

Geeky Girls

journal

If I were you, I'd wanna be me!



A. L. Cross and E. L. Cross

Hey girls! Here is a sample of what's inside my juicy journal. Enjoy!

As Dreamer clumsily dashed across the broken pavement of the library parking lot, she took a quick glance over her bony shoulder and noticed the gigantic bully rapidly catching up to her. He was so close that she could see the beads of sweat pouring down his uneven cheekbones and smell the expired chocolate milk on his warm breath. Dreamer knew the ingredients she had placed in his sugar cookie would cause him to have explosive diarrhea, but what was taking so long for those “poop pills” to start working? The last thing she wanted was for the guy to catch her, push her to the ground and be sitting on top of her when the pills started to work. Dreamer was a genius with an IQ thirteen points higher than Albert Einstein had when he was her age. Science and math were her thing...cardio was not! She was out of breath and slowing down when the bully grabbed ahold of her sparkling pink shirt, causing her to lose her footing and fall awkwardly to the pavement. As he stood over her, pounding his right fist into his left hand, it happened. The pills...the poop...and the geeky girl whose plan had completely backfired.



Geeky Girls Journal. If I were you, I'd wanna be me!

Copyright © 2015 Eric Cross and Andre'a Cross * ALL RIGHTS RESERVED,
including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

Artwork and drawings, by Andre'a Cross,
Copyright © 2015 Andre'a Cross * ALL RIGHTS RESERVED,
including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, Geeky Girls Journal LLC, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, Geeky Girls Journal LLC at GeekyGirlsJournal@gmail.com.

This book is a work of fiction. Any reference to historical events, real people, or real locales are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9962508-0-1

ISBN-10: 0996250808

Follow us on Facebook www.facebook.com/geekygirlsjournal

Like us on Twitter www.twitter.com/geekygirlsjournal

[Sign up for Dreamer's hilarious blog!](#)

This book is dedicated to all the Geeky Girls in the world.
Have courage! Be amazing! Be confident! Be unique! Be yourself!
You are great! You are beautiful! You are God's gift to all of us.
Challenge yourself, if you fail, so what! Try it again,
and again, and again....and conquer it!

To our daughters, the three most important Geeky Girls in our life.
Don't be afraid to make mistakes, as long as you learn from them.

Don't be afraid to fall down, as long as you never stay down.

Don't be afraid to try things that others said were impossible.

Don't be afraid to laugh, love and pray. The three of you are
our original Geeky Girls, and the motivation behind what we do.

Love Mom and Dad.

P.S. However much you love us... we love you more...
times infinity, times infinity, times infinity...

CONTENTS

9

Chapter 1

**Dreamer's Private Journal . . .
Invaded!!! . . . By You, Reader!**

32

Chapter 2

Introducing . . . Flounder Girl

47

Chapter 3

Perfectly Stupid

88

Chapter 4

**Do I Look Like a Lemur?
Seriously? That's Just Wrong!**

98

Chapter 5

**Does Your Breath
"Stank" or "Stink"?**

106

Geeky Girl's Glossary

Dear reader,

Hopefully, by the end of this journal . . . I should know whether or not I like you!!! This is a photo of you and me, if I decide that I like you . . .

You're so LUCKY to have me as a friend! Stick with me, and you'll be on the road to being just as awesome as I am. Okay?



GEEKY GIRLS JOURNAL PART-1

Only
\$3.99

 Buy Now

This is a photo of you and me, if I decide that I don't like you . . .



I should warn you though, because you have already given me more than enough reasons to be upset at you.

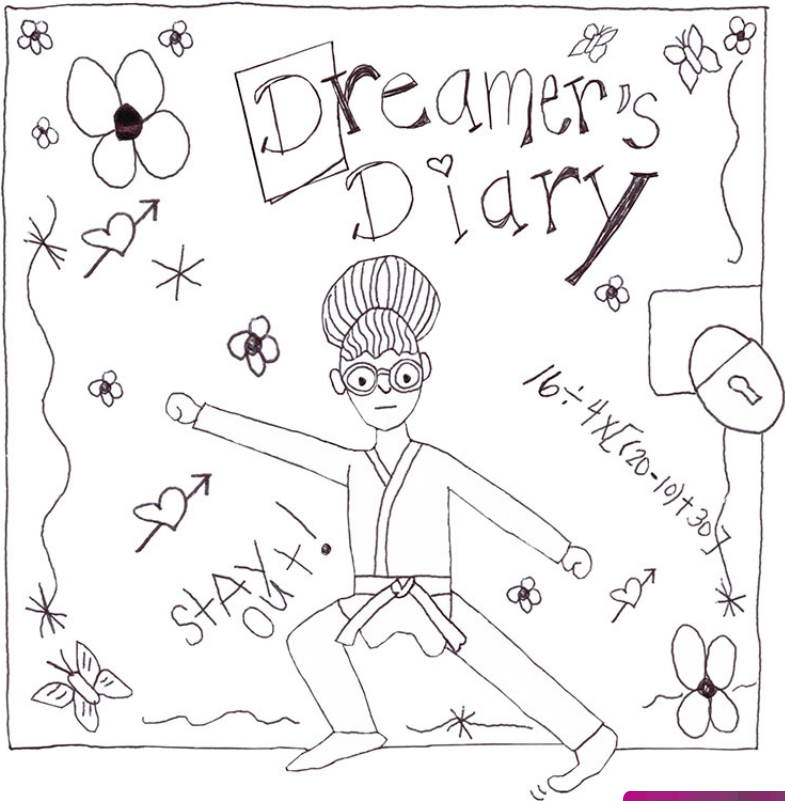
First, you started off by taking my journal off the shelf, where I obviously hid it so that no one could find it.

Second, you unlocked the lock on the front of it and then had the nerve to open it!

After all that, you still decided to poke your big nose inside and read my private journal.

How rude!

Reader . . . prepare yourself to be disappointed, because I probably won't like you because you have invaded my privacy . . . but . . . hmm . . . I might . . . just maybe . . . I might be willing to give you another chance?



GEEKY GIRLS JOURNAL PART-1
Only \$3.99 [Buy Now](#)

We will see???

Well, now that you have taken those steps to invade my privacy, I only ask that you take a moment to press pause on your boring life so that I can speak. PROTECT this journal with all your might, because these are some of my most private and most splendid thoughts.

OK . . . OK . . . Look! As a matter of fact, in the journal that you are reading, I include some secrets that might help you to be . . . hmm . . . how do I say this without making you upset? OK . . . let us try this . . . if you read this journal and learn from my super-duper amazing ways of living . . . maybe . . . just maybe, you will be as awesome as I am.

I know what you must be thinking to yourself, “how can little ol’ me be as awesome as the fabulous girl who wrote this juicy journal?” OK, maybe you’re right, maybe you won’t be “As Awesome” as I am because let’s be serious, I am pretty untouchable with my awesomeness. But . . . maybe a little of what I have to say will rub off on you . . . the eavesdropper. We will see

Chapter 1

Dreamer's Private Journal . . . Invaded!!! . . . By You, Reader!

Four Days until Friday

Here it is, reader . . . my “journal of juiciness,” my “diary of deliciousness,” my “sweet sentences of sophistication” . . . I think you get it . . . It’s just that awesome!!!

Sometimes my mother says “Dreamer, you talk way too much for a girl your age and your mouth runs a mile a minute.” Mom said that she should have named me “Loquatia” because it seemed like I could not ever stop talking.

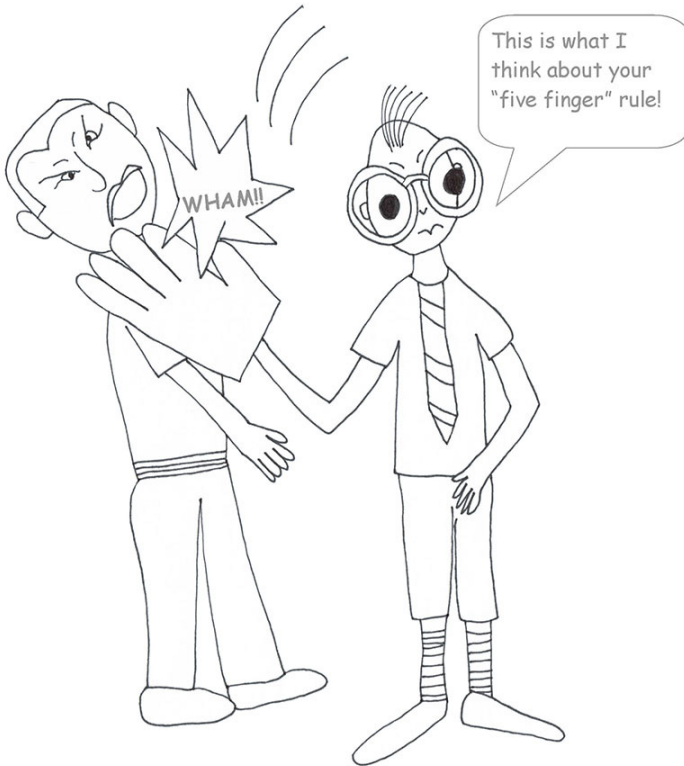
I know, reader, it is a pretty awful thing to say about your own child. I called Child Protective Services about her comment, but the guy who answered the phone didn’t seem to agree with me. He said that after listening to me talk for five straight minutes without taking a single breath, that my mother was probably correct about me not being able to sit down and shut up . . . how rude!

Oh, by the way, ***loquacious*** is a really fancy way of saying that someone talks way too much. I guess my mom was trying to make a joke because “Loquatia” sounds similar to loquacious (it wasn’t really funny then, nor is it now . . . It was Mom’s joke . . . not mine). Reader, do me a favor and try to keep up with my big words. You might need a dictionary to read my journal, so I went ahead and included a glossary in the back of the masterpiece that you are reading.



Between you and me, the reason I like to use intelligent words isn't simply because I am so gifted (and yes, I am soooo gifted!), but it's my way of speaking in secret code. It's like a super clubhouse where only the smart kids can come inside. Those kids who are . . . how do you say? . . . a little less . . . smarter than you and me, will quickly place this journal back on the shelf when they see that many of the words that I use are too large for their undersized brains.

When I was younger, I heard my teachers talk about the five-finger rule. You know . . . the rule that says if there are more than five words on a book's page that you don't understand, then you shouldn't read that book. I always thought that was a pretty silly rule.

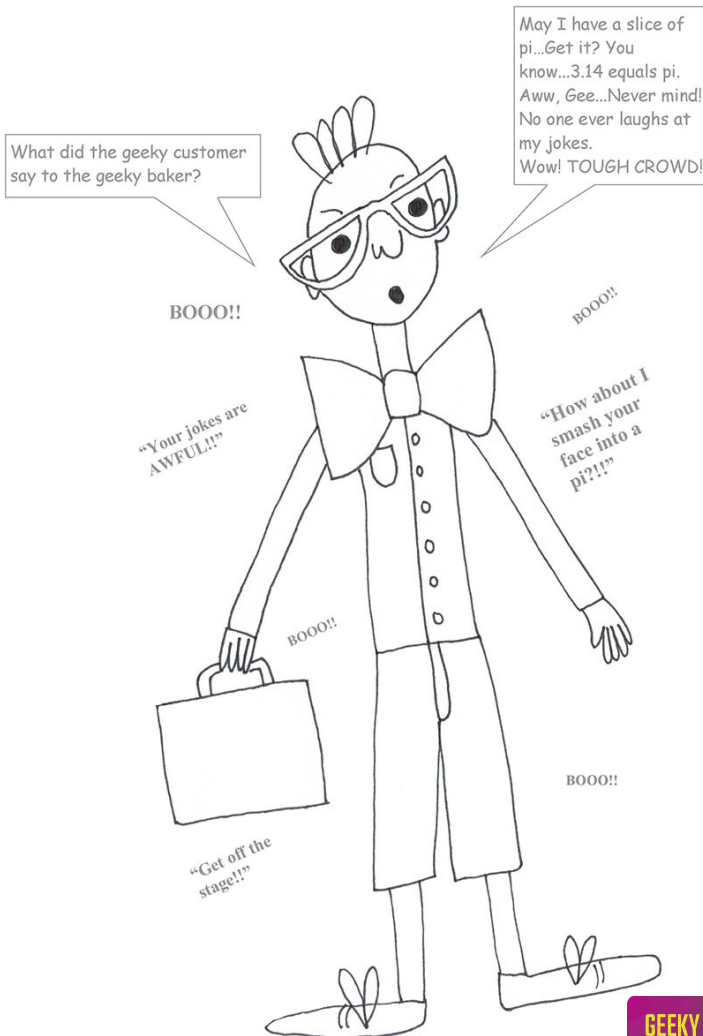


Instead of telling all of us to put the book back, why not just tell us kids, the ones who are not afraid of a few big words, to pick up a dictionary and find out what those words mean? . . . Then we can practice using them.

For goodness' sake, it will make us smarter and, after all, isn't that the point of reading?

Well, anyway . . . that's why I use big words in this journal . . . my journal . . . the one that you are holding on to . . . the one that I should have locked up with one of those pink or purple combination locks to keep nosy people like you from peeking inside. I like to use big words because it's like a blinking neon sign that says . . . "Stupid people . . . Don't go any further."

I call these big fancy words my "geek club" words. So, what is a geek anyway? A geek is a person who's super smart, people like you and me.



GEEKY GIRLS JOURNAL PART-1

Only \$3.99

[Buy Now](#)

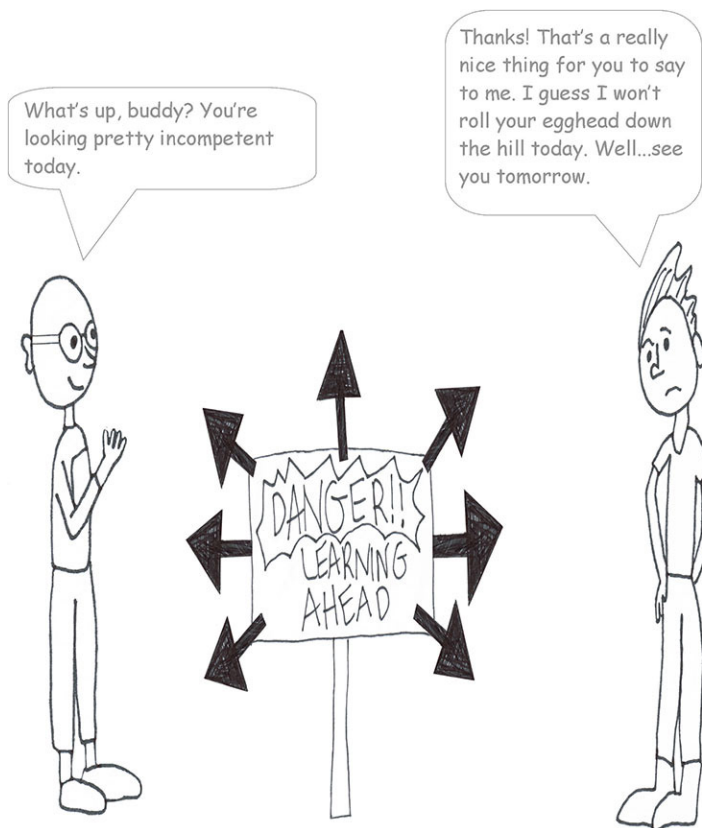
Geeks aren't born smart; we EARN our geek status by working and studying hard. Some people think that all of us geeks look alike. You know what I am talking about, right? HELLO, PEOPLE!!

All geeks don't look the same!! Yeah, some of us might wear really big glasses that are thicker than a pickle jar . . . Yeah, some of us might snort and sound like a drunken hyena when we laugh. Some of us might also wear "high-water" pants that show off our bony ashy ankles, as we are strolling into the local library to check out the new book series "How to Mathematically Make Your Little Sister Disappear," but not all of us. Some of us geeks don't look like the type of geeks that you might see on TV or in the movies.

Geeks are simply people who want to be smarter than everyone else and work their ashy little elbows off trying to be the best that they can be at whatever they want to be in life. If you like building toilet bowls . . . then you go and be the best toilet bowl put-together-er (LOL) that the world has . . . ever . . . seen. When you flush that new fancy toilet that you spent all summer designing . . . it's going to have blinking lights that go off every time something hits the water . . . plus it will play your favorite Taylor Swift song . . . I can't wait to see it . . . ?

WARNING . . . WArNiNg . . . wArNiNg . . . please, don't tell my dad that I used the word "stupid." He hates that word for some strange reason. Not sure why though. Maybe people called him that when he was a kid or something, but he really does hate that word. So from now on . . . just so I don't upset the old guy and add to his stress (he's already going bald and I want him to have at least a little hair left when I take my junior prom pictures with him . . . so the less stress on his nerves . . . the better).

Anyway, as I was saying, instead of using the word stupid, I will substitute it with the word incompetent. It's a fancy way to say stupid. Plus, best of all, stupid people don't know what incompetent means . . . so you can call them ***incompetent*** to their face and they won't even know what you are saying. They will probably smile at you as if it's a compliment or something. How stupid . . . I mean, how incompetent! Sorry, Dad, it was an innocent slip up. It's hard to break old habits.



One Day until Monday

Wait . . . whew . . . that was close! My dad just got up to use the bathroom, and I did not want him to see me writing in my journal this late . . . again! Most of the time, when I'm writing in my journal, it's late at night. Usually, I'm under the blanket using the glowing cheeks on my old doll as a light. The cheeks aren't that bright, especially when the batteries are running out. Wait . . . hold on . . . something is definitely wrong . . . what's that smell? It is horrible . . . Oh . . . NO, HE DIDN'T!

My dad just dropped a deuce in the toilet and now the **putrid** (rotten) smell is coming right into my room. The bathroom is right next to my bedroom, and I get to smell all the different kinds of poop as the smell

travels with the poisonous vapor cloud. Tonight was chili, cheese, hot-dog night. Wow!?!?! How can that smell come out of any human being? I have to talk to my mother about getting my room moved because this is a form a child abuse . . . who can I call to report him?

Maybe that smell will help you get to sleep, Dreamer.

SERIOUSLY?
This whole situation is just wrong in so many ways. I'm telling Mom!



Well, for those kids who have decided that they want to learn a little while reading about the story of my wonderful life, I will take it easy on you with the gigantic words. Well, that's not entirely true. This is what I will do for you, reader. If I use a word that I think you might not understand, I will explain what the word means in the back of this journal. Also, when I use a "Geek Club" word once, I will probably use it again somewhere in this masterpiece. Using new words over and over again is also a good way to remember what they mean . . . you should try it.

BOOK RELEASE SPECIAL!!



Part-1

Part-2



SELECT THE COVER THAT YOU LIKE BEST!

Buy both eBooks today and get **25% OFF** the cost!

That's 2 eBooks for \$5.99

GEEKY GIRLS JOURNAL COMBO

Only
\$5.99



Buy Now

GEEKY GIRL GEAR!

SHOP NOW

