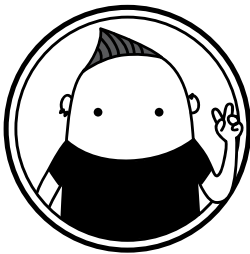


At least I got a ticket for my Guinness World Records collection.



About the Author

Adeline Foo is a scriptwriter and children's book author. She has written 28 books, including 13 picture books. *The Diary of Amos Lee* series, which was first published in 2009, was on *The Straits Times* bestseller list for more than 100 weeks. The books have won the Red Dot Book Award and Popular Readers' Choice Awards, and was shortlisted for the Hedwig Anuar Children's Book Award.



About the Illustrator

Stephanie Wong is a graphic designer and illustrator. Besides the Amos and Whoopie Lee series, her work includes the children's picture book *The Little Nightingale Who Can't Sing*.

Find her other adorkable projects at www.steffatwork.com.

“Delightful local flavour.”

–Wong Siow Yuen, *Young Parents*

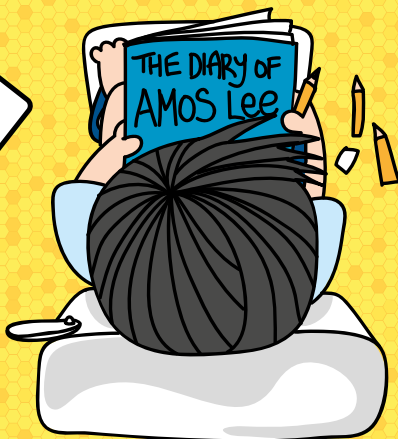
“Buckets of laughter.”

–Busy Mom’s Busy Blog

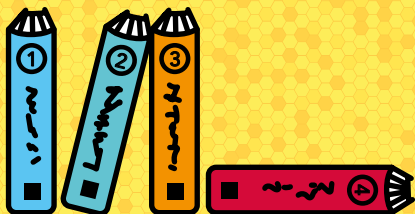
I’ve become famous for the wrong reasons.

I’m the first boy in the world to write his diary in the toilet! It’s all Mum’s idea, of course...Good thing I have a lot to write about. Cue the toilet humour! At school, my friends and I confront a bully, I enter a tween idol contest and I get really, really famous...on TV!

For the first time, you can read all my diaries in one big book. Well, what are you waiting for?



- ★ Winner of the Red Dot Award
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