



Inspired by Doreen Cronin's [Diary of a Worm](#) and WritingFix's [Unlikely Diary Keepers lesson](#), this seventh grade writer created the following diary for a something that was not an animal. Anna does a nice job of including a combination of voice skills while also sharing real facts about the boots. What unlikely diary keeper are you inspired to create a story for? What do you know a lot about that would make a good topic?

## Diary of an Ugg Boot

by Anna, seventh grade writer

December 22, 2010

Dear Diary,

Ugh! I hate being a Classic Ugg design! Every person that walks into this Vernon Powell store wants the new Bailey Buttons in the new colors for this season. I think that I heard the clerk say they were raspberry rose, country blue, and aqua sea, but I'm just plain old chestnut! Oh, I bet that I'll never get bought!



Your jealous friend,  
Sam

December 23, 2010

Dear Diary,

I just watched another pair of Bailey Buttons get sold. Each time that I see a pair of them get carried out of the store, I wonder why that mean old "make me blush" Vera Bradley purse, Casey, doesn't leave instead of them! Today, she wouldn't stop reminding me how we Ugg's originally got our name from the Australian word for ugly! So I tried to kick her off the shelf, but I ended up falling off myself. Now, besides my feelings being hurt, my soles are too.

Your sore friend,  
Sam

December 24, 2010

Dear Diary,

Vernon Powell closed early today for Christmas Eve, and right before closing time, one last shopper came bustling in. I bet you know just what she asked for. That's right, you guessed it, Bailey Button Uggs! I watched the clerk let out a small chuckle, and then a sigh, as she told her that they had just sold the last pair. Then, she pointed right at me! The woman walked right over to me and picked me up, and said, "Well, I guess that these will have to do." For her information, I am the #1 selling boot worldwide, and I'm way better than any Bailey Button!

Your slightly offended, but excited friend,  
Sam

December 25, 2010

Dear Diary,

When I was brought to my new home last night, I got locked in a dark room. Then, around midnight, I got taken out and put under a tree. This morning, a little girl came running down the stairs and her parents slowly followed. I could hear the sound of ripping paper and the same Bing Crosby song that had been playing in Vernon Powell for the past two months. I think that I heard someone call her Jessa, but I'm not sure. They might have been calling the dog. Then, I heard her squeal when she saw me. She started screaming about how I was real and my soles were even recessed with the word Ugg on the bottom. I sure hope that she does not scream this much all of the time, or else I might not make it long enough to be a hand-me-down! Jessa kept thanking someone named Santa, so that must be her mom's name. I think that I could get used to having all of this attention, as long as it is *quiet* attention!

Your joyful friend,  
Sam

December 26, 2010

Dear Diary,

Jessa wore me for the whole day yesterday, and she's wearing me again today! There are two things that worry me about this place though. First, the dog almost ruined my authentic Australian sheepskin last night, and second, there is a Vera Bradley purse on the other side of the closet that looks just like Casey! I am going to try to talk to her tonight, just to make sure that it's not her.

Your worried friend,  
Sam

December 27, 2010

Dear Diary,

If I hear one more Justin Bieber song, I am going to pull all of my fur out! I mean seriously, I've heard that he doesn't even like Uggs. Why can't Jessa like a celebrity like Lindsey Lohan? Just last week she was wearing a Classic pair of Uggs. (They were the tall Classics, but that's okay, they were still Classics!) Oh, I almost forgot, it was Casey on the other side of the closet. Could this day get any worse?

Your very annoyed friend,  
Sam

December 28, 2010

Dear Diary,

Today Jessa wore me to a bonfire. It was so cold, but her feet never knew it because the fleece material that I am lined with acts like an insulator to keep heat in and cold out. Then, out of nowhere, she spilled hot chocolate on me! Later, when she was home she realized what had happened. She screamed and ran down to her parents, practically in tears. She had forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Santa sprayed me with stuff that protects my outer skin. They just took a brush and brushed all of the hot chocolate off. I felt as clean as I was when I first got bought!

Your squeaky clean friend,  
Sam

December 29, 2010

Dear Diary,

Jessa wore me to school for the first time today. Everyone was amazed by how clean I looked. Things went downhill from there though. I actually stepped on a piece of gum! In 1998, Uggs were one of the best luxury shoe brands, and look where I am now----getting gum stuck right on my heel! This will take forever for me to scrape off!

Your no longer clean friend,  
Sam

December 30, 2010

Dear Diary,

I had to stay home today because of my "sticky situation." That left plenty of time for Casey to dog on me. She called me an Australian Dingo! I wasn't even made in Australia. I was made by Deckers, Inc., in China. That showed her. She turned away blushing, I think, but it was hard to tell.

Your triumphant friend,  
Sam

December 31, 2010

Dear Diary,

In school today, a little boy came up to Jessa and told her that Uggs were girly. I tried to kick him, but Jessa's foot was too heavy for me to move. Just to catch him up to speed, we can be worn by boys and girls, so I take offense when people give me a lower rank than I deserve! After we got home, I was very steamed up, but then something unexpected happened. Casey came over to me and apologized. We are even going shopping together with Jessa tomorrow. Maybe this place is going to be more fun now that I have a friend to talk to. Now, I don't see a point in having a diary anymore--no offense--but it was nice writing to you!

Your high-spirited friend,  
Sam