

The whole world's in a  
Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to ...

f1~L!r ~L!'h~L!r (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)  
or VcfJcf Ncf tcfJcf (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or~Cf1\.icf ~L!'h\Or~~ (Judy Moody in Poland).

The Judy Moody series has been  
published in more than twenty  
countries and languages, for  
a grand total of more than  
10 million books in print  
worldwide.

If you haven't met Judy Moody yet,  
open up a book-anywhere, anytime-  
and get ready for your best

mood ever!

Judy Moody has her own website!  
Visit [www.judymoody.com](http://www.judymoody.com) for all things Judy Moody  
and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff to do.

♀

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- No.1 Judy Moody
- No.2 Judy Moody Gets Famous!
- No.3 Judy Moody Saves the World!
- No.4 Judy Moody Predicts the Future
- No. 5 Judy Moody, M.D.: The Doctor Is In!
- No.6 Judy Moody Declares Independence
- No.7 Judy Moody Around the World in 8% Days
- No.8 Judy Moody Goes to College

The Judy Moody Mood Journal  
Judy Moody's Double-Rare Way-Not-Boring Book of Fun Stuff to Do  
Judy Moody's Way Wacky Uber Awesome Book of More Fun Stuff to Do

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- #1 Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
- #2 Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
- #3 Stink and the World's Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
- #4 Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
- #5 Stink: Solar System Superhero

Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz

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Judy Moody and Stink: The Holly JoUday  
Judy Moody and Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

♀

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Judy Moody marched into third grade on a plain old Thursday, in a plain old ordinary mood. That was before Judy got stung by the Queen Bee.

Judy sat down at her desk, in the front row next to Frank Pearl.  
"Hey, did you see Jessica Finch?" asked Frank in a low voice.  
"Yeah, so? I see her every day. She sits catty-cornered behind me."

♀

"She's wearing a crown."

Judy turned to look at Jessica, then whispered to Frank, "where'd she get that? Burger Barn?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "Ask her. She says it's bejeweled."

"Well, it looks be-dumb, if you ask me," said Judy, though secretly she admired the sparkling ruby-like gems.

"Hey, are those real rubies?" Judy asked Jessica.

"They're costume jewelry," Jessica said.

"Who are you dressing up as? The Queen of England?"

"No, I'm the Queen Bee," said Jessica. "I won the N. V. Spelling Bee on Saturday."  
"The envy spelling bee?" Judy asked.

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Judy didn't envy anybody who had to spell long words into a microphone with a million and one people staring bug-eyed at her. She knew those people were silently yelling FLUB IT UP because they wanted their own kid to win.

"Not envy. N. V. As in Northern Virginia."

"Oh," said Judy. "Is that where you got the crown?"

"It's a tiara," said Jessica. "T-I-A-R-A. A tiara is a fancy crown like the Queen of England wears. Queen of the Bee has to know tons of definitions."

"What word did you win for?" Judy

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asked. "Frank wants to know," she added, in case Jessica thought she was interested.

"Artichoke. It's a fourth-grade word."

Artichoke! Judy could barely spell meatloaf! Give me S-C-J-E-N-C-E any day, she thought. Was that the rule? J before E? Or was it E before n

"I have spelling posters in my room at home," said Jessica. "with all the rules. I even have a glow-in-the dark one."

"That would give me spelling nightmares. I'll take my glow-in-the-dark skeleton poster any day. It shows all two hundred and six bones in the body!"

"Judy," said Mr. Todd. "The back of your head is not nearly as interesting as the front. And so far I've seen more of it today than I'd like."

"Sorry," said Judy, facing front again.

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Jessica tapped Judy and passed her a folded page from the newspaper. Right there, SMACK-DAB in the MIDDLE of the newspaper for the whole world to see, was a picture of Jessica Finch. It even said LOCAL GIRL BECOMES QUEEN BEE in big fat headline letters.

"My dad says I got my fifteen minutes off fame," Jessica whispered to the back of Judy's head.

Judy did not turn around. She was green with N-Y. Jessica A. Finch, Queen of the Dictionary, Class 3T, was famous! Judy could not help thinking how

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stupendous it would feel to be able to spell better than meatloaf and be the Queen Bee and wear a tiara. To get her own picture in the paper!

But she, Judy Moody, felt about as famous as a pencil.

As soon as Judy got home from school, she decided to memorize the dictionary. But she got stuck on aardwolf. Three lousy words. Who ever heard of an aardwolf anyway? Silly old termite-eater. It had a pointy little head and beady little eyes and a pinched-up face that looked just like ... Jessica A. Finch! Jessica Aardwolf Finch

might be famous, but she was also a silly old termite-eater.

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♀

Since Jessica had become Queen Bee with the word artichoke, Judy decided to skip the dictionary and spell all the vegetables in the refrigerator instead.

"Do we have any artichokes?" Judy asked her mother, opening the door of the fridge.

"Since when did you start liking artichokes?" asked Mom.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat them or anything," said Judy. "It's for Spelling."

"Spelling?" Stink asked.

"Mr. Todd does have some creative ways of teaching Spelling," said Mom. "Never mind," said Judy, giving up when she saw asparagus. Vegetables were too

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♀

hard to spell. There had to be a food group that was easier.

At dinner Judy slurped up a noodle and asked, "How do you spell spaghetti?"

"N-O-O-D-L-E," said Stink.

"S-P-A-G-H-E-T-T-I," said Dad.

"Or P-A-S-T-A," said Mom.

"Never mind," said Judy. "Please pass the B-R-E-A-D."

"How was school today?" Mom asked.

"W-E-L-L," Judy said. "Jessica Finch won

a T-I-A-R-A ina spelling bee and got her picture in the P-A-P-E-R. Even ifshe does look like an A-A-R-D-W-O-L-F, aardwolf."

"So that's what all this spelling is about," said Mom.

"You're W-E-I-R-D," Stink told his sister.

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"I comes before E, Stink. Except after

C. Everybody knows that." what a meatloaf.

"Actually," said Mom, "your brother's right."

"WHAT?" said Judy. "How can he be right? He broke the rule!"

"Lots of rules have exceptions," said

Dad. "Times when you have to break the rule."

"No fair!" Judy slumped down in her chair. She was not going to become famous by spelling, that was for sure. The three strings of spaghetti left on her plate made the shape of a mean face. Judy made a mean face back.

Dad took a bite out of his garlic bread

11

♀

and asked Judy, "You're not in one of your famous moods again, are you?"

The next day at breakfast, Judy ate her corn flakes without even spelling them. There had to be lots of ways people got famous besides spelling.

While she munched, Judy watched her little brother, Stink, hang stuff up on the refrigerator: his report card, the self-portrait that made him look like a monkey, and a photo of himself in his flag costume, from the time he went to Washington, D. C.,

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without her. Above everything, he had spelled MOODY HALL OF FAME with letter magnets.

"Hey!" she said. "Where's me?"

"I made it," said Stink.

"Why not leave Judy some room, honey," said Mom. "She can hang things there too."

Judy ran back up the stairs, two by two. She searched her desk for things to put in the Moody Hall of Fame. But all she could find were ruffled-up papers, acorn hats, a year-old candy heart that said HOT STUFF, and a drawer full of pink dust from all the times she had erased her spelling words and brushed them into her top drawer.

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She rummaged through her closet next. All she had there were her collections:

Band-Aids, fancy toothpicks, body parts (from dolls!), Bazooka Joe comics, pizza tables. Forget it. A person could not be in a hall of fame for toothpicks and Band-Aids.

Then Judy remembered her scrapbox. Most kids, like Stink, had a scrapbook. What Judy had was a shoebox that smelled like old rubber. She stood on a chair and lifted the box down from the top shelf.

A lock of baby hair! A tooth she lost in first grade. Mom and Dad would never let her hang dead hair up on the fridge. And nobody wanted to see an old yellow tooth every time they opened the refrigerator. Judy came across a macaroni picture of

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herself in kindergarten, with a screaming o for a mouth. She put it back. Stink would just love the chance to call her a noodle head. And remind her that she had a big mouth. Where were her report cards? There had to be some good ones. Certificates? Blue ribbons? She must have won something, sometime. But all she found were baby footprints, half-melted birthday candles, and dopey drawings of people with four eyes that she'd scribbled in preschool.

What about pictures of herself?

Pictures! Judy flipped through some old photos in an envelope. She had to find something as good as the picture of Stink the time he met the president. Here she

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was with Santa Claus. But Santa looked like he was snoring. And there she was standing next to Abraham Lincoln (cardboard). No way could she be in the Moody Hall of Fame for having her picture taken with a cardboard president.

Then there was the one where she was facedown on the neighbor's driveway, throwing a tantrum, because she did NOT want to get her picture taken.

It was no use. Judy could not think of a single thing famous enough for the Moody Hall of Fame.

Judy went back down to the kitchen. The letter magnets on the fridge should have said THE STINK HALL OF FAME.

"So? Where's your stuff?" Stink asked.

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♀  
"Did you leave it upstairs or something?"

"Or something," said Judy. She hadn't even found the crummy old ribbon from the time she won the Viola Swamp LookAlike Contest in first grade.

"Mom?" Judy asked. "Did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Mom. "Lots of times. For the high school glee dub."

"What's glee?" asked Stink.

"I Glee means being happy," Mom told him, "or cheerful."

"They put your picture in the paper just for being happy?" asked Judy.

"No." Mom laughed. "Glee club is a singing group./I Judy did not think anybody would take her picture just for being happy.

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Or for singing songs about it.

"How about you, Dad?/I asked Judy.

"They said my name on the radio once

for having the right answer to a quiz-show

question.II

"What was the question?" asked Stink.

"How many presidents were born in

Virginia?1/

"How many?/I asked Stink and Judy.

"Eight."

"Wow," said Judy.

"Aren't you going to ask me?" asked

Stink.

"You never had your picture in the paper," said Judy.

"Yes, I did, didn't I, Mom?" Stink asked.

"It's in my baby scrapbook."

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♀  
"You've heard that story, Judy, about how we waited too long to leave for the hospital and your brother was born in the back of the Jeep."

"I was even on TV! On the news!"

"Oh, yeah," said Judy. "Thanks for reminding me."

It wasn't fair. Her own stinky brother got to be on the real live news. She, Judy Moody, was not even famous enough for



the refrigerator.

Rocky was already waiting for them at the manhole.

"Hey, Rocky," said Stink, "did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Rocky. "Bunches of times. "

"You did?" asked Judy.

"No, not really," said Rocky. "But they did hang my picture up in the library one time."

22

♀  
"See?" Judy said to Stink. "Even my best friend is famous."

"Why'd they hang your picture up in the library?" asked Stink.

"My mom took me to the library to see this magician guy, you know? He did this trick where he took my Superman ring and

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made it disappear. Then he pulled it out of his sleeve along with a bunch of scarves. They took a picture of it and I'm the kid in the front row with my eyes bugging out. Not exactly famous."

"Still," said Judy.

When Judy got to school, Mr. Todd said, "Let's go over our spelling words." Spelling, spelling, spelling. The whole wide world was hung up on spelling.

Judy leaned over and whispered to Frank. "Hey, Frank, ever had your picture in the paper?"

"It's no big deal," said Frank. "I was three years old."  
Adam stood up and spelled the word, "R-E-C-Y-C-L-E."

25

♀  
"What was it for?" whispered Judy. Hailey stood up and spelled the word, "I-C-I-C-L-E."

"I won the Grandpa Grape Coloring Contest in the newspaper. You had to color this dancing grape cartoon guy. He used to be on grape juice. I couldn't even stay in the lines."/I

Randi stood up and spelled, "M-O-T-O-RC-  
Y-C-L-E./I  
Even Frank Pearl was famous. For scribbling  
on a dancing grape.  
"Everybody I know is F-A-M-O-U-S,"  
Judy grumped.  
"Judy," said Mr. Todd, "were you hoping  
to get a white card today?"  
A white card! Three white cards in one

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week meant you had to stay after school!  
She already had two. And it was only  
Wednesday.

"Why don't you spell the bonus word  
aloud for us?" Mr. Todd said.

Bonus word? thought Judy. She hadn't  
been paying attention. She, Judy Moody,  
was in a pickle. Pickle? was that the word?  
"Could I have the definition please?/I she  
asked.

The whole class cracked up. "It's something  
you eat," said Rocky.  
Judy stood up. "P-O-P-S-I-C-L-E. Popsicle,"  
she announced confidently.

"Very good," said Mr. Todd. "For popsicle.  
Unfortunately that wasn't our bonus  
spelling word for today. II

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♀  
"Jessica? would you like to spell the  
word for the class?"

Jessica Finch stood up tall, holding her  
pointy head so she looked very queenly.  
"P-U-M-P-E-R-N-I-C-K-E-L. Pumpernickel,"  
said Jessica, faster than necessary.

Pumpernickel was one of those artichoke  
kind of words that only Pinch Face herself  
could spell. I bet she can't spell aardwolf,  
thought Judy.

"Judy," Mr. Todd said, "if you study your  
spelling words and pay attention in class,  
you can avoid getting white cards and  
we'll both get along famously."

There it was again. That word.

It was almost time for Science, her best  
subject, so it would be easy for Judy to pay

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♀  
attention. She'd sit up straight and raise  
her hand a bunch, like Jessica Finch.  
She, Judy Moody, would not get another

white card.

Judy studied the squirming worm on her desk up close.

"As you all know," said Mr. Todd, "we've been raising mealworms. Today I'm passing one out for each of you to examine. You can often find mealworms at home. Where do you think you would find them in your house?"

Judy raised her hand.

"They like to eat oatmeal and flour and stuff," she said when Mr. Todd called on her.

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"So maybe in your kitchen?"

"Right. Good," said Mr. Todd. "They are actually the larvae of a type of beetle. The flour beetle. Mealworms are nocturnal," said Mr. Todd. "Who can explain what that means?"

Judy's hand shot up again.

"Judy?"

"They sleep in the day and wake up at night," said Judy.

"Fine," said Mr. Todd. "This kind of mealworm is called a *T. molitor*. Everyone take a minute and count how many segments you find on your mealworm. Then write it down in your notebook."

Judy counted thirteen segments, not

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including the head. She wrote it in her notebook right away. While she waited for the next question, she let the mealworm climb up her finger. She let it climb up her pencil. Rare! The mealworm perched on her eraser.

"Mealworms have an exoskeleton," said Mr. Todd. "What do you think that means?"

Judy knew everything about bones and skeletons. Inside ones and out. She knew the answer again. Judy shot her hand straight up in the air. Judy forgot about the pencil in her hand. She forgot about the mealworm on the tip of her eraser.

Mr. Todd called on Rocky.

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Judy watched her mealworm fly through the air. She watched it land smack-dab on Jessica Finch. She watched it crawl up the front of Jessica's shirt and right up onto the tip of Jessica's ponytail.

Judy forgot all about the white card. She waved her hand wildly at Jessica until Jessica looked up, then pointed frantically at Jessica's head.

"Aaaghf" Jessica screamed worse than a hyena and flicked her hair to shake off the mealworm. A molitor sailed through the air, hit the chalkboard, and fell to the floor. Class 3T went wild.

"Class!" said Mr. Todd, clapping his hands. "Everybody quiet down. Jessica," he

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♀ said. "I'll not have anybody throwing mealworms in my classroom." He wrote her name on the board.

"But I didn't ... it was ... she did! ..."  
"That's enough. See me after Science for a white card."

Jessica glared squinty-eyed at Judy. Her pointy ears looked pointier. Her pinched-up face looked even pinchier. Judy faced front.

Judy knew it was all her own fault. But she did not want to get a third white card.

Jessica Finch probably never got a white card before, thought Judy. She probably didn't even know before today what it felt like to get in trouble. All Jessica had was one puny little white card, and one puny little white card never hurt anybody.

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For the rest of the morning, Judy felt more and more like a bug. No, a louse.

After lunch, her neck started to itch. Then her elbow. She scratched her left knee. Her toe itched inside her shoe.

By the end of the day, Judy went to talk to her teacher. "Mr. Todd," she asked, scratching her ankle, "do you think not telling the truth can make a person itch?"

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"I'll think so," said Mr. Todd. "Is there something you're itching to tell me?"

"Yes," said Judy. Scratch, scratch.  
"In Science today?" Scratch. "It was

mymealworm." Scratch. liMy fault."  
37

♀  
Scratch, scratch. "Not Jessica Finch's."

Judy told the whole truth.

"Thank you," said Mr. Todd. "I appreciate your coming to me with the truth, Judy. I know that's not always easy."

"Does this mean I don't have to get a third white card?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Todd. "I still want you to learn to pay better attention."

Mr. Todd erased Jessica's name on the board and wrote Judy's name in its place. Judy hung her head.

"Honestly, it's not so bad staying after school with me. We'll find something useful to do, okay? Like maybe dean out the fish tank."

"Mr. Todd, is there a word for somebody

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who gets famous for all the wrong reasons?" asked Judy.

"Yes," said Mr. Todd. "That would be ... infamous."

39

♀  
Judy peeled a banana.

"Can I have that?" asked Stink. Judy handed him the banana peel.

"Not that!" said Stink.

Judy took a monster bite, then handed

Stink the banana. She picked up a cherry instead.

"What are you writing?" she asked her dad, popping the cherry into her mouth.

"Garage sale," said Dad. "I'm running an ad in the paper. It's time to get rid of all that old stuff out there."

"Old stuff?" asked Judy, perking up. Old stuff got people in the newspaper. Really really old stuff even got people on TV.

"What old stuff? II

"Your old bike, Mom's books from college, Stink's baby clothes."

"Don't we have any old-old stuff?"

"There's Dad, II said Stink.

"Thanks a lot," said Dad.

"No. I mean like Cleopatra's eyelash," said Judy. "Or a hammer used to build the Statue of Liberty. You know. Stuff old enough to be really worth something. II

♀  
"Stuff you didn't know you had and you find out you're rich?" Stink grinned. "Like antiques from your great-great-greatgrandmother? You go on TV and they ten you it's worth a bunch of money."

"I'm afraid nobody's going to get rich around here. Our old stuff is junk," said Dad.

"ROAR," said Judy. She pulled the stem off another cherry.

If only she had something unusual. Really rare. Like maybe a broken plate from another century, or an old letter from the American Revolution.

"So, what's happening in school these days?" Dad asked.

♀  
Judy sat up. Had Dad heard ab~ut the white cards? "What do you mean?" "I mean, is anything interesting going on?"

"Can I stay after school Friday?" asked Judy. "Mr. Todd says I can help clean the fish tank."

Iip\_U,' said Stink.  
"We'll see if Mom can pick you up. How about you, Stink?"  
Judy popped another cherry into her mouth.

"We learned this funny story about George Washington," said Stink. "It's about not telling a lie."

Judy chomped down on the cherry.

"See, he chopped down this cherry tree. And when his dad asked who did it, Washington said, 'I cannot tell a lie.' And he told on himself."

Judy almost choked. She spit out her cherry pit. It went zinging across the table at Stink.

"Hey," said Stink. "She spit at me."

"It was an accident," said Judy.

"Judy!" said Dad.

"Okay. Okay. I cannot ten a lie. I

~,,-"~

coughed a cherry pit at Stink." ". ~--, '-.

"Pick up the cherry pit," said Dad.

Judy reached under Stink's chair and picked it up off the floor.

"No fair," said Judy. "why should anyone

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♀  
get famous for telling a lie? The whole story about the lie is a lie!"  
"Most people don't realize it's not true," said Dad.

"It's still a good story," said Stink.

Judy turned the cherry pit over and over. It gave her a brilliant Judy-MoodyGets-Famous idea. A two-hundred-fiftyyear-old idea.

Judy took the cherry pit upstairs to her room. She got out her hair dryer, and turned it on HIGH.

"What are you doing?" asked Stink, who had followed her upstairs.

"What does it look like?" said Judy. "I'm blow-drying my cherry pit."

"You're nuts, II said Stink.

After he left, Judy got out the tiny hammer from her doctor kit, the one for testing reflexes. She tapped on the cherry pit to give it scars, so it would look old. Very, very old. Next she took a pin and carved the initials GW on the bottom.

♀  
Then, she took out her clear plastic bugbox, the one with the magnifying glass on top, and put the cherry pit inside for safekeeping, initials-side up.

"Rare!" said Judy. And that was the truth.

On the afternoon ofthe garage sale, Stink had his own table filled with tub toys, rusty Matchbox cars, Lincoln Logs, a rubber band ball, Shrinky Oinks that had already been shrunk, paper cooties, broken rhythm instruments, and glow-in-the-dark bugs he made with his Creepy Crawlers machine.

¥8

"Stink, nobody is going to buy that stuff," Judy told him.

"Yeah, right," said Stink. "And they're going to buy air?" he said, pointing to Judy's empty table.

"You'll see," said Judy. "I have something better than junk." She covered her table with a midnight blue tablecloth that looked like velvet. She put up a sign:

Then she set her magnifying bug-box in the middle of the table. Inside was a famous cherry pit.

¥9

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Judy added one more line to her sign:

54' ALOOK

She could hardly sit still. She wondered how long it would take the newspaper people to come take her picture with the two-hundred-fifty-year-old cherry pit.

50

Little kids put a nickel in the can and said, "Wow, is that REALLY from George Washington's cherry tree?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Judy. "It is!"

"Where'd you get it?" they asked.

"It's been in the family forever."

"Forever since last week," said Stink. Judy turned on him with her stinging caterpillar look.

"How do you know it's really George Washington's?" they asked.

"Just look," said Judy. She opened the lid and lifted out the cherry pit. "It says GW right here. See?"

"Let me see," said a girl named Hannah. She showed her little brother. "GW. It's just like M&M's."

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♀  
"M&M's!" said the boy, and popped the pit into his mouth.



"Ricky, NO!" said his older sister. But it was too late.

"Spit!" said Judy.

"Spit it out, Ricky!" said Hannah.

Ricky gulped!

"Oh, no! Did he swallow it?" asked Judy. "Stick your finger in his mouth. Is it still in there?"

"It's gone," said Hannah. "Say you're sorry, Ricky."

"M&M's. Yum," said Ricky.

"This is the pits," said Judy. "Now what am I going to do when the newspaper comes?"

"Duh. Make another one?" said Stink.

52

♀

Judy groaned. Judy moaned. In one gulp, that kid had swallowed her famous two-hundred-fifty-year-old George Washington cherry pit. In one gulp, Ricky the neighbor kid had swallowed Judy Moody's ticket to fame.

The only picture of that cherry pit would be an X-ray.

Stink counted his garage sale money at the kitchen table. Clink. Clink. CLINK.

"Stink, you're counting that money out loud on purpose," said Judy.

"I can't help it!" said Stink. "Mom, tell her. Money makes noise. When you have so much of it." He grinned.

Judy crumpled up the newspaper that had their garage sale ad in it. She stuffed it angrily into the trash.

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II

"Recycle, please," said Mom.

"Whoa," said Stink. "The recycle queen

put paper in the trash?"

"Can I use it to line Mouse's litter box?"

asked Judy.

"Good idea," said Mom.

Yudy uncrumpled the paper and spread it on the floor to flatten it.

EARLY BIRD SPECIAL! . . .  
GARAGE DOOR SALE! . . .  
FAMOUS PET CONTEST! . . .  
KISS BAD BREATH GOOD-BYE!

Wait! Did that say famous? Judy went back and read it again:

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FAMOUS PET CONTEST

Bring fJour pet to  
FUR&FANGS  
this SaturdafJ!

Enter fJour pet in our  
famous pet-trick contest!

Have fun! Win prizes!

Winners will receive a  
blue ribbon, a gift certificate,  
and get their picture  
published in the  
NORTHERN VIRGINIA STAR!

Judy could not believe her eyes. "where's Mouse?" she asked. "Upstairs," said Mom.

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♀  
"Here, Mousey, Mousey," Judy called.  
Mouse came down the stairs and strolled into the kitchen, looking for some lunch.

Judy scooped up her cat and kissed her on the nose: "Mww, mww, mwww. You, the

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best, most wonderful cat in the whole wide world with tuna fish on top, are going to make me famous! II

Visions of blue ribbons and certificates with fancy writing danced in her head. "And I get my picture in the paper."

"Hey," she said to her family, "does

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anybody feel like a piece of toast?"

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When Judy hurried into Fur & Fangs with Mouse and Stink that Saturday, it was packed.

Clutching a piece of bread, she said, "Everyone in the entire state of Virginia must own a pet that can do a trick. Hey, there's Frank! II

"And there's Rocky," said Stink.

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♀  
"You guys! Frank! Rocky! Over here!"

Judy called.

Frank's dog, Sparky, sniffed a purple dog bone. Sparky sniffed Judy's ankle. Sparky sniffed a ferret.

"What trick does Sparky do?" Stink asked Frank.

"He jumps through a Hula-Hoop, don't you, boy?" said Frank.

"I brought Houdini," Rocky said, showing them his iguana. "If you scare him, like with a loud noise or something, he can make the end of his tail drop right off."

"Rare," said Judy.

She looked around at all the other pets. There was a rabbit and a turtle, a white rat named Elvis, and a striped salamander.

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Judy saw a hamster racing on a wheel, a snake so still it looked fake, and a shell that was supposed to be a hermit crab. Someone had even brought a stuffed monkey.

"Time for the contest! /I yelled the pet store lady over all the squeaking and squawking, growling and yowling.

All the people with pets formed a circle. First was a dancing cricket. Then a turtle that rolled over and a rabbit that drank from a straw.

Polly the parrot sang the first five notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Judy caught herself clapping.

When it was Frank's turn, Sparky jumped through the Hula-Hoop three times and everybody clapped. Then Rocky could not

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♀

get Houdini's tail to drop off. "Dogs make him nervous," Rocky explained. Three pet tricks later, Polly was still singing.

Emily from school had a ferret named Suzy who brushed its own teeth. Stink liked it the best.

"But all it did was eat the toothpaste," said Judy.

When it was Judy's turn, she set up a toaster on the floor, dropped a piece of bread into the slot, then took Mouse out of her cat carrier.

"This is Mouse," Judy told the audience. "She's going to make toast." The audience clapped. Judy stood Mouse on the table. "Don't be nervous," she whispered.

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Mouse sat down and began licking her paw.

"Look at the toaster, Mouse," whispered Judy. "The toaster!" Judy pushed it toward Mouse.

Mouse swatted the toaster. Mouse swiped at the toaster. Mouse pushed the toaster away with her paw. Everybody cracked up. Judy held out a Tasty Tuna Treat. Mouse stood up. Mouse saw herself in the toaster!

Judy held her breath.

Mouse swiped at the toaster one more time. This time she pressed down the button with her paw. The slice of bread disappeared! The red coils heated up.

The crowd got quiet. A minute later, the toast popped up.

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♀  
"IiTa da!" called Judy.  
"Hooray!" Everybody clapped and cheered.  
"Mouse, I'll be famous at last!" Judy squeezed her.

"And now, last but not least," said the pet store lady, "a chicken that plays the piano."

Up stepped David, a boy with a chicken on a leash.

"This is Mozart," said the boy. Mozart pecked out three notes on the toy piano with his beak. "'Three Blind Mice!'" someone yelled. The crowd went wild.

Judy felt a familiar twinge, the tug of a

bad mood. She, Judy Moody, would never

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♀  
be as famous as a piano-playing chicken.

For the grand finale, everyone paraded  
their pets, marching in a circle.

"Whata great contest this year," said the  
pet store lady. "I'd like to thank all of you for  
coming. Now, for the prizes," said the pet  
store lady. "If I call your pet's name, please  
step into the center of the circle."

A man stepped up to the circle with a  
big camera.  
"The newspaper! They're here," Judy  
announced.  
"In third place, Suzy Chang, the toothbrushing  
ferret."

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Please-please-please, Judy wished silently.  
"Second place is Mouse Moody, the cat  
who makes toast!"  
"That's you!" said Frank and Rocky,  
pushing Judy into the circle.

"Mouse, we won!" cried Judy. "Second  
place!" At last her time had come. At last  
her chance to be famous.

"And first prize goes to Mozart Puckett,  
the piano-playing chicken! Let's hear it for  
all the famous pets!"

The crowd went wild. Each pet got a  
blue ribbon to wear and a gift certificate  
to Fur & Fangs. The winners lined up to  
have a picture taken! Judy was on the  
end, holding Mouse, but Mouse squirmed  
and leaped out of Judy's arms. Flash! Judy

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♀  
blinked. The newspaper man snapped a  
picture faster than lightning.

"Thank you, everybody! That's it!" yelled  
the pet store lady.

"That's it?" asked Judy.

Judy's fifteen minutes of fame lasted only fifteen seconds. Fifteen seconds of fame,' and she, Judy Moody, had blinked.

The following morning, Judy ran outside to fetch the paper. She whipped through the pages. Her heart beat faster.

"Here it is!" Judy cried. She could not believe her eyes. There were David Puckett and Emily Chang with mile-wide smiles. There were Mozart the chicken and Suzy the ferret.

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"Let me see!" said Stink. "Hey, there's Mouse!"

"I'm not even in the picture!" yelled Judy.

"There you are!" said Stink, pointing to an elbow.

"I'm not famous!" Judy wailed. "I'm an elbow!"

"Let's see," said Dad. He read the caption. "Blah-blah, winners of the Famous Pet Contest, blah-blah. It says your name, right here. See? Mouse and Judy . . . Muddy."

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♀

"WHAT!" said Judy. "Muddy? Let me see."

"Judy Muddy! That's a good one," said Stink.

"Judy Muddy! No one will ever know it's me," said Judy.

"We'll know," said Dad.

Judy frowned. "I guess your name is Mud," Dad said, laughing.

"ROAR!" said Judy.

"At least it says Mouse won the con

test," Mom said. She cut out the picture and hung it up on the fridge.

"Great," said Judy. "Even my cat's in the Moody Hall of Fame."

Mom kissed the top of Judy's head. 1/ And you have one very famous elbow."

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Judy studied her famous elbow in the mirror. She squished her elbow into a wrinkled happy face. She squinched her elbow into a mad face.

If Judy ever hoped to be more famous than an elbow, she needed some help. Judy called all members of the Toad Pee Club. "Meet at the clubhouse," she told everybody.

♀

Rocky, Frank, and Judy crowded into the blue tent in her backyard. Last was Stink, who carried Toady, their mascot, in one hand, and walked while reading a book.

"Stink, you better watch out or you'll renew your membership."

"OH!" said Stink. He tossed Toady into the bucket before the toad famous for peeing in people's hands did it again.

"Now," said Judy, "how can we make me famous?"

"Let's think," Rocky said.

"Stink, you're not thinking," said rudy.

"Getting famous is boring," said Stink, leafing through his book.

"Stink, what book could be soooooooooo interesting?"

♀

Stink held up the Guinness Book of World Records. Judy looked at Frank. Frank looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Judy. "Brainstorm!" the three yelled at the same time. Then they cracked up.

"Stink, you are a genius. The secret to getting famous is right there in your hands."

Stink checked his hands.

"Don't you get it?" said Judy. "I could break a record and get in that book! Then I'd be superfamous."

"Famous. Famous. famous. YOU are a broken record," Stink told her.

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy.

"You know how you collect stuff, like

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Band-Aids?" said Frank. "You could break a record for collecting something. Like the most pizza tables."

"Or scabs!" said Judy.

"Bluck," said Stink. "There's a guy in here who collects throw-up bags from airplanes. He has two thousand one hundred and twelve. One bag even has a connect-the-dots drawing of Benjamin Franklin on it."

"That's way better than scabs," said Judy.

"Hey, look," Rocky said, reading over Stink's shoulder. "world's longest word. Spell that and you could be the next Jessica Finch."

The word was: Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

77

"Whoa. Forty-five letters," said Frank, counting.  
"Not even Queen Bee herself could spell that!" said Judy.  
"It says here it's an ucky disease from volcanoes," Rocky said. "No lie."  
"Wait! I got it. There's a guy in here with the longest neck," said Stink. "we could all pull on your head to stretch your neck out! 1/  
"I want to be famous, not a giraffe," said Judy.

"With a giraffe neck you would be famous," Stink told her.

"Let me see that book." Judy grabbed the book of records and flipped through the pages. Longest

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gum wrapper chain? Ittook thirty-one years to make! Longest fingernail? No way; the guy hasn't cut his thumbnail since 1952. Best spitter? Judy could spit.

Then she saw it. Right there on page 399.

The human centipede!

"Okay. Listen up. We're going to be a giant creepy-crawly," said Judy. "Let's tie our shoelaces together, then walk like a caterpillar. The old record is ninety-eight feet and five inches. Rocky, remember last summer we measured with a string? Itwas one hundred feet to your house and back. So all we have to do is walk from here to Rocky's and back to break the record."

They sat in a line, one behind the other,

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like desks in a row. First Judy, then Frank,



Rocky, and Stink.

"Hey, I'm always last!" said Stink.

"You're the rear end," said Judy.

"Tie one shoelace to the person in front,  
and one to the person in back," she called.  
"How are we ever going to stand up?"  
asked Stink.

"On the count of three," Judy began.  
"One, two ..." Judy took the first step.  
Frank's foot shot up and out from under  
him. Like bowling pins, Frank toppled  
sideways, Rocky fell over on his ear, and  
Stink crashed on his elbows.

Frank snorted first. Rocky cracked up so  
bad he sprayed everybody.

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"Hic-CUP!" said Stink.

When they were finally standing,  
without anybody falling or snorting or  
hiccupping, they each tried to take a step.  
One ... two ... three.

"The human centipede!" called Judy.  
She pictured the human centipede in her  
imagination-growing longer and longer,  
all wiggly and squiggly with tons of legs,  
and she, Judy Moody, at the head with  
biting fangs and poison claws!

"Hssssf" said Judy.

"No hopping, Rocky," called Frank.

"My lace is all twisted," said Rocky.

"Hold up!" yelled Stink from the end of  
the line.

81

♀

That's when it happened.

Judy stopped, but the rest of the centipede  
kept going! They all began to fall. Crunch!  
Judy stepped on Frank's hand. Frank's  
other arm socked Rocky in the stomach.  
Stink's foot landed in Rocky's hair.

Three steps, and they had crumbled  
into a human pretzel.

"Hey! watch it!" Stink yelled.

"I'm all twisted," Rocky said.

"Oooooooooooooo!" Frank screamed. Frank was holding up his right arm with his left hand.

Frank Pearl's right pinky finger looked all floppy. It looked all floppy. Frank Pearl's pinky was twice as fat as normal and dangled down the wrong way.

"OOOH! What happened?" asked Judy.  
"It hurts ... bad," said Frank, tears

streaming down his face. "Real bad."  
"Stink, run and get Mom. Fast!"  
What if Judy had broken a finger, not

a record? If Frank's pinky was broken, it was all Judy's fault.

Judy no longer felt like a human centipede. She, Judy Moody, felt more like a human worm.

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"So which one of you's the patient?" asked a tall man with a red beard in a long white coat.

Frank held up his little blue sausage of a finger.

"Ouch!" said the man. "How'd this happen?"

Frank looked over at Judy. Judy stared a hole in the carpet.

"We were playing," Frank answered.

♀

"We were making a human centipede so my sister could be famous!" said Stink.

"And she stepped on Frank!"

Judy sent Stink her best troll-eyes stare, complete with stinging-caterpillar eye

brows. The man laughed. "Okay. well. I'm

Ron, the emergency-room nurse. I'll take

you back, and the doctor's gonna fix you

right up, Frank. Is your mom or dad here?"

"My mom went to call Frank's mom,"  
said Judy.

"Okay. Tell you what. The children's  
wing is right through those red doors. Why  
don't you two wait in the playroom there.  
It'll be more fun. I'll tell your mom you're  
there, when she comes back."

Too bad Rocky went home. Now she

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was stuck with Stink. They pushed through  
the red doors and into a long hallway. At  
the end of the hall was a room marked  
THE MAGIC PLAYROOM. Judy and Stink  
went in.

The walls were papered with teddy bears  
in hospital gowns, holding balloons. Each  
bear had crutches or bandages or sat in a  
wheelchair. There was a couch, a table with  
crayons and paper for coloring, a plastic  
castle, and a bookshelf with books about  
going to the hospital. There was even a  
miniature operating table on wheels. The  
only kid in the playroom was a girl in a  
wheelchair.

"How come you're in a wheelchair?"  
Stink asked her.

89

♀  
"Stink, you shouldn't ask stuff like that."

"It's okay," said the girl. "I got a new  
heart. They can't let me walk around yet.  
They have to keep me at the hospital for a  
long, long time to make sure it works."

"A whole new heart! Wow! I said Stink.  
"What's wrong with your old one?"  
"Stink!" said Judy, even though she  
wanted to know too.

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"It broke, I guess," said the girl.

"Were you scared?" Judy asked.

The girl nodded. "Guess what. My scar  
goes from my neck all the way down to  
my bellybutton."

"What's your name?" asked Stink.

"Laura," said the girl.

"That's one brave heart you got there,  
Laura," said Judy.

"Daddy says I'm a brave girl," Laura  
said. "I'm getting a hamster when I go

home. Do you have a hamster?"

"No," said Judy. "I have a cat named Mouse."

"There's nothing to do here," said Laura, looking around.

"They have doctor stuff," said Judy.

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♀  
"Look! A real sling and stuff!" said Stink, kneeling next to a big cardboard box. He pulled out Ace bandages, boxes of gauze, and tongue depressors. Even a stethoscope and a pair of crutches.

"Stink, can I put your arm in a sling?" Judy asked.

"No way," said Stink.

"How about you, Laura? I know how. For real."

"I'm sick of doctor stuff," Laura said. "What about dolls?" Stink asked.

"There's a bunch of dolls in this box."

"They all have broken arms and legs, or no heads," Laura said. "And some of them have cancer."

"What do you mean?" Judy asked.

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♀  
"They're bald, like Sarah, in my same room."

"That's not fair," Judy said. "They should at least have dolls to play with that aren't sick."

The nurse came back just then. "Time to go back to your room," she told Laura. "Did you kids meet our brave girl?"

"Yes!" said Judy and Stink.

"I hope your new heart works great!" said Judy, as Laura left with the nurse.

"Bye!" called Stink.

Judy looked through the doll box. Laura was right. All the dolls were dirty or broken or hairless or headless.

Mrs. Moody poked her head in the doorway. "Hello!"

"Mom!" said Stink.

"Is Frank okay?" Judy asked.

"His finger's broken," said Mrs. Moody, "but his mom is with him now. He's getting a splint."

"Rare! A real splint!" said Judy.

"He won't be playing any basketball for a while, but he's going to be just fine. So. Ready to go?"

Stink and Judy followed Mrs. Moody out of the playroom. Halfway down the hall, Judy stopped, holding Stink back by his shirt.

"Stink," she said so her mom couldn't hear. "Give me your backpack."

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♀  
"What?"

"Your backpack. I need it." Stink made a face and handed over the pack.

"Catch up with Mom and tell her I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Judy dashed back into the playroom and over to the box of broken dolls. Looking around to make sure no one was coming, she stuffed the dolls into the backpack. Judy zipped it shut, flung it over her shoulder like a lumpy Santa Claus sack, and headed

back down the hall. When Mom stopped to ask a question at the desk, Stink asked, "Hey! what's in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing does not make a big fat lump."

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"Did you take that doctor stuff? You took stuff! You stole! I'm telling!"

"Shh! You can't tell anybody, Stink, or we'll get in trouble for stealing."

"We? You mean you'll get in trouble," said Stink. "Are you crazy? Do you want to be famous for being the only third grader who ever went to jail?"

"Swear you won't tell, Stink."

"What will you give me?"

"I'll let you look at real spit under my

microscope. "

"Okay. I swear."

"You swore!" said Judy. "I'm telling."

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♀

As soon as Judy got home, she unloaded the backpack and spread the dolls out on her bottom bunk. She, Doctor Judy Moody, was in an operating mood. On her bed was a doll that didn't talk or cry anymore, and one with no arms. There was a headless doll, and one that was bald.

First Judy gave each of the dolls a bath.

"I know just what I need," said Judy.

"Body parts!" She dug out her collection: long arms, skinny arms, brown legs, pink legs, middles with bellybuttons, one bare foot, a thing that looked like a neck, and all sorts of heads—small heads, fat heads, Barbie heads, bald heads! Judy emptied a whole bag of body parts onto her bed. "Rare!"

Judy glued a red wig with yarn braids onto the doll with no hair and gave another one arms that bent. Judy bent the arm back and forth, back and forth, to test it out. "Boo!" said the doll each time Judy lifted her arm.

"You don't scare me!" Judy told the doll.

"And for you," she said to the headless

99

♀

doll. "A new head!" From all the heads on her bed, Judy chose one with brown hair and green eyes.

"There you go," said Judy, popping on the new head. But when she turned the doll upside down to put some shoes on her, the doll's head flew off and bounced across the floor!

100

"Whoa!" said Judy, running after the head. "That won't work. Let's try this one. How would you like eyes that can close and open?" Judy twisted the new head onto the doll's neck and waved her up, down, up, down through the air a few times to watch the eyes open and close.

"Voila!" said Judy. She kissed the doll right on the nose.

Next she dressed each doll in a blue and white hospital gown she made from an old sheet, and gave each of them a paper bracelet printed with a name: Colby, Molly, Suzanna, Laura.

"Knock, knock,1/ called Stink, pounding on her door.

101

♀

"Go away," said Judy.

"Knock, knock!" said Stink.

"Who's there?" said Judy.

"I, Stink," said Stink.

"I Stink who?"

"I stink you should let me in your room," said Stink, letting himself in anyway. He peeked behind the blanket hanging over the bottom bunk.

IfAaaghf" he yelled, jumping back in shock. "Those dolls! The hospital-you stole! Those are ... those aren't ... if Mom and Dad find out ..."

"Stink, you promised you wouldn't tell."

"Yeah, but ..."

Judy was making a tiny cast out of

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oozey wet newspaper. "Look, if you keep quiet, I'll let you help me."

"It's a deal!" said Stink.

Stink and Judy finished putting the cast on one of the doll's legs. When it dried, they painted it white and signed it with lots of made-up names. After that, they made a sling for another doll, with a scrap of cloth. On a different doll Doctor Judy put tattoo Band-Aids from her Band-Aid collection all over its legs, arms, and stomach.

"Double cool! 11 said Stink.

Last but not least was a rag doll made of cloth. Judy took a pink marker and drew a scar from the doll's neck down to her bellybutton. Then she drew a red heart, broken

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♀  
in two. With black thread, she stitched the broken heart back together, hiding it under the doll's hospital gown.

"Just like that girl Laura!" Stink said.

When she was finished, Judy propped up all the dolls in a row on her bottom bunk and stood back to admire her work. She set her own doll, Hedda-Get-Betta, next to them.

"Wow, you made them look really good!" said Stink.

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A little later Judy packed all the dolls into a box and secretly mailed them back to the hospital. Without a return address, no one would ever know that she was the one who had stolen the dolls.

It's like a real doll hospital, thought Judy. She, Judy Moody, was on her way to being just like First Woman Doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell.

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♀  
On Monday morning Mr. Todd asked, "Where's Frank today?"

"Absent," said Judy.

"Oh, that's right. I heard that he broke his finger. Does anybody know how it happened?"

"It's a loooooooooooooooooooooong story,"

said Judy.

"As long as a centipede!" said Rocky.

"I heard Judy Moody stepped on him!"

said Adam. "CRACK!" He bent his finger back like it was breaking.

"Okay, okay. We'll ask Frank all about it when he gets back."

"He'll be back tomorrow," Judy said.

Judy looked at the empty desk next to her. Without Frank, there was no one to snort at her jokes. Without Frank, she spelled barnacle with an i. Without Frank, she had nobody to tease about eating paste.

To make matters worse, all morning Jessica Finch kept inching her desk a little



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doser, a little closer to Judy.

"Is that the elbow that was in the paper?" Jessica asked.  
Judy drew a mad face on her famous elbow and pointed it at Jessica.

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♀  
"Hey, Judy? Want to come over to my house after school?" asked Jessica. "I could show you my glow-in-the-dark spelling posters."/I

"Can't," said Judy.

"Why not?"

"I have to feed Jaws, my Venus flytrap."

"How about tomorrow?/I

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"I feed it every day," said Judy.

"How about after you feed Jaws?/I asked Jessica.

"Homework," said Judy.  
The truth: by Friday Judy was almost

bored enough to go to Jessica's. Rocky had to stay at his grandma's after school for a week because his mom was working late, and Frank could hardly do anything with a broken finger.

Too bad she had finished operating on all the hospital dolls so quickly. Making a cast was the best!

If only she could try making a bigger cast, on a human patient. But who? Stink would not let her near him with wet ooegy newspaper.

109

♀  
Judy looked back at Jessica Finch. Maybe she did not look like a Pinch Face. Maybe she did not look like an aardwolf. Maybe she looked like . . . a doctor's dream. The perfect patient!

"Hey, Jessica," Judy asked, "how would you like to get your arm in a cast?"

"It's not broken," Jessica said.

"Who cares?" said Judy. "It's just for fun."

"Sure, I guess. Does this mean you'n come over? I can show you my spelling posters."

"How does today after school sound?"  
asked Judy.

110

When Judy got to Jessica Finch's house,  
the two girls went up to Jessica's room.  
Judy looked around. All she could see were  
pigs. Pink pigs. Stuffed pigs. Piggy banks.  
A fuzzy piggy-face rug. Even Jessica's bed  
looked like a pig wearing a pink skirt.

"You like pigs!" said Judy.  
"What was your first due?" Jessica  
laughed in her hyena way.

Judy touched the spelling bee prize ribbons  
Jessica had hanging on the wall.  
Jessica showed Judy her scrapbook, with all  
the times her name had been in the paper.

"Wow," said Judy. "Did they ever spell  
your name wrong?"  
"Once. Jessica Flinch!"

111

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"Judy Muddy!" said Judy.

"Look! Here are all the spelling posters  
I made." Jessica pointed to the wall next  
to her bed.

"Hey, they're green. How come they're  
not pink too?"

"Because they glow in the dark. wait."  
Jessica pulled down the shades and turned  
off the light.

The room lit up with glow-in-the-dark  
words. All the spelling words from Mr. Todd!

BICYCLE

ICICLE

BREADSICLE

POPSICLE

RECYCLE

MOTORCYCLE

113

♀  
"What's a breadsicle?" Judy asked. "Is that like pumpernickel?"

"Hey, you're good," said Jessica. "See, I make up fake words and play a game to see if I can fool myself. Want to play? Or we could play the pig game. Instead of dice you get to roll little plastic pigs."

"What about making a cast?" said Judy.

"You're not going to break my finger or anything, like you did to Frank, are you?"

"No! Besides, it was an accident," Judy said.

"Okay. So. What do we need?" asked Jessica.

"Newspaper. Water. Glue."

"This comes off, right?" said Jessica.

"Right," said Judy. There must be some way to get it off, she thought. "We have to let it dry first. Then we paint it."

"Can we paint it pink?" asked Jessica.

"Sure," Judy said. Rare. A pink cast.

"I'll go get some old newspapers," said Jessica.

When she came back, she said, "All I could find was today's, so let's hope my parents have already read it!"

Judy and Jessica tore the paper into strips. Judy could not wait to see the pink cast. This was her biggest operation yet!

Judy dipped paper strips into the sticky mixture and carefully placed them one by one on Jessica's arm.

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♀  
/I ooh. It feels icky," said Jessica. "Are you sure this is going to work?"

Jessica was as bad as Stink. "Here," said Judy, handing Jessica more newspaper.

"Tear up some more strips. I'm running out."

Jessica handed Judy a strip. At the top was the word PHANTOM. Jessica handed rudy another strip. STRIKES. A third. HOSPITAL.

"Stop!" said Judy. "where's the rest of this story?" She peered at Jessica's arm. "Page B six. Where's page B six, huh?"

"Oh. I think I already ripped it up."

Judy tried to read Jessica's wet, oogey arm, but all she could make out were the

116

♀  
words doll thief. "what did it say?" she asked in a panic. "Phantom strikes county hospital, or something."

"Or something, what?/J

If I don't know. what's the big deal?/J

Judy stood up suddenly, scattering paper strips everywhere. "I gotta go!"

"You what? Wait! My arm! You can't just ... What about my pink cast?" But Judy was already out the door.

She, Judy Moody, Doll Thief, would be famous all right. For going to jail. Just like Stink said.

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"Home already?" asked Mom. "How was Jessica's? Fun?"

"I ... did you ... where's ... the ... paper?" Judy asked, out of breath.

IfToday's paper? Right here," said Dad, pushing it across the table toward Judy.

Judy flipped through the paper madly. But when she got to section B, all she saw was a giant hole.

♀  
"Who cutup the paper? Stink?" she said, shooting him her best stinging-caterpillar eyebrow look.

"Oh, I did," said Dad. "Here, I tacked it up right here on the fridge."

120

He read out loud:

PHANTOM DOLL DOCTOR STRIKES  
COUNTY HOSPITAL

On Saturday, October 17, Grace Porter, a member of the nursing staff at County General, noticed that several of the dolls that had been donated to the hospital for its Magic Playroom were missing.

"Funny coincidence," said Mom. "That was the same day we took Frank to the hospital! "

"Ha. Funny," said Judy, trying to smile. Mom would not find it so funny when she learned that her only daughter was an about, true-blue, I-before-E thief.

Dad continued reading:

The missing dolls created quite a stir. Young patients who use the Magic Playroom in the Children's wing spent days speculating as to the identity of the doll thief.

121

♀  
"Isn't that where I found you two?" asked Mom. "The Magic Playroom?" Judy's mother sounded just like a detective. fail time.

Curiously, a mysterious package was received a few days later, with all the dolls magically cleaned, scrubbed, fixed, or mended. Each one was tagged, dressed in a hospital gown, and had been properly "doctored" with fancy Band-Aids, slings, and casts.

Dad paused and said, "Hmm. BandAids." Uh-oh, thought Judy. Evidence.

A special doll with a once-broken heart was given to patient Laura Chumsky, who recently underwent the hospital's twenty-ninth heart transplant. On behalf of Laura Chumsky and all the young patients, the hospital staff would like to thank the anonymous donor, the Phantom Doll Doctor, for this kind con

tribution.

"It sounds like one of the superheroes in my comics!" Stink said.

122

♀  
"That's quite a story," said Dad, grinning.

"Let me see that," Judy said. She had to see it, had to read it, with her very own

eyes. "Phantom Doll Doctor," she repeated, touching the words in the headline. "Rare!"

"What a thoughtful thing for someone to do," said Mom.

"Wish I'd thought of it," said Dad, tacking the article back up on the refrigerator with a pineapple magnet. There it was, front and center in the Moody Hall of Fame.

"Too bad," said Stink.

"What's too bad?" said Judy.

"I kind of wanted to see the inside of a jail."

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy, nervously glancing at her parents. But they were both grinning proudly. That's when Judy's brain began working on a brand-new Judy Moody idea.

She'd make a sign. Maybe set up shop in the garage. Get other kids to give her their broken dolls or old stuffed animals. Or she'd find some at yard sales. She would doctor them up and donate them to more sick kids in the Children's wing at the hospital. Some could have Ace bandages, or fancy scars, or tubes for breathing. Maybe even an IV!

125

♀  
And it could all be in secret. The hospital would never know the identity of the Phantom Doll Doctor. The way nobody knew Superman was really Clark Kent, a nice, quiet reporter from the Daily Planet.

Rare!

For the first time in a long time, the once Judy Muddy felt more famous than an elbow.

She, Judy Moody, Phantom DoH Doctor, now felt as famous as Queen Elizabeth, as famous as George Washington, as famous as Superman.

Famouser!

Wouldn't Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, be proud!

126

♀

10 Ihind~  
You N\?l{ Noi

Know A~oui  
N\~d?ln N\c.'Pon?l\j

10. The first story Megan ever got published (in the fifth grade) was about a pencil sharpener.

9. She read the biography of Virginia Dare so many times at her school library that the librarian had to ask her to give somebody else a chance.

8. She had to be a boring-old pilgrim every year for Halloween because she has four older sisters, who kept passing their pilgrim costumes down to her.

7. Her favorite board game is the Game of Life.

6. She is a member of the Ice-Cream-for-Life Club at Screamin' Mimi's in her hometown of Sebastopol, California.

5. She has a Band-Aid collection to rival Judy Moody's, including bacon-scented Band-Aids.

4. She owns a jawbreaker that is bigger than a baseball, which she will never, ever eat.

3. Like Stink, she had a pet newt that slipped down the drain when she was his age.

2. She often starts a book by scribbling on a napkin.

1. And the number-one thing you may not know about Megan McDonald is: she was once the opening act for the world's Biggest Cupcake!

♀  
10 \hi"J~

You N\t{{ f\lo-t  
t:"oVl/ A~oui  
f'~i~r -11. R~{"oU~

10. He has a twin brother, Paul. Paul was born first, fourteen minutes before Peter decided to arrive.

9. Peter is part owner of a children's book and toy shop called the Blue Bunny in the Massachusetts town where he lives.

8. He's vertically challenged (aka short!).

7. His mother is from England; his father is from Argentina.

6. He made his first animated film while

he was in high school.

5.

He sometimes paints with tea instead of water-whatever's handy!

4.

He keeps a sketch pad and pen on his nightstand. That way, if an idea hits him in the middle of the night, he can jot it down immediately.

3.

His favorite candy is a tie between peanut-butter cups and chocolate-covered raisins (same as Megan McDonald!).

2.

One of his favorite books growing up was The Tall Book of Make-Believe by Jane Werner, illustrated by Garth Williams.

1.

And the number-one thing you may not know about Peter H. Reynolds is: he shares a birthday with James Madison, Stink's favorite president!

♀

Check out these uber-awesome, brand-spankingnew Judy Moody moods:

- 'i) Wishing-for-snow mood
- 'i) No-school-today, sleep-in mood
- 'i) Stay-up-all-night-reading mood
- 'i) I-like-math mood
- 'i) Rhyme-time mood
- 'i) Declares independence mood

- 'i) I " college mood
- 'i) Dance-like-a-spider mood
- 'i) Not-talking-to-Stink mood
- 'i) Mad-Molly-O'Maggot pirate mood

Can you think of another mood for Judy?  
What would it be called? Draw a picture of Judy in that mood!

Ten Things That Put Judy Moody in a Good Mood:

1. When her mood ring turns purple ~
  2. Playing fake-hand-in-the-toilet jokes on Stink .
  3. Doctoring broken dolls
  4. Getting her picture (not elbow) in the newspaper
  5. Having her initials on the wall of Gum
  6. Doing yoga (not yogurt) with Mouse
  7. Saving the world, one Band-Aid at a time
  8. Going on a treasure hunt
  9. Eating Screamin' Mimi's ice cream
  10. Being a member of the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club
- What puts you in a good mood?

1.

2.

3.

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♀

Dive into the real-life ups and downs of sisterhood with



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the series inspired by Megan  
life growing up  
the youngest of five sisters!  
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McDonald's own  
as

An International Reading Association

Children's Choice

♀

HOW DO YOU SPELL FAMOUS?

Judy Moody marched into third grade on a plain old Thursday, in a plain old ordinary mood. That was before Judy got stung by the Queen Bee.

Judy sat down at her desk, in the front row next to Frank Pearl.

"Hey, did you see Jessica Finch?" asked Frank in a low voice.

"Yeah, so? I see her every day. She sits catty-cornered behind me."

"She's wearing a crown."

Judy turned to look at Jessica, then whispered to Frank, "Where'd she get that? Burger Barn?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "Ask her. She says it's bejeweled."

"Well, it looks be-dumb, if you ask me," said Judy, though secretly she admired the sparkling ruby-like gems.

"Hey, are those real rubies?" Judy asked Jessica.

"They're costume jewelry," Jessica said.

"Who are you dressing up as? The Queen of England?"

"No, I'm the Queen Bee," said Jessica. "I won the N.V. Spelling Bee on Saturday." "The envy spelling bee?" Judy asked.

Judy didn't envy anybody who had to spell long words into a microphone with a million and one people staring bug-eyed at her. She knew those people were silently yelling FLUB IT UP because they wanted their own kid to win.

"Not envy. N. V. As in Northern Virginia."

"Oh," said Judy. "Is that where you got the crown?"

"It's a tiara," said Jessica. "T-I-A-R-A. A tiara is a fancy crown like the Queen of England wears. Queen of the Bee has to know tons of definitions."

"What word did you win for?" Judy asked. "Frank wants to know," she added, in case Jessica thought she was interested.

"Artichoke. It's a fourth-grade word."

Artichoke! Judy could barely spell meatloaf! Give me S-C-I-E-N-C-E any day, she thought. Was that the rule? I before E? Or was it E before I?

"I have spelling posters in my room at home," said Jessica. "With all the rules. I even have a glow-in-the-dark one."

"That would give me spelling nightmares. I'll take my glow-in-the-dark skeleton poster any day. It shows all two hundred and six bones in the body!"

"Judy," said Mr. Todd. "The back of your head is not nearly as interesting as the front. And so far I've seen more of it today than I'd like."

"Sorry," said Judy, facing front again.

Jessica tapped Judy and passed her a folded page from the newspaper. Right there, SMACK-DAB in the MIDDLE of the newspaper for the whole world to see, was a picture of Jessica Finch. It even said LOCAL GIRL BECOMES QUEEN BEE in big fat headline letters.

"My dad says I got my fifteen minutes of fame," Jessica whispered to the back of

Judy's head.

Judy did not turn around. She was green with N-Y. Jessica A. Finch, Queen of the Dictionary, Class 3T, was famous! Judy could not help thinking how stupendous it would feel to be able to spell better than meatloaf and be the Queen Bee and wear a tiara. To get her own picture in the paper!

But she, Judy Moody, felt about as famous as a pencil.

As soon as Judy got home from school, she decided to memorize the dictionary. But she got stuck on aardwolf. Three lousy words. Who ever heard of an aardwolf anyway? Silly old termite-eater. It had a pointy little head and beady little eyes and a pinched-up face that looked just like... Jessica A. Finch! Jessica Aardwolf Finch might be famous, but she was also a silly old termite-eater.

Since Jessica had become Queen Bee with the word artichoke, Judy decided to skip the dictionary and spell all the vegetables in the refrigerator instead.

"Do we have any artichokes?" Judy asked her mother, opening the door of the fridge.

"Since when did you start liking artichokes?" asked Mom.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat them or anything," said Judy. "It's for Spelling."

"Spelling?" Stink asked.

"Mr. Todd does have some creative ways of teaching Spelling," said Mom.

"Never mind," said Judy, giving up when she saw asparagus. Vegetables were too hard to spell. There had to be a food group that was easier.

At dinner Judy slurped up a noodle and asked, "How do you spell spaghetti?"

"N-O-O-D-L-E," said Stink.

"S-P-A-G-H-E-T-T-I," said Dad.

"Or P-A-S-T-A," said Mom.

"Never mind," said Judy. "Please pass the B-R-E-A-D."

"How was school today?" Mom asked.

"W-E-L-L," Judy said. "Jessica Finch won a T-I-A-R-A in a spelling bee and got her picture in the P-A-P-E-R. Even if she does look like an A-A-R-D-W-O-L-F, aardwolf."

"So that's what all this spelling is about," said Mom.

"You're W-E-I-R-D," Stink told his sister.

"I comes before E, Stink. Except after C. Everybody knows that." what a meatloaf.

"Actually," said Mom, "your brother's right."

"WHAT?" said Judy. "How can he be right? He broke the rule!"

"Lots of rules have exceptions," said Dad. "Times when you have to break the rule."

"No fair!" Judy slumped down in her chair. She was not going to become famous by spelling, that was for sure. The three strings of spaghetti left on her plate made the shape of a mean face. Judy made a mean face back.

Dad took a bite out of his garlic bread and asked Judy, "You're not in one of your famous moods again, are you?"

#### THE MOODY HALL OF FAME

The next day at breakfast, Judy ate her corn flakes without even spelling them. There had to be lots of ways people got famous besides spelling.

While she munched, Judy watched her little brother, Stink, hang stuff up on the refrigerator: his report card, the self-portrait that made him look like a monkey, and a photo of himself in his flag costume, from the time he went to Washington, D.C., without her. Above everything, he had spelled MOODY HALL OF FAME with letter magnets.

"Hey!" she said. "where's me?"

"I made it," said Stink.

"Why not leave Judy some room, honey," said Mom. "She can hang things there too."

Judy ran back up the stairs, two by two. She searched her desk for things to put in the Moody Hall of Fame. But all she could find were crumpled-up papers, acorn hats, a year-old candy heart that said HOT STUFF, and a drawer full of pink dust from all the times she had erased her spelling words and brushed them into her top drawer.

She rummaged through her closet next. All she had there were her collections: Band-Aids, fancy toothpicks, body parts (from dolls!), Bazooka Joe comics, pizza tables. Forget it. A person could not be in a hall of fame for toothpicks and Band-Aids.

Then Judy remembered her scrapbox. Most kids, like Stink, had a scrapbook. What Judy had was a shoebox that smelled like old rubber. She stood on a chair and lifted the box down from the top shelf.

A lock of baby hair! A tooth she lost in first grade. Mom and Dad would never let her hang dead hair up on the fridge. And nobody wanted to see an old yellow tooth every time they opened the refrigerator. Judy came across a macaroni picture of herself in kindergarten, with a screaming O for a mouth. She put it back. Stink would just love the chance to call her a noodle head. And remind her that she had a big mouth.

Where were her report cards? There had to be some good ones. Certificates? Blue ribbons? She must have won something, sometime. But all she found were baby footprints, half-melted birthday candles, and dopey drawings of people with four eyes that she'd scribbled in preschool.

What about pictures of herself?

Pictures! Judy flipped through some old photos in an envelope. She had to find something as good as the picture of Stink the time he met the president. Here she was with Santa Claus. But Santa looked like he was snoring. And there she was standing next to Abraham Lincoln (cardboard). No way could she be in the Moody Hall of Fame for having her picture taken with a cardboard president.

Then there was the one where she was facedown on the neighbor's driveway, throwing a tantrum, because she did NOT want to get her picture taken.

It was no use. Judy could not think of a single thing famous enough for the Moody Hall of Fame.

Judy went back down to the kitchen. The letter magnets on the fridge should have said THE STINK HALL OF FAME.

"So? Where's your stuff?" Stink asked.

"Did you leave it upstairs or something?"

"Or something," said Judy. She hadn't even found the crummy old ribbon from the time she won the Viola Swamp Look-Alike Contest in first grade.

"Mom?" Judy asked. "Did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Mom. "Lots of times. For the high school glee club."

"What's glee?" asked Stink.

"Glee means being happy," Mom told him, "or cheerful."

"They put your picture in the paper just for being happy?" asked Judy.

"No." Mom laughed. "Glee club is a singing group. "Judy did not think anybody would take her picture just for being happy.

Or for singing songs about it.

"How about you, Dad?" asked Judy.

"They said my name on the radio once for having the right answer to a quiz-show question."

"What was the question?" asked Stink.

"How many presidents were born in Virginia?"

"How many?" asked Stink and Judy.

"Eight."

"Wow," said Judy.

"Aren't you going to ask me?" asked Stink.

"You never had your picture in the paper," said Judy.

"Yes, I did, didn't I, Mom?" Stink asked.

"It's in my baby scrapbook."

"You've heard that story, Judy, about how we waited too long to leave for the hospital and your brother was born in the back of the Jeep."

"I was even on TV! On the news!"

"Oh, yeah," said Judy. "Thanks for reminding me."

It wasn't fair. Her own stinky brother got to be on the real live news. She, Judy Moody, was not even famous enough for the refrigerator.

#### INFAMOUS

Rocky was already waiting for them at the manhole.

"Hey, Rock," said Stink, "did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Rocky. "Bunches of times."

"You did?" asked Judy.

"No, not really," said Rocky. "But they did hang my picture up in the library one time."

"See?" Judy said to Stink. "Even my best friend is famous."

"Why'd they hang your picture up in the library?" asked Stink.

"My mom took me to the library to see this magician guy, you know? He did this trick where he took my Superman ring and made it disappear. Then he pulled it out of his sleeve along with a bunch of scarves. They took a picture of it and I'm the kid in the front row with my eyes bugging out. Not exactly famous."

"Still," said Judy.

When Judy got to school, Mr. Todd said, "Let's go over our spelling words." Spelling, spelling, spelling. The whole wide world was hung up on spelling.

Judy leaned over and whispered to Frank. "Hey, Frank, ever had your picture in the paper?"

"It's no big deal," said Frank. "I was three years old."

Adam stood up and spelled the word, "R-E-C-Y-C-L-E."

"What was it for?" whispered Judy. Hailey stood up spelled the word, "I-C-I-C-L-E."

"I won the Grandpa Grape Coloring Contest in the newspaper. You had to color this dancing grape cartoon guy. He used to be on grape juice. I couldn't even stay in the lines."

Randi stood up and spelled, "M-O-T-O-R-C-Y-C-L-E."

Even Frank Pearl was famous. For scribbling on a dancing grape.

"Everybody I know is F-A-M-O-U-S," Judy grumped.

"Judy," said Mr. Todd, "were you hoping to get a white card today?" A white card! Three white cards in one week meant you had to stay after school! She already had two. And it was only Wednesday.

"Why don't you spell the bonus word aloud for us?" Mr. Todd said.

Bonus word? thought Judy. She hadn't been paying attention. She, Judy Moody, was in a pickle. Pickle? Was that the word? "Could I have the definition please?" she asked.

The whole class cracked up. "It's something you eat," said Rocky. Judy stood up. "P-O-P-S-I-C-L-E. Popsicle," she announced confidently.

"Very good," said Mr. Todd. "For popsicle. Unfortunately that wasn't our bonus spelling word for today."

"Jessica? would you like to spell the word for the class?"

Jessica Finch stood up tall, holding her pointy head so she looked very queenly. "P-U-M-P-E-R-N-I-C-K-E-L. Pumpernickel," said Jessica, faster than necessary.

Pumpernickel was one of those artichoke kind of words that only Pinch Face herself could spell. I bet she can't spell aardwolf, thought Judy.

"Judy," Mr. Todd said, "if you study your spelling words and pay attention in class, you can avoid getting white cards and we'll both get along famously."

There it was again. That word.

It was almost time for science, her best subject, so it would be easy for Judy to pay attention. She'd sit up straight and raise her hand a bunch, like Jessica Finch. She, Judy Moody, would not get another white card.

Judy studied the squirming worm on her desk up close.

"As you all know," said Mr. Todd, "we've been raising mealworms. Today I'm passing one out for each of you to examine. You can often find mealworms at home. Where do you think you would find them in your house?"

Judy raised her hand.

"They like to eat oatmeal and flour and stuff," she said when Mr. Todd caned on her.

"So maybe in your kitchen?"

"Right. Good," said Mr. Todd. "They are actually the larvae of a type of beetle. The flour beetle. Mealworms are nocturnal," said Mr. Todd. "Who can explain what that means?"

Judy's hand shot up again.

"Judy?"

"They sleep in the day and wake up at night," said Judy.

"Fine," said Mr. Todd. "This kind of mealworm is called a *T. molitor*. Everyone take a minute and count how many segments you find on your mealworm. Then write it down in your notebook."

Judy counted thirteen segments, not including the head. She wrote it in her notebook right away. While she waited for the next question, she let the mealworm climb up her finger. She let it climb up her pencil. Rare! The mealworm perched on her eraser.

"Mealworms have an exoskeleton," said Mr. Todd. "What do you think that means?"

Judy knew everything about bones and skeletons. Inside ones and out. She knew the answer again. Judy shot her hand straight up in the air. Judy forgot about the pencil in her hand. She forgot about the mealworm on the tip of her eraser.

Mr. Todd called on Rocky.

Judy watched her mealworm fly through the air. She watched it land smack-dab on Jessica Finch. She watched it crawl up the front of Jessica's shirt and right up onto the tip of Jessica's ponytail.

Judy forgot all about the white card. She waved her hand wildly at Jessica until Jessica looked up, then pointed frantically at Jessica's head.

"Aaagh!" Jessica screamed worse than a hyena and flicked her hair to shake off the mealworm. *T. molitor* sailed through the air, hit the chalkboard, and fell to the floor. Class 3T went wild.

"Class!" said Mr. Todd, clapping his hands. "Everybody quiet down. Jessica," he said. "I'll not have anybody throwing mealworms in my classroom." He wrote her name on the board.

"But I didn't... it was... she did!..."

"That's enough. See me after science for a white card."

Jessica glared squinty-eyed at Judy. Her pointy ears looked pointier. Her pinched-up face looked even pinchier. Judy faced front.

Judy knew it was all her own fault. But she did not want to get a third white card.

Jessica Finch probably never got a white card before, thought Judy. She probably didn't even know before today what it felt like to get in trouble. All Jessica

had was one puny little white card, and one puny little white card never hurt anybody.

For the rest of the morning, Judy felt more and more like a bug. No, a louse.

After lunch, her neck started to itch. Then her elbow. She scratched her left knee. Her toe itched inside her shoe.

By the end of the day, Judy went to talk to her teacher. "Mr. Todd," she asked, scratching her ankle, "do you think not telling the truth can make a person itch?" Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"I think so," said Mr. Todd. "Is there something you're itching to tell me?"

"Yes," said Judy. Scratch, scratch. "In Science today?" Scratch. "It was my mealworm." Scratch. "My fault."

Scratch, scratch. "Not Jessica Finch's."

Judy told the whole truth.

"Thank you," said Mr. Todd. "I appreciate your coming to me with the truth, Judy. I know that's not always easy."

"Does this mean I don't have to get a third white card?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Todd. "I still want you to learn to pay better attention."

Mr. Todd erased Jessica's name on the board and wrote Judy's name in its place. Judy hung her head.

"Honestly, it's not so bad staying after school with me. We'll find something useful to do, okay? Like maybe clean out the fish tank."

"Mr. Todd, is there a word for somebody who gets famous for all the wrong reasons?" asked Judy.

"Yes," said Mr. Todd. "That would be... infamous."

FAME IS THE PITS

Judy peeled a banana.

"Can I have that?" asked Stink. Judy handed him the banana peel.

"Not that!" said Stink.

Judy took a monster bite, then handed Stink the banana. She picked up a cherry instead.

"What are you writing?" she asked her dad, popping the cherry into her mouth.

"Garage sale," said Dad. "I'm running an ad in the paper. It's time to get rid of all that old stuff out there."

"Old stuff?" asked Judy, perking up. Old stuff got people in the newspaper. Really really old stuff even got people on TV. "What old stuff?"

"Your old bike, Mom's books from college, Stink's baby clothes."

"Don't we have any old-old stuff?"

"There's Dad," said Stink.



"Thanks a lot," said Dad.

"No. I mean like Cleopatra's eyelash," said Judy. "Or a hammer used to build the Statue of Liberty. You know. Stuff old enough to be really worth something."

"Stuff you didn't know you had and you find out you're rich?" Stink grinned. "Like antiques from your great-great-great-grandmother? You go on TV and they ten you it's worth a bunch of money."

"I'm afraid nobody's going to get rich around here. Our old stuff is junk," said Dad.

"ROAR," said Judy. She pulled the stem off another cherry.

If only she had something unusual. Really rare. Like maybe a broken plate from another century, or an old letter from the American Revolution.

"So, what's happening in school these days?" Dad asked.

Judy sat up. Had Dad heard about the white cards? "What do you mean?"

"I mean, is anything interesting going on?"

"Can I stay after school Friday?" asked Judy. "Mr. Todd says I can help clean the fish tank."

"P-U," said Stink.

"We'll see if Mom can pick you up. How about you, Stink?"

Judy popped another cherry into her mouth.

"We learned this funny story about George Washington," said Stink. "It's about not telling a lie."

Judy chomped down on the cherry.

"See, he chopped down this cherry tree. And when his dad asked who did it, Washington said, 'I cannot tell a lie.' And he told on himself."

Judy almost choked. She spit out her cherry pit. It went zinging across the table at Stink.

"Hey," said Stink. "She spit at me."

"It was an accident," said Judy.

"Judy!" said Dad.

"Okay. Okay. I cannot tell a lie. I coughed a cherry pit at Stink."

"Pick up the cherry pit," said Dad.

Judy reached under Stink's chair and picked it up off the floor.

"No fair," said Judy. "Why should anyone get famous for telling a lie? The whole story about the lie is a lie!"

"Most people don't realize it's not true," said Dad.

"It's still a good story," said Stink.

Judy turned the cherry pit over and over. It gave her a brilliant Judy-Moody-Gets-Famous idea. A two-hundred-fifty-year-old idea.

Judy took the cherry pit upstairs to her room. She got out her hair dryer, and turned it on HIGH.

"What are you doing?" asked Stink, who had followed her upstairs.

"What does it look like?" said Judy. "I'm blow-drying my cherry pit."

"You're nuts," said Stink.

After he left, Judy got out the tiny hammer from her doctor kit, the one for testing reflexes. She tapped on the cherry pit to give it scars, so it would look old. Very, very old. Next she took a pin and carved the initials GW on the bottom.

Then, she took out her clear plastic bugbox, the one with the magnifying glass on top, and put the cherry pit inside for safekeeping, initials-side up.

"Rare!" said Judy. And that was the truth.

On the afternoon of the garage sale, Stink had his own table filled with tub toys, rusty Matchbox cars, Lincoln Logs, a rubber band ball, Shrinky Oinks that had already been shrunk, paper cooties, broken rhythm instruments, and glow-in-the-dark bugs he made with his Creepy Crawlers machine.

"Stink, nobody is going to buy that stuff," Judy told him.

"Yeah, right," said Stink. "And they're going to buy air?" he said, pointing to Judy's empty table.

"You'll see," said Judy. "I have something better than junk." She covered her table with a midnight blue tablecloth that looked like velvet. She put up a sign:

Then she set her magnifying bug-box in the middle of the table. Inside was -ta da!- the FAMOUS cherry pit.

Judy added one more line to her sign:

5¢ A LOOK

She could hardly sit still. She wondered how long it would take the newspaper people to come take her picture with the two-hundred-fifty-year-old cherry pit.

Little kids put a nickel in the can and said, "Wow, is that REALLY from George Washington's cherry tree?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Judy. "It is!"

"Where'd you get it?" they asked.

"It's been in the family forever."

"Forever since last week," said Stink. Judy turned on him with her stinging caterpillar look.

"How do you know it's really George Washington's?" they asked.

"Just look," said Judy. She opened the lid and lifted out the cherry pit. "It says GW right here. See?"

"Let me see," said a girl named Hannah. She showed her little brother. "GW. It's just like M&M's."

"M&M's!" said the boy, and popped the pit into his mouth.

"Ricky, NO!" said his older sister. But it was too late.

"Spit!" said Judy.

"Spit it out, Ricky!" said Hannah.

Ricky gulped!

"Oh, no! Did he swallow it?" asked Judy.

"Stick your finger in his mouth. Is it still in there?"

"It's gone," said Hannah. "Say you're sorry, Ricky."

"M&M's. Yum," said Ricky.

"This is the pits," said Judy. "Now what am I going to do when the newspaper comes?"

"Duh. Make another one?" said Stink.

Judy groaned. Judy moaned. In one gulp, that kid had swallowed her famous two-hundred-fifty-year-old George Washington cherry pit. In one gulp, Ricky the neighbor kid had swallowed Judy Moody's ticket to fame.

The only picture of that cherry pit would be an X-ray.

#### FAMOUS PET CONTEST

Stink counted his garage sale money at the kitchen table. Clink. Clink. CLINK.

"Stink, you're counting that money out loud on purpose," said Judy.

"I can't help it!" said Stink. "Mom, tell her. Money makes noise. When you have so much of it." He grinned.

Judy crumpled up the newspaper that had their garage sale ad in it. She stuffed it angrily into the trash.

"Recycle, please," said Mom.

"Whoa," said Stink. "The recycle queen put paper in the trash?"

"Can I use it to line Mouse's litter box?" asked Judy.

"Good idea," said Mom.

Judy uncrumpled the paper and spread it on the floor to flatten it.

EARLY BIRD SPECIAL!...  
GARAGE DOOR SALE!...  
FAMOUS PET CONTEST!...  
KISS BAD BREATH GOOD-BYE!

Wait! Did that say famous? Judy went back and read it again:

#### FAMOUS PET CONTEST

Bring your pet to  
FUR&FANGS  
this Saturday!

Enter your pet in our  
famous pet-trick contest!

Have fun! Win prizes!

Winners will receive a  
blue ribbon, a gift certificate,  
and get their picture

published in the  
NORTHERN VIRGINIA STAR!

Judy could not believe her eyes. "where's Mouse?" she asked. "Upstairs," said Mom.

"Here, Mousey, Mousey," Judy called. Mouse came down the stairs and strolled into the kitchen, looking for some lunch.

Judy scooped up her cat and kissed her on the nose: "Mww, mww, mwww. You, the best, most wonderful cat in the whole wide world with tuna fish on top, are going to make me famous!"

Visions of blue ribbons and certificates with fancy writing danced in her head. "And I get my picture in the paper."

"Hey," she said to her family, "does anybody feel like a piece of toast?"

When Judy hurried into Fur & Fangs with Mouse and Stink that Saturday, it was packed.

Clutching a piece of bread, she said, "Everyone in the entire state of Virginia must own a pet that can do a trick. Hey, there's Frank!"

"And there's Rocky," said Stink.

"You guys! Frank! Rocky! Over here!"

Judy called.

Frank's dog, Sparky, sniffed a purple dog bone. Sparky sniffed Judy's ankle. Sparky sniffed a ferret.

"What trick does Sparky do?" Stink asked Frank.

"He jumps through a Hula-Hoop, don't you, boy?" said Frank.

"I brought Houdini," Rocky said, showing them his iguana. "If you scare him, like with a loud noise or something, he can make the end of his tail drop right off."

"Rare," said Judy.

She looked around at all the other pets. There was a rabbit and a turtle, a white rat named Elvis, and a striped salamander.

Judy saw a hamster racing on a wheel, a snake so still it looked fake, and a shell that was supposed to be a hermit crab. Someone had even brought a stuffed monkey.

"Time for the contest!" yelled the pet store lady over all the squeaking and squawking, growling and yowling.

All the people with pets formed a circle. First was a dancing cricket. Then a turtle that rolled over and a rabbit that drank from a straw.

Polly the parrot sang the first five notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Judy caught herself clapping.

When it was Frank's turn, Sparky jumped through the Hula-Hoop three times and everybody clapped. Then Rocky could not get Houdini's tail to drop off. "Dogs make him nervous," Rocky explained. Three pet tricks later, Polly was still singing.

Emily from school had a ferret named Suzy who brushed its own teeth. Stink liked

it the best.

"But all it did was eat the toothpaste," said Judy.

When it was Judy's turn, she set up a toaster on the floor, dropped a piece of bread into the slot, then took Mouse out of her cat carrier.

"This is Mouse," Judy told the audience. "She's going to make toast." The audience clapped. Judy stood Mouse on the table. "Don't be nervous," she whispered.

Mouse sat down and began licking her paw.

"Look at the toaster, Mouse," whispered Judy. "The toaster!" Judy pushed it toward Mouse.

Mouse swatted the toaster. Mouse swiped at the toaster. Mouse pushed the toaster away with her paw. Everybody cracked up. Judy held out a Tasty Tuna Treat. Mouse stood up. Mouse saw herself in the toaster!

Judy held her breath.

Mouse swiped at the toaster one more time. This time she pressed down the button with her paw. The slice of bread disappeared! The red coils heated up.

The crowd got quiet. A minute later, the toast popped up.

"Ta da!" called Judy.

"Hooray!" Everybody clapped and cheered.

"Mouse, I'll be famous at last!" Judy squeezed her.

"And now, last but not least," said the pet store lady, "a chicken that plays the piano."

Up stepped David, a boy with a chicken on a leash.

"This is Mozart," said the boy. Mozart pecked out three notes on the toy piano with his beak. "'Three Blind Mice!'" someone yelled. The crowd went wild.

Judy felt a familiar twinge, the tug of a bad mood. She, Judy Moody, would never be as famous as a piano-playing chicken.

For the grand finale, everyone paraded their pets, marching in a circle.

"What a great contest this year," said the pet store lady. "I'd like to thank all of you for coming. Now, for the prizes," said the pet store lady. "If I call your pet's name, please step into the center of the circle."

A man stepped up to the circle with a big camera. "The newspaper! They're here," Judy announced.

"In third place, Suzy Chang, the toothbrushing ferret."

Please-please-please, Judy wished silently.

"Second place is Mouse Moody, the cat who makes toast!"

"That's you!" said Frank and Rocky, pushing Judy into the circle.

"Mouse, we won!" cried Judy. "Second place!" At last her time had come. At last her chance to be famous.

"And first prize goes to Mozart Puckett, the piano-playing chicken! Let's hear it for all the famous pets!"

The crowd went wild. Each pet got a blue ribbon to wear and a gift certificate

to Fur & Fangs. The winners lined up to have a picture taken! Judy was on the end, holding Mouse, but Mouse squirmed and leaped out of Judy's arms. Flash! Judy blinked. The newspaper man snapped a picture faster than lightning.

"Thank you, everybody! That's it!" yelled the pet store lady.

"That's it?" asked Judy.

Judy's fifteen minutes of fame lasted only fifteen seconds. Fifteen seconds of fame, and she, Judy Moody, had blinked.

The following morning, Judy ran outside to fetch the paper. She whipped through the pages. Her heart beat faster.

"Here it is!" Judy cried. She could not believe her eyes. There were David Puckett and Emily Chang with mile-wide smiles. There were Mozart the chicken and Suzy the ferret.

"Let me see!" said Stink. "Hey, there's Mouse!"

"I'm not even in the picture!" yelled Judy.

"There you are!" said Stink, pointing to an elbow.

"I'm not famous!" Judy wailed. "I'm an elbow!"

"Let's see," said Dad. He read the caption. "Blah blah, winners of the Famous Pet Contest, blah-blah. It says your name, right here. See? Mouse and Judy... Muddy."

"WHAT!" said Judy. "Muddy? Let me see."

"Judy Muddy! That's a good one," said Stink.

"Judy Muddy! No one will ever know it's me," said Judy.

"We'll know," said Dad.

Judy frowned. "I guess your name is Mud," Dad said, laughing.

"ROAR!" said Judy.

"At least it says Mouse won the contest," Mom said. She cut out the picture and hung it up on the fridge.

"Great," said Judy. "Even my cat's in the Moody Hall of Fame."

Mom kissed the top of Judy's head. "And you have one very famous elbow."

#### BROKEN RECORDS

Judy studied her famous elbow in the mirror. She squished her elbow into a wrinkled happy face. She squinched her elbow into a mad face.

If Judy ever hoped to be more famous than an elbow, she needed some help. Judy called all members of the Toad Pee Club. "Meet at the clubhouse," she told everybody.

Rocky, Frank, and Judy crowded into the blue tent in her backyard. Last was Stink, who carried Toady, their mascot, in one hand, and walked while reading a book.

"Stink, you better watch out or you'll renew your membership."

"OH!" said Stink. He tossed Toady into the bucket before the toad famous for

peeing in people's hands did it again.

"Now," said Judy, "how can we make me famous?"

"Let's think," Rocky said.

"Stink, you're not thinking," said Judy.

"Getting famous is boring," said Stink, leafing through his book.

"Stink, what book could be soooooooooo interesting?"

Stink held up the Guinness Book of world Records. Judy looked at Frank. Frank looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Judy. "Brainstorm!" the three yelled at the same time. Then they cracked up.

"Stink, you are a genius. The secret to getting famous is right there in your hands."

Stink checked his hands.

"Don't you get it?" said Judy. "I could break a record and get in that book! Then I'd be superfamous."

"Famous. Famous. famous. YOU are a broken record," Stink told her.

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy.

"You know how you collect stuff, like Band-Aids?" said Frank. "You could break a record for collecting something. Like the most pizza tables."

"Or scabs!" said Judy.

"Bluck," said Stink. "There's a guy in here who collects throw-up bags from airplanes. He has two thousand one hundred and twelve. One bag even has a connect-the-dots drawing of Benjamin Franklin on it."

"That's way better than scabs," said Judy.

"Hey, look," Rocky said, reading over Stink's shoulder. "World's longest word. Spell that and you could be the next Jessica Finch."

The word was: Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

"Whoa. Forty-five letters," said Frank, counting.

"Not even Queen Bee herself could spell that!" said Judy.

"It says here it's an ucky disease from volcanoes," Rocky said. "No lie."

"Wait! I got it. There's a guy in here with the longest neck," said Stink. "We could all pull on your head to stretch your neck out!"

"I want to be famous, not a giraffe," said Judy.

"With a giraffe neck you would be famous," Stink told her.

"Let me see that book." Judy grabbed the book of records and flipped through the pages. Longest gum wrapper chain? It took thirty-one years to make Longest fingernail? No way; the guy hasn't cut his thumbnail since 1952. Best spitter? Judy could spit.

Then she saw it. Right there on page 399.

The human centipede!

"Okay. Listen up. We're going to be a giant creepy-crawly," said Judy. "Let's

tie our shoelaces together, then walk like a caterpillar. The old record is ninety-eight feet and five inches. Rocky, remember last summer we measured with a string? It was one hundred feet to your house and back. So all we have to do is walk from here to Rocky's and back to break the record."

They sat in a line, one behind the other, like desks in a row. First Judy, then Frank, Rocky, and Stink.

"Hey, I'm always last!" said Stink.

"You're the rear end," said Judy.

"Tie one shoelace to the person in front, and one to the person in back," she called.

"How are we ever going to stand up?" asked Stink.

"On the count of three," Judy began.

"One, two..." Judy took the first step. Frank's foot shot up and out from under him. Like bowling pins, Frank toppled sideways, Rocky fell over on his ear, and Stink crashed on his elbows.

Frank snorted first. Rocky cracked up so bad he sprayed everybody.

"Hic-CUP!" said Stink.

When they were finally standing, without anybody falling or snorting or hiccupping, they each tried to take a step. One... two... three.

"The human centipede!" called Judy. She pictured the human centipede in her imagination-growing longer and longer, all wiggly and squiggly with tons of legs, and she, Judy Moody, at the head with biting fangs and poison claws!

"Hsssss!" said Judy.

"No hopping, Rocky," called Frank.

"My lace is all twisted," said Rocky.

"Hold up!" yelled Stink from the end of the line.

That's when it happened.

Judy stopped, but the rest of the centipede kept going! They all began to fall. Crunch! Judy stepped on Frank's hand. Frank's other arm socked Rocky in the stomach. Stink's foot landed in Rocky's hair.

Three steps, and they had crumbled into a human pretzel.

"Hey! Watch it!" Stink yelled.

"I'm all twisted," Rocky said.

"Owwwwwwwwwwww!" Frank screamed. Frank was holding up his right arm with his left hand.

Frank Pearl's right pinky finger looked all floppy. It looked all floopy. Frank Pearl's pinky was twice as fat as normal and dangled down the wrong way.

"OOOH! What happened?" asked Judy.

"It hurts... bad," said Frank, tears streaming down his face. "Real bad."

"Stink, run and get Mom. Fast!" what if Judy had broken a finger, not a record? If Frank's pinky was broken, it was all Judy's fault.



Judy no longer felt like a human centipede. She, Judy Moody, felt more like a human worm.

#### BROKEN PARTS

"So which one of you's the patient?" asked a tall man with a red beard in a long white coat.

Frank held up his little blue sausage of a finger.  
"Ouch!" said the man. "How'd this happen?"

Frank looked over at Judy. Judy stared a hole in the carpet.

"We were playing," Frank answered.

"We were making a human centipede so my sister could be famous!" said Stink.

"And she stepped on Frank!"

Judy sent Stink her best troll-eyes stare, complete with stinging-caterpillar eye-brows. The man laughed. "Okay. well. I'm Ron, the emergency-room nurse. I'll take you back, and the doctor's gonna fix you right up, Frank. Is your mom or dad here?"

"My mom went to call Frank's mom," said Judy.

"Okay. Tell you what. The children's wing is right through those red doors. why don't you two wait in the playroom there. It'll be more fun. I'll tell your mom you're there, when she comes back."

Too bad Rocky went home. Now she was stuck with Stink. They pushed through the red doors and into a long hallway. At the end of the hall was a room marked THE MAGIC PLAYROOM. Judy and Stink went in.

The walls were papered with teddy bears in hospital gowns, holding balloons. Each bear had crutches or bandages or sat in a wheelchair. There was a couch, a table with crayons and paper for coloring, a plastic castle, and a bookshelf with books about going to the hospital. There was even a miniature operating table on wheels. The only kid in the playroom was a girl in a wheelchair.

"How come you're in a wheelchair?" Stink asked her.

"Stink, you shouldn't ask stuff like that."

"It's okay," said the girl. "I got a new heart. They can't let me walk around yet. They have to keep me at the hospital for a long, long time to make sure it works."

"A whole new heart! wow!" said Stink.

"What's wrong with your old one?"

"Stink!" said Judy, even though she wanted to know too.

"It broke, I guess," said the girl.

"Were you scared?" Judy asked.

The girl nodded. "Guess what. My scar goes from my neck all the way down to my bellybutton."

"What's your name?" asked Stink.

"Laura," said the girl.

"That's one brave heart you got there, Laura," said Judy.

"Daddy says I'm a brave girl," Laura said. "I'm getting a hamster when I go home. Do you have a hamster?"

"No," said Judy. "I have a cat named Mouse."

"There's nothing to do here," said Laura, looking around.

"They have doctor stuff," said Judy.

"Look! A real sling and stuff!" said Stink, kneeling next to a big cardboard box. He pulled out Ace bandages, boxes of gauze, and tongue depressors. Even a stethoscope and a pair of crutches.

"Stink, can I put your arm in a sling?" Judy asked.

"No way," said Stink.

"How about you, Laura? I know how. For real."

"I'm sick of doctor stuff," Laura said.

"What about dolls?" Stink asked.

"There's a bunch of dolls in this box."

"They all have broken arms and legs, or no heads," Laura said. "And some of them have cancer."

"What do you mean?" Judy asked.

"They're bald, like Sarah, in my same room."

"That's not fair," Judy said. "They should at least have dolls to play with that aren't sick."

The nurse came back just then. "Time to go back to your room," she told Laura. "Did you kids meet our brave girl?"

"Yes!" said Judy and Stink.

"I hope your new heart works great!" said Judy, as Laura left with the nurse.

"Bye!" called Stink.

Judy looked through the doll box. Laura was right. All the dolls were dirty or broken or hairless or headless.

Mrs. Moody poked her head in the doorway. "Hello!"

"Mom!" said Stink.

"Is Frank okay?" Judy asked.

"His finger's broken," said Mrs. Moody, "but his mom is with him now. He's getting a splint."

"Rare! A real splint!" said Judy.

"He won't be playing any basketball for a while, but he's going to be just fine. So. Ready to go?"

Stink and Judy followed Mrs. Moody out of the playroom. Halfway down the hall, Judy stopped, holding Stink back by his shirt.

"Stink," she said so her mom couldn't hear. "Give me your backpack."

"What?"

"Your backpack. I need it." Stink made a face and handed over the pack.

"Catch up with Mom and tell her I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Judy dashed back into the playroom and over to the box of broken dolls. Looking around to make sure no one was coming, she stuffed the dolls into the backpack. Judy zipped it shut, flung it over her shoulder like a lumpy Santa Claus sack, and headed back down the hall. When Mom stopped to ask a question at the desk, Stink asked, "Hey! What's in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing does not make a big fat lump. Did you take that doctor stuff? You took stuff! You stole! I'm telling!"

"Shh! You can't tell anybody, Stink, or we'll get in trouble for stealing."

"We? You mean you'll get in trouble," said Stink. "Are you crazy? Do you want to be famous for being the only third grader who ever went to jail?"

"Swear you won't tell, Stink."

"What will you give me?"

"I'll let you look at real spit under my microscope."

"Okay. I swear."

"You swore!" said Judy. "I'm telling."

#### BODY PARTS

As soon as Judy got home, she unloaded the backpack and spread the dolls out on her bottom bunk. She, Doctor Judy Moody, was in an operating mood. On her bed was a doll that didn't talk or cry anymore, and one with no arms. There was a headless doll, and one that was bald.

First Judy gave each of the dolls a bath.

"I know just what I need," said Judy.

"Body parts!" She dug out her collection: long arms, skinny arms, brown legs, pink legs, middles with bellybuttons, one bare foot, a thing that looked like a neck, and all sorts of heads—small heads, fat heads, Barbie heads, bald heads! Judy emptied a whole bag of body parts onto her bed. "Rare!"

Judy glued a red wig with yarn braids onto the doll with no hair and gave another one arms that bent. Judy bent the arm back and forth, back and forth, to test it out. "Boo!" said the doll each time Judy lifted her arm.

"You don't scare me!" Judy told the doll.

"And for you," she said to the headless doll. "A new head!" From all the heads on her bed, Judy chose one with brown hair and green eyes.

"There you go," said Judy, popping on the new head. But when she turned the doll upside down to put some shoes on her, the doll's head flew off and bounced across the floor!

"Whoa!" said Judy, running after the head. "That won't work. Let's try this one. How would you like eyes that can close and open?" Judy twisted the new head onto the doll's neck and waved her up, down, up, down through the air a few times to watch the eyes open and close.

"Voilà!" said Judy. She kissed the doll right on the nose.

Next she dressed each doll in a blue-and-white hospital gown she made from an

old sheet, and gave each of them a paper bracelet printed with a name: Colby, Molly, Suzanna, Laura.

"Knock, knock," called Stink, pounding on her door.

"Go away," said Judy.

"Knock, knock!" said Stink.

"Who's there?" said Judy.

"I, Stink," said Stink.

"I Stink who?"

"I stink you should let me in your room," said Stink, letting himself in anyway. He peeked behind the blanket hanging over the bottom bunk.

"Aaagh!" he yelled, jumping back in shock. "Those dolls! The hospital -you stole! Those are... those aren't... if Mom and Dad find out..."

"Stink, you promised you wouldn't tell."

"Yeah, but..."

Judy was making a tiny cast out of oogey wet newspaper. "Look, if you keep quiet, I'll let you help me."

"It's a deal!" said Stink.

Stink and Judy finished putting the cast on one of the doll's legs. When it dried, they painted it white and signed it with lots of made-up names. After that, they made a sling for another doll, with a scrap of cloth. On a different doll Doctor Judy put tattoo Band-Aids from her Band-Aid collection all over its legs, arms, and stomach.

"Double cool!" said Stink.

Last but not least was a rag doll made of cloth. Judy took a pink marker and drew a scar from the doll's neck down to her bellybutton. Then she drew a red heart, broken in two. With black thread, she stitched the broken heart back together, hiding it under the doll's hospital gown.

"Just like that girl Laura!" Stink said.

When she was finished, Judy propped up all the dolls in a row on her bottom bunk and stood back to admire her work. She set her own doll, Hedda-Get-Betta, next to them.

"Wow, you made them look really good!" said Stink.

A little later Judy packed all the dolls into a box and secretly mailed them back to the hospital. Without a return address, no one would ever know that she was the one who had stolen the dolls.

It's like a real doll hospital, thought Judy. She, Judy Moody, was on her way to being just like First Woman Doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell.

#### JUDY MOODY AND JESSICA FLINCH

On Monday morning Mr. Todd asked, "Where's Frank today?"

"Absent," said Judy.

"Oh, that's right. I heard that he broke his finger. Does anybody know how it happened?"

"It's a loooooooooooooooooooooong story," said Judy.

"As long as a centipede!" said Rocky.

"I heard Judy Moody stepped on him!" said Adam. "CRACK!" He bent his finger back like it was breaking.

"Okay, okay. We'll ask Frank all about it when he gets back."

"He'll be back tomorrow," Judy said.

Judy looked at the empty desk next to her. Without Frank, there was no one to snort at her jokes. Without Frank, she spelled barnacle with an i. Without Frank, she had nobody to tease about eating paste.

To make matters worse, all morning Jessica Finch kept inching her desk a little closer, a little closer to Judy.

"Is that the elbow that was in the paper?" Jessica asked.

Judy drew a mad face on her famous elbow and pointed it at Jessica.

"Hey, Judy? Want to come over to my house after school?" asked Jessica. "I could show you my glow-in-the-dark spelling posters."

"Can't," said Judy.

"Why not?"

"I have to feed Jaws, my Venus flytrap."

"How about tomorrow?"

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"I feed it every day," said Judy.

"How about after you feed Jaws?" asked Jessica.

"Homework," said Judy.

The truth: by Friday Judy was almost bored enough to go to Jessica's. Rocky had to stay at his grandma's after school for a week because his mom was working late, and Frank could hardly do anything with a broken finger.

Too bad she had finished operating on all the hospital dolls so quickly. Making a cast was the best!

If only she could try making a bigger cast, on a human patient. But who? Stink would not let her near him with wet oogey newspaper.

Judy looked back at Jessica Finch. Maybe she did not look like a Pinch Face. Maybe she did not look like an aardwolf. Maybe she looked like... a doctor's dream. The perfect patient!

"Hey, Jessica," Judy asked, "how would you like to get your arm in a cast?"

"It's not broken," Jessica said.

"Who cares?" said Judy. "It's just for fun."

"Sure, I guess. Does this mean you'll come over? I can show you my spelling posters."

"How does today after school sound?" asked Judy.

When Judy got to Jessica Finch's house, the two girls went up to Jessica's room.

Judy looked around. All she could see were pigs. Pink pigs. Stuffed pigs. Piggy banks. A fuzzy piggy-face rug. Even Jessica's bed looked like a pig wearing a pink skirt.

"You like pigs!" said Judy.

"What was your first due?" Jessica laughed in her hyena way.

Judy touched the spelling bee prize ribbons Jessica had hanging on the wall. Jessica showed Judy her scrapbook, with all the times her name had been in the paper.

"Wow," said Judy. "Did they ever spell your name wrong?"

"Once. Jessica Flinch!"

"Judy Muddy!" said Judy.

"Look! Here are all the spelling posters I made." Jessica pointed to the wall next to her bed.

"Hey, they're green. How come they're not pink too?"

"Because they glow in the dark. wait." Jessica pulled down the shades and turned off the light.

The room lit up with glow-in-the-dark words. All the spelling words from Mr. Todd!

BICYCLE

ICICLE

BREADSICLE

POPSICLE

RECYCLE

MOTORCYCLE

"What's a breadsicle?" Judy asked. "Is that like pumpernickel?"

"Hey, you're good," said Jessica. "See, I make up fake words and play a game to see if I can fool myself. Want to play? Or we could play the pig game. Instead of dice you get to roll little plastic pigs."

"What about making a cast?" said Judy.

"You're not going to break my finger or anything, like you did to Frank, are you?"

"No! Besides, it was an accident," Judy said.

"Okay. So. What do we need?" asked Jessica.

"Newspaper. Water. Glue."

"This comes off, right?" said Jessica.

"Right," said Judy. There must be some way to get it off, she thought. "We have to let it dry first. Then we paint it."

"Can we paint it pink?" asked Jessica.

"Sure," Judy said. Rare. A pink cast.

"I'll go get some old newspapers," said Jessica.

When she came back, she said, "All I could find was today's, so let's hope my parents have already read it!"

Judy and Jessica tore the paper into strips. Judy could not wait to see the pink cast. This was her biggest operation yet!

Judy dipped paper strips into the sticky mixture and carefully placed them one by one on Jessica's arm.

"Ooh. It feels icky," said Jessica. "Are you sure this is going to work?"

Jessica was as bad as Stink. "Here," said Judy, handing Jessica more newspaper.

"Tear up some more strips. I'm running out."

Jessica handed Judy a strip. At the top was the word PHANTOM. Jessica handed Judy another strip. STRIKES. A third. HOSPITAL.

"Stop!" said Judy. "Where's the rest of this story?" She peered at Jessica's arm. "Page B six. Where's page B six, huh?"

"Oh. I think I already ripped it up."

Judy tried to read Jessica's wet, ooey arm, but all she could make out were the words doll thief. "What did it say?" she asked in a panic.

"Phantom strikes county hospital, or something."

"Or something, what?"

"I don't know. What's the big deal?"

Judy stood up suddenly, scattering paper strips everywhere. "I gotta go!"

"You what? Wait! My arm! You can't just... what about my pink cast?" But Judy was already out the door.

She, Judy Moody, Doll Thief, would be famous all right. For going to jail. Just like Stink said.

JUDY MOODY, SUPERHERO

"Home already?" asked Mom. "How was Jessica's? Fun?"

"I... did you... where's... the... paper?" Judy asked, out of breath.

"Today's paper? Right here," said Dad, pushing it across the table toward Judy.

Judy flipped through the paper madly. But when she got to section B, all she saw was a giant hole.

"Who cut up the paper? Stink?" she said, shooting him her best stinging-caterpillar eyebrow look.

"Oh, I did," said Dad. "Here, I tacked it up right here on the fridge."

He read out loud:

PHANTOM DOLL DOCTOR STRIKES  
COUNTY HOSPITAL

On Saturday, October 17, Grace Porter, a member of the nursing staff at County General, noticed that several of the dolls that had been donated to the hospital for its Magic Playroom were missing.

"Funny coincidence," said Mom. "That was the same day we took Frank to the hospital!"

"Ha. Funny," said Judy, trying to smile. Mom would not find it so funny when she learned that her only daughter was an about, true-blue, I-before-E thief.

Dad continued reading:

The missing dolls created quite a stir. Young patients who use the Magic Playroom in the Children's wing spent days speculating as to the identity of the doll thief.

"Isn't that where I found you two?" asked Mom. "The Magic Playroom?" Judy's mother sounded just like a detective. Jail time.

Curiously, a mysterious package was received a few days later, with all the dolls magically cleaned, scrubbed, fixed, or mended. Each one was tagged, dressed in a hospital gown, and had been properly "doctored" with fancy Band-Aids, slings, and casts.

Dad paused and said, "Hmm. Band-Aids." Uh-oh, thought Judy. Evidence.

A special doll with a once-broken heart was given to patient Laura Chumsky, who recently underwent the hospital's twenty-ninth heart transplant. On behalf of Laura Chumsky and all the young patients, the hospital staff would like to thank the anonymous donor, the Phantom Doll Doctor, for this kind contribution.

"It sounds like one of the superheroes in my comics!" Stink said.

"That's quite a story," said Dad, grinning.

"Let me see that," Judy said. She had to see it, had to read it, with her very own eyes. "Phantom Doll Doctor," she repeated, touching the words in the headline. "Rare!"

"What a thoughtful thing for someone to do," said Mom.

"Wish I'd thought of it," said Dad, tacking the article back up on the refrigerator with a pineapple magnet. There it was, front and center in the Moody Hall of Fame.

"Too bad," said Stink.

"What's too bad?" said Judy.

"I kind of wanted to see the inside of a jail."

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy, nervously glancing at her parents. But they were both grinning proudly. That's when Judy's brain began working on a brand-new Judy Moody idea.

She'd make a sign. Maybe set up shop in the garage. Get other kids to give her their broken dolls or old stuffed animals. Or she'd find some at yard sales. She would doctor them up and donate them to more sick kids in the Children's wing at the hospital. Some could have Ace bandages, or fancy scars, or tubes for breathing. Maybe even an IV!

And it could all be in secret. The hospital would never know the identity of the Phantom Doll Doctor. The way nobody knew Superman was really Clark Kent, a nice, quiet reporter from the Daily Planet.

Rare!

For the first time in a long time, the once Judy Muddy felt more famous than an elbow.



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She, Judy Moody, Phantom DoH Doctor, now felt as famous as Queen Elizabeth, as famous as George Washington, as famous as Superman.

Famouser!

Wouldn't Elizabeth Blackwell, First woman Doctor, be proud!

## **JUDY MOODY GETS FAMOUS!**

### **WHO'S WHO**

Judy. Roar! Star of the show, famous for her many moods.

Dad. Judy's father. Good at crossword puzzles, quiz shows, and garages sales.

Mom. Judy's mother. Former glee club member. Knows her vegetables.

Stink. Judy's scene-stealing younger brother and star of the Moody Hall of Fame.

Moody.

Mouse. Judy's cat. Amazing contestant in the Fur & Fangs Famous Pet Contest.

Rocky. Judy's best friend since FOREVER and owner of a disappearing Superman ring.

Mr. Todd. Judy's Teacher, aka Mr. Toad, world's greatest third-grade teacher.

Frank. Judy's paste-eating friend and one quarter of a human centipede.

Jessica. Judy's classmate, Jessica Aardwolf Finch, aka know-it-all Queen of the Spelling Bee.

### **HOW DO YOU SPELL FAMOUS?**

Judy Moody marched into third grade on a plain old Thursday, in a plain old ordinary mood. That was before Judy got stung by the Queen Bee.

Judy sat down at her desk, in the front row next to Frank Pearl.

"Hey, did you see Jessica Finch?" asked Frank in a low voice.

"Yeah, so?" I see her every day. She sits catty-cornered behind me."

"She's wearing a crown."

Judy turned to look at Jessica, then whispered to Frank,

"Where'd she get that? Burger Barn?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "Ask her. She says it's bejeweled."

"Well, it looks be-dumb, if you ask me," said Judy, though secretly she admired the sparkling ruby-like gems.

"Hey, are those real rubies?"

Judy asked Jessica.

"They're costume jewelry," Jessica said.

Who are you dressing up as?

The Queen of England?"

"No, I'm the Queen Bee," said Jessica.

"I won the N.V. Spelling Bee on Saturday."

"The envy spelling bee?" Judy asked.

Judy didn't envy anybody who had to spell long words into a microphone with a million and one people staring bug-eyed at her.

She knew those people were silently yelling FLUB IT UP because they wanted their own kid to win.

"Not envy. N. V. As in Northern Virginia."

"Oh," said Judy.

"Is that where you got the crown?"

"It's a tiara," said Jessica. "T-I-A-R-A. A tiara is a fancy crown like the Queen of England wears. Queen of the Bee has to know tons of definitions."

"What word did you win for?" Judy asked.

"Frank wants to know," she added, in case Jessica thought she was interested.

"Artichoke. It's a fourth-grade word." Artichoke!

Judy could barely spell meatloaf!

Give me S-C-I-E-N-C-E any day, she thought.

Was that the rule? I before E? Or was it E before I?

"I have spelling posters in my room at home," said Jessica. "With all the rules. I even have a glow-in-the dark one."

"That would give me spelling nightmares. I'll take my glow-in-the-dark skeleton poster any day. It shows all two hundred and six bones in the body!"

"Judy," said Mr. Todd. "The back of your head is not nearly as interesting as the front. And so far I've seen more of it today than I'd like."

"Sorry," said Judy, facing front again.

Jessica tapped Judy and passed her a folded page from the newspaper.

Right there, SMACK-DAB in the MIDDLE of the newspaper for the whole world to see, was a picture of Jessica Finch.

It even said LOCAL GIRL BECOMES QUEEN BEE in big fat headline letters.

"My dad says I got my fifteen minutes of fame," Jessica whispered to the back of Judy's head.

Judy did not turn around.

She was green with N-Y. Jessica A. Finch, Queen of the Dictionary, Class 3T, was famous!

Judy could not help thinking how stupendous it would feel to be able to spell better than meatloaf and be the Queen Bee and wear a tiara.

To get her own picture in the paper!

But she, Judy Moody, felt about as famous as a pencil.

As soon as Judy got home from school, she decided to memorize the dictionary. But she got stuck on aardwolf.

Three lousy words.

Who ever heard of an aardwolf anyway? Silly old termite-eater.

It had a pointy little head and beady little eyes and a pinched-up face that looked just like... Jessica A. Finch!

Jessica Aardwolf Finch might be famous, but she was also a silly old termite-eater.

Since Jessica had become Queen Bee with the word artichoke, Judy decided to skip the dictionary and spell all the vegetables in the refrigerator instead.

"Do we have any artichokes?" Judy asked her mother, opening the door of the fridge.

"Since when did you start liking artichokes?" asked Mom.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat them or anything," said Judy.

"It's for Spelling."

"Spelling?" Stink asked.

"Mr. Todd does have some creative ways of teaching Spelling," said Mom.

"Never mind, " said Judy, giving up when she saw asparagus.

Vegetables were too hard to spell.

There had to be a food group that was easier.

At dinner Judy slurped up a noodle and asked, "How do you spell spaghetti?"

"N-O-O-D-L-E," said Stink.

"S-P-A-G-H-E-T-T-I," said Dad.

"Or P-A-S-T-A," said Mom.

"Never mind," said Judy.

"Please pass the B-R-E-A-D."

"How was school today?" Mom asked.

"W-E-L-L," Judy said."

Jessica Finch won a T-I-A-R-A in a spelling bee and got her picture in the P-A-P-E-R. Even if she does look like an A-A-R-D-W-O-L-F, aardwolf."

"So that's what all this spelling is about," said Mom.

"You're W-E-I-R-D," Stink told his sister.

"I comes before E, Stink. Except after C. Everybody knows that." What a meatloaf.

"Actually," said Mom, "your brother's right."

"WHAT?" said Judy. "How can he be right? He broke the rule!"

"Lots of rules have exceptions," said Dad. "Times when you have to break the rule."

"No fair!"

Judy slumped down in her chair.

She was not going to become famous by spelling, that was for sure.

The three strings of spaghetti left on her plate made the shape of a mean face.

Judy made a mean face back.

Dad took a bite out of his garlic bread and asked Judy, "You're not in one of your famous moods again, are you?"

### **THE MOODY HALL OF FAME**

The next day at breakfast, Judy ate her corn flakes without even spelling them.

There had to be lots of ways people got famous besides spelling.

While she munched, Judy watched her little brother, Stink, hang stuff up on the refrigerator:

his report card, the self-portrait that made him look like a monkey, and a photo of himself in his flag costume, from the time he went to Washington, D.C., without her.

Above everything, he had spelled MOODY HALL OF FAME with letter magnets.

"Hey!" she said. "Where's me?"

"I made it," said Stink.

"Why not leave Judy some room, honey," said Mom. "She can hang things there too."

Judy ran back up the stairs, two by two.

She searched her desk for things to put in the Moody Hall of Fame.

But all she could find were crumpled-up papers, acorn hats, a year-old candy heart that said HOT STUFF, and a drawer full of pink dust from all the times she had erased her spelling words and brushed them into her top drawer.

She rummaged through her closet next. All she had there were her collections: Band-Aids, fancy toothpicks, body parts (from dolls!), Bazooka Joe comics, pizza tables.

Forget it.

A person could not be in a hall of fame for toothpicks and Band-Aids.

She stood on a chair and lifted the box down from the top shelf.

Then Judy remembered her scrapbox.

Most kids, like Stink, had a scrapbook. What Judy had was a shoebox that smelled like old rubber.

A lock of baby hair!

A tooth she lost in first grade.

Mom and Dad would never let her hang dead hair up on the fridge. And nobody wanted to see an old yellow tooth every time they opened the refrigerator.

Judy came across a macaroni picture of herself in kindergarten, with a screaming O for a mouth. She put it back. Stink would just love the chance to call her a noodle head. And remind her that she had a big mouth.

Where were her report cards?

There had to be some good ones.

Certificates?

Blue ribbons?

She must have won something, sometime.

But all she found were baby footprints, half-melted birthday candles, and dopey drawings of people with four eyes that she'd scribbled in preschool.

What about pictures of herself?

Pictures!

Judy flipped through some old photos in an envelope.

She had to find something as good as the picture of Stink the time he met the president.

Here she was with Santa Claus. But Santa looked like he was snoring.

And there she was standing next to Abraham Lincoln (cardboard).

No way could she be in the Moody Hall of Fame for having her picture taken with a cardboard president.

Then there was the one where she was facedown on the neighbor's driveway, throwing a tantrum, because she did NOT want to get her picture taken.

It was no use.

Judy could not think of a single thing famous enough for the Moody Hall of Fame.

Judy went back down to the kitchen.

The letter magnets on the fridge should have said THE STINK HALL OF FAME.

"So?

Where's your stuff?" Stink asked.

"Did you leave it upstairs or something?"

"Or something," said Judy.

<Quality>100

She hadn't even found the crummy old ribbon from the time she won the Viola Swamp Look-Alike Contest in first grade.

"Mom?" Judy asked. "Did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Mom. Lots of times. For the high school glee club."

"What's glee?" asked Stink.

"Glee means being happy," Mom told him, "or cheerful."

"They put your picture in the paper just for being happy?" asked Judy.

"No." Mom laughed.

"Glee club is a singing group.

"Judy did not think anybody would take her picture just for being happy.

Or for singing songs about it.

"How about you, Dad?" asked Judy.

"They said my name on the radio once for having the right answer to a quiz-show question."

"What was the question?" asked Stink.

"How many presidents were born in Virginia?"

"How many?" asked Stink and Judy.

"Eight."

"Wow," said Judy.



"Aren't you going to ask me?" asked Stink.

"You never had your picture in the paper," said Judy.

"Yes, I did, didn't I, Mom?" Stink asked.

"It's in my baby scrapbook."

"You've heard that story, Judy, about how we waited too long to leave for the hospital and your brother was born in the back of the Jeep."

"I was even on TV!

On the news!"

"Oh, yeah," said Judy.

"Thanks for reminding me."

It wasn't fair.

Her own stinky brother got to be on the real live news.

She, Judy Moody, was not even famous enough for the refrigerator.

## **INFAMOUS**

Rocky was already waiting for them at the manhole.

"Hey, Rock," said Stink, "did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Rocky. "Bunches of times."

"You did?" asked Judy.

"No, not really," said Rocky.

"But they did hang my picture up in the library one time."

"See?" Judy said to Stink. "Even my best friend is famous."

"Why'd they hang your picture up in the library?" asked Stink.

"My mom took me to the library to see this magician guy, you know?

He did this trick where he took my Superman ring and made it disappear.

Then he pulled it out of his sleeve along with a bunch of scarves.

They took a picture of it and I'm the kid in the front row with my eyes bugging out.

Not exactly famous."

"Still," said Judy.

When Judy got to school, Mr. Todd said, "Let's go over our spelling words."

Spelling, spelling, spelling.

The whole wide world was hung up on spelling.

Judy leaned over and whispered to Frank.

"Hey, Frank, ever had your picture in the paper?"

"It's no big deal," said Frank.

"I was three years old."

Adam stood up and spelled the word, "R-E-C-Y-C-L-E."

"What was it for?" whispered Judy.

Hailey stood up and spelled the word, "I-C-I-C-L-E."

"I won the Grandpa Grape Coloring Contest in the newspaper. You had to color this dancing grape cartoon guy. He used to be on grape juice. **I couldn't even stay in the lines.**"

Randi stood up and spelled, "M-O-T-O-R-C-Y-C-L-E."

Even Frank Pearl was famous. For scribbling on a dancing grape.

"Everybody I know is F-A-M-O-U-S," Judy grumped.

"Judy," said Mr. Todd, "were you hoping to get a white card today?"

A white card!

Three white cards in one week meant you had to stay after school!

She already had two. And it was only Wednesday.

"Why don't you spell the bonus word aloud for us?" Mr. Todd said.

Bonus word? thought Judy.

She hadn't been paying attention. She, Judy Moody, was in a pickle.

Pickle?

Was that the word?

"Could I have the definition please?" she asked.

The whole class cracked up.

"It's something you eat," said Rocky.

Judy stood up.

"P-O-P-S-I-C-L-E. Popsicle," she announced confidently.

"Very good," said Mr. Todd. "For popsicle.

Unfortunately that wasn't our bonus spelling word for today."

"Jessica? Would you like to spell the word for the class?"

Jessica Finch stood up tall, holding her pointy head so she looked very queenly.

"P-U-M-P-E-R-N-I-C-K-E-L. Pumpernickel," said Jessica, faster than necessary.

Pumpernickel was one of those artichokey kind of words that only Pinch Face herself could spell.

I bet she can't spell aardwolf, thought Judy.

"Judy," Mr. Todd said, "if you study your spelling words and pay attention in class, you can avoid getting white cards and we'll both get along famously."

There it was again.

That word.

It was almost time for Science, her best subject, so it would be easy for Judy to pay attention.

She'd sit up straight and raise her hand a bunch, like Jessica Finch.

She, Judy Moody, would not get another white card.

Judy studied the squirming worm on her desk up close.

"As you all know," said Mr. Todd, "we've been raising mealworms.

Today I'm passing one out for each of you to examine.

You can often find mealworms at home.

Where do you think you would find them in your house?"

Judy raised her hand.

"They like to eat oatmeal and flour and stuff," she said when Mr. Todd caned on her.

"So maybe in your kitchen?"

"Right."

Good," said Mr. Todd. "They are actually the larvae of a type of beetle. The flour beetle.

Mealworms are nocturnal," said Mr. Todd. "Who can explain what that means?"

Judy's hand shot up again.

"Judy?"

"They sleep in the day and wake up at night," said Judy.

"Fine," said Mr. Todd. "This kind of mealworm is called a *T. molitor*. Everyone take a minute and count how many segments you find on your mealworm.

Then write it down in your notebook."

Judy counted thirteen segments, not including the head.

She wrote it in her notebook right away.

While she waited for the next question, she let the mealworm climb up her finger.

She let it climb up her pencil.

Rare!

"Mealworms have an exoskeleton," said Mr. Todd. "What do you think that means?"

Judy knew everything about bones and skeletons. Inside ones and out.

She knew the answer again.

Judy shot her hand straight up in the air. Judy forgot about the pencil in her hand. She forgot about the mealworm on the tip of her eraser.

Mr. Todd called on Rocky.

Judy watched her mealworm fly through the air. She watched it land smack-dab on Jessica Finch. She watched it crawl up the front of Jessica's shirt and right up onto the tip of Jessica's ponytail.

Judy forgot all about the white card.

She waved her hand wildly at Jessica until Jessica looked up, then pointed frantically at Jessica's head.

"Aaagh!" Jessica screamed worse than a hyena and flicked her hair to shake off the mealworm. T. molitor sailed through the air, hit the chalkboard, and fell to the floor.

Class 3T went wild.

"Class!" said Mr. Todd, clapping his hands.

"Everybody quiet down.

Jessica," he said. "I'll not have anybody throwing mealworms in my classroom."

He wrote her name on the board.

"But I didn't... it was... she did!..."

"That's enough.

See me after Science for a white card."

Jessica glared squinty-eyed at Judy. **Her pointy ears looked pointier.**

Her pinched-up face looked even pinchier.

Judy faced front.

Judy knew it was all her own fault.

But she did not want to get a third white card.

Jessica Finch probably never got a white card before, thought Judy.

She probably didn't even know before today what it felt like to get in trouble.

All Jessica had was one puny little white card, and one puny little white card never hurt anybody.

For the rest of the morning, Judy felt more and more like a bug.

o, a louse.

After lunch, her neck started to itch. Then her elbow.

She scratched her left knee. Her toe itched inside her shoe.

By the end of the day, Judy went to talk to her teacher.

"Mr. Todd," she asked, scratching her ankle, "do you think not telling the truth can make a person itch?"

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"I think so," said Mr. Todd. "Is there something you're itching to tell me?"

"Yes," said Judy. Scratch, scratch. "In Science today?" Scratch. "It was my mealworm." Scratch. "My fault." Scratch, scratch. "Not Jessica Finch's."

Judy told the whole truth.

Thank you," said Mr. Todd. "I appreciate your coming to me with the truth, Judy.

I know that's not always easy."

"Does this mean I don't have to get a third white card?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Todd. "I still want you to learn to pay better attention."

Mr. Todd erased Jessica's name on the board and wrote Judy's name in its place. Judy hung her head.

"Honestly, it's not so bad staying after school with me. We'll find something useful to do, okay?"

Like maybe clean out the fish tank."

"Mr. Todd, is there a word for somebody who gets famous for all the wrong reasons?" asked Judy.

### **FAME IS THE PITS**

Judy peeled a banana.

"Can I have that?" asked Stink.

Judy handed him the banana peel.

"Not that!" said Stink.

Judy took a monster bite, then handed Stink the banana. She picked up a cherry instead.

"What are you writing?" she asked her dad, popping the cherry into her mouth.

"Garage sale," said Dad.

"I'm running an ad in the paper. It's time to get rid of all that old stuff out there."

"Old stuff?" asked Judy, perking up. Old stuff got people in the newspaper. Really really old stuff even got people on TV.

"What old stuff?"

"Your old bike, Mom's books from college, Stink's baby clothes."

"Don't we have any old-old stuff?"

"There's Dad," said Stink.

"Thanks a lot," said Dad.

"No. I mean like Cleopatra's eyelash," said Judy.

"Or a hammer used to build the Statue of Liberty.

You know.

Stuff old enough to be really worth something."

"Stuff you didn't know you had and you find out you're rich?" Stink grinned.

"Like antiques from your great-great-great-grandmother?

You go on TV and they tell you it's worth a bunch of money."

"I'm afraid nobody's going to get rich around here.

Our old stuff is junk," said Dad.

"ROAR," said Judy.

She pulled the stem off another cherry.

If only she had something unusual. Really rare. Like maybe a broken plate from another century, or an old letter from the American Revolution.

"So, what's happening in school these days?" Dad asked.

Judy sat up.

Had Dad heard about the white cards?

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, is anything interesting going on?"

"Can I stay after school Friday?" asked Judy.

"Mr. Todd says I can help clean the fish tank."

"P-U," said Stink.

"We'll see if Mom can pick you up.

How about you, Stink?"

Judy popped another cherry into her mouth.

"We learned this funny story about George Washington," said Stink.

"It's about not telling a lie."

Judy chomped down on the cherry.

"See, he chopped down this cherry tree. And when his dad asked who did it, Washington said, 'I cannot tell a lie.' And he told on himself."

Judy almost choked.

She spit out her cherry pit. It went zinging across the table at Stink.

"Hey," said Stink.

She spit at me."

"It was an accident," said Judy.

"Judy!" said Dad.

"Okay. Okay. I cannot tell a lie. I coughed a cherry pit at Stink."

"Pick up the cherry pit," said Dad.

Judy reached under Stink's chair and picked it up off the floor.

"No fair," said Judy.

"Why should anyone get famous for telling a lie?"

The whole story about the lie is a lie!"

"Most people don't realize it's not true," said Dad.

"It's still a good story," said Stink.



Judy turned the cherry pit over and over.

It gave her a brilliant Judy-Moody-Gets-Famous idea.

A two-hundred-fifty-year-old idea.

Judy took the cherry pit upstairs to her room.

She got out her hair dryer, and turned it on HIGH.

"What are you doing?" asked Stink, who had followed her upstairs.

"What does it look like?" said Judy.

"I'm blow-drying my cherry pit."

"You're nuts," said Stink.

After he left, Judy got out the tiny hammer from her doctor kit, the one for testing reflexes.

She tapped on the cherry pit to give it scars, so it would look old. Very, very old.

Next she took a pin and carved the initials GW on the bottom.

Then, she took out her clear plastic bugbox, the one with the magnifying glass on top, and put the cherry pit inside for safekeeping, initials-side up

"Rare!" said Judy.

And that was the truth.

On the afternoon of the garage sale, Stink had his own table filled with tub toys, rusty Matchbox cars, Lincoln Logs, a rubber band ball, Shrinky Oinks that had already been shrunk, paper cooties, broken rhythm instruments, and glow-in-the-dark bugs he made with his Creepy Crawlers machine.

"Stink, nobody is going to buy that stuff," Judy told him.

"Yeah, right," said Stink. "And they're going to buy air?" he said, pointing to Judy's empty table.

"You'll see," said Judy.

"I have something better than junk."

She covered her table with a midnight blue tablecloth that looked like velvet.

She put up a sign:

**Genuin Cherry Pit!**

**From George Washington's Cherry Tree**

**dates back to 1743**

**You saw it here (first!)**

Then she set her magnifying bug-box in the middle of the table.

Inside was -ta da!- the FAMOUS cherry pit.

Judy added one more line to her sign: 5¢ A LOOK

She could hardly sit still.

She wondered how long it would take the newspaper people to come take her picture with the two-hundred-fifty-year-old cherry pit.

Little kids put a nickel in the can and said, "Wow, is that REALLY from George Washington's cherry tree?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Judy.

"It is!"

"Where'd you get it?" they asked.

"It's been in the family forever."

"Forever since last week," said Stink.

Judy turned on him with her stinging caterpillar look.

"How do you know it's really George Washington's?" they asked.

"Just look," said Judy. She opened the lid and lifted out the cherry pit. "It says GW right here. See?"

"Let me see," said a girl named Hannah. She showed her little brother.

"GW. It's just like M&M's."

"M&M's!" said the boy, and popped the pit into his mouth.

"Ricky, NO!" said his older sister. But it was too late.

"Spit!" said Judy.

"Spit it out, Ricky!" said Hannah.

Ricky gulped!

"Oh, no!

Did he swallow it?" asked Judy.

"Stick your finger in his mouth.

Is it still in there?"

"It's gone," said Hannah.

"Say you're sorry, Ricky."

"M&M's. Yum," said Ricky.

"This is the pits," said Judy.

"Now what am I going to do when the newspaper comes?"

"Duh. Make another one?" said Stink.

In one gulp, that kid had swallowed her famous two-hundred-fifty-year-old George Washington cherry pit.

In one gulp, Ricky the neighbor kid had swallowed Judy Moody's ticket to fame.

The only picture of that cherry pit would be an X-ray.

### **FAMOUS PET CONTEST**

Stink counted his garage sale money at the kitchen table. Clink. Clink. CLINK.

"Stink, you're counting that money out loud on purpose," said Judy.

"I can't help it!" said Stink. "Mom, tell her" Money makes noise. When you have so much of it."

Judy crumpled up the newspaper that had their garage sale ad in it.

She stuffed it angrily into the trash.

"Recycle, please," said Mom.

"Whoa," said Stink.

"The recycle queen put paper in the trash?"

"Can I use it to line Mouse's litter box?" asked Judy.

"Good idea," said Mom.

Judy uncrumpled the paper and spread it on the floor to flatten it.

**EARLY BIRD SPECIAL!...**

**GARAGE DOOR SALE!...**

**FAMOUS PET CONTEST!...**

**KISS BAD BREATH GOOD-BYE!**

Wait!

Did that say famous?

Judy went back and read it again:

**FAMOUS PET CONTEST**

**Bring your pet to FUR&FANGS this Saturday! Enter your pet in our famous pet-trick contest! Have fun! Win prizes! Winners will receive a blue ribbon, a gift certificate, and get their picture published in the NORTHERN VIRGINIA STAR!**

Judy could not believe her eyes.

"Where's Mouse?" she asked.

"Upstairs," said Mom.

"Here, Mousey, Mousey," Judy called.

Mouse came down the stairs and strolled into the kitchen, looking for some lunch.

Judy scooped up her cat and kissed her on the nose:

"Mww, mww, mwww.

You, the best, most wonderful cat in the whole wide world with tuna fish on top, are going to make me famous!"

Visions of blue ribbons and certificates with fancy writing danced in her head.

"And I get my picture in the paper."

"Hey," she said to her family, "does anybody feel like a piece of toast?"

When Judy hurried into Fur & Fangs with Mouse and Stink that Saturday, it was packed.

Clutching a piece of bread, she said, "Everyone in the entire state of Virginia must own a pet that can do a trick.

Hey, there's Frank!"

"And there's Rocky," said Stink.

"You guys!"

Frank!

Rocky!

Over here!" Judy called.

Frank's dog, Sparky, sniffed a purple dog bone. Sparky sniffed Judy's ankle. Sparky sniffed a ferret.

"What trick does Sparky do?" Stink asked Frank.

"He jumps through a Hula-Hoop, don't you, boy?" said Frank.

"I brought Houdini," Rocky said, showing them his iguana.

"If you scare him, like with a loud noise or something, he can make the end of his tail drop right off."

"Rare," said Judy.

She looked around at all the other pets.

There was a rabbit and a turtle, a white rat named Elvis, and a striped salamander.

Judy saw a hamster racing on a wheel, a snake so still it looked fake, and a shell that was supposed to be a hermit crab.

Someone had even brought a stuffed monkey.

"Time for the contest!" yelled the pet store lady over all the squeaking and squawking, growling and yowling.

All the people with pets formed a circle.

First was a dancing cricket.

Then a turtle that rolled over and a rabbit that drank from a straw.

Polly the parrot sang the first five notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Judy caught herself clapping.

When it was Frank's turn, Sparky jumped through the Hula-Hoop three times and everybody clapped.

Then Rocky could not get Houdini's tail to drop off.

"Dogs make him nervous," Rocky explained.

Three pet tricks later, Polly was still singing.

Emily from school had a ferret named Suzy who brushed its own teeth.

Stink liked it the best.

"But all it did was eat the toothpaste," said Judy.

When it was Judy's turn, she set up a toaster on the floor, dropped a piece of bread into the slot, then took Mouse out of her cat carrier

"This is Mouse," Judy told the audience.

"She's going to make toast."

The audience clapped. Judy stood Mouse on the table.

"Don't be nervous," she whispered.

Mouse sat down and began licking her paw.

"Look at the toaster, Mouse," whispered Judy. "The toaster!" Judy pushed it toward Mouse.

Mouse swatted the toaster. Mouse swiped at the toaster. Mouse pushed the toaster away with her paw.

Everybody cracked up.

Judy held out a Tasty Tuna Treat. Mouse stood up. Mouse saw herself in the toaster!

Judy held her breath.

Mouse swiped at the toaster one more time.

This time she pressed down the button with her paw.

The slice of bread disappeared! The red coils heated up.

The crowd got quiet.

A minute later, the toast popped up.

"Ta da!" called Judy.

"Hooray!" Everybody clapped and cheered.

"Mouse, I'll be famous at last!" Judy squeezed her.

"And now, last but not least," said the pet store lady, "a chicken that plays the piano."

Up stepped David, a boy with a chicken on a leash.

"This is Mozart," said the boy.

Mozart pecked out three notes on the toy piano with his beak.

"Three Blind Mice!" someone yelled.

The crowd went wild.

Judy felt a familiar twinge, the tug of a bad mood.

She, Judy Moody, would never be as famous as a piano-playing chicken.

For the grand finale, everyone paraded their pets, marching in a circle.

"What a great contest this year," said the pet store lady. I'd like to thank all of you for coming."

Now, for the prizes," said the pet store lady.

"If I call your pet's name, please step into the center of the circle."

A man stepped up to the circle with a big camera.

"The newspaper!

They're here," Judy announced.

"In third place, Suzy Chang, the toothbrushing ferret."

Please-please-please, Judy wished silently.

"Second place is Mouse Moody, the cat who makes toast!"

"That's you!" said Frank and Rocky, pushing Judy into the circle.

"Mouse, we won!" cried Judy.

"Second place!"

At last her time had come.

At last her chance to be famous.

"And first prize goes to Mozart Puckett, the piano-playing chicken! Let's hear it for all the famous pets!"

The crowd went wild.

Each pet got a blue ribbon to wear and a gift certificate to Fur & Fangs.

The winners lined up to have a picture taken!

Judy was on the end, holding Mouse, but Mouse squirmed and leaped out of Judy's arms.

Flash!

Judy blinked.

The newspaper man snapped a picture faster than lightning.

"Thank you, everybody!"

"That's it!" yelled the pet store lady.

"That's it?" asked Judy.

Judy's fifteen minutes of fame lasted only fifteen seconds. Fifteen seconds of fame, and she, Judy Moody, had blinked.

The following morning, Judy ran outside to fetch the paper.

She whipped through the pages.

Her heart beat faster.

"Here it is!"

Judy cried. She could not believe her eyes.

There were David Puckett and Emily Chang with mile-wide smiles.

There were Mozart the chicken and Suzy the ferret.



"Let me see!" said Stink.

"Hey, there's Mouse!"

"I'm not even in the picture!" yelled Judy.

"There you are!" said Stink, pointing to an elbow.

"I'm not famous!" Judy wailed. ¡No se ve más que el codo!

"Let's see," said Dad. He read the caption. "Blah blah, winners of the Famous Pet Contest, blah-blah."

It says your name, right here.

See?

Mouse and Judy... Muddy."

"WHAT!" said Judy.

"Muddy? Let me see."

"Judy Muddy! That's a good one," said Stink.

"Judy Muddy! No one will ever know it's me," said Judy.

"We'll know," said Dad.

Judy frowned.

"I guess your name is Mud," Dad said, laughing.

"ROAR!" said Judy.

"At least it says Mouse won the contest," Mom said.

She cut out the picture and hung it up on the fridge.

"Great," said Judy.

"Even my cat's in the Moody Hall of Fame."

Mom kissed the top of Judy's head.

"And you have one very famous elbow."

**BROKEN RECORDS**

Judy studied her famous elbow in the mirror.

She squished her elbow into a wrinkled happy face. She squinched her elbow into a mad face.

If Judy ever hoped to be more famous than an elbow, she needed some help. Judy called all members of the Toad Pee Club.

"Meet at the clubhouse," she told everybody.

Rocky, Frank, and Judy crowded into the blue tent in her backyard.

Last was Stink, who carried Toady, their mascot, in one hand, and walked while reading a book.

"Stink, you better watch out or you'll renew your membership."

"OH!" said Stink.

He tossed Toady into the bucket before the toad famous for peeing in people's hands did it again.

"Now," said Judy, "how can we make me famous?"

"Let's think," Rocky said.

"Stink, you're not thinking," said Judy.

"Getting famous is boring," said Stink, leafing through his book.

"Stink, what book could be soooooooooo interesting?"

Stink held up the Guinness Book of World Records.

Judy looked at Frank. Frank looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Judy.

"Brainstorm!" the three yelled at the same time. Then they cracked up.

"Stink, you are a genius. The secret to getting famous is right there in your hands."

Stink checked his hands.

"Don't you get it?" said Judy.

"I could break a record and get in that book! Then I'd be superfamous."

"Famous. Famous. famous. YOU are a broken record," Stink told her.

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy.

"You know how you collect stuff, like Band-Aids?" said Frank.

- "You could break a record for collecting something. Like the most pizza tables."

"Or scabs!" said Judy.

"Bluck," said Stink.

"There's a guy in here who collects throw-up bags from airplanes.

He has two thousand one hundred and twelve. One bag even has a connect-the-dots drawing of Benjamin Franklin on it."

"That's way better than scabs," said Judy.

"Hey, look," Rocky said, reading over Stink's shoulder. "World's longest word. Spell that and you could be the next Jessica Finch."

The word was: Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

"Whoa. Forty-five letters," said Frank, counting.

"Not even Queen Bee herself could spell that!" said Judy.

"It says here it's an ucky disease from volcanoes," Rocky said.

"No lie."

"Wait!

I got it.

There's a guy in here with the longest neck," said Stink.

"We could all pull on your head to stretch your neck out!"

"I want to be famous, not a giraffe," said Judy.

"With a giraffe neck you would be famous," Stink told her.

"Let me see that book."

Judy grabbed the book of records and flipped through the pages.

Longest gum wrapper chain?

It took thirty-one years to make Longest fingernail?

No way; the guy hasn't cut his thumbnail since 1952. Best spitter?

Judy could spit. Then she saw it. Right there on page 399. The human centipede!

"Okay. Listen up. We're going to be a giant creepy-crawly," said Judy. "Let's tie our shoelaces together, then walk like a caterpillar. The old record is ninety-eight feet and five inches.

Rocky, remember last summer we measured with a string? It was one hundred feet to your house and back.

So all we have to do is walk from here to Rocky's and back to break the record."

They sat in a line, one behind the other, like desks in a row.

First Judy, then Frank, Rocky, and Stink.

"Hey, I'm always last!" said Stink.

"You're the rear end," said Judy.

"Tie one shoelace to the person in front, and one to the person in back," she called.

"How are we ever going to stand up?" asked Stink.

"On the count of three," Judy began.

"One, two..."

Judy took the first step.

Frank's foot shot up and out from under him.

Like bowling pins, Frank toppled sideways, Rocky fell over on his ear, and Stink crashed on his elbows. Frank snorted first.

Rocky cracked up so bad he sprayed everybody.

"Hic-CUP!" said Stink.

When they were finally standing, without anybody falling or snorting or hiccupping, they each tried to take a step.

One... two... three.

"The human centipede!" called Judy.

She pictured the human centipede in her imagination-growing longer and longer, all wiggly and squiggly with tons of legs, and she, Judy Moody, at the head with biting fangs and poison claws!

"Hssss!" said Judy.

"No hopping, Rocky," called Frank.

"My lace is all twisted," said Rocky.

"Hold up!" yelled Stink from the end of the line.

That's when it happened.

Judy stopped, but the rest of the centipede kept going! They all began to fall.

Crunch!

Judy stepped on Frank's hand. Frank's other arm socked Rocky in the stomach.

Stink's foot landed in Rocky's hair.

Three steps, and they had crumbled into a human pretzel.

Hey!

Watch it!" Stink yelled.

"I'm all twisted," Rocky said.

"OWWWWWWWWWWW!" Frank screamed.

Frank was holding up his right arm with his left hand.

Frank Pearl's right pinky finger looked all floppy.

It looked all floppy.

Frank Pearl's pinky was twice as fat as normal and dangled down the wrong way.

"OOOH! What happened?" asked Judy.

"It hurts... bad," said Frank, tears streaming down his face. "Real bad."

"Stink, run and get Mom. Fast!"

What if Judy had broken a finger, not a record?

If Frank's pinky was broken, it was all Judy's fault.

Judy no longer felt like a human centipede.

She, Judy Moody, felt more like a human worm.

## **BROKEN PARTS**

"So which one of you's the patient?" asked a tall man with a red beard in a long white coat.

Frank held up his little blue sausage of a finger.

"Ouch!" said the man.

"How'd this happen?"

Frank looked over at Judy. Judy stared a hole in the carpet.

We were playing," Frank answered.

"We were making a human centipede so my sister could be famous!" said Stink.

"And she stepped on Frank!"

Judy sent Stink her best troll-eyes stare, complete with stinging-caterpillar eye-brows.

The man laughed.

"Okay. Well. I'm Ron, the emergency-room nurse. I'll take you back, and the doctor's gonna fix you right up, Frank.

Is your mom or dad here?"

"My mom went to call Frank's mom," said Judy.

"Okay. Tell you what. The children's wing is right through those red doors. Why don't you two wait in the playroom there. It'll be more fun. I'll tell your mom you're there, when she comes back."

Too bad Rocky went home.

Now she was stuck with Stink.

They pushed through the red doors and into a long hallway. At the end of the hall was a room marked THE MAGIC PLAYROOM.

Judy and Stink went in.

The walls were papered with teddy bears in hospital gowns, holding balloons.

Each bear had crutches or bandages or sat in a wheelchair.

There was a couch, a table with crayons and paper for coloring, a plastic castle, and a bookshelf with books about going to the hospital. There was even a miniature operating table on wheels.

The only kid in the playroom was a girl in a wheelchair.

"How come you're in a wheelchair?" Stink asked her.

"Stink, you shouldn't ask stuff like that."

"It's okay," said the girl. "I got a new heart. They can't let me walk around yet. They have to keep me at the hospital for a long, long time to make sure it works."

"A whole new heart!

Wow!" said Stink.

"What's wrong with your old one?"

"Stink!" said Judy, even though she wanted to know too.

"It broke, I guess," said the girl.

"Were you scared?" Judy asked.

The girl nodded.

"Guess what. My scar goes from my neck all the way down to my bellybutton."

"What's your name?" asked Stink.

"Laura," said the girl.

"That's one brave heart you got there, Laura," said Judy.

"Daddy says I'm a brave girl," Laura said. "I'm getting a hamster when I go home. Do you have a hamster?"

"No," said Judy. "I have a cat named Mouse."

"There's nothing to do here," said Laura, looking around.

"They have doctor stuff," said Judy.

"Look! A real sling and stuff!" said Stink, kneeling next to a big cardboard box.

He pulled out Ace bandages, boxes of gauze, and tongue depressors. Even a stethoscope and a pair of crutches.

"Stink, can I put your arm in a sling?" Judy asked.

"No way," said Stink.

"How about you, Laura? I know how. For real."

"I'm sick of doctor stuff," Laura said.

"What about dolls?" Stink asked. "There's a bunch of dolls in this box."

"They all have broken arms and legs, or no heads," Laura said.

"And some of them have cancer."

"What do you mean?" Judy asked.

"They're bald, like Sarah, in my same room."

"That's not fair," Judy said. "They should at least have dolls to play with that aren't sick."

The nurse came back just then.

"Time to go back to your room," she told Laura.

"Did you kids meet our brave girl?"

"Yes!" said Judy and Stink.

"I hope your new heart works great!" said Judy, as Laura left with the nurse.

"Bye!" called Stink.

Judy looked through the doll box.

Laura was right. All the dolls were dirty or broken or hairless or headless.

Mrs. Moody poked her head in the doorway.

"Hello!"

"Mom!" said Stink.

"Is Frank okay?" Judy asked.

"His finger's broken," said Mrs. Moody, "but his mom is with him now. He's getting a splint."

"Rare!"

"A real splint!" said Judy.



"He won't be playing any basketball for a while, but he's going to be just fine. So. Ready to go?"

Stink and Judy followed Mrs. Moody out of the playroom.

Halfway down the hall, Judy stopped, holding Stink back by his shirt.

"Stink," she said so her mom couldn't hear. "Give me your backpack."

"What?"

"Your backpack. I need it."

Stink made a face and handed over the pack.

"Catch up with Mom and tell her I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Judy dashed back into the playroom and over to the box of broken dolls.

Looking around to make sure no one was coming, she stuffed the dolls into the backpack. Judy zipped it shut, flung it over her shoulder like a lumpy Santa Claus sack, and headed back down the hall.

When Mom stopped to ask a question at the desk, Stink asked, "Hey!

What's in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing does not make a big fat lump.

Did you take that doctor stuff? You took stuff! You stole!

I'm telling!"

"Shh! You can't tell anybody, Stink, or we'll get in trouble for stealing."

"We? You mean you'll get in trouble," said Stink.

"Are you crazy?"

Do you want to be famous for being the only third grader who ever went to jail?"

"Swear you won't tell, Stink."

"What will you give me?"

"I'll let you look at real spit under my microscope."

"Okay. I swear."

"You swore!" said Judy.

"I'm telling."

## **BODY PARTS**

As soon as Judy got home, she unloaded the backpack and spread the dolls out on her bottom bunk.

She, Doctor Judy Moody, was in an operating mood.

On her bed was a doll that didn't talk or cry anymore, and one with no arms. There was a headless doll, and one that was bald.

First Judy gave each of the dolls a bath.

"I know just what I need," said Judy.

"Body parts!"

She dug out her collection: long arms, skinny arms, brown legs, pink legs, middles with bellybuttons, one bare foot, a thing that looked like a neck, and all sorts of heads—small heads, fat heads, Barbie heads, bald heads!

Judy emptied a whole bag of body parts onto her bed.

"Rare!"

Judy glued a red wig with yarn braids onto the doll with no hair and gave another one arms that bent. Judy bent the arm back and forth, back and forth, to test it out.

"Boo!" said the doll each time Judy lifted her arm.

"You don't scare me" Judy told the doll. "And for you", she said to the headless doll. "A new head". From all the heads on her bed, Judy chose one with brown hair and green eyes.

"There you go," said Judy, popping on the new head.

But when she turned the doll upside down to put some shoes on her, the doll's head flew off and bounced across the floor!

"Whoa!" said Judy, running after the head.

"That won't work.

Let's try this one.

How would you like eyes that can close and open?"

Judy twisted the new head onto the doll's neck and waved her up, down, up, down through the air a few times to watch the eyes open and close.

"Voilà!" said Judy. She kissed the doll right on the nose.

Next she dressed each doll in a blue-and-white hospital gown she made from an old sheet, and gave each of them a paper bracelet printed with a name: Colby, Molly, Suzanna, Laura.

"Knock, knock," called Stink, pounding on her door.

"Go away," said Judy.

"Knock, knock!" said Stink.

"Who's there?" said Judy.

"I, Stink," said Stink.

"I Stink who?"

"I stink you should let me in your room," said Stink, letting himself in anyway.

He peeked behind the blanket hanging over the bottom bunk.

"Aaagh!" he yelled, jumping back in shock. "Those dolls! The hospital -you stole! Those are... those aren't... if Mom and Dad find out..."

"Stink, you promised you wouldn't tell."

"Yeah, but..."

Judy was making a tiny cast out of ooey wet newspaper.

"Look, if you keep quiet, I'll let you help me."

"It's a deal!" said Stink.

Stink and Judy finished putting the cast on one of the doll's legs.

When it dried, they painted it white and signed it with lots of made-up names.

After that, they made a sling for another doll, with a scrap of cloth.

On a different doll Doctor Judy put tattoo Band-Aids from her Band-Aid collection all over its legs, arms, and stomach.

"Double cool!" said Stink.

Last but not least was a rag doll made of cloth.

Judy took a pink marker and drew a scar from the doll's neck down to her bellybutton. Then she drew a red heart, broken in two. With black thread, she stitched the broken heart back together, hiding it under the doll's hospital gown.

"Just like that girl Laura!" Stink said.

When she was finished, Judy propped up all the dolls in a row on her bottom bunk and stood back to admire her work.

She set her own doll, Hedda-Get-Betta, next to them.

"Wow, you made them look really good!" said Stink.

A little later Judy packed all the dolls into a box and secretly mailed them back to the hospital.

Without a return address, no one would ever know that she was the one who had stolen the dolls.

It's like a real doll hospital, thought Judy.

She, Judy Moody, was on her way to being just like First Woman Doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell.

## **JUDY MOODY AND JESSICA FLINCH**

On Monday morning Mr. Todd asked, "Where's Frank today?"

"Absent," said Judy.

"Oh, that's right.

I heard that he broke his finger.

Does anybody know how it happened?"

"It's a loooooooooooooooooooooong story," said Judy.

"As long as a centipede!" said Rocky.

"I heard Judy Moody stepped on him!" said Adam. "CRACK!" He bent his finger back like it was breaking.

"Okay, okay. We'll ask Frank all about it when he gets back."

"He'll be back tomorrow," Judy said.

Judy looked at the empty desk next to her.

Without Frank, there was no one to snort at her jokes.

Without Frank, she spelled barnacle with an i.

Without Frank, she had nobody to tease about eating paste.

To make matters worse, all morning Jessica Finch kept inching her desk a little closer, a little closer to Judy.

"Is that the elbow that was in the paper?" Jessica asked.

Judy drew a mad face on her famous elbow and pointed it at Jessica.

"Hey, Judy?"

"Want to come over to my house after school?" asked Jessica.

"I could show you my glow-in-the-dark spelling posters."

"Can't," said Judy.

"Why not?"

"I have to feed Jaws, my Venus flytrap."

"How about tomorrow?"

"I feed it every day," said Judy.

"How about after you feed Jaws?" asked Jessica.

"Homework," said Judy.

The truth: by Friday Judy was almost bored enough to go to Jessica's. Rocky had to stay at his grandma's after school for a week because his mom was working late, and Frank could hardly do anything with a broken finger.

Too bad she had finished operating on all the hospital dolls so quickly.

Making a cast was the best!

If only she could try making a bigger cast, on a human patient.

But who?

Stink would not let her near him with wet ooey newspaper.

Judy looked back at Jessica Finch.

Maybe she did not look like a Pinch Face.

Maybe she did not look like an aardwolf.

Maybe she looked like... a doctor's dream.

The perfect patient!

"Hey, Jessica," Judy asked, "how would you like to get your arm in a cast?"

"It's not broken," Jessica said.

"Who cares?" said Judy. "It's just for fun."

"Sure, I guess. Does this mean you'll come over? I can show you my spelling posters."

"How does today after school sound?" asked Judy.

When Judy got to Jessica Finch's house, the two girls went up to Jessica's room.

Judy looked around.

All she could see were pigs. Pink pigs. Stuffed pigs. Piggy banks. A fuzzy piggy-face rug. Even Jessica's bed looked like a pig wearing a pink skirt.

"You like pigs!" said Judy.

"What was your first due?" Jessica laughed in her hyena way.

Judy touched the spelling bee prize ribbons Jessica had hanging on the wall.

Jessica showed Judy her scrapbook, with all the times her name had been in the paper.

"Wow," said Judy.

"Did they ever spell your name wrong?"

"Once. Jessica Flinch!"

"Judy Muddy!" said Judy.

"Look! Here are all the spelling posters I made." Jessica pointed to the wall next to her bed.

"Hey, they're green. How come they're not pink too?"

"Because they glow in the dark. Wait."

Jessica pulled down the shades and turned off the light.

The room lit up with glow-in-the-dark words.

All the spelling words from Mr. Todd!

BICYCLE

ICICLE

BREADSICLE

POPSICLE

RECYCLE

MOTORCYCLE

"What's a breadsicle?" Judy asked. "Is that like pumpernickel?"

"Hey, you're good," said Jessica.

"See, I make up fake words and play a game to see if I can fool myself.

Want to play?

Or we could play the pig game.

Instead of dice you get to roll little plastic pigs."

"What about making a cast?" said Judy.

"You're not going to break my finger or anything, like you did to Frank, are you?"

"No! Besides, it was an accident," Judy said.

"Okay. So. What do we need?" asked Jessica.

"Newspaper. Water. Glue."

"This comes off, right?" said Jessica.

"Right," said Judy.

There must be some way to get it off, she thought.

"We have to let it dry first. Then we paint it."

"Can we paint it pink?" asked Jessica.

"Sure," Judy said. Rare. A pink cast.

"I'll go get some old newspapers," said Jessica. When she came back, she said, "All I could find was today's, so let's hope my parents have already read it!"

Judy and Jessica tore the paper into strips.

Judy could not wait to see the pink cast.

This was her biggest operation yet!

Judy dipped paper strips into the sticky mixture and carefully placed them one by one on Jessica's arm.

"Ooh. It feels icky," said Jessica.

"Are you sure this is going to work?"

Jessica was as bad as Stink.

"Here," said Judy, handing Jessica more newspaper. "Tear up some more strips. I'm running out."

Jessica handed Judy a strip.

At the top was the word PHANTOM.

Jessica handed Judy another strip. STRIKES. A third. HOSPITAL.

"Stop!" said Judy. "Where's the rest of this story?" She peered at Jessica's arm. "Page B six. Where's page B six, huh?"

"Oh. I think I already ripped it up."

Judy tried to read Jessica's wet, ooey arm, but all she could make out were the words *doll thief*.

"What did it say?" she asked in a panic.

"Phantom strikes county hospital, or something."

"Or something, what?"



"I don't know. What's the big deal?"

Judy stood up suddenly, scattering paper strips everywhere.

"I gotta go!"

"You what?"

Wait!

My arm!

You can't just...

What about my pink cast?"

But Judy was already out the door.

She, Judy Moody, Doll Thief, would be famous all right.

For going to jail.

Just like Stink said.

## **JUDY MOODY, SUPERHERO**

"Home already?" asked Mom. "How was Jessica's? Fun?"

"I... did you... where's... the... paper?" Judy asked, out of breath.

"Today's paper? Right here," said Dad, pushing it across the table toward Judy.

Judy flipped through the paper madly.

But when she got to Section B, all she saw was a giant hole.

"Who cut up the paper? Stink?" she said, shooting him her best stinging-caterpillar eyebrow look.

"Oh, I did," said Dad. "Here, I tacked it up right here on the fridge."

He read out loud:

## **PHANTOM DOLL DOCTOR STRIKES**

### **COUNTY HOSPITAL**

On Saturday, October 17, Grace Porter, a member of the nursing staff at County General, noticed that several of the dolls that had been donated to the hospital for its Magic Playroom were missing.

"Funny coincidence," said Mom. "That was the same day we took Frank to the hospital!"

"Ha. Funny," said Judy, trying to smile.

Mom would not find it so funny when she learned that her only daughter was an about, true-blue, I-before-E thief.

Dad continued reading:

**The missing dolls created quite a stir. Young patients who use the Magic Playroom in the Children's Wing spent days speculating as to the identity of the doll thief.**

Su padre continuó leyendo:

"Isn't that where I found you two?" asked Mom. "The Magic Playroom?" Judy's mother sounded just like a detective. Jail time.

Curiously, a mysterious package was received a few days later, with all the dolls magically cleaned, scrubbed, fixed, or mended.

Each one was tagged, dressed in a hospital gown, and had been properly "doctored" with fancy Band-Aids, slings, and casts.

Dad paused and said, "Hmm. Band-Aids."

Uh-oh, thought Judy. Evidence.

**A special doll with a once-broken heart was given to patient Laura Chumsky, who recently underwent the hospital's twenty-ninth heart transplant. On behalf of Laura Chumsky and all the young patients, the hospital staff would like to thank the anonymous donor, the Phantom Doll Doctor, for this kind contribution.**

"It sounds like one of the superheroes in my comics!" Stink said.

"That's quite a story," said Dad, grinning.

"Let me see that," Judy said.

She had to see it, had to read it, with her very own eyes.

"Phantom Doll Doctor," she repeated, touching the words in the headline.

"Rare!"

"What a thoughtful thing for someone to do," said Mom.

"Wish I'd thought of it," said Dad, tacking the article back up on the refrigerator with a pineapple magnet.

There it was, front and center in the Moody Hall of Fame.

"Too bad," said Stink.

"What's too bad?" said Judy.

"I kind of wanted to see the inside of a jail."

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy, nervously glancing at her parents.

But they were both grinning proudly.

That's when Judy's brain began working on a brand-new Judy Moody idea.

She'd make a sign.

Maybe set up shop in the garage. Get other kids to give her their broken dolls or old stuffed animals. Or she'd find some at yard sales.

She would doctor them up and donate them to more sick kids in the Children's Wing at the hospital.

Some could have Ace bandages, or fancy scars, or tubes for breathing.

Maybe even an IV!

And it could all be in secret.

The hospital would never know the identity of the Phantom Doll Doctor.

The way nobody knew Superman was really Clark Kent, a nice, quiet reporter from the Daily Planet.

Rare!

For the first time in a long time, the once Judy Muddy felt more famous than an elbow.

She, Judy Moody, Phantom DoH Doctor, now felt as famous as Queen Elizabeth, as famous as George Washington, as famous as Superman.

Famouser!

Wouldn't Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, be proud!



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La infracción de los derechos mendonixlos

Código Penal).

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i9m]La estrella  
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htünor.  
La madre de ludy.  
Enjíende,mucho  
4(\1\"\\iéj:(luras.  
Quién es  
Quién

?ih'X ih  
El padre de ludy.  
Hace bien los crucigramas  
y los puzzle •.  
Vende objetos usados.  
El hermano pequeño de judy.  
Su competidor y estrella  
del Rincón de la.Fama

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 La~dejudy.  
 Temible participante  
 del Concurso  
 de Mascotas Famosas.  
 Sr. Todo'  
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 profesor de Tercero  
 delmun~  
 El mejor amigo de judy  
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 un anillo de Superman  
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 Una sabelotodo. fessíca  
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 del concurso aeonogrofia.  
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 La madre de ludy.  
 Enjíende,mucho  
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 Quién es  
 Quién

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 El mejor amigo de judy  
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 Una sabelotodo. fessíca  
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 del concurso aeonogrofia.  
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11

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era un  
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JJ y ser concursa y ser un  
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18

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COTIYa  
no me DI'ecmn se  
coro, n~o lluncaen  
U\~UItl concurso un cursooo  
a vez.  
COTIYa  
no me DI'ecmn se  
coro, n~o lluncaen  
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con!UW~HV  
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lUn~aGla y su  
no nos dE:ietrea  
de11je'f1()~  
en un  
f  
era  
UVCL  
s-o ~estajjio  
con!UW~HV  
en una se~  
mana uerlarse en  
lUn~aGla y su  
no nos dE:ietrea  
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♀  
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y!JU:>U|  
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en  
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\ V, ", ", v en  
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vez mano como un  
y!JU:>U|  
casa, ¿ se  
conoce vcon~  
J  
filano.  
en  
esca~  
\ V, ", ", v en  
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y se sacumano  
en  
con  
C!  
a Verrrrl€  
una  
corno una  
y se sacumano  
en  
con  
C!  
a Verrrrl€  
una  
corno una  
♀  
con con  
nunca,  
un  
  
no se carse  
:no se ¡UUU| con  
nU|lca una  
hcist¡C! ese lo:mjento no  
era verse en un no  
cause  
0|S¡:1rlo era  
rascarse--,~>  
como un rc,s(.:o-..., no  
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no es  
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encon~  
o su horro/v,,,,,  
U|,jUrnH uno cerezo,  
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o  
o polcler  
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ocon~  
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o su horro/v,,,,,  
Ul,jUrnH uno cerezo,  
cerezo en

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o P0lCler  
vo

♀  
mtnaCi(1<:L Se,jJV\.w1A  
HU.c.,,};) viejos,

a una pestafia

♀  
o creo  
no VU1IC,U  
cereza en  
como un ouna  
cerezo.

un cerezo. Y C,,janclo su  
y

o creo  
no VU1IC,U  
cereza en  
como un ouna  
cerezo.

un cerezo. Y C,,janclo su  
y

♀  
a  
ras:  
~1{eojqe'lc ---orderló su  
se UL1u"UU y  
"g

cereza  
noes cerezn a su  
es una I

I  
a  
ras:  
~1{eojqe'lc ---orderló su  
se UL1u"UU y  
"g

cereza  
noes cerezn a su  
es una I

♀  
cereza. rnesa con  
cereza muescas manera tewn,,, con su  
nClcneva a  
la meso Uf"'jO su  
cereza. rnesa con  
cereza muescas manera tewn,,, con su  
nClcneva a  
la meso Uf"'jO su

♀  
cereza

cansa

esa  
tuya.  
mesa con un DC1f10 maun  
rnIT,3j  
cereza.

cen~  
e; ; ; ; cerezo  
♀  
semana !.Jv1"UUU  
  
cereza--.  
  
se  
  
mano  
  
yse  
  
1LkC0U en  
  
♀  
SU hon>c  
a hacerse  
no  
como  
qo1pe su tm110:SC Hue"U  
SU hon>c  
a hacerse  
no  
como  
qo1pe su tm110:SC Hue"U  
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1  
  
o u, fso de  
  
seotas ra osas  
  
a prcl1j0:sito con  
  
se  
  
e" 'UU\AUU o  
  
♀  
SUHHAU  
y ex1:endió en  
~rae r~ Mascota este sábado a  
"7e"os y 1\~Mas .  
  
Ap6,ta ..a a 1~estro CalCufso,  
diviértete y CO15i,~e premios.  
  
f Los ~a,adores recib'lr'á,  
~la baldaai~i: y U1 dipi'OMB, y 1M  
1'010 APARECeRÁ e~ 8<:.-r8 P8RIÓ!J!CO  
  
¡AD·!OS AL MAL no ,",V'fiHA creer  
67  
♀  
Se con yun  
y y ('u  
o uno  
vaso  
Se con yun  
y y ('u  
o uno  
vaso  
♀  
11n iU'Je1 un cançire  
  
un rnono mseCO1o{'

Anexo 6.4. TT.L2.sin editar.txt

cosas  
trmido o  
caer In  
YlC".h) H.U;), con voces o se Dcmlo  
se sor~  
UD !lcm1ster lt:J.1UU en  
y uno ccmch  
ron. l{(Kikv  
caer  
71

♀  
,\_{>, .fh{~ '-,  
;.. '.,-%"i. \. "l. ,

♀  
con nprrrl~ ~ex-  
ma:scotas y  
una CO\_mTJ011er-a  
un los y  
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una  
en ranura y lUCqV  
cerse una tnlh,dn  
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comenzaron a  
vez

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se pu\_sIE,ron  
HLU\_U en  
con nprrrl~ ~ex-  
ma:scotas y  
una CO\_mTJ011er-a  
un los y  
comerse  
una  
en ranura y lUCqV  
cerse una tnlh,dn  
mesa~\_  
7tf  
comenzaron a  
vez

V  
J  
se pu\_sIE,ron  
HLU\_U en  
a lam,::rs:e

se y se

pata.

un  
--se

a

un trc)zo

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U11.UU UL1lUUCUUY

voy a ser fam,Js,:t ''''''Die'

un vaISO

kHmhn un 'j\jllU n+n.r!n con una  
-t~Sl'f' es l\é!()ZCU  
l Hi! uc<; en un

un a1lJO1rot0.

♀

una sensi:lclón  
Moodyt nunca como un  
se con un U"JUP'  
un concurso  
a todos  
una sensi:lclón  
Moodyt nunca como un  
se con un U"JUP'  
un concurso  
a todos  
corro.  
a  
ser!amoso

;),"UiU con corro.  
con una or(m  
foitos se m.esenl to en  
su  
esauno  
lacios, ouleLU11UV a  
78 79

♀

sus

~(mun

'-.lHÁll~j con una

se

a1

0-1

♀

--v!:m10'S a ver veuen  
está en  
tlelles un COUIO  
v~uv~se  
me va a conocer  
nunca,  
no  
con~  
curso -initerjtó su HHAU}  
--v!:m10'S a ver veuen  
está en  
tlelles un COUIO  
v~uv~se  
me va a conocer  
nunca,  
no  
con~  
curso -initerjtó su HHAU}

♀

, í a le o rec rds

su en  
lJCíreci<~ra una cara  
\_\_\_\_ ,,:r\~ vernos en a  
, í a le o rec rds

su en  
lJCíreci<~ra una cara  
\_\_\_\_ ,,:r\~ vernos en a

♀  
con en una mano y  
en

o vas a  
renovar  
'n"it'f] en

a sus  
orinarilE en maHO.

nenE eso

♀  
liLa'" y J{ }Ci[(V se vez.  
eres un  
en manos,  
UTl  
unréoord  
con concurso es >-v'ij'l'"  
se unnoco,

liLa'" y J{ }Ci[(V se vez.  
eres un  
en manos,  
UTl  
unréoord  
con concurso es >-v'ij'l'"  
se unnoco,

♀  
es una er,ternleijad rara  
réconls y  
no se  
90  
en  
zapatos unos con  
lu;eu;u vamos a ~~"'f'"contlouna  
acaso

" centaronve J  
como  
en

y  
con una  
casa y  
uno detrás  
91

es una er,ternleijad rara  
réconls y  
no se  
90  
en

zapatos unos con  
lu;eu;u vamos a ~~"'f'"contlouna  
acaso

" centaronve J  
como  
en

y  
con una  
casa y  
uno detrás  
91

♀  
CClO,Cj vez  
con con sus CUHLUHU;' y sus  
lHHl.iU'UJ  
~'YHnY vomos a  
mano a  
vJ enap'ezoxon a anjOCH pos,osy

♀  
un ré(:or,1. se  
Mo() (tv. se

♀  
j  
\tesos f tos  
vo:sotros es  
HUJUIUnJ con

♀  
con uno. sus

y  
o. 0.111í;0.:r1C)S  
"nn  
Vi::uniJS 0.. uno. coso..  
esos  
os lo 1J'.12>UJ  
no  
U<.H.IU.U a un V.A"U1V

♀  
había una

y  
m,eaJ!Co y OIC)!X1S en  
mano, y

HA'AeJ' en ;:jHIU2

una mesa con "'U "ce,  
un  
DlaSt1c:o y una ;;;,' 'AHte",u

ttiW,U.' una mesa  
no  
en una

,",)UA' en una rue

eso no se n-C"n1

102



un coro-  
nuevo y  
vanateller

103

♀  
lile va a

urIa cIjRQ.iI

♀  
en no eSIt\X\lIeran enIj?rnmos,  
el LliIII:::l'WC:HJ,

y  
tsperoque  
LUU'''' se  
brozos y  
teretiéres!--IJreClUljto  
señora MOiJOV se osorao  
107

en no eSIt\X\lIeran enIj?rnmos,  
el LliIII:::l'WC:HJ,

y  
tsperoque  
LUU'''' se  
brozos y  
teretiéres!--IJreClUljto  
señora MOiJOV se osorao  
107

♀  
una mueca y se  
\_~Vq con m.ClIlni:l y  
un aeao U'AUU una cosa.  
(] m"Pi]Um:ar  
se vo a D()ner  
siacuíoron a  
una mueca y se  
\_~Vq con m.ClIlni:l y  
un aeao U'AUU una cosa.  
(] m"Pi]Um:ar  
se vo a D()ner  
siacuíoron a

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No UlI~U" HUlUU a nuuito  
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y una  
miirrvero un  
me hCICE  
110 111

No UlI~U" HUlUU a nuuito  
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y exü::níli  
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y una  
miirrvero un  
me hCICE  
110 111

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113  
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una mover.  
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CUUtCLU nueva en  
ver CO'ITIO se arlrlja]J y se cerrclb,:m  
en su HLL.Wd no  
a CUIUU'" con una son HHHUU se entenan.  
con una no mnci.S  
con su  
y uno  
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y cerrar  
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CUUtCLU nueva en  
ver CO'ITIO se arlrlja]J y se cerrclb,:m  
en su HLL.Wd no  
a CUIUU'" con una son HHHUU se entenan.  
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ser como  
rosa v -  
rn,t,,i con  
cas en en y se  
116  
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ue!uuhic:ier'On un cabestr]con  
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con casen  
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rosa v -  
rn,t,,i con

cas en en y se

116

♀

oody

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atlrascómo

119

♀

su mesa a  
 de comer a  
 lH~'U,lU'Ll su 1U1111-1.3\j codo y  
 com.er lUtlU"  
 uiOlrírlír a casa al y cornero.  
 su mesa a  
 de comer a  
 lH~'U,lU'Ll su 1U1111-1.3\j codo y  
 com.er lUtlU"  
 uiOlrírlír a casa al y cornero.  
 unnn,rn ca,(Jo vez

♀

un  
 en casa su  
 una semana vv""",n sumadre  
 Ounu no casa  
 se V\JUHA h(ClCer coso con  
 no o caso y  
 acercorse Cl con n",,,,"'  
 no era no era en fo1~ma  
 1 1

un  
 en casa su  
 una semana vv""",n sumadre  
 Ounu no casa  
 se V\JUHA h(ClCer coso con  
 no o caso y  
 acercorse Cl con n",,,,"'  
 no era no era en fo1~ma  
 1 1

♀

con  
 "~\j111U es no son  
 rosas CUíHC"'C,U?  
 son fo:;fore~;centies  
 1

con  
 "~\j111U es no son  
 rosas CUíHC"'C,U?  
 son fo:;fore~;centies  
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♀

y m::;'aclc  
 en '-HA"" con e1  
 una manera  
 secar.  
 eSCQ

♀

rosa,

y

u:na co:n C1mjclclo en

UDJJ.

VO(1

se rneD~,nn

iltllos.PJltCuff

1

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a

rosal

13

♀

oody sv'per ero\I

en casa

er1CIC1ICO con10 una

no

un fJ,liCm

♀

El robo de las rnuñecas a los  
de! aja inranr.il, Todos sobre !a  
en voz identidad de! jaarán de rYiur1ccas.

1

El robo de las rnuñecas a los  
de! aja inranr.il, Todos sobre !a  
en voz identidad de! jaarán de rYiur1ccas.

1

con una  
con G?H]S

MÉi)io:::; F1~NTASf1A DE ROBA  
Ei"j EL HOSPITAL DEL CONDADO

El sábado ! 7 de octubre, ia enfermera Gr71:e  
Porter, de! del condado, descu~  
brió que habían robado [mas rnufíecas donadas

a la. sala dei hc',p'tal.

a

:n,o

su.

♀

es os enlcontJré? ~.1LW"~

re.n"n su maCire-un

dí?tE,ctive.

Curiosamente, dias 0'''',,)U2' se recibió un mistf;>

rioso paquete con {Odas jas muil2cas m,á~iGi·  
mente Tódas con  
de h,,,,!,,,,! Y "curadas" con tiritas, cabestrillos y  
una V o·wvuov,f,\.

J  
e! conzón roto a Laura Chllfrls!'iy,qile hace poco  
novenno traspiante de cora-  
En nombre de  
L.aura n"jmJ.kv

e|  
Médico Fantasma de Muflecas su arnab!e gesto.  
es os en!contJré? ~.lLW"~  
re.n"n su maCire-un  
dí?tE,ctive.

Curiosamente, dias 0''',,)U2' se recibió un mistf;>  
rioso paquete con {Odas jas muil2cas m,á~iGi·  
mente Tódas con  
de h,,,,!,,,,! Y "curadas" con tiritas, cabestrillos y  
una V o·wvuov,f,\.

J  
e! conzón roto a Laura Chllfrls!'iy,qile hace poco  
novenno traspiante de cora-  
En nombre de  
L.aura n"jmJ.kv

e|  
Médico Fantasma de Muflecas su arnab!e gesto.

♀  
con un en  
ny' vuctio",--",1 L  
Di2te(:i() ver uno  
nueVG  
con un en  
ny' vuctio",--",1 L  
Di2te(:i() ver uno  
nueVG

♀  
o cic:atnces o  
no  
o cic:atnces o  
no  
corno  
mo

rn

una vez HC.HJ.lucLi lHl1HAUV  
de se  
como  
l l~l

♀  
EE

en el seno ti.e tIna hU.WH"  
Corno a no  
rnetar  
en LiterotuTn l!:fm:ltil y troIlojcidc en  
entero Q escribir\_  
Vive en Ccijlifm7:lc con su nlc:rtdo llj,=h,ord

siete años  
y revistas con lo colGbon:l"  
;\rte en el \:[c:s5:adlLlsetts

♀  
.....

~ ~

A~~.....

~i .... / ~'ji\'.....

Este libro se terminó de imprimir en  
talleres gráficos de María S,  
Fuenlabrada. (Madrid),  
en el mes de de 2009,

♀

¿CÓMO SE DELETREA FAMOSO?

Judy Moody entró muy decidida en clase, como cualquier otro día, de un humor ni fu ni fa... hasta que se encontró con la ganadora del concurso.

Judy se sentó en su mesa, en la primera fila al lado de Frank Pearl.

-Hola, ¿has visto a Jessica Finch? -preguntó él en voz baja.

-Sí, ¿y qué? La veo todos los días, Frank, se sienta detrás de mí.

-Lleva una corona.

-Judy se dio la vuelta para mirar a Jessica y luego le susurró a Frank:

-¿De dónde la ha sacado? ¿La dan con las hamburguesas?

-No lo sé. Dice que es una joya, pero pregúntale a ella.

-Pues a mí me parece que va hecha un cromo -dijo Judy, aunque en el fondo admiraba las gemas relucientes como rubíes. Se volvió para preguntarle a Jessica:- ¿Son rubíes de verdad?

-Es bisutería de disfraz.

-¿Y de qué vas disfrazada? ¿De reina de Inglaterra?

-No, de ganadora de un concurso. El sábado gané el concurso de ortografía de NV.

-¿El concurso de ortografía de qué?

A Judy no le daba nada de envidia tener que deletrear listas de palabras por un micrófono delante de un millón de personas con los ojos clavados en ella. Sobre todo porque esa gente decía para sus adentros" ¡A ver si te atascas!" con tal de que ganaran sus hijos.

-El concurso de ortografía de NV, Norte de Virginia.

-¡Ah, ya! ¿Y allí te dieron la corona?

-Es una diadema -respondió Jessica-. D-I-A-D-E-M-A. Como la de la reina de Inglaterra. Para ganar el concurso hay que saberse un montón de definiciones.

-¿Con qué palabra ganaste? Es que Frank quiere saberlo -añadió, por si le interesaba a Jessica.

-"Berenjena". Es una palabra de Cuarto. ¡Berenjena! Judy apenas sabía escribir "cebolla". "Y si me pones J-E-R-I-N-G-U-I-L-L-A ni te cuento", pensó. "Siempre me hago un lío con la "g" y la "j", no es mi fuerte esta regla".

-En mi casa tengo puestos carteles para aprender la ortografía, con todas las reglas. Tengo hasta uno fosforescente.

-¡Uf!, yo con eso tendría pesadillas. Cualquier día quito mi esqueleto fosforescente. ¡Tiene los doscientos seis huesos del cuerpo!

-¡Judy! -interrumpió el profesor Todd-. Me gustaría que te dieras la vuelta, porque llevo viéndote la espalda más de la cuenta.

-Perdón -se disculpó, mirando otra vez al frente.

Jessica le pasó a Judy un periódico doblado por una de las páginas. En mitad de la hoja, para que todo el mundo la viera, había una foto de Jessica Finch. Incluso decía NIÑA GANA CONCURSO ORTOGRAFÍA en grandes titulares.

-Según mi padre, tuve mis quince minutos de fama -susurró Jessica al oído de

Judy.

Judy no se volvió. Se había puesto verde de envidia... ¡Jessica A. Finch, reina del Diccionario, de Tercero, era famosa! Judy se puso a pensar lo estupendo que sería poder deletrear algo más que "cebolla" y ser la ganadora del concurso y llevar una diadema. ¡Y ver su propia foto en el periódico!

Pero ella, Judy Moody, no pintaba nada en ningún sitio.

Nada más volver del colegio, Judy decidió aprenderse de memoria el diccionario. Lo abrió por una página cualquiera, pero se quedó atascada con la primera palabra: no le sonaba de nada. "¿Quién había oído la palabra "anélido"? ¡Ah, si son gusanos!". Ese cuerpo alargado y pálido le recordaba a... ¡Jessica Finch! ¡Sííí! Jessica Finch era un anélido y podía ser todo lo famosa que quisiera, pero no dejaba de ser un gusano.

Como Jessica había ganado el concurso con la palabra "berenjena", Judy decidió pasar del diccionario y deletrear todas las hortalizas del frigorífico.

-¿Desde cuándo te gustan las berenjenas? -preguntó su madre.

-No te preocupes, no me las voy a comer ni nada de eso. Es para la clase de ortografía.

-¿Ortografía? -preguntó Stink.

-El señor Todd tiene una manera muy creativa de enseñar ortografía -dijo su madre.

-No es para tanto -respondió Judy, que se había callado al llegar a los espárragos. Las hortalizas eran difíciles de deletrear. Tenía que haber algún grupo de alimentos que fuera más fácil.

Durante la cena Judy sorbió un tallarín y preguntó:

-¿Cómo se deletrea "espagueti"?

-T-A-L-L-A-R-Í-N -contestó Stink.

-E-S-P-A-G-U-E-T-I -siguió su padre.

-O P-A-S-T-A -dijo su madre.

-Da igual -cortó Judy-. Por favor, pásame el P-A-N.

-¿Qué tal el colegio hoy? -intentó cambiar de tema su madre.

-B-I-E-N -respondió Judy-. Jessica Finch ha ganado una D-I-A-D-E-M-A en un concurso de ortografía y han sacado su foto en el P-E-R-I-Ó-D-I-C-O. Aunque parece un A-N-É-L-I-D-O.

-Así que por eso era lo de tanto deletreo... -se rió su madre.

-Qué E-N-V-I-D-I-O-S-A eres -le soltó Stink a su hermana.

-Se escribe E-M-V-I-D-I-O-S-A. Lo sabe cualquiera.

-No, tu hermano tiene razón -intervino la madre.

-¿QUÉ? -exclamó Judy-. ¿Cómo va a tener él razón?

-La regla es que se escribe m antes de la p y de b, y n delante de la v -explicó su padre.

-¡No hay derecho!

Judy se dejó caer sobre el respaldo de la silla. Estaba claro que con la



ortografía no se iba a hacer famosa ni aunque se esforzara.

En el plato le quedaban tres espaguetis con cara de enfado. Judy les hizo burla.

El padre le preguntó a su hija:

-¿No te habrás puesto otra vez de mal humor, verdad?

EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY

Al día siguiente, Judy se tomó los cereales del desayuno sin deletrearlos. Seguro que había otras muchas maneras de hacerse famosa aparte de la ortografía.

Mientras desayunaba, contemplaba a su hermano pequeño, Stink, que estaba pegando cosas en la puerta del frigorífico: las notas del colegio, un autorretrato en el que parecía un chimpancé, su foto vestido de bandera cuando fue a Washington DC sin ella. Encima había puesto RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY.

-¡Eh! -preguntó ella-. ¿Yo dónde salgo?

-Lo he hecho yo solo.

-Déjale sitio a Judy, cariño -dijo la madre-. También ella puede pegar cosas ahí.

Judy subió las escaleras de dos en dos. Buscó en la mesa de su cuarto cosas que poner en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody. Pero no tenía más que hojas arrugadas, capuchones de bellotas, una piruleta en forma de corazón de hacía un año en la que ponía "Persona estupenda" y un cajón lleno de restos de goma rosa de todas las veces que había borrado sobre la mesa palabras de ortografía y los había echado allí.

Como no encontraba nada, rebuscó por el armario, pero no tenía más que sus colecciones: tiritas, palillos, trozos de cuerpos (de muñecas), historietas de los chicles, mesitas de pizzas. Nada que hacer. Nadie entraba en un rincón de la fama por los palillos o las tiritas.

Luego se acordó de la caja de recuerdos. Se subió a una silla y la bajó de la estantería.

¡Un mechón de pelo de cuando era pequeña! ¡Un diente que se le había caído en Primero! Papá y mamá nunca le habrían dejado poner pelos en el frigorífico y, desde luego, nadie quería ver un diente viejo y amarillo cada vez que abría la nevera. Judy se encontró con un retrato suyo de la escuela infantil, hecho de macarrones y con la boca en forma de O. Lo dejó en su sitio, porque seguro que a Stink le encantaría poder meterse con ella por eso y recordarle cada dos por tres que tenía la boca grande.

¿Dónde estaban sus notas? Tenía que haber algunas buenas. ¿Diplomas? ¿Bandas azules? Algo debieron darle, vete a saber cuándo. Pero no encontró más que huellas de cuando era bebé, velas de cumpleaños medio consumidas y los dibujos de gente con cuatro ojos que garabateaba en la escuela infantil.

¿Y las fotos donde salía ella?

¡Las fotos! Judy miró una de ellas que había dentro de un sobre. Tenía que dar con alguna igual de buena que la de Stink con el presidente. Encontró una con Papá Noel, pero este parecía estar roncando. ¡Nada! Otra junto a la estatua de cartón piedra de Abraham Lincoln. Pero tener una foto con un presidente de cartón piedra no era como para entrar en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

En otra estaba a la entrada de la casa del vecino, con la cabeza baja y en plena rabieta porque NO quería que le sacasen la foto.

¡Era inútil! No se le ocurría ningún motivo lo bastante famoso para el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Así que volvió a bajar a la cocina. En las letras magnéticas del frigorífico

debería poner EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE STINK.

-¿Qué? ¿Dónde está lo tuyo? -preguntó éste en tono de burla-. ¿Te lo has dejado arriba o qué?

-O qué -contestó Judy. Ni siquiera había encontrado la birria de premio de aquel concurso de parecidos con Papi Calzaslargas en Primero. Ignorando a su hermano, preguntó-: Mamá, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

-Por supuesto. Muchas veces. Con el coro del Instituto.

-¿Eso del coro está bien? -preguntó Stink.

-Sí, es muy divertido. Yo estaba muy contenta.

-¿Y saliste en el periódico por estar contenta? -preguntó Judy.

-No. Salí por el coro.

Judy no creía que fuese a salir en el periódico por estar contenta. Ni por dedicarse a cantar.

-¿Y tú, papá? -preguntó Judy.

-Una vez dijeron mi nombre por la radio por acertar una pregunta de un concurso.

-¿Cuál era la pregunta? -Stink parecía muy interesado.

-"¿Cuántos presidentes han nacido en Virginia?".

-¿Cuántos? -preguntaron Judy y Stink a la vez.

-Ocho.

-¡Guau! -exclamó Judy.

-¿Y a mí no me preguntas? -Stink se dirigió a su hermana.

-Tú no has salido nunca en el periódico.

-Sí que he salido, ¿verdad, mamá? Lo tengo en mi caja de recortes de cuando era bebé.

-Judy, sabes de sobra que tu hermano nació en el asiento trasero de un todoterreno, porque no nos dio tiempo a llegar al hospital.

-¡Salí hasta en la tele! ¡En las noticias!

-Ah, sí. Gracias por recordármelo.

No era justo. El plasta de su hermano pequeño había salido en un telediario. En cambio ella, Judy Moody, no era famosa ni para ponerse en el frigorífico.

INFAME

Cuando llegaron, Rocky ya les estaba esperando en la alcantarilla.

-Hola, Rocky -saludó Stink-, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

-Por supuesto -contestó Rocky-. Cantidad de veces.

-¿Ah sí? -preguntó Judy muy extrañada.

-No, no es verdad. Pero una vez pusieron una foto mía en la biblioteca.

-¿Lo ves? -se dirigió Judy a Stink-. Hasta mi mejor amigo es famoso.

-¿Y qué hiciste?

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

-Mi madre me llevó allí a ver a un mago, ¿sabes? Hizo el truco de coger mi anillo de Superman y hacerlo desaparecer. Luego se lo sacó de la manga con un montón de pañuelos. Hicieron una foto y yo era el niño de la primera fila con los ojos como platos. No salí precisamente por famoso.

-Aun así -dijo Judy.

Cuando Judy llegó al colegio, el señor Todd propuso:

-Vamos a deletrear palabras otra vez.

Deletreo, deletreo, deletreo. A todo el mundo le había dado por deletrear. Judy se inclinó y susurró a Frank:

-Oye, Frank, ¿tú has salido en el periódico?

-No fue nada del otro mundo. Sólo tenía tres años.

Adam se levantó y deletreó la palabra O-B-S-E-R-V-A-R.

-¿Cuál fue el motivo? -susurró Judy. Hailey se levantó y deletreó A-P-R-O-B-A-R.

-Gané un concurso de dibujo del periódico. Había que colorear las figuras que salían en un anuncio de zumo de uva.

-Todo el mundo que conozco es F-A-M-O-S-O -estalló Judy.

-¡Judy! -la regañó el señor Todd-, ¿quieres ganarte una tarjeta blanca hoy?

¡Una tarjeta blanca! Tres en cuatro semanas significaban tener que quedarse en clase castigada. Ya tenía dos ¡y todavía era miércoles!

-¿Por qué no nos deletreas la palabra especial de hoy? -preguntó el señor Todd.

"¿Qué palabra especial?", pensó Judy. No había prestado atención, estaba en un aprieto. ¿Aprieto? ¿Sería ésa la palabra?

-¿Podría darme la definición, por favor?

Todas se partieron de risa.

-Es algo que se come -dijo Rocky.

Judy se levantó.

-B-O-C-A-D-I-L-L-O. Bocado -anunció con mucho aplomo.

-Muy bien -dijo el señor Todd-. Bocado. Pero desgraciadamente no era ésa la palabra especial de hoy. Jessica, ¿quieres deletrear la palabra para toda la clase?

Jessica Finch se levantó, con su cabeza alargada y su aspecto de sabelotodo.

-M-E-M-B-R-I-L-L-O. Membrillo -respondió Jessica a toda velocidad.

"Membrillo" era una de esas palabras berenjenosas que sólo Cara Pálida sabía deletrear. Judy pensó que seguro que no sabía deletrear "anélido".

-Judy, si estudias las palabras que hay que deletrear y prestas atención en clase, te evitarás tarjetas blancas y nos haremos los dos famosos.

Ya salió. La palabrita en cuestión.

Ya era casi la hora de Ciencias, su materia favorita, así que a Judy le sería fácil prestar atención. Se sentaría toda tñesa y no pararía de levantar la mano, igual que Jessica Finch. No quería más tarjetas blancas.

Judy observó de cerca el gusano que se retorció en su pupitre.

-Como todos sabéis -dijo el señor Todd-, hemos estado criando gusanos de la comida. Hoy voy a pasaros uno a cada uno para que los examinéis. Es normal encontrar estos gusanos en casa. ¿En qué sitios creéis que es más fácil verlos?

Judy levantó la mano.

-Les gusta comer harina de avena, de trigo y cosas así -respondió cuando el señor Todd le dio la palabra-. Así que supongo que en la cocina.

-Correcto. Bien dicho. En realidad son larvas de cierto escarabajo: el escarabajo de la harina. Los gusanos de la comida son nocturnos. ¿Alguien sabe explicar qué quiere decir esto?

Judy levantó otra vez la mano como un cohete.

-¿Judy?

-Que duermen de día y pasan la noche despiertos.

-Estupendo. Este tipo de gusanos se conoce como T. molitor. Fijaos un rato y contad los anillos que tiene. Escríbidlo después en el cuaderno.

Judy contó trece anillos, además de la cabeza. Lo anotó inmediatamente en el cuaderno. Dejó que el gusano le subiera por el dedo mientras aguardaba la siguiente pregunta. Lo dejó subir por el lápiz. ¡Qué curioso! Se quedó en la goma de borrar.

-Los gusanos de la comida poseen exoesqueleto -informó el señor Todd-. ¿Qué significa eso?

Judy se lo sabía todo sobre esqueletos y huesos: los de dentro y los de fuera. Y sabía también esa respuesta. Volvió a levantar la mano rápidamente, sin acordarse de que el gusano se había encaramado en la goma de borrar.

El señor Todd dio la palabra a Rocky.

En ese momento Judy vio cómo el gusano salía despedido por los aires y caía justo encima de Jessica Finch, comenzando a subir por la blusa hasta llegar a la punta de su coleta.

Judy se olvidó de las tarjetas blancas. Comenzó a hacer gestos como una loca hasta que Jessica levantó la vista, y luego le señaló frenética la cabeza.

-¡Aaagh! -gritó Jessica horrorizada, y se dio un manotazo en el pelo para sacudirse el gusano. El T. molitor voló y se estrelló contra la pizarra, y después cayó al suelo. Se armó un gran alboroto en la clase.

-¡Silencio! -ordenó el señor Todd con una palmada-. A callar todo el mundo. Jessica, no quiero que nadie se dedique a lanzar gusanos por ahí en mi clase.

Escribió el nombre de la niña en la pizarra.

-Pero si yo no he sido... ¡ha sido ella!

-Ya está bien. Ven a verme después de Ciencias para que te dé una tarjeta blanca.

Jessica fulminó a Judy con la mirada. Tenía la cara más pálida que nunca. Judy no se volvió.

Ya sabía que la culpa había sido suya. Pero no quería que la castigaran. Pensó que probablemente Jessica Finch no se había ganado nunca esa tarjeta blanca. Seguro que hasta ese momento no tenía ni idea de lo que era verse en un aprieto. Además, una simple tarjeta blanca no le hace daño a nadie.

A lo largo de la montaña Judy se fue sintiendo cada vez más como un insecto. Peor, como un piojo.

Empezó a picarle el cuello después del recreo, luego el codo. Después tuvo que rascarse la rodilla izquierda y también un dedo del pie.

Al final de la jornada, no tuvo más remedio que ir a hablar con el profesor.

-Señor Todd -preguntó rascándose el tobillo-, ¿cree usted que no decir la verdad puede causar picores?

Se rascaba sin parar.

-Creo que sí. ¿Hay algo que te cause picor y quieras contarme?

-Sí. Hoy en Ciencias... el gusano era mío -no paraba de rascarse-. La culpa fue mía -rasca que te rasca-, no de Jessica Finch.

Al final, le había contado toda la verdad.

-Gracias. Te agradezco que vengas a contármelo, Judy. Ya sé que no siempre es fácil.

-¿Eso quiere decir que no me he ganado la tercera tarjeta blanca?

-Me temo que no. Quiero que prestes más atención en clase.

El señor Todd borró el nombre de Jessica de la pizarra y los sustituyó por el de Judy que agachó la cabeza.

-La verdad es que no es tan malo quedarse conmigo después de clase. Ya encontraremos algo útil que hacer, ¿de acuerdo? Como limpiar la pecera.

-Señor Todd, ¿hay alguna palabra para quien se hace famoso de mala manera?

-Sí... infame.

LA FAMA ES LO PEOR

Judy peló un plátano.

-¿Me das? -preguntó Stink. Judy le alargó la piel de plátano-. ¡Eso no!

Judy dio un mordisco tremendo y luego le pasó el plátano a su hermano, antes de agarrar una cereza.

-¿Qué estás escribiendo? -preguntó a su padre al meterse la cereza en la boca.

-Venta de objetos usados. Voy a poner un anuncio en el periódico, porque ya va siendo hora de que nos libremos de un montón de trastos viejos.

-¿Qué trastos viejos? -preguntó Judy intrigada. Se podía salir en el periódico por los trastos viejos. Incluso en la tele.

-Tu bici vieja, los libros de la universidad de mamá, la ropa de bebé de Stink.

-¿No tenemos más trastos viejos?

-Papá -contestó Stink.

-Muchas gracias.

-No. Me refiero a una pestaña de Cleopatra -dijo Judy-. O al cincel empleado para construir la Estatua de la Libertad. Ya sabes. Trastos lo bastante viejos como para tener algún valor.

-¿Trastos viejos con los que te puedes hacer rico? -sonrió Stink-. ¿Como

antigüedades de la tatarabuela? Vas a la tele y te dicen que vale un montón de dinero.

-No creo que nosotros nos vayamos a hacer ricos. Nuestros trastos viejos no valen nada -dijo papá.

-Grrr -añadió Judy.

Arrancó otra cereza de su tallo.

Si tuviera algo insólito, verdaderamente raro, como un plato roto de otro siglo o una carta antigua de la Revolución Americana.

-¿Qué estáis haciendo estos días en el colegio? -preguntó su padre.

Judy se puso tensa. ¿Se había enterado de las tarjetas blancas?

-¿A qué te refieres?

-A si os ha pasado algo interesante.

-¿Puedo quedarme el viernes en el colegio después de clase? El señor Todd dice que puedo ayudarle a limpiar la pecera.

-¡Menudo rollo! -dijo Stink.

-Veremos si puede recogerte mamá. ¿Y tú, Stink?

Judy se metió otra cereza en la boca.

-Hemos aprendido una historia muy divertida sobre George Washington -dijo Stink-. Sobre no decir mentiras.

Judy siguió masticando la cereza.

-Verás, cortó un cerezo. Y cuando su padre preguntó quién lo había hecho, Washington dijo "No puedo decir mentiras" y se echó la culpa.

Judy por poco se atraganta. Escupió el hueso de la cereza, que fue a parar a Stink.

-¡Eh! ¡Me ha escupido!

-Ha sido un accidente -se apresuró a decir Judy.

-¡Judy! -la riñó su padre.

-Vale, está bien. No puedo decir mentiras: le he echado un hueso de cereza a Stink.

-Recógelo -ordenó su padre.

Judy se agachó y lo recogió del suelo.

-No es justo -se quejó-. ¿Cómo se va a hacer famoso alguien por decir mentiras? ¡Toda la historia de las mentiras es mentira!

-Mucha gente no se da cuenta de que no es verdad -dijo su padre.

-Pero es una buena historia -añadió Stink.

Judy jugueteó con el hueso de cereza entre los dedos. Se le ocurrió una brillante idea para hacerse famosa. ¡Una idea con doscientos cincuenta años de antigüedad!

Subió el hueso de cereza a su cuarto. Buscó el secador de pelo y lo puso a la máxima potencia.

-¿Qué estás haciendo? -preguntó Stink, que la había seguido escaleras arriba.

-¿A ti qué te parece? Estoy secando un hueso de cereza.

-Estás chiflada.

Cuando se marchó él, Judy sacó del maletín de médico el martillo de comprobar los reflejos. Golpeó con él el hueso de cereza para hacerle muescas de manera que pareciera antiguo, muy, muy antiguo. Después con un alfiler grabó las iniciales GW. Finalmente, lo colocó con las iniciales hacia arriba en una caja transparente que tenía encima una lente de aumento.

-¡Curioso! -exclamó Judy Moody. Y era de verdad.

La tarde de la venta de objetos usados, Stink montó su propia mesa con juguetes de baño, miniaturas oxidadas de coches, construcciones, una pelota de caucho, muñequitos diminutos, animales de papel, instrumentos rotos e insectos fosforescentes hechos con su máquina especial.

-Stink, nadie va a comprar eso -le dijo Judy.

-Ya, ¿y qué van a comprar, aire? -preguntó él, señalando la mesa vacía de su hermana.

-Ya verás. Tengo algo mejor que esa porquería tuya.

Cubrió la mesa con un paño azul marino que parecía terciopelo. Encima colocó un cartel:

Auténtico hueso de cereza  
del cerezo de  
George Washington  
1943  
¡Se expone por primera vez!

Luego puso la caja en la lente de aumento en medio de la mesa. Dentro estaba -¡ta-chan!- el FAMOSO hueso de cereza.

Judy añadió un renglón más al cartel:

5¢ POR MIRAR

No podía estar sentada. Se preguntaba cuánto tardarían en venir del periódico a fotografiarla con su hueso de cereza de hace doscientos cincuenta años.

Unos niños pequeños echaron diez centavos en el bote y dijeron:

-Guau... ¿Es VERDAD que es del cerezo de George Washington?

-No puedo decir mentiras. ¡Claro que lo es!

-¿De dónde lo has sacado?

-Lo ha tenido mi familia toda la vida.

-Toda la vida desde la semana pasada -añadió Stink.

Judy le taladró con la mirada.

-¿Cómo sabes que es de George Washington? -preguntaron

-Mirad -respondió Judy. Abrió la tapa y sacó el hueso de cereza-. Aquí pone GW, ¿lo veis?

-Déjame ver -dijo una chica que se llamaba Hannah, y se lo enseñó a su hermano pequeño-. Guuuu... Es verdad, GW. Pero parece un caramelo.

-¡Un caramelo! -exclamó el chico y se metió el hueso en la boca.  
-¡No, Ricky! -gritó su hermana mayor, pero ya era demasiado tarde.  
-¡Escúpelolo! -ordenó Judy.  
-¡Escúpelolo, Ricky! -repitió Hannah.  
¡Pero Ricky se lo tragó!  
-¡Oh no! ¿Se lo ha tragado? ¡Mírale la boca! ¿Sigue ahí?  
-Ya no -contestó Hannah-. Pide perdón, Ricky.  
-Ummm... ¡qué rico! -dijo Ricky.  
-La hemos liado -se quejó Judy-. ¿Qué voy a hacer ahora cuando vengan del periódico?  
-Pues haces otro -dijo Stink.

Judy gruñó. Aquel niño se había tragado de golpe su famoso hueso de cereza de George Washington de hace doscientos cincuenta años. Su vecino Ricky se había tragado de golpe el medio por el que Judy iba a hacerse famosa.

Ya no habría fotografía del hueso de cereza, como mucho, una radiografía.

#### CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS

Stink contó el dinero de la venta de objetos usados en la mesa de la cocina. Clink, CLINK.

-Estás metiendo ruido a propósito con el dinero, Stink -protestó Judy.

-¡No tengo más remedio! Díselo, mamá.

El dinero hace ruido, sobre todo cuando se tiene mucho, ¿verdad? -sonrió.

Judy arrugó el periódico donde salía la venta de objetos usados. Lo tiró enfadada a la basura.

-Déjalo para reciclar, por favor -dijo su madre.

-¿Cómo? -preguntó Stink-. ¿La reina del reciclado echa el papel a la basura?

-¿Puedo utilizarlo para forrar la caja de desperdicios de Mouse? -preguntó Judy.

-Buena idea -dijo su madre.

Judy desarrugó el papel y lo extendió en el suelo para alisarlo.

¡ESPECIAL MADRUGADOR!  
¡VENTA DE OBJETOS USADOS!  
¡CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS!  
¡ADIÓS AL MAL ALIENTO!

¡Espera! ¿Ponía "famosas"? Judy volvió a leer con más atención:

CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS  
Trae tu mascota este sábado a  
"PELOS Y PLUMAS".  
Apúntala a nuestro concurso,  
diviértete y consigue premios.  
Los ganadores recibirán  
una banda azul y un diploma, y su  
FOTO APARECERÁ EN ESTE PERIÓDICO



¡Judy no podía creer lo que estaba leyendo!

-¿Dónde está Mouse? -preguntó.

-Arriba -respondió su madre.

-¿Mouse, Mouse, dónde estás? -la llamó Judy. Mouse bajó por las escaleras y entró a por comida en la cocina.

Judy la tomó en brazos y le dio un beso en el hocico.

-Mua, mua, muaaa. Eres la gata más maravillosa de este planeta planetario ¡y vas a hacerme famosa!

Ya se veía con la banda azul y un diploma.

-¡Y mi foto en el periódico! Eh -dijo a toda la familia-, ¿le apetece a alguien una tostada?

La tienda de mascotas Pelos y Plumas estaba abarrotada el sábado cuando Judy llegó con Stink y Mouse.

Tomó una rebanada de pan y dijo:

-¡Parece que en el estado de Virginia todo el mundo tiene una mascota que sabe hacer algo! ¡Eh, ahí está Frank!

-¡Y Rocky! -le comunicó Stink.

-¡Chicos! ¡Frank! ¡Rocky! ¡Aquí! -les llamó Judy.

Sparky, el perro de Frank, olfateó un hueso de perro morado, el tobillo de Judy y después un hurón.

-¿Qué sabe hacer Sparky? -preguntó Stink a Frank.

-Salta por un aro, ¿verdad que sí?

-Yo he traído a Houdini -dijo Rocky enseñándoles su iguana-. Deja caer la punta de la cola si lo asustáis, con voces o cosas así.

-¡Qué curioso! -dijo Judy.

Echó un vistazo a las demás mascotas. Había un conejo, una tortuga, un ratón blanco llamado Elvis y una salamandra rayada. Judy vio un hámster corriendo en una rueda, una serpiente tan inmóvil que parecía de mentira y una concha donde debía de haber un cangrejo ermitaño. ¡Uno había llevado hasta un mono disecado!

-¡Empieza el concurso! -chilló la señora de Pelos y Plumas por encima de gritos y alaridos, aullidos y gruñidos.

Los que habían llevado mascotas formaron un corro. La primera en concursar fue un grullo danzarín. Luego una tortuga que ponía boca arriba y después un conejo que bebía con pajita.

El loro Polly cantó las cinco primeras notas del Himno de la Alegría. Judy se sorprendió a sí misma aplaudiendo.

Cuando le tocó el turno a Frank, Spark saltó por el aro tres veces y todos aplaudieron. Rocky no consiguió que Houdini dejara caer la punta de la cola.

-Se pone nerviosa con los perros -explicó.

Luego hubo otras tres mascotas y Polly seguía cantando.

Emily, una compañera del colegio, tenía un hurón que sabía limpiarse los dientes. Fue el que más le gustó a Stink.

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

-Pero si no ha hecho más que comerse el dentífrico -dijo Judy.

Cuando le tocó a Judy, colocó una tostadora en el suelo, metió una rebanada de pan en la ranura y luego sacó a Mouse de la caja.

-Ésta es Mouse -anunció-. Va a hacerse una tostada -el público aplaudió. Judy colocó a Mouse encima de la mesa-. No te pongas nerviosa.

Mouse se sentó y se puso a lamerse la pata.

-Mira la tostadora, Mouse -susurró Judy-. ¡La tostadora! -se la acercó.

Mouse dio un zarpazo a la tostadora, después la golpeó y la apartó con la pata. Todos comenzaron a reírse. Judy le sacó un trozo de pescado, entonces Mouse se levantó y ¡se miró en la tostadora!

Judy contuvo el aliento.

Mouse golpeó otra vez la tostadora. Esta vez le dio al botón con la zarpa. ¡La rebanada de pan desapareció y las resistencias se pusieron al rojo!

La gente se quedó callada. Al poco rato saltó la tostadora.

-¡Ta-chan! -exclamó Judy.

-¡Hurra! -todo el mundo aplaudió y lo celebró.

-¡Por fin voy a ser famosa, Mouse! -la abrazó Judy.

-Y ahora, para terminar -dijo la señora de la tienda-, un pollo que toca el piano.

Dio un paso al frente David, un chico que llevaba un pollo atado con una cuerda.

-Éste es Mozart -dijo el chico.

Mozart tocó con el pico tres notas en un piano de juguete.

-¡Jingle Bells! -gritó alguien. Se armó un alboroto.

Judy tuvo la sensación que le era familiar: el comienzo del mal humor. Ella, Judy Moody, nunca sería tan famosa como un pollo pianista.

El acto se cerró con un desfile de todas las mascotas formando un corro.

-¡Este año ha sido un concurso fantástico! -los felicitó a todos la dueña de Pelos y Plumas-. Gracias por venir. Y ahora, los premios. Cuando diga el nombre de la mascota, salid con ella al centro del corro.

Un hombre con una gran máquina de fotos se presentó en medio del gentío.

-¡El periódico! Están aquí -anunció Judy.

-En tercer lugar, Suzy Chang, el hurón del dentífrico.

"Por favor, por favor, por favor", deseó Judy para sus adentros.

-El segundo premio es para Mouse Moody, ¡la gata que hace tostadas!

-¡Ésa eres tú! -dijeron Frank y Rocky empujando a Judy al centro del corro.

-¡Hemos ganado, Mouse! -exclamó Judy-. ¡Segundo premio!

Por fin lo había conseguido. Por fin iba a ser famosa.

-¡El primer premio es para Mozart Puckett, el pollo pianista! ¡Un aplauso para todas las mascotas famosas!

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

El público aplaudió. Cada mascota recibió su banda azul y el diploma de la tienda. ¡Los ganadores posaron para la fotos! Judy estaba a uno de los lados, sujetando a Mouse, pero la gata se escurrió y saltó de sus brazos. ¡Flash! Judy parpadeó. El hombre del periódico sacó la foto más rápido que un relámpago.

-¡Gracias a todos! ¡Se acabó! -anunció la señora de la tienda.

-¿Se acabó? -preguntó Judy.

Los quince minutos de fama de Judy se habían quedado en quince segundos y, además ella ¡había parpadeado!

A la mañana siguiente Judy salió corriendo a por el periódico. Pasó las páginas deprisa. Tenía el corazón desbocado.

-¡Aquí está!

No daba crédito a lo que veía. Allí estaban David Puckett y Emily Chang con una sonrisa de oreja a oreja. Allí estaban el pollo Mozart y el hurón Suzy.

-¡Déjame ver! -dijo Stink-. ¡Eh, aquí está Mouse!

-¡No salgo en la foto! -chilló Judy.

-¡Ésta eres tú! -exclamó Stink señalando un codo que asomaba por el borde.

-¡No soy famosa! -aulló Judy-. ¡No se ve más que el codo!

-Vamos a ver -dijo su padre antes de leer la crónica-. Bla, bla, "ganadores del Concurso de Mascotas Famosas", bla, bla. Aquí pone tu nombre. ¿Lo ves? "Mouse y Judy... Puddy".

-¿QUÉ? -gritó Judy-. ¿Puddy? Déjame ver.

-¡Judy Puddy! Qué bueno -se rió Stink.

-¡Judy Puddy! Nadie me va a conocer nunca.

-Nosotros sí -dijo su padre.

Judy frunció el ceño.

-Me imagino que tu nombre no está de moda -dijo su padre riéndose.

-¡Grrr! -dijo Judy.

-Al menos dice que Mouse ganó el concurso -intentó animarla su madre.

Recortó la foto y la pegó en el frigorífico.

-¡Estupendo! -dijo Judy-. Hasta la gata está en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Su madre le dio un beso en la cabeza.

-Y tú tienes un codo muy famoso.

#### BATIENDO RÉCORDS

Judy observó su famoso codo en el espejo. Se lo apretó para que pareciera una cara alegre con arrugas, y más todavía para que pusiera cara de enfado.

Si Judy quería ser más famosa que su codo iba a necesitar algo de ayuda, así que convocó a todos los miembros del club de la Rana Meona.

-Nos vemos en el club -les informó a todos.

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

Rocky, Frank y Judy ocupaban la tienda azul que había en el jardín de atrás. Faltaba Stink, que venía con Ranita en una mano y en la otra un libro que estaba leyendo.

-Mira por dónde vas, Stink, o vas a renovar tu ingreso en el club.

-¡OH!

Colocó a Ranita en el cubo antes de que volviese a demostrar sus habilidades para orinarle en la mano.

-Y ahora -preguntó Judy-, ¿cómo hacemos para que me vuelva famosa?

-Vamos a pensarlo -contestó Rocky.

-Stink, piensa -ordenó Judy.

-Hacerse famoso es aburrido -respondió él, y siguió hojeando el libro.

-Stink, ¡qué tiene eso de interesanteeeee!

Era el Libro Guinness de los Récords. Judy, Frank y Rocky se miraron a la vez.

-¡Genial! -chillaron los tres, y luego soltaron una carcajada.

-Stink, eres un genio. El secreto para hacerse famoso está en tus manos.

Stink se miró las manos.

-¿No lo pillas? -preguntó Judy-. ¡Yo podría batir un récord y salir en ese libro! Así sería superfamosa.

-Famosa. Famosa. Famosa. Eres un disco rayado -le dijo Stink.

-Que te crees tú eso.

-Las colecciones que haces..., como las tiritas -dijo Frank-. Podrías batir un récord con alguna colección. Como las mesitas de pizzas.

-¡O costras! -exclamó Judy.

-¡Qué asco! Aquí sale un tío que colecciona bolsas para vomitar de los aviones. Tiene dos mil ciento doce y hasta una con un dibujo de Benjamín Franklin en la línea de puntos.

-Eso es mucho mejor que las costras -concluyó Judy.

-Eh, mirad -Rocky estaba mirando por encima del hombre de Stink-. La palabra más larga del mundo. Si la deletreas serás la próxima Jessica Finch.

La palabra era "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis".

-¡Hala! Cuarenta y cinco letras -exclamó Frank, contándolas.

-¡Ni la ganadora del concurso es capaz de deletrear eso! -Judy se desilusionó un poco.

-Aquí dice que es una enfermedad rara originada por los volcanes -leyó Rocky-. Lo pone aquí.

-¡Esperad! Ya lo tengo. Aquí está el hombre con el cuello más largo del mundo -dijo Stink-. ¡Podríamos tirarte de la cabeza para estirarte el cuello!

-Quiero ser famosa, no una jirafa.

-Con un cuello de jirafa serías famosa.

-Déjame ver ese libro.

Judy agarró el libro de los récords y lo hojeó por encima. ¿El envoltorio de chicle más largo? ¿La uña más larga? Claro, el tipo no se la había cortado desde 1952. ¿El mejor escupitajo? Ella podría lanzarlo.

Fue entonces cuando lo vio. Justo en la página 399.

¡El ciempiés humano!

-De acuerdo. Escuchad. Vamos a ser un insecto gigantesto -anunció-. Vamos a atarnos los cordones de los zapatos unos con otros y luego vamos a andar como una oruga. El récord anterior está en treinta y dos metros cuarenta centímetros. Rocky, ¿te acuerdas de que el verano pasado medimos con una cuerda la distancia que hay entre tu casa y la mía? Son treinta y tres metros ida y vuelta. De modo que lo único que tenemos que hacer es ir y volver a casa de Rocky para batir el récord.

Se sentaron en fila, uno detrás de otro, como los pupitres del colegio. Primero Judy, después Frank, Rocky y Stink.

-¡Eh, siempre me toca a mí el último!

-Porque eres el trasero -dijo Judy-. Ataos un cordón con el de delante y el otro con el de detrás -añadió.

-¿Cómo vamos a levantarnos? -preguntó Stink.

-A la de tres -contestó Judy-. Una, dos... -Judy dio el primer paso. El pie de Frank salió disparado, y éste se tambaleó. Cayeron unos encima de otros.

A Rocky le entró tanta risa que contagió a los demás.

-¡Tengo hipo! -soltó Stink.

Por fin consiguieron ponerse de pie sin que nadie se cayera, ni se riera, ni le entrara hipo, y empezaron a andar. Una... dos... y... tres.

-¡El ciempiés humano! -exclamó Judy.

Se representó el ciempiés humano en la imaginación, cada vez más largo, ondulante, con miles de pies ¡y ella, Judy Moody, al frente con sus colmillos afilados y sus garras venenosas!

-¡Zzzzsss! -dijo Judy.

-No saltes, Rocky -pidió Frank.

-Se me ha hecho un lío el cordón -respondió Rocky.

-¡Seguid! -gritó Stink desde el último puesto de la fila.

Fue entonces cuando sucedió.

Judy se detuvo, pero el resto del ciempiés siguió andando. Se cayeron todos. ¡Zas! Judy le pisó la mano a Frank, éste se cayó encima del estómago de Rocky. Tres pasos y se habían caído todos formando una bola.

-¡Eh! ¡Cuidado! -chilló Stink.

-Me he torcido algo -dijo Rocky.

-¡AAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY! -chilló Frank. Se agarró el brazo derecho con la mano izquierda.

El meñique derecho de Frank Pearl parecía que andaba suelto. Suelto del todo. Abultaba el doble de lo normal y estaba doblado para atrás.

-¡OOOH! ¿Qué ha pasado? -preguntó Judy.

-Me duele... mucho -gritaba Frank, mientras se le saltaban las lágrimas-. Mucho, mucho.

-Stink, corre a llamar a mamá. ¡Deprisa!

¿Qué pasaba si Judy conseguía un dedo roto en lugar de batir un récord? Porque si se le había roto el meñique a Frank, la culpa era de ella.

Judy no se sentía un ciempiés humano. Ella, Judy Moody, se sentía un gusano.

#### HUESOS ROTOS

-¿Cuál de vosotros es el paciente? -preguntó un hombre con bata blanca.

Frank levantó el meñique amoratado.

-¡Vaya! ¿Cómo te has hecho esto?

Frank miró a Judy y ella fijó la mirada en un agujero de la alfombra.

-Estábamos jugando -respondió Frank.

-¡Estábamos haciendo un ciempiés humano para que mi hermana pueda ser famosa! ¡Y le dio un pisotón a Frank!

Judy fulminó a Stink con una de sus miradas de trol, poniendo cejas de oruga y todo. El hombre se echó a reír.

-Vale, está bien. Me llamo Ron, soy el enfermero de urgencias. Voy a llevarte a que el médico te cure el dedo, Frank. ¿Están aquí tus padres?

-Mi madre ha ido a avisarlos -dijo Judy.

-Está bien. Vamos a hacer una cosa. La sección infantil queda al otro lado de esas puertas rojas, vosotros dos esperad allí, así os lo pasaréis mejor. Ya le diré a tu madre cuando venga que estás allí.

Le daba mucha rabia que Rocky no los hubiera acompañado al hospital... Ahora tenía que quedarse sola con Stink. Empujaron las puertas rojas, que daban a un pasillo largo al final del cual había una sala llamada ZONA MÁGICA DE JUEGOS. Judy y Stink entraron en ella.

Las paredes estaban empapeladas de ositos con batas de médico y globos en la mano. Unos llevaban muletas o vendajes y otros estaban sentados en sillas de ruedas. Había un sofá, una mesa con papel y pinturas de cera para colorear, un castillo de plástico y una estantería con muchos libros sobre el hospital. Incluso tenían una mesa de operaciones en miniatura. En la sala no había más que una niña sentada en una silla de ruedas.

-¿Cómo es que estás en una silla de ruedas? -le preguntó Stink.

-Stink, eso no se pregunta.

-No importa. Me han puesto un corazón nuevo y todavía no me dejan andar. Me van a tener mucho, mucho tiempo en el hospital para ver si funciona.

-¡Un corazón nuevo! ¡Guau! -exclamó Stink-. ¿Qué le pasaba al tuyo?

-¡Stink! -le cortó Judy, aunque también ella quería enterarse.

-Supongo que se me habría roto.

-¿Te dio miedo? -preguntó Judy.

La niña asintió con la cabeza.

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

-Imagínate. Tengo una cicatriz que va desde el cuello hasta el ombligo.

-¿Cómo te llamas? -preguntó Stink.

-Laura.

-Te han puesto un corazón valiente, Laura -dijo Judy.

-Eso dice mi padre, así que me va a regalar un hámster. ¿Tú tienes uno?

-No. Tengo una gata llamada Mouse.

-Aquí no se puede hacer nada -dijo Laura mirando a la sala.

-Tienen juguetes de médicos -observó Judy.

-¡Mira! ¡Un cabestrillo de verdad y muchas cosas! -Stink se arrodilló junto a una gran caja de cartón.

Sacó vendas, caja de gasas..., hasta un estetoscopio y un par de muelas.

-Stink, ¿puedo ponerte el brazo en cabestrillo?

-De eso nada

-¿Y a ti, Laura? Sé ponerlo, de verdad.

-Estoy harta de médicos -contestó Laura.

-¡Mira, muñecas! Hay montones de muñecas en esta caja -exclamó Stink, señalándola.

-Tienen todas los brazos y las piernas rotas o les falta la cabeza -observó Laura-. Algunas tienen cáncer.

-¿A qué te refieres? -preguntó Judy.

-Están calvas, como Sarah, la de mi habitación.

-No me parece bien -y Judy añadió-: Deberían darles para jugar muñecas que no estuvieran enfermas.

En ese momento apareció el enfermero.

-Es hora de volver a la habitación -le dijo a Laura-. ¿Ya conocéis a esta chica tan valiente?

-¡Sí! -dijeron Judy y Stink.

-¡Espero que tu corazón nuevo funcione bien! -gritó Judy, mientras Laura se iba con el enfermero.

-¡Adiós! -exclamó Stink.

Judy rebuscó en la caja de muñecas. Laura tenía razón, todas las muñecas estaban sucias o rotas o calvas o sin cabeza.

La señora Moody se asomó por la puerta.

-¡Hola!

-¡Mamá! -dijo Stink.

-¿Está bien Frank? -preguntó Judy.

-Se ha roto un dedo, pero su madre está ahora con él. Le han entablillado.

-¡Qué curioso! ¡Entablillado de verdad! -exclamó Judy.

-Va a estar una temporada sin jugar al baloncesto, pero se va a poner bien. ¿Nos vamos?

Stink y Judy siguieron a la señora Moody fuera de la sala de juegos. Judy se detuvo en mitad de la sala y agarró a Stink por la camisa.

-Stink -dijo para que su madre la oyera-. Dame tu mochila.

-¿Qué?

-Tu mochila. La necesito.

Stink hizo una mueca y se la dio.

-Ve con mamá y dile que se me ha olvidado una cosa. Voy enseguida.

Judy fue derecha a la caja de las muñecas rotas. Se aseguró de que nadie la viera, llenó la mochila de muñecas y salió de la sala.

Cuando su madre se detuvo a preguntar algo en el mostrador de la salida, Stink dijo:

-¡Eh! ¿Qué llevas ahí?

-Nada.

-Nada no abulta tanto. Te has llevado las cosas de médicos. ¡Te las has llevado! ¡Las has robado! ¡Vas a ir a mamá!

-¡Shhh! No digas nada a nadie, Stink, o nos meteremos en un lío por robar.

-No, te meterás tú sola -contestó él-. ¿Estás loca? ¿Quieres ser famosa por ser la única niña de Tercero que va a la cárcel?

-Júrame que no lo vas a decir, Stink.

-¿Qué me das?

-Te dejaré mirar un escupitajo de verdad por el microscopio.

-De acuerdo. Lo juro.

-Has hecho un juramento. ¡Vas a ir a mamá!

#### TROZOS DE CUERPOS

En cuanto Judy llegó a casa, vació la mochila y extendió las muñecas sobre la litera de abajo. Ella, la doctora Judy Moody, estaba de humor para operar. En la cama había una muñeca que ya no hablaba ni lloraba y que no tenía brazos, otra sin cabeza y una tercera que estaba calva.

Judy les dio primero un baño.

-¡Ya sé lo que me hace falta! ¡Trozos de cuerpos!

Rebuscó en su colección: brazos largos, brazos flacos, piernas negras, piernas blancas, troncos con ombligo, un pie desnudo, una cosa que parecía un cuello y cabezas de todas clases -pequeñas, gordas, calvas, de Barbies-. Judy vació una bolsa entera de trozos de cuerpos encima de la cama.

-¡Qué curioso!

Pegó una peluca roja de hilo con trenzas en la muñeca que no tenía pelo y a otra le puso unos brazos, y estuvo doblándolos para comprobar que se podían mover.



-¡Buaaa! -lloraba la muñeca cada vez que Judy le movía el brazo.

-¡No me das miedo! Y a ti -le dijo a la muñeca sin cabeza- ¡una cabeza nueva!  
-de todas las que había, Judy eligió una con el pelo castaño y los ojos verdes-.  
¡Mira! -exclamó al ponerle la cabeza nueva.

Pero cuando puso boca abajo la muñeca para ponerle unos zapatos, la cabeza se le salió y cayó al suelo dando botes.

-¡Vaya! -Judy corrió detrás de la cabeza-. Ésa no vale. Voy a probar con ésta.  
¿Te gusta una que puede abrir y cerrar los ojos?

Judy encajó la cabeza nueva en el cuello de la muñeca y la movió varias veces para ver cómo se abrían y se cerraban los ojos.

-Voilà! -dio un beso a la muñeca justo en su naricilla.

Luego las visitó a todas con una bata de hospital azul y blanca hecha con una sábana vieja y les puso a cada una un brazalete de papel con su nombre: Colby, Molly, Susana y Laura.

Stink llamó a la puerta.

-Vete.

Volvió a llamar.

-¿Quién es?

-Soy yo, Stink.

-¿Qué Stink?

-Es Stink que quiere entrar en tu cuarto -contestó él entrando. Miró por detrás de la manta que colgaba encima de la litera de abajo.

-¡Aaaagh! -retrocedió asustado-. ¡Las muñecas del hospital...! Son las que... no son las... si papá y mamá se enteran...

-Stink, me has prometido que no dirías nada.

-Sí, pero...

Judy estaba haciendo una pequeña escayola de papel mojado.

-Mira, si te callas, te dejo que me ayudes.

-¡Trato hecho!

Stink y Judy acabaron de poner la escayola en una pierna de la muñeca. Cuando se secó, la pintaron de blanco y le pusieron muchas firmas. Luego hicieron un cabestrillo para otra muñeca con una tira de tela. La doctora Judy le colocó a otra tiritas con tatuaje de su colección en las piernas, los brazos y el estómago.

-¡Mola! -dijo Stink.

Por último arregló una muñeca de trapo. Judy buscó un rotulador rosa y le dibujó una cicatriz desde el cuello al ombligo, le cosió un corazón partido por la mitad con hilo negro y lo tapó con la bata de hospital.

-¡Igual que Laura! -dijo Stink.

Cuando terminó, Judy puso a las muñecas en fila en la litera de abajo y se quedó contemplando su obra. Y colocó a su lado a su propia muñeca Sara Secura.

-¡Guau, qué bien las has dejado! -dijo Stink.

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

Al poco rato Judy guardó todas las muñecas en la caja y las envió en secreto por correo de vuelta al hospital. Como no puso remite, nadie sabría quién las había robado.

Era como un hospital de muñecas de verdad, pensó Judy. Iba camino de ser como la primera mujer médica, Elizabeth Blackwell.

JUDY MOODY Y JESSICA FINCH

El señor Todd preguntó el lunes:

-¿Dónde está Frank?

-No ha venido -respondió Judy.

-Ah, ya. Me he enterado de que se ha roto el dedo. ¿Alguien sabe cómo ocurrió?

-Es una laaaaaarga historia -dijo Judy.

-¡Como un ciempiés! -saltó Rocky.

-¡Yo he oído que Judy Moody le pisó! -interrumpió Adam-. ¡CRAC! -dobló el dedo para atrás como si estuviera roto.

-De acuerdo. De acuerdo. Ya se lo preguntaremos a Frank cuando vuelva.

-Vendrá mañana -contó Judy.

Miró su pupitre vacío. Sin Frank, no había nadie que se riera de sus bromas. Sin Frank, deletrearía "percebe" con "v".

Para colmo, Jessica Finch se pasó toda la mañana acercando un poco más cada vez su mesa a la de Judy.

-¿Éste es el codo que salió en el periódico? -le preguntó.

Judy miró enfadada su famoso codo y apuntó con él a Jessica.

-¡Eh, Judy! ¿Quieres venir a mi casa al salir de clase? Puedo enseñarte mis carteles fosforescentes de ortografía.

-No puedo.

-¿Por qué no?

-Tengo que dar de comer a Mandíbulas, mi Venus atrapamoscas.

-¿Y mañana?

-Le doy de comer todos los días.

-¿Y después de dar de comer a Mandíbulas?

-Tengo que hacer los deberes -dijo Judy.

La verdad era que el viernes estaba suficientemente aburrida para ir a casa de Jessica. Rocky debía quedarse en casa de su abuela durante una semana porque su madre salía tarde de trabajar y con Frank no se podía hacer gran cosa con el dedo roto.

Para colmo había terminado de operar muy pronto a todas las muñecas del hospital. ¡Lo mejor había sido preparar la escayola!

Tenía que conseguir hacer una más grande, para una persona. Pero ¿quién? Stink no le dejaría acercarse a él con papel mojado. Judy se volvió hacia Jessica Finch. A lo mejor no era tan Cara Pálida. A lo mejor no era ningún anélido. A lo mejor era... el sueño de un médico. ¡La paciente perfecta!

-Eh, Jessica. ¿Te gustaría llevar un brazo escayolado?

-No lo tengo roto.

-Da igual. Es por pasar el rato.

-En ese caso sí. ¿Vas a venir a mi casa entonces? Puedo enseñarte mis carteles de ortografía.

-¿Qué tal hoy al salir de clase?

Judy fue a casa de Jessica Finch y las dos subieron a su cuarto. Judy echó un vistazo. No vio más que cerdos: rosados, de peluche, huchas, una alfombra en forma de cabeza de cerdo. ¡Hasta la cama de Jessica parecía un cerdo con falda rosa!

-¿Te gustan los cerdos?

-¿Cómo lo has adivinado?

Judy tocó las bandas de los premios de ortografía que Jessica había colgado de la pared. Ella le enseñó su álbum de recortes, con todas las veces que había salido su nombre en el periódico.

-Guau -exclamó Judy. ¿Han escrito tu nombre mal alguna vez?

-Una vez. ¡Jessica Flinch!

-¡A mí Judy Puddy!

-¡Mira! Aquí están todos los carteles de ortografía que he hecho -Jessica indicó la pared junto a la cama.

-Oye, son verdes. ¿Cómo es que no son rosas también?

-Porque son fosforescentes. Espera.

Jessica bajó las persianas y apagó la luz. Las palabras brillaron en la oscuridad. ¡Las que habían trabajado en clase con el señor Todd!

OBSERVAR  
APROBAR  
PROBABILIDAD  
APROVADO  
BOCADILLO  
MEMBRILLO

-¡Aprovado! ¡Pero si lo has escrito mal!

-Ya ves, pongo palabras con faltas para ver si me confundo. ¿Quieres jugar? O podemos jugar a los cerdos. En vez de dados se tiran cerditos de plástico.

-¿Y si hacemos la escayola?

-¿No irás a romperme el dedo ni nada de eso, como le hiciste a Frank, verdad?

-¡No! Además, fue un accidente.

-Está bien. Venga. ¿Qué hace falta?

-Papel. Agua. Cola.

-¿Se quita fácil, verdad?

-Claro -dijo Judy. "Debe de haber alguna manera de quitársela", pensó-. Primero tenemos que dejarla secar. Luego la pintamos.

-¿Podemos pintarla de rosa?

-Por supuesto. "Qué curioso. Una escayola rosa".

-Voy a por periódicos atrasados -al volver dijo-: Sólo he encontrado el de hoy, ¡así que espero que mis padres lo hayan leído!

Se pusieron a hacer tiras de papel. Judy estaba impaciente por ver la escayola rosa. ¡Ina a ser su operación más importante hasta la fecha! Judy mojó las tiras de papel con una mezcla de cola y agua y las fue poniendo una por una con cuidado en el brazo de Jessica.

-¡Ooh! Es una sensación asquerosa. ¿Estás segura de que va a salir bien?

Jessica era igual que Stink.

-Mira -contestó Judy mientras le pasaba otro trozo de periódico-. Haz más tiras, que se me están terminando.

Jessica le dio una tira a Judy. Arriba ponía la palabra "fantasma". Jessica le dio otra tira a Judy. "Roba". Una tercera. "Hospital".

-¡Quieta! -exclamó Judy-. ¿Dónde está el resto de la historia? -miró el brazo de Jessica-. Página seis. ¿Y la página seis?

-Oh, creo que ya la he hecho tiras.

Judy quiso leer el brazo mojado y pringoso de Jessica, pero no sólo pudo distinguir las palabras "ladrona de muñecas".

-¿Qué pone ahí?

-Un fantasma roba en el hospital del condado o algo así.

-O algo así ¿qué?

-No lo sé. ¿A qué viene tanto interés?

Judy lanzó las tiras de papel por todas partes al levantarse de golpe.

-¡Tengo que irme!

-¿Qué? ¡Espera! ¡Mi brazo! No puedes... ¿Y la escayola rosa?

Pero Judy ya había salido por la puerta.

Ella, Judy Moody, Ladrona de Muñecas, iba a ser por fin famosa. Por ir a la cárcel. Como había dicho Stink.

JUDY MOODY SUPERHEROÍNA

-¿Ya estás de vuelta? -preguntó su madre-. ¿Qué tal en casa de Jessica? ¿Lo has pasado bien?

-Yo... ¿has... dónde está... el... periódico?

-¿El de hoy? Aquí mismo -dijo su padre empujándolo hacia el lado de la mesa donde estaba Judy.

Judy hojeó el periódico como una loca. Pero cuando llegó a la página seis, no vio más que un gran agujero.

¿Quién ha recortado el periódico? ¿Stink? -preguntó fulminándolo con una de sus miradas con cejas de oruga.

-Oh, he sido yo -dijo su padre-. Mira, lo he puesto en el frigorífico.

Leyó en voz alta:

MÉDICO FANTASMA DE MUÑECAS ROBA  
EN EL HOSPITAL DEL CONDADO

El sábado 17 de octubre, la enfermera Grace Porter, del hospital general del condado, descubrió que habían robado unas muñecas donadas a la Sala Mágica de Juegos del hospital.

-¡Tiene gracia! -exclamó su madre-. ¡El mismo día que llevamos a Frank al hospital!

-Jo, qué gracia -dijo Judy con una sonrisa forzada. Seguro que su madre no le vería la gracia cuando se enterase de que su única hija era una ladrona de tomo y lomo.

Su padre continuó leyendo:

El robo de las muñecas dejó intrigados a los pequeños pacientes que utilizan la Sala Mágica de Juegos del ala infantil. Todos especulaban sobre la identidad del ladrón de muñecas.

-¿No es ahí donde os encontré? -interrogó su madre-, ¿en la sala de juegos? -parecía un detective. "Esto acababa en cárcel".

Curiosamente, días después se recibió un misterioso paquete con toras las muñecas mágicamente lavadas, arregladas y reparadas. Todas con sus brazaletes de identificación, vestidas con batas de hospital y "curadas" con tiritas, cabestrillos y escayolas.

Su padre hizo una pausa y comentó:

-Hmm, tiritas.

"Vaya", pensó Judy. "La prueba".

Se ha entregado una muñeca especial que tenía el corazón roto a Laura Chumsky, que hace poco recibió el vigésimo noveno trasplante de corazón practicado en el hospital. En nombre de Laura Chumsky y todos los pequeños pacientes, el personal del hospital quiere agradecer al Médico Fantasma de Muñecas su amable gesto.

-¡Suenan igual que los superhéroes de mis cómics! -exclamó Stink.

-¡Menuda historia! -sonrió su padre.

-Déjame ver -dijo Judy.

Tenía que verlo y leerlo con sus propios ojos. "Médico Fantasma de Muñecas", repetía tocando las palabras de los titulares.

-¡Qué curioso!

-¡Qué detalle por parte de quien haya sido! -dijo su madre.

-Ojalá me hubiera ocurrido a mí -su padre volvió a poner el artículo en el frigorífico sujeto con un imán en forma de piña. Allí estaba, en medio del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

-¡Qué pena! -dijo Stink.

-¿Por qué pena? -preguntó Judy.

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

-Pues porque me apetecía ver una cárcel por dentro.

-No te lo crees ni tú -dijo Judy mirando nerviosa a sus padres. Pero ambos le sonreían orgullosos. Fue entonces cuando su cerebro se puso a imaginar otra nueva idea digna de Judy Moody.

Iba a hacer un cartel. A lo mejor ponía una consulta en el garaje para que otros chicos le dieran sus muñecas rotas o peluches viejos. O los conseguiría en los rastrillos. Los curaría para donarlos a los niños enfermos del ala infantil del hospital. Algunos llevarían vendas o cicatrices o tubos para respirar. ¡Hasta un gotero!

Todo se haría en secreto. En el hospital no sabrían nunca quién era el Médico Fantasma de Muñecas. Igual que nadie sabía que Superman era Clark Kent, un simpático y pacífico periodista del Daily Planet.

¡Qué curioso!

Por primera vez en mucho tiempo, la que una vez habían llamado Judy Puddy se volvió más famosa que cuando lo del codo.

Ella, Judy Moody, la Médica Fantasma de Muñecas, se había vuelto ahora tan famosa como la reina Isabel, tan famosa como George Washington, tan famosa como Superman.

¡Más famosa todavía!

¡Elizabeth Blackwell, la primera mujer médica, estaría orgullosa!

Anexo 6.5. TT.L2.editado.txt

## **¡JUDY MOODY SE VUELVE FAMOSA!**

### **QUIÉN ES QUIÉN**

Judy. ¡Grrr! La estrella del espectáculo, famosa por sus cambios de humor.

Papá. El padre de Judy. Hace bien los crucigramas y los puzzles. Vende objetos usados.

Mamá. La madre de Judy. Entiende mucho de verduras.

Stink. El hermano pequeño de Judy. Su competidor y estrella del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Mouse. La gata de Judy. Temible participante del Consumo de Mascotas Famosas.

Rocky. El mejor amigo de Judy de toda la vida. Dueño de un anillo de Superman que desaparece.

Sr. Todd. Más conocido como Sr. Todo. El mejor profesor de Tercero del mundo.

Frank. Amigo de Judy, conocido en clase por tomar cola de pegar. Una cuarta parte de un ciempiés humano.

Jessica. Una sabelotodo. Jessica Finch, la A-N-É-L-I-D-O ganadora del concurso de ortografía.

### **¿CÓMO SE DELETREA FAMOSO?**

Judy Moody entró muy decidida en clase, como cualquier otro día, de un humor ni fu ni fa... hasta que se encontró con la ganadora del concurso.

Judy se sentó en su mesa, en la primera fila al lado de Frank Pearl.

-Hola, ¿has visto a Jessica Finch? -preguntó él en voz baja.

-Sí, ¿y qué? La veo todos los días, Frank, se sienta detrás de mí.

-Lleva una corona.

-Judy se dio la vuelta para mirar a Jessica y luego le susurró a Frank:

-¿De dónde la ha sacado? ¿La dan con las hamburguesas?

-No lo sé. Dice que es una joya, pero pregúntale a ella.

-Pues a mí me parece que va hecha un cromo -dijo Judy, aunque en el fondo admiraba las gemas relucientes como rubíes. Se volvió para preguntarle a Jessica:- ¿Son rubíes de verdad?

-Es bisutería de disfraz.

-¿Y de qué vas disfrazada? ¿De reina de Inglaterra?

-No, de ganadora de un concurso. El sábado gané el concurso de ortografía de NV.



-¿El concurso de ortografía de qué?

A Judy no le daba nada de envidia tener que deletrear listas de palabras por un micrófono delante de un millón de personas con los ojos clavados en ella. Sobre todo porque esa gente decía para sus adentros "¡A ver si te atascas!" con tal de que ganaran sus hijos.

-El concurso de ortografía de NV, Norte de Virginia.

-¡Ah, ya! ¿Y allí te dieron la corona?

-Es una diadema -respondió Jessica-. D-I-A-D-E-M-A. Como la de la reina de Inglaterra. Para ganar el concurso hay que saberse un montón de definiciones.

-¿Con qué palabra ganaste? Es que Frank quiere saberlo -añadió, por si le interesaba a Jessica.

-"Berenjena". Es una palabra de Cuarto. ¡Berenjena! Judy apenas sabía escribir "cebolla". "Y si me pones J-E-R-I-N-G-U-I-L-L-A ni te cuento", pensó. "Siempre me hago un lío con la "g" y la "j", no es mi fuerte esta regla".

-En mi casa tengo puestos carteles para aprender la ortografía, con todas las reglas. Tengo hasta uno fosforescente.

-¡Uf!, yo con eso tendría pesadillas. Cualquier día quito mi esqueleto fosforescente. ¡Tiene los doscientos seis huesos del cuerpo!

-¡Judy! -interrumpió el profesor Todd-. Me gustaría que te dieras la vuelta, porque llevo viéndote la espalda más de la cuenta.

-Perdón -se disculpó, mirando otra vez al frente.

Jessica le pasó a Judy un periódico doblado por una de las páginas. En mitad de la hoja, para que todo el mundo la viera, había una foto de Jessica Finch. Incluso decía NIÑA GANA CONCURSO ORTOGRAFÍA en grandes titulares.

-Según mi padre, tuve mis quince minutos de fama -susurró Jessica al oído de Judy.

Judy no se volvió. Se había puesto verde de eNvidia... ¡Jessica A. Finch, reina del Diccionario, de Tercero, era famosa! Judy se puso a pensar lo estupendo que sería poder deletrear algo más que "cebolla" y ser la ganadora del concurso y llevar una diadema. ¡Y ver su propia foto en el periódico!

Pero ella, Judy Moody, no pintaba nada en ningún sitio.

Nada más volver del colegio, Judy decidió aprenderse de memoria el diccionario. Lo abrió por una página cualquiera, pero se quedó atascada con la primera palabra: no le sonaba de nada. "¿Quién había oído la palabra "anélido"? ¡Ah, si son gusanos!". Ese cuerpo alargado y pálido le recordaba a... ¡Jessica Finch! ¡Sííí! Jessica Finch era un anélido y podía ser todo lo famosa que quisiera, pero no dejaba de ser un gusano.

Como Jessica había ganado el concurso con la palabra "berenjena", Judy decidió pasar del diccionario y deletrear todas las hortalizas del frigorífico.

-¿Desde cuándo te gustan las berenjenas? -preguntó su madre.

**-No te preocupes, no me las voy a comer ni nada de eso. Es para la clase de ortografía.**

-¿Ortografía? -preguntó Stink.

-El señor Todd tiene una manera muy creativa de enseñar ortografía -dijo su madre.

-No es para tanto -respondió Judy, que se había callado al llegar a los espárragos. Las hortalizas eran difíciles de deletrear. Tenía que haber algún grupo de alimentos que fuera más fácil.

Durante la cena Judy sorbió un tallarín y preguntó:

-¿Cómo se deletrea "espaguetti"?

-T-A-L-L-A-R-Í-N -contestó Stink.

-E-S-P-A-G-U-E-T-I -siguió su padre.

-O P-A-S-T-A -dijo su madre.

-Da igual -cortó Judy-. Por favor, pásame el P-A-N.

-¿Qué tal el colegio hoy? -intentó cambiar de tema su madre.

-B-I-E-N -respondió Judy-. Jessica Finch ha ganado una D-I-A-D-E-M-A en un concurso de ortografía y han sacado su foto en el P-E-R-I-Ó-D-I-C-O. Aunque parece un A-N-É-L-I-D-O.

-Así que por eso era lo de tanto deletreo... -se rió su madre.

-Qué E-N-V-I-D-I-O-S-A eres -le soltó Stink a su hermana.

-Se escribe E-M-V-I-D-I-O-S-A. Lo sabe cualquiera.

-No, tu hermano tiene razón -intervino la madre.

-¿QUÉ? -exclamó Judy-. ¿Cómo va a tener él razón?

-La regla es que se escribe m antes de la p y de b, y n delante de la v -explicó su padre.

-¡No hay derecho!

Judy se dejó caer sobre el respaldo de la silla. Estaba claro que con la ortografía no se iba a hacer famosa ni aunque se esforzara.

En el plato le quedaban tres espaguetis con cara de enfado. Judy les hizo burla.

El padre le preguntó a su hija:

-¿No te habrás puesto otra vez de mal humor, verdad?

## **EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY**

Al día siguiente, Judy se tomó los cereales del desayuno sin deletrearlos. Seguro que había otras muchas maneras de hacerse famosa aparte de la ortografía.

Mientras desayunaba, contemplaba a su hermano pequeño, Stink, que estaba pegando cosas en la puerta del frigorífico: las notas del colegio, un autorretrato en el que parecía un chimpancé, su foto vestido de bandera cuando fue a Washington DC sin ella. Encima había puesto RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY.

-¡Eh! -preguntó ella-. ¿Yo dónde salgo?

-Lo he hecho yo solo.

-Déjale sitio a Judy, cariño -dijo la madre-. También ella puede pegar cosas ahí.

Judy subió las escaleras de dos en dos. Buscó en la mesa de su cuarto cosas que poner en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody. Pero no tenía más que hojas arrugadas, capuchones de bellotas, una piruleta en forma de corazón de hacía un año en la que ponía "Persona estupenda" y un cajón lleno de restos de goma rosa de todas las veces que había borrado sobre la mesa palabras de ortografía y los había echado allí.

Como no encontraba nada, rebuscó por el armario, pero no tenía más que sus colecciones: tiritas, palillos, trozos de cuerpos (de muñecas), historietas de los chicles, mesitas de pizzas. Nada que hacer. Nadie entraba en un rincón de la fama por los palillos o las tiritas.

Luego se acordó de la caja de recuerdos. Se subió a una silla y la bajó de la estantería.

¡Un mechón de pelo de cuando era pequeña! ¡Un diente que se le había caído en Primero! Papá y mamá nunca le habrían dejado poner pelos en el frigorífico y, desde luego, nadie quería ver un diente viejo y amarillo cada vez que abría la nevera. Judy se encontró con un retrato suyo de la escuela infantil, hecho de macarrones y con la boca en forma de O. Lo dejó en su sitio, porque seguro que a Stink le encantaría poder meterse con ella por eso y recordarle cada dos por tres que tenía la boca grande.

¿Dónde estaban sus notas? Tenía que haber algunas buenas. ¿Diplomas? ¿Bandas azules? Algo debieron darle, vete a saber cuándo. Pero no encontró más que huellas de cuando era bebé, velas de cumpleaños medio consumidas y los dibujos de gente con cuatro ojos que garabateaba en la escuela infantil.

¿Y las fotos donde salía ella?

¡Las fotos! Judy miró una de ellas que había dentro de un sobre. Tenía que dar con alguna igual de buena que la de Stink con el presidente. Encontró una con Papá Noël, pero este parecía estar roncando. ¡Nada! Otra junto a la estatua de cartón piedra de Abraham Lincoln. Pero tener una foto con un presidente de cartón piedra no era como para entrar en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

En otra estaba a la entrada de la casa del vecino, con la cabeza baja y en plena rabieta porque NO quería que le sacasen la foto.

¡Era inútil! No se le ocurría ningún motivo lo bastante famoso para el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Así que volvió a bajar a la cocina. En las letras magnéticas del frigorífico debería poner EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE STINK.

-¿Qué? ¿Dónde está lo tuyo? -preguntó éste en tono de burla-. ¿Te lo has dejado arriba o qué?

-O qué -contestó Judy. Ni siquiera había encontrado la birria de premio de aquel concurso de parecidos con Pipi Calzaslargas en Primero. Ignorando a su hermano, preguntó-: Mamá, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

-Por supuesto. Muchas veces. Con el coro del Instituto.

-¿Eso del coro está bien? -preguntó Stink.

-Sí, es muy divertido. Yo estaba muy contenta.

-¿Y saliste en el periódico por estar contenta? -preguntó Judy.

-No. Salí por el coro.

Judy no creía que fuese a salir en el periódico por estar contenta. Ni por dedicarse a cantar.

-¿Y tú, papá? -preguntó Judy.

-Una vez dijeron mi nombre por la radio por acertar una pregunta de un concurso.

-¿Cuál era la pregunta? -Stink parecía muy interesado.

-"¿Cuántos presidentes han nacido en Virginia?".

-¿Cuántos? -preguntaron Judy y Stink a la vez.

-Ocho.

-¡Guau! -exclamó Judy.

-¿Y a mí no me preguntas? -Stink se dirigió a su hermana.

-Tú no has salido nunca en el periódico.

-Sí que he salido, ¿verdad, mamá? Lo tengo en mi caja de recortes de cuando era bebé.

-Judy, sabes de sobra que tu hermano nació en el asiento trasero de un todoterreno, porque no nos dio tiempo a llegar al hospital.

-¡Salí hasta en la tele! ¡En las noticias!

-Ah, sí. Gracias por recordármelo.

No era justo. El plasta de su hermano pequeño había salido en un telediario. En cambio ella, Judy Moody, no era famosa ni para ponerse en el frigorífico.

## **INFAME**

Cuando llegaron, Rocky ya les estaba esperando en la alcantarilla.

-Hola, Rocky -saludó Stink-, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

-Por supuesto -contestó Rocky-. Cantidad de veces.

-¿Ah sí? -preguntó Judy muy extrañada.

-No, no es verdad. Pero una vez pusieron una foto mía en la biblioteca.

-¿Lo ves? -se dirigió Judy a Stink-. Hasta mi mejor amigo es famoso.

-¿Y qué hiciste?

-Mi madre me llevó allí a ver a un mago, ¿sabes? Hizo el truco de coger mi anillo de Superman y hacerlo desaparecer. Luego se lo sacó de la manga con un montón de pañuelos. Hicieron una foto y yo era el niño de la primera fila con los ojos como platos. No salí precisamente por famoso.

-Aun así -dijo Judy.

Cuando Judy llegó al colegio, el señor Todd propuso:

-Vamos a deletrear palabras otra vez.

Deletreo, deletreo, deletreo. A todo el mundo le había dado por deletrear. Judy se inclinó y susurró a Frank:

-Oye, Frank, ¿tú has salido en el periódico?

-No fue nada del otro mundo. Sólo tenía tres años.

Adam se levantó y deletreó la palabra O-B-S-E-R-V-A-R.

-¿Cuál fue el motivo? -susurró Judy. Hailey se levantó y deletreó A-P-R-O-B-A-R.

-Gané un concurso de dibujo del periódico. Había que colorear las figuras que salían en un anuncio de zumo de uva.

-Todo el mundo que conozco es F-A-M-O-S-O -estalló Judy.

-¡Judy! -la regañó el señor Todd-, ¿quieres ganarte una tarjeta blanca hoy?

¡Una tarjeta blanca! Tres en cuatro semanas significaban tener que quedarse en clase castigada. Ya tenía dos ¡y todavía era miércoles!

-¿Por qué no nos deletreas la palabra especial de hoy? -preguntó el señor Todd.

"¿Qué palabra especial?", pensó Judy. No había prestado atención, estaba en un aprieto. ¿Aprieto? ¿Sería ésa la palabra?

-¿Podría darme la definición, por favor?

Todas se partieron de risa.

-Es algo que se come -dijo Rocky.

Judy se levantó.

-B-O-C-A-D-I-L-L-O. Bocado -anunció con mucho aplomo.

-Muy bien -dijo el señor Todd-. Bocado. Pero desgraciadamente no era ésa la palabra especial de hoy. Jessica, ¿quieres deletrear la palabra para toda la clase?

Jessica Finch se levantó, con su cabeza alargada y su aspecto de sabelotodo.

-M-E-M-B-R-I-L-L-O. Membrillo -respondió Jessica a toda velocidad.

"Membrillo" era una de esas palabras berenjenosas que sólo Cara Pálida sabía deletrear. Judy pensó que seguro que no sabía deletrear "anélido".

-Judy, si estudias las palabras que hay que deletrear y prestas atención en clase, te evitarás tarjetas blancas y nos haremos los dos famosos.

Ya salió. La palabrita en cuestión.

Ya era casi la hora de Ciencias, su materia favorita, así que a Judy le sería fácil prestar atención. Se sentaría toda tiesa y no pararía de levantar la mano, igual que Jessica Finch. No quería más tarjetas blancas.

Judy observó de cerca el gusano que se retorció en su pupitre.

-Como todos sabéis -dijo el señor Todd-, hemos estado criando gusanos de la comida. Hoy voy a pasaros uno a cada uno para que los examinéis. Es normal encontrar estos gusanos en casa. ¿En qué sitios creéis que es más fácil verlos?

Judy levantó la mano.

-Les gusta comer harina de avena, de trigo y cosas así -respondió cuando el señor Todd le dio la palabra-. Así que supongo que en la cocina.

-Correcto. Bien dicho. En realidad son larvas de cierto escarabajo: el escarabajo de la harina. Los gusanos de la comida son nocturnos. ¿Alguien sabe explicar qué quiere decir esto?

Judy levantó otra vez la mano como un cohete.

-¿Judy?

-Que duermen de día y pasan la noche despiertos.

-Estupendo. Este tipo de gusanos se conoce como T. molitor. Fijaos un rato y contad los anillos que tiene. Escribidlo después en el cuaderno.

Judy contó trece anillos, además de la cabeza. Lo anotó inmediatamente en el cuaderno. Dejó que el gusano le subiera por el dedo mientras aguardaba la siguiente pregunta. Lo dejó subirse por el lápiz. ¡Qué curioso! Se quedó en la goma de borrar.

-Los gusanos de la comida poseen exoesqueleto -informó el señor Todd-. ¿Qué significa eso?

Judy se lo sabía todo sobre esqueletos y huesos: los de dentro y los de fuera. Y sabía también esa respuesta. Volvió a levantar la mano rápidamente, sin acordarse de que el gusano se había encaramado en la goma de borrar.

El señor Todd dio la palabra a Rocky.

En ese momento Judy vio cómo el gusano salía despedido por los aires y caía justo encima de Jessica Finch, comenzando a subir por la blusa hasta llegar a la punta de su coleta.

Judy se olvidó de las tarjetas blancas. Comenzó a hacer gestos como una loca hasta que Jessica levantó la vista, y luego le señaló frenética la cabeza.

-¡Aaagh! -gritó Jessica horrorizada, y se dio un manotazo en el pelo para sacudirse el gusano. El T. molitor voló y se estrelló contra la pizarra, y después cayó al suelo. Se armó un gran alboroto en la clase.

-¡Silencio! -ordenó el señor Todd con una palmada-. A callar todo el mundo. Jessica, no quiero que nadie se dedique a lanzar gusanos por ahí en mi clase.

Escribió el nombre de la niña en la pizarra.

-Pero si yo no he sido... ¡ha sido ella!

-Ya está bien. Ven a verme después de Ciencias para que te dé una tarjeta blanca.

Jessica fulminó a Judy con la mirada. Tenía la cara más pálida que nunca. Judy no se volvió.

Ya sabía que la culpa había sido suya. Pero no quería que la castigaran. Pensó que probablemente Jessica Finch no se había ganado nunca esa tarjeta blanca. Seguro que hasta ese momento no tenía ni idea de lo que era verse en un aprieto. Además, una simple tarjeta blanca no le hace daño a nadie.

A lo largo de la montaña Judy se fue sintiendo cada vez más como un insecto. Peor, como un piojo.

Empezó a picarle el cuello después del recreo, luego el codo. Después tuvo que rascarse la rodilla izquierda y también un dedo del pie.

Al final de la jornada, no tuvo más remedio que ir a hablar con el profesor.

-Señor Todd -preguntó rascándose el tobillo-, ¿cree usted que no decir la verdad puede causar picores?

Se rascaba sin parar.

-Creo que sí. ¿Hay algo que te cause picor y quieras contarme?

-Sí. Hoy en Ciencias... el gusano era mío -no paraba de rascarse-. La culpa fue mía -rasca que te rasca-, no de Jessica Finch.

Al final, le había contado toda la verdad.

-Gracias. Te agradezco que vengas a contármelo, Judy. Ya sé que no siempre es fácil.

-¿Eso quiere decir que no me he ganado la tercera tarjeta blanca?

-Me temo que no. Quiero que prestes más atención en clase.

El señor Todd borró el nombre de Jessica de la pizarra y los sustituyó por el de Judy que agachó la cabeza.

-La verdad es que no es tan malo quedarse conmigo después de clase. Ya encontraremos algo útil que hacer, ¿de acuerdo? Como limpiar la pecera.

-Señor Todd, ¿hay alguna palabra para quien se hace famoso de mala manera?

-Sí... infame.

### **LA FAMA ES LO PEOR**

Judy peló un plátano.

-¿Me das? -preguntó Stink. Judy le alargó la piel de plátano-. ¡Eso no!

Judy dio un mordisco tremendo y luego le pasó el plátano a su hermano, antes de agarrar una cereza.

-¿Qué estás escribiendo? -preguntó a su padre al meterse la cereza en la boca.

-Venta de objetos usados. Voy a poner un anuncio en el periódico, porque ya va siendo hora de que nos libremos de un montón de trastos viejos.

-¿Qué trastos viejos? -preguntó Judy intrigada. Se podía salir en el periódico por los trastos viejos. Incluso en la tele.

-Tu bici vieja, los libros de la universidad de mamá, la ropa de bebé de Stink.

-¿No tenemos más trastos viejos?

-Papá -contestó Stink.

-Muchas gracias.

-No. Me refiero a una pestaña de Cleopatra -dijo Judy-. O al cincel empleado para construir la Estatua de la Libertad. Ya sabes. Trastos lo bastante viejos como para tener algún valor.

-¿Trastos viejos con los que te puedes hacer rico? -sonrió Stink-. ¿Como antigüedades de la tatarabuela? Vas a la tele y te dicen que vale un montón de dinero.

-No creo que nosotros nos vayamos a hacer ricos. Nuestros trastos viejos no valen nada -dijo papá.

-Grrr -añadió Judy.

Arrancó otra cereza de su tallo.

Si tuviera algo insólito, verdaderamente raro, como un plato roto de otro siglo o una carta antigua de la Revolución Americana.



-¿Qué estáis haciendo estos días en el colegio? -preguntó su padre.

Judy se puso tensa. ¿Se había enterado de las tarjetas blancas?

-¿A qué te refieres?

-A si os ha pasado algo interesante.

-¿Puedo quedarme el viernes en el colegio después de clase? El señor Todd dice que puedo ayudarle a limpiar la pecera.

-¡Menudo rollo! -dijo Stink.

-Veremos si puede recogerte mamá. ¿Y tú, Stink?

Judy se metió otra cereza en la boca.

-Hemos aprendido una historia muy divertida sobre George Washington -dijo Stink-. Sobre no decir mentiras.

Judy siguió masticando la cereza.

-Verás, cortó un cerezo. Y cuando su padre preguntó quién lo había hecho, Washington dijo "No puedo decir mentiras" y se echó la culpa.

Judy por poco se atraganta. Escupió el hueso de la cereza, que fue a parar a Stink.

-¡Eh! ¡Me ha escupido!

-Ha sido un accidente -se apresuró a decir Judy.

-¡Judy! -la riñó su padre.

-Vale, está bien. No puedo decir mentiras: le he echado un hueso de cereza a Stink.

-Recógelo -ordenó su padre.

Judy se agachó y lo recogió del suelo.

-No es justo -se quejó-. ¿Cómo se va a hacer famoso alguien por decir mentiras? ¡Toda la historia de las mentiras es mentira!

-Mucha gente no se da cuenta de que no es verdad -dijo su padre.

-Pero es una buena historia -añadió Stink.

Judy jugueteó con el hueso de cereza entre los dedos. Se le ocurrió una brillante idea para hacerse famosa. ¡Una idea con doscientos cincuenta años de antigüedad!

Subió el hueso de cereza a su cuarto. Buscó el secador de pelo y lo puso a la máxima potencia.

-¿Qué estás haciendo? -preguntó Stink, que la había seguido escaleras arriba.

-¿A ti qué te parece? Estoy secando un hueso de cereza.

-Estás chiflada.

Cuando se marchó él, Judy sacó del maletín de médico el martillo de comprobar los reflejos. Golpeó con él el hueso de cereza para hacerle muescas de manera que pareciera antiguo, muy, muy antiguo. Después con un alfiler grabó las iniciales GW. Finalmente, lo colocó con las iniciales hacia arriba en una caja transparente que tenía encima una lente de aumento.

-¡Curioso! -exclamó Judy Moody. Y era de verdad.

La tarde de la venta de objetos usados, Stink montó su propia mesa con juguetes de baño, miniaturas oxidadas de coches, construcciones, una pelota de caucho, muñequitos diminutos, animales de papel, instrumentos rotos e insectos fosforescentes hechos con su máquina especial.

-Stink, nadie va a comprar eso -le dijo Judy.

-Ya, ¿y qué van a comprar, aire? -preguntó él, señalando la mesa vacía de su hermana.

-Ya verás. Tengo algo mejor que esa porquería tuya.

Cubrió la mesa con un paño azul marino que parecía terciopelo. Encima colocó un cartel:

Auténtico hueso de cereza

del cerezo de

George Washington

1943

¡Se expone por primera vez!

Luego puso la caja en la lente de aumento en medio de la mesa. Dentro estaba -¡ta-chan!- el FAMOSO hueso de cereza.

Judy añadió un renglón más al cartel:

5¢ POR MIRAR

No podía estar sentada. Se preguntaba cuánto tardarían en venir del periódico a fotografiarla con su hueso de cereza de hace doscientos cincuenta años.

Unos niños pequeños echaron diez centavos en el bote y dijeron:

-Guau... ¿Es VERDAD que es del cerezo de George Washington?

-No puedo decir mentiras. ¡Claro que lo es!

-¿De dónde lo has sacado?

-Lo ha tenido mi familia toda la vida.

-Toda la vida desde la semana pasada -añadió Stink.

Judy le taladró con la mirada.

-¿Cómo sabes que es de George Washington? -preguntaron

-Mirad -respondió Judy. Abrió la tapa y sacó el hueso de cereza-. Aquí pone GW, ¿lo veis?

-Déjame ver -dijo una chica que se llamaba Hannah, y se lo enseñó a su hermano pequeño-. Guauuu... Es verdad, GW. Pero parece un caramelo.

-¡Un caramelo! -exclamó el chico y se metió el hueso en la boca.

-¡No, Ricky! -gritó su hermana mayor, pero ya era demasiado tarde.

-¡Escúpelo! -ordenó Judy.

-¡Escúpelo, Ricky! -repitió Hannah.

¡Pero Ricky se lo tragó!

-¡Oh no! ¿Se lo ha tragado? ¡Mírale la boca! ¿Sigue ahí?

-Ya no -contestó Hannah-. Pide perdón, Ricky.

-Ummm... ¡qué rico! -dijo Ricky.

-La hemos liado -se quejó Judy-. ¿Qué voy a hacer ahora cuando vengan del periódico?

Judy gruñó. Aquel niño se había tragado de golpe su famoso hueso de cereza de George Washington de hace doscientos cincuenta años. Su vecino Ricky se había tragado de golpe el medio por el que Judy iba a hacerse famosa.

Ya no habría fotografía del hueso de cereza, como mucho, una radiografía.

## **CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS**

Stink contó el dinero de la venta de objetos usados en la mesa de la cocina. Clink, CLINK.

-Estás metiendo ruido a propósito con el dinero, Stink -protestó Judy.

-¡No tengo más remedio! Diselo, mamá.

El dinero hace ruido, sobre todo cuando se tiene mucho, ¿verdad? -sonrió.

Judy arrugó el periódico donde salía la venta de objetos usados. Lo tiró enfadada a la basura.

-Déjalo para reciclar, por favor -dijo su madre.

-¿Cómo? -preguntó Stink-. ¿La reina del reciclado echa el papel a la basura?

-¿Puedo utilizarlo para forrar la caja de desperdicios de Mouse? -preguntó Judy.

-Buena idea -dijo su madre.

Judy desarrugó el papel y lo extendió en el suelo para alisarlo.

¡ESPECIAL MADRUGADOR!

¡VENTA DE OBJETOS USADOS!

¡CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS!

¡ADIÓS AL MAL ALIENTO!

¡Espera! ¿Ponía "famosas"? Judy volvió a leer con más atención:

#### CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS

Trae tu mascota este sábado a

"PELOS Y PLUMAS".

Apúntala a nuestro concurso,

diviértete y consigue premios.

Los ganadores recibirán

una banda azul y un diploma, y su

FOTO APARECERÁ EN ESTE PERIÓDICO

¡Judy no podía creer lo que estaba leyendo!

-¿Dónde está Mouse? -preguntó.

-Arriba -respondió su madre.

-¿Mouse, Mouse, dónde estás? -la llamó Judy. Mouse bajó por las escaleras y entró a por comida en la cocina.

Judy la tomó en brazos y le dio un beso en el hocico.

-Mua, mua, muaaa. Eres la gata más maravillosa de este planeta planetario ¡y vas a hacerme famosa!

Ya se veía con la banda azul y un diploma.

-¡Y mi foto en el periódico! Eh -dijo a toda la familia-, ¿le apetece a alguien una tostada?

La tienda de mascotas Pelos y Plumas estaba abarrotada el sábado cuando Judy llegó con Stink y Mouse.

Tomó una rebanada de pan y dijo:

-¡Parece que en el estado de Virginia todo el mundo tiene una mascota que sabe hacer algo! ¡Eh, ahí está Frank!

-¡Y Rocky! -le comunicó Stink.

-¡Chicos! ¡Frank! ¡Rocky! ¡Aquí! -les llamó Judy.

Sparky, el perro de Frank, olfateó un hueso de perro morado, el tobillo de Judy y después un hurón.

-¿Qué sabe hacer Sparky? -preguntó Stink a Frank.

-Salta por un aro, ¿verdad que sí?

-Yo he traído a Houdini -dijo Rocky enseñándoles su iguana-. Deja caer la punta de la cola si lo asustáis, con voces o cosas así.

-¡Qué curioso! -dijo Judy.

Echó un vistazo a las demás mascotas. Había un conejo, una tortuga, un ratón blanco llamado Elvis y una salamandra rayada. Judy vio un hámster corriendo en una rueda, una serpiente tan inmóvil que parecía de mentira y una concha donde debía de haber un cangrejo ermitaño. ¡Uno había llevado hasta un mono disecado!

-¡Empieza el concurso! -chilló la señora de Pelos y Plumas por encima de gritos y alaridos, aullidos y gruñidos.

Los que habían llevado mascotas formaron un corro. La primera en concursar fue un grullo danzarín. Luego una tortuga que ponía boca arriba y después un conejo que bebía con pajita.

El loro Polly cantó las cinco primeras notas del Himno de la Alegría. Judy se sorprendió a sí misma aplaudiendo.

Cuando le tocó el turno a Frank, Spark saltó por el aro tres veces y todos aplaudieron. Rocky no consiguió que Houdini dejara caer la punta de la cola.

-Se pone nerviosa con los perros -explicó.

Luego hubo otras tres mascotas y Polly seguía cantando.

Emily, una compañera del colegio, tenía un hurón que sabía limpiarse los dientes. Fue el que más le gustó a Stink.

-Pero si no ha hecho más que comerse el dentífrico -dijo Judy.

Cuando le tocó a Judy, colocó una tostadora en el suelo, metió una rebanada de pan en la ranura y luego sacó a Mouse de la caja.

-Ésta es Mouse -anunció-. Va a hacerse una tostada -el público aplaudió. Judy colocó a Mouse encima de la mesa-. No te pongas nerviosa.

Mouse se sentó y se puso a lamerse la pata.

-Mira la tostadora, Mouse -susurró Judy-. ¡La tostadora! -se la acercó.

Mouse dio un zarpazo a la tostadora, después la golpeó y la apartó con la pata. Todos comenzaron a reírse. Judy le sacó un trozo de pescado, entonces Mouse se levantó y ¡se miró en la tostadora!

Judy contuvo el aliento.

Mouse golpeó otra vez la tostadora. Esta vez le dio al botón con la zarpa. ¡La rebanada de pan desapareció y las resistencias se pusieron al rojo!

La gente se quedó callada. Al poco rato saltó la tostadora.

-¡Ta-chan! -exclamó Judy.

-¡Hurra! -todo el mundo aplaudió y lo celebró.

-¡Por fin voy a ser famosa, Mouse! -la abrazó Judy.

-Y ahora, para terminar -dijo la señora de la tienda-, un pollo que toca el piano.

Dio un paso al frente David, un chico que llevaba un pollo atado con una cuerda.

-Éste es Mozart -dijo el chico.

Mozart tocó con el pico tres notas en un piano de juguete.

-¡Jingle Bells! -gritó alguien. Se armó un alboroto.

Judy tuvo la sensación que le era familiar: el comienzo del mal humor. Ella, Judy Moody, nunca sería tan famosa como un pollo pianista.

El acto se cerró con un desfile de todas las mascotas formando un corro.

-¡Este año ha sido un concurso fantástico! -los felicitó a todos la dueña de Pelos y Plumas-. Gracias por venir. Y ahora, los premios. Cuando diga el nombre de la mascota, salid con ella al centro del corro.

Un hombre con una gran máquina de fotos se presentó en medio del gentío.

-¡El periódico! Están aquí -anunció Judy.

-En tercer lugar, Suzy Chang, el hurón del dentífrico.

"Por favor, por favor, por favor", deseó Judy para sus adentros.

-El segundo premio es para Mouse Moody, ¡la gata que hace tostadas!

-¡Ésa eres tú! -dijeron Frank y Rocky empujando a Judy al centro del corro.

-¡Hemos ganado, Mouse! -exclamó Judy-. ¡Segundo premio!

Por fin lo había conseguido. Por fin iba a ser famosa.

-¡El primer premio es para Mozart Puckett, el pollo pianista! ¡Un aplauso para todas las mascotas famosas!

El público aplaudió. Cada mascota recibió su banda azul y el diploma de la tienda. ¡Los ganadores posaron para la fotos! Judy estaba a uno de los lados, sujetando a Mouse, pero la gata se escurrió y saltó de sus brazos. ¡Flash! Judy parpadeó. El hombre del periódico sacó la foto más rápido que un relámpago.

-¡Gracias a todos! ¡Se acabó! -anunció la señora de la tienda.

-¿Se acabó? -preguntó Judy.

Los quince minutos de fama de Judy se habían quedado en quince segundos y, además ella ¡había parpadeado!

A la mañana siguiente Judy salió corriendo a por el periódico. Pasó las páginas deprisa. Tenía el corazón desbocado.

-¡Aquí está!

No daba crédito a lo que veía. Allí estaban David Puckett y Emily Chang con una sonrisa de oreja a oreja. Allí estaban el pollo Mozart y el hurón Suzy.

-¡Déjame ver! -dijo Stink-. ¡Eh, aquí está Mouse!

-¡No salgo en la foto! -chilló Judy.

-¡Ésta eres tú! -exclamó Stink señalando un codo que asomaba por el borde.

-¡No soy famosa! -aulló Judy-. ¡No se ve más que el codo!

-Vamos a ver -dijo su padre antes de leer la crónica-. Bla, bla, "ganadores del Concurso de Mascotas Famosas", bla, bla. Aquí pone tu nombre. ¿Lo ves? "Mouse y Judy... Puddy".

-¿QUÉ? -gritó Judy-. ¿Puddy? Déjame ver.

-¡Judy Puddy! Qué bueno -se rió Stink.

-¡Judy Puddy! Nadie me va a conocer nunca.

-Nosotros sí -dijo su padre.

Judy frunció el ceño.

-Me imagino que tu nombre no está de moda -dijo su padre riéndose.

-¡Grrr! -dijo Judy.

-Al menos dice que Mouse ganó el concurso -intentó animarla su madre.

Recortó la foto y la pegó en el frigorífico.

-¡Estupendo! -dijo Judy-. Hasta la gata está en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Su madre le dio un beso en la cabeza.

-Y tú tienes un codo muy famoso.

## **BATIENDO RÉCORDS**

Judy observó su famoso codo en el espejo. Se lo apretó para que pareciera una cara alegre con arrugas, y más todavía para que pusiera cara de enfado.

Si Judy quería ser más famosa que su codo iba a necesitar algo de ayuda, así que convocó a todos los miembros del club de la Rana Meona.

-Nos vemos en el club -les informó a todos.

Rocky, Frank y Judy ocupaban la tienda azul que había en el jardín de atrás. Faltaba Stink, que venía con Ranita en una mano y en la otra un libro que estaba leyendo.

-Mira por dónde vas, Stink, o vas a renovar tu ingreso en el club.

-¡OH!

Colocó a Ranita en el cubo antes de que volviese a demostrar sus habilidades para orinarle en la mano.

-Y ahora -preguntó Judy-, ¿cómo hacemos para que me vuelva famosa?

-Vamos a pensarlo -contestó Rocky.

-Stink, piensa -ordenó Judy.

-Hacerse famoso es aburrido -respondió él, y siguió hojeando el libro.

-Stink, ¡qué tiene eso de interesanteeee!

Era el Libro Guinness de los Récords. Judy, Frank y Rocky se miraron a la vez.

-¡Genial! -chillaron los tres, y luego soltaron una carcajada.

-Stink, eres un genio. El secreto para hacerse famoso está en tus manos.

Stink se miró las manos.

-¿No lo pillas? -preguntó Judy-. ¡Yo podría batir un récord y salir en ese libro! Así sería superfamosa.

-Famosa. Famosa. Famosa. Eres un disco rayado -le dijo Stink.

-Que te crees tú eso.

-Las colecciones que haces..., como las tiritas -dijo Frank-. Podrías batir un récord con alguna colección. Como las mesitas de pizzas.

-¡O costras! -exclamó Judy.

-¡Qué asco! Aquí sale un tío que colecciona bolsas para vomitar de los aviones. Tiene dos mil ciento doce y hasta una con un dibujo de Benjamín Franklin en la línea de puntos.

-Eso es mucho mejor que las costras -concluyó Judy.



-Eh, mirad -Rocky estaba mirando por encima del hombre de Stink-. La palabra más larga del mundo. Si la deletreas serás la próxima Jessica Finch.

La palabra era "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis".

-¡Hala! Cuarenta y cinco letras -exclamó Frank, contándolas.

-¡Ni la ganadora del concurso es capaz de deletrear eso! -Judy se desilusionó un poco.

-Aquí dice que es una enfermedad rara originada por los volcanes -leyó Rocky-. Lo pone aquí.

-¡Esperad! Ya lo tengo. Aquí está el hombre con el cuello más largo del mundo -dijo Stink-. ¡Podríamos tirarte de la cabeza para estirarte el cuello!

-Quiero ser famosa, no una jirafa.

-Con un cuello de jirafa serías famosa.

-Déjame ver ese libro.

Judy agarró el libro de los récords y lo hojeó por encima. ¿El envoltorio de chicle más largo? ¿La uña más larga? Claro, el tipo no se la había cortado desde 1952. ¿El mejor escupitajo? Ella podría lanzarlo.

Fue entonces cuando lo vio. Justo en la página 399.

¡El ciempiés humano!

-De acuerdo. Escuchad. Vamos a ser un insecto gigantesto -anunció-. Vamos a atarnos los cordones de los zapatos unos con otros y luego vamos a andar como una oruga. El récord anterior está en treinta y dos metros cuarenta centímetros. Rocky, ¿te acuerdas de que el verano pasado medimos con una cuerda la distancia que hay entre tu casa y la mía? Son treinta y tres metros ida y vuelta. De modo que lo único que tenemos que hacer es ir y volver a casa de Rocky para batir el récord.

Se sentaron en fila, uno detrás de otro, como los pupitres del colegio. Primero Judy, después Frank, Rocky y Stink.

-¡Eh, siempre me toca a mí el último!

-Porque eres el trasero -dijo Judy-. Ataos un cordón con el de delante y el otro con el de detrás -añadió.

-¿Cómo vamos a levantarnos? -preguntó Stink.

-A la de tres -contestó Judy-. Una, dos... -Judy dio el primer paso. El pie de Frank salió disparado, y éste se tambaleó. Cayeron unos encima de otros.

A Rocky le entró tanta risa que contagió a los demás.

-¡Tengo hipo! -soltó Stink.

Por fin consiguieron ponerse de pie sin que nadie se cayera, ni se riera, ni le entrara hipo, y empezaron a andar. Una... dos... y... tres.

-¡El ciempiés humano! -exclamó Judy.

Se representó el ciempiés humano en la imaginación, cada vez más largo, ondulante, con miles de pies ¡y ella, Judy Moody, al frente con sus colmillos afilados y sus garras venenosas!

-¡Zzzzsss! -dijo Judy.

-No saltes, Rocky -pidió Frank.

-Se me ha hecho un lío el cordón -respondió Rocky.

-¡Seguid! -gritó Stink desde el último puesto de la fila.

Fue entonces cuando sucedió.

Judy se detuvo, pero el resto del ciempiés siguió andando. Se cayeron todos. ¡Zas! Judy le pisó la mano a Frank, éste se cayó encima del estómago de Rocky. Tres pasos y se habían caído todos formando una bola.

-¡Eh! ¡Cuidado! -chilló Stink.

-Me he torcido algo -dijo Rocky.

-¡AAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY! -chilló Frank. Se agarró el brazo derecho con la mano izquierda.

El meñique derecho de Frank Pearl parecía que andaba suelto. Suelto del todo. Abultaba el doble de lo normal y estaba doblado para atrás.

-¡OOOH! ¿Qué ha pasado? -preguntó Judy.

-Me duele... mucho -gritaba Frank, mientras se le saltaban las lágrimas-. Mucho, mucho.

-Stink, corre a llamar a mamá. ¡Deprisa!

¿Qué pasaba si Judy conseguía un dedo roto en lugar de batir un récord? Porque si se le había roto el meñique a Frank, la culpa era de ella.

Judy no se sentía un ciempiés humano. Ella, Judy Moody, se sentía un gusano.

## **HUESOS ROTOS**

-¿Cuál de vosotros es el paciente? -preguntó un hombre con bata blanca.

Frank levantó el meñique amoratado.

-¡Vaya! ¿Cómo te has hecho esto?

Frank miró a Judy y ella fijó la mirada en un agujero de la alfombra.

-Estábamos jugando -respondió Frank.

-¡Estábamos haciendo un ciempiés humano para que mi hermana pueda ser famosa! ¡Y le dio un pisotón a Frank!

Judy fulminó a Stink con una de sus miradas de trol, poniendo cejas de oruga y todo. El hombre se echó a reír.

-Vale, está bien. Me llamo Ron, soy el enfermero de urgencias. Voy a llevarte a que el médico te cure el dedo, Frank. ¿Están aquí tus padres?

-Mi madre ha ido a avisarlos -dijo Judy.

-Está bien. Vamos a hacer una cosa. La sección infantil queda al otro lado de esas puertas rojas, vosotros dos esperad allí, así os lo pasaréis mejor. Ya le diré a tu madre cuando venga que estás allí.

Le daba mucha rabia que Rocky no los hubiera acompañado al hospital... Ahora tenía que quedarse sola con Stink. Empujaron las puertas rojas, que daban a un pasillo largo al final del cual había una sala llamada ZONA MÁGICA DE JUEGOS. Judy y Stink entraron en ella.

Las paredes estaban empapeladas de ositos con batas de médico y globos en la mano. Unos llevaban muletas o vendajes y otros estaban sentados en sillas de ruedas. Había un sofá, una mesa con papel y pinturas de cera para colorear, un castillo de plástico y una estantería con muchos libros sobre el hospital. Incluso tenían una mesa de operaciones en miniatura. En la sala no había más que una niña sentada en una silla de ruedas.

-¿Cómo es que estás en una silla de ruedas? -le preguntó Stink.

-Stink, eso no se pregunta.

-No importa. Me han puesto un corazón nuevo y todavía no me dejan andar. Me van a tener mucho, mucho tiempo en el hospital para ver si funciona.

-¡Un corazón nuevo! ¡Guau! -exclamó Stink-. ¿Qué le pasaba al tuyo?

-¡Stink! -le cortó Judy, aunque también ella quería enterarse.

-Supongo que se me habría roto.

-¿Te dio miedo? -preguntó Judy.

La niña asintió con la cabeza.

-Imagínate. Tengo una cicatriz que va desde el cuello hasta el ombligo.

-¿Cómo te llamas? -preguntó Stink.

-Laura.

-Te han puesto un corazón valiente, Laura -dijo Judy.

-Eso dice mi padre, así que me va a regalar un hámster. ¿Tú tienes uno?

-No. Tengo una gata llamada Mouse.

-Aquí no se puede hacer nada -dijo Laura mirando a la sala.

-Tienen juguetes de médicos -observó Judy.

-¡Mira! ¡Un cabestrillo de verdad y muchas cosas! -Stink se arrodilló junto a una gran caja de cartón.

Sacó vendas, caja de gasas..., hasta un estetoscopio y un par de muelas.

-Stink, ¿puedo ponerte el brazo en cabestrillo?

-De eso nada

-¿Y a ti, Laura? Sé ponerlo, de verdad.

-Estoy harta de médicos -contestó Laura.

-¡Mira, muñecas! Hay montones de muñecas en esta caja -exclamó Stink, señalándola.

-Tienen todas los brazos y las piernas rotas o les falta la cabeza -observó Laura-. Algunas tienen cáncer.

-¿A qué te refieres? -preguntó Judy.

-Están calvas, como Sarah, la de mi habitación.

-No me parece bien -y Judy añadió-: Deberían darles para jugar muñecas que no estuvieran enfermas.

En ese momento apareció el enfermero.

-Es hora de volver a la habitación -le dijo a Laura-. ¿Ya conocéis a esta chica tan valiente?

-¡Sí! -dijeron Judy y Stink.

-¡Espero que tu corazón nuevo funcione bien! -gritó Judy, mientras Laura se iba con el enfermero.

-¡Adiós! -exclamó Stink.

Judy rebuscó en la caja de muñecas. Laura tenía razón, todas las muñecas estaban sucias o rotas o calvas o sin cabeza.

La señora Moody se asomó por la puerta.

-¡Hola!

-¡Mamá! -dijo Stink.

-¿Está bien Frank? -preguntó Judy.

-Se ha roto un dedo, pero su madre está ahora con él. Le han entablillado.

-¡Qué curioso! ¡Entablillado de verdad! -exclamó Judy.

-Va a estar una temporada sin jugar al baloncesto, pero se va a poner bien. ¿Nos vamos?

Stink y Judy siguieron a la señora Moody fuera de la sala de juegos. Judy se detuvo en mitad de la sala y agarró a Stink por la camisa.

-Stink -dijo para que su madre la oyera-. Dame tu mochila.

-¿Qué?

-Tu mochila. La necesito.

Stink hizo una mueca y se la dio.

-Ve con mamá y dile que se me ha olvidado una cosa. Voy enseguida.

Judy fue derecha a la caja de las muñecas rotas. Se aseguró de que nadie la viera, llenó la mochila de muñecas y salió de la sala.

Cuando su madre se detuvo a preguntar algo en el mostrador de la salida, Stink dijo:

-¡Eh! ¿Qué llevas ahí?

-Nada.

-Nada no abulta tanto. Te has llevado las cosas de médicos. ¡Te las has llevado! ¡Las has robado! ¡Vas a ir a mamá!

-¡Shhh! No digas nada a nadie, Stink, o nos meteremos en un lío por robar.

-No, te meterás tú sola -contestó él-. ¿Estás loca? ¿Quieres ser famosa por ser la única niña de Tercero que va a la cárcel?

-Júrame que no lo vas a decir, Stink.

-¿Qué me das?

-Te dejaré mirar un escupitajo de verdad por el microscopio.

-De acuerdo. Lo juro.

-Has hecho un juramento. ¡Vas a ir a mamá!

## **TROZOS DE CUERPOS**

En cuanto Judy llegó a casa, vació la mochila y extendió las muñecas sobre la litera de abajo. Ella, la doctora Judy Moody, estaba de humor para operar. En la cama había una muñeca que ya no hablaba ni lloraba y que no tenía brazos, otra sin cabeza y una tercera que estaba calva.

Judy les dio primero un baño.

-¡Ya sé lo que me hace falta! ¡Trozos de cuerpos!

Rebuscó en su colección: brazos largos, brazos flacos, piernas negras, piernas blancas, troncos con ombligo, un pie desnudo, una cosa que parecía un cuello y cabezas de todas

clases -pequeñas, gordas, calvas, de Barbies-. Judy vació una bolsa entera de trozos de cuerpos encima de la cama.

-¡Qué curioso!

Pegó una peluca roja de hilo con trenzas en la muñeca que no tenía pelo y a otra le puso unos brazos, y estuvo doblándolos para comprobar que se podían mover.

-¡Buaaa! -lloraba la muñeca cada vez que Judy le movía el brazo.

-¡No me das miedo! Y a ti -le dijo a la muñeca sin cabeza- ¡una cabeza nueva! -de todas las que había, Judy eligió una con el pelo castaño y los ojos verdes-. ¡Mira! -exclamó al ponerle la cabeza nueva.

Pero cuando puso boca abajo la muñeca para ponerle unos zapatos, la cabeza se le salió y cayó al suelo dando botes.

-¡Vaya! -Judy corrió detrás de la cabeza-. Ésa no vale. Voy a probar con ésta. ¿Te gusta una que puede abrir y cerrar los ojos?

Judy encajó la cabeza nueva en el cuello de la muñeca y la movió varias veces para ver cómo se abrían y se cerraban los ojos.

-Voilà! -dio un beso a la muñeca justo en su naricilla.

Luego las visitó a todas con una bata de hospital azul y blanca hecha con una sábana vieja y les puso a cada una un brazaletes de papel con su nombre: Colby, Molly, Susana y Laura.

Stink llamó a la puerta.

-Vete.

Volvió a llamar.

-¿Quién es?

-Soy yo, Stink.

-¿Qué Stink?

-Es Stink que quiere entrar en tu cuarto -contestó él entrando. Miró por detrás de la manta que colgaba encima de la litera de abajo.

-¡Aaaagh! -retrocedió asustado-. ¡Las muñecas del hospital...! Son las que... no son las... si papá y mamá se enteran...

-Stink, me has prometido que no dirías nada.

-Sí, pero...

Judy estaba haciendo una pequeña escayola de papel mojado.

-Mira, si te callas, te dejo que me ayudes.

-¡Trato hecho!

Stink y Judy acabaron de poner la escayola en una pierna de la muñeca. Cuando se secó, la pintaron de blanco y le pusieron muchas firmas. Luego hicieron un cabestrillo para otra muñeca con una tira de tela. La doctora Judy le colocó a otra tiritas con tatuaje de su colección en las piernas, los brazos y el estómago.

-¡Mola! -dijo Stink.

Por último arregló una muñeca de trapo. Judy buscó un rotulador rosa y le dibujó una cicatriz desde el cuello al ombligo, le cosió un corazón partido por la mitad con hilo negro y lo tapó con la bata de hospital.

-¡Igual que Laura! -dijo Stink.

Cuando terminó, Judy puso a las muñecas en fila en la litera de abajo y se quedó contemplando su obra. Y colocó a su lado a su propia muñeca Sara Secura.

-¡Guau, qué bien las has dejado! -dijo Stink.

Al poco rato Judy guardó todas las muñecas en la caja y las envió en secreto por correo de vuelta al hospital. Como no puso remite, nadie sabría quién las había robado.

Era como un hospital de muñecas de verdad, pensó Judy. Iba camino de ser como la primera mujer médica, Elizabeth Blackwell.

## **JUDY MOODY Y JESSICA FINCH**

El señor Todd preguntó el lunes:

-¿Dónde está Frank?

-No ha venido -respondió Judy.

-Ah, ya. Me he enterado de que se ha roto el dedo. ¿Alguien sabe cómo ocurrió?

-Es una laaaaaarga historia -dijo Judy.

-¡Como un ciempiés! -saltó Rocky.

-¡Yo he oído que Judy Moody le pisó! -interrumpió Adam-. ¡CRAC! -dobló el dedo para atrás como si estuviera roto.

-De acuerdo. De acuerdo. Ya se lo preguntaremos a Frank cuando vuelva.

-Vendrá mañana -contó Judy.

Miró su pupitre vacío. Sin Frank, no había nadie que se riera de sus bromas. Sin Frank, deletrearía "percebe" con "v".

Para colmo, Jessica Finch se pasó toda la mañana acercando un poco más cada vez su mesa a la de Judy.

-¿Este es el codo que salió en el periódico? -le preguntó.

Judy miró enfadada su famoso codo y apuntó con él a Jessica.

-¡Eh, Judy! ¿Quieres venir a mi casa al salir de clase? Puedo enseñarte mis carteles fosforescentes de ortografía.

-No puedo.

-¿Por qué no?

-Tengo que dar de comer a Mandíbulas, mi Venus atrapamoscas.

-¿Y mañana?

-Le doy de comer todos los días.

-¿Y después de dar de comer a Mandíbulas?

-Tengo que hacer los deberes -dijo Judy.

La verdad era que el viernes estaba suficientemente aburrida para ir a casa de Jessica. Rocky debía quedarse en casa de su abuela durante una semana porque su madre salía tarde de trabajar y con Frank no se podía hacer gran cosa con el dedo roto.

Para colmo había terminado de operar muy pronto a todas las muñecas del hospital. ¡Lo mejor había sido preparar la escayola!

Tenía que conseguir hacer una más grande, para una persona. Pero ¿quién? Stink no le dejaría acercarse a él con papel mojado. Judy se volvió hacia Jessica Finch. A lo mejor no era tan Cara Pálida. A lo mejor no era ningún anélido. A lo mejor era... el sueño de un médico. ¡La paciente perfecta!

-Eh, Jessica. ¿Te gustaría llevar un brazo escayolado?

-No lo tengo roto.

-Da igual. Es por pasar el rato.

-En ese caso sí. ¿Vas a venir a mi casa entonces? Puedo enseñarte mis carteles de ortografía.

-¿Qué tal hoy al salir de clase?

Judy fue a casa de Jessica Finch y las dos subieron a su cuarto. Judy echó un vistazo. No vio más que cerdos: rosados, de peluche, huchas, una alfombra en forma de cabeza de cerdo. ¡Hasta la cama de Jessica parecía un cerdo con falda rosa!

-¿Te gustan los cerdos?

-¿Cómo lo has adivinado?

Judy tocó las bandas de los premios de ortografía que Jessica había colgado de la pared. Ella le enseñó su álbum de recortes, con todas las veces que había salido su nombre en el periódico.

-Guau -exclamó Judy. ¿Han escrito tu nombre mal alguna vez?



-Una vez. ¡Jessica Flinch!

-¡A mí Judy Puddy!

-¡Mira! Aquí están todos los carteles de ortografía que he hecho -Jessica indicó la pared junto a la cama.

-Oye, son verdes. ¿Cómo es que no son rosas también?

-Porque son fosforescentes. Espera.

Jessica bajó las persianas y apagó la luz. Las palabras brillaron en la oscuridad. ¡Las que habían trabajado en clase con el señor Todd!

OBSERVAR

APROBAR

PROBABILIDAD

APROVADO

BOCADILLO

MEMBRILLO

-¡Aprovado! ¡Pero si lo has escrito mal!

-Ya ves, pongo palabras con faltas para ver si me confundo. ¿Quieres jugar? O podemos jugar a los cerdos. En vez de dados se tiran cerditos de plástico.

-¿Y si hacemos la escayola?

-¿No irás a romperme el dedo ni nada de eso, como le hiciste a Frank, verdad?

-¡No! Además, fue un accidente.

-Está bien. Venga. ¿Qué hace falta?

-Papel. Agua. Cola.

-¿Se quita fácil, verdad?

-Claro -dijo Judy. "Debe de haber alguna manera de quitársela", pensó-. Primero tenemos que dejarla secar. Luego la pintamos.

-¿Podemos pintarla de rosa?

-Por supuesto. "Qué curioso. Una escayola rosa".

-Voy a por periódicos atrasados -al volver dijo-: Sólo he encontrado el de hoy, ¡así que espero que mis padres lo hayan leído!

Se pusieron a hacer tiras de papel. Judy estaba impaciente por ver la escayola rosa. ¡Ina a ser su operación más importante hasta la fecha! Judy mojó las tiras de papel con una mezcla de cola y agua y las fue poniendo una por una con cuidado en el brazo de Jessica.

-¡Ooh! Es una sensación asquerosa. ¿Estás segura de que va a salir bien?

Jessica era igual que Stink.

-Mira -contestó Judy mientras le pasaba otro trozo de periódico-. Haz más tiras, que se me están terminando.

Jessica le dio una tira a Judy. Arriba ponía la palabra "fantasma". Jessica le dio otra tira a Judy. "Roba". Una tercera. "Hospital".

-¡Quieta! -exclamó Judy-. ¿Dónde está el resto de la historia? -miró el brazo de Jessica-. Página seis. ¿Y la página seis?

-Oh, creo que ya la he hecho tiras.

Judy quiso leer el brazo mojado y pringoso de Jessica, pero no sólo pudo distinguir las palabras "ladrona de muñecas".

-¿Qué pone ahí?

-Un fantasma roba en el hospital del condado o algo así.

-O algo así ¿qué?

-No lo sé. ¿A qué viene tanto interés?

Judy lanzó las tiras de papel por todas partes al levantarse de golpe.

-¡Tengo que irme!

-¿Qué? ¡Espera! ¡Mi brazo! No puedes... ¿Y la escayola rosa?

Pero Judy ya había salido por la puerta.

Ella, Judy Moody, Ladrona de Muñecas, iba a ser por fin famosa. Por ir a la cárcel. Como había dicho Stink.

## **JUDY MOODY SUPERHEROÍNA**

-¿Ya estás de vuelta? -preguntó su madre-. ¿Qué tal en casa de Jessica? ¿Lo has pasado bien?

-Yo... ¿has... dónde está... el... periódico?

-¿El de hoy? Aquí mismo -dijo su padre empujándolo hacia el lado de la mesa donde estaba Judy.

Judy hojeó el periódico como una loca. Pero cuando llegó a la página seis, no vio más que un gran agujero.

¿Quién ha recortado el periódico? ¿Stink? -preguntó fulminándolo con una de sus miradas con cejas de oruga.

-Oh, he sido yo -dijo su padre-. Mira, lo he puesto en el frigorífico.

Leyó en voz alta:

MÉDICO FANTASMA DE MUÑECAS ROBA  
EN EL HOSPITAL DEL CONDADO

El sábado 17 de octubre, la enfermera Grace Porter, del hospital general del condado, descubrió que habían robado unas muñecas donadas a la Sala Mágica de Juegos del hospital.

-¡Tiene gracia! -exclamó su madre-. ¡El mismo día que llevamos a Frank al hospital!

-Jo, qué gracia -dijo Judy con una sonrisa forzada. Seguro que su madre no le vería la gracia cuando se enterase de que su única hija era una ladrona de tomo y lomo.

Su padre continuó leyendo:

El robo de las muñecas dejó intrigados a los pequeños pacientes que utilizan la Sala Mágica de Juegos del ala infantil. Todos especulaban sobre la identidad del ladrón de muñecas.

-¿No es ahí donde os encontré? -interrogó su madre-, ¿en la sala de juegos? -parecía un detective. "Esto acababa en cárcel".

Curiosamente, días después se recibió un misterioso paquete con todas las muñecas mágicamente lavadas, arregladas y reparadas. Todas con sus brazaletes de identificación, vestidas con batas de hospital y "curadas" con tiritas, cabestrillos y escayolas.

Su padre hizo una pausa y comentó:

-Hmm, tiritas.

"Vaya", pensó Judy. "La prueba".

Se ha entregado una muñeca especial que tenía el corazón roto a Laura Chumsky, que hace poco recibió el vigésimo noveno trasplante de corazón practicado en el hospital. En nombre de

Laura Chumsky y todos los pequeños pacientes, el personal del hospital quiere agradecer al Médico Fantasma de Muñecas su amable gesto.

-¡Suena igual que los superhéroes de mis cómics! -exclamó Stink.

-¡Menuda historia! -sonrió su padre.

-Déjame ver -dijo Judy.

Tenía que verlo y leerlo con sus propios ojos. "Médico Fantasma de Muñecas", repetía tocando las palabras de los titulares.

-¡Qué curioso!

-¡Qué detalle por parte de quien haya sido! -dijo su madre.

-Ojalá me hubiera ocurrido a mí -su padre volvió a poner el artículo en el frigorífico sujeto con un imán en forma de piña. Allí estaba, en medio del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

-¡Qué pena! -dijo Stink.

-¿Por qué pena? -preguntó Judy.

-Pues porque me apetecía ver una cárcel por dentro.

-No te lo crees ni tú -dijo Judy mirando nerviosa a sus padres. Pero ambos le sonreían orgullosos. Fue entonces cuando su cerebro se puso a imaginar otra nueva idea digna de Judy Moody.

Iba a hacer un cartel. A lo mejor ponía una consulta en el garaje para que otros chicos le dieran sus muñecas rotas o peluches viejos. O los conseguiría en los rastrillos. Los curaría para donarlos a los niños enfermos del ala infantil del hospital. Algunos llevarían vendas o cicatrices o tubos para respirar. ¡Hasta un gotero!

Todo se haría en secreto. En el hospital no sabrían nunca quién era el Médico Fantasma de Muñecas. Igual que nadie sabía que Superman era Clark Kent, un simpático y pacífico periodista del Daily Planet.

¡Qué curioso!

Por primera vez en mucho tiempo, la que una vez habían llamado Judy Puddy se volvió más famosa que cuando lo del codo.

Ella, Judy Moody, la Médica Fantasma de Muñecas, se había vuelto ahora tan famosa como la reina Isabel, tan famosa como George Washington, tan famosa como Superman.

¡Más famosa todavía!

¡Elizabeth Blackwell, la primera mujer médica, estaría orgullosa!



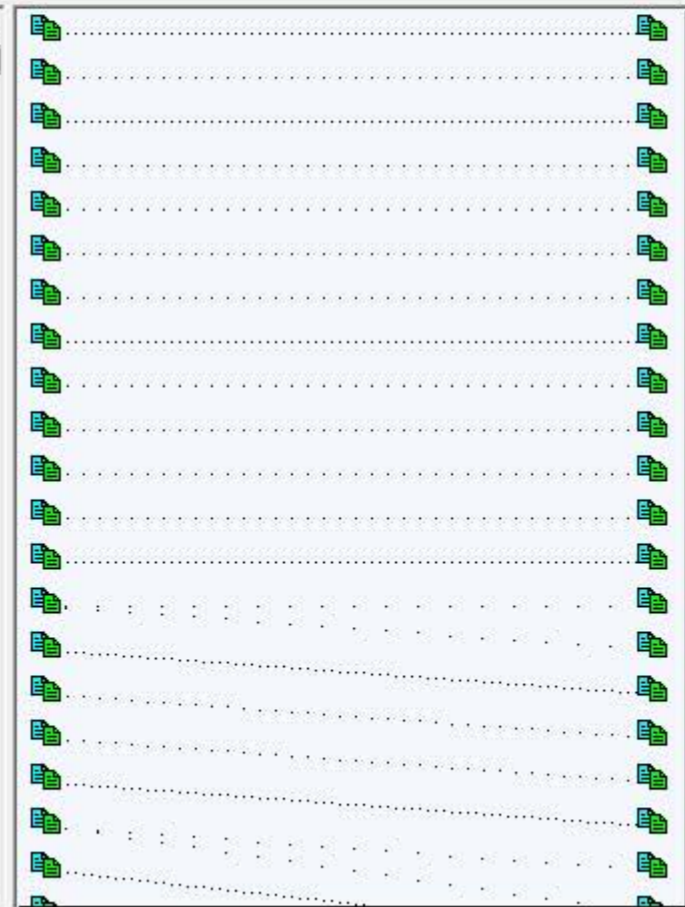


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JUDY MOODY GETS FAMOUS!



C:\...\Desktop\JM2\_ES.rtf  
¡JUDY MOODY SE VUELVE FAMOSA!

JUDY MOODY GETS FAMOUS!  
WHO'S WHO  
Judy.  
Roar!  
Star of the show, famous for her many moods.  
Dad.  
Judy's father.  
Good at crossword puzzles, quiz shows, and garages sales.  
Mom.  
Judy's mother.  
Former glee club member.  
Knows her vegetables.  
Stink.  
Judy's scene-stealing younger brother and star of the Moody Hall of Fame.  
Mouse.  
Judy's cat.  
Amazing contestant in the Fur & Fangs Famous Pet Contest.  
Rocky.  
Judy's best friend since FOREVER and owner of a disappearing Superman ring.  
Mr. Todd. Judy's Teacher, aka Mr. Toad, world's greatest third-grade teacher.



¡JUDY MOODY SE VUELVE FAMOSA!  
QUIÉN ES QUIÉN  
Judy.  
¡Grrr!  
La estrella del espectáculo, famosa por sus cambios de humor.  
Papá.  
El padre de Judy.  
Hace bien los crucigramas y los puzzles.  
Vende objetos usados.  
Mamá.  
La madre de Judy.  
Entiende mucho de verduras.  
Stink.  
El hermano pequeño de Judy.  
Su competidor y estrella del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.  
Mouse.  
La gata de Judy.  
Temible participante del Consumo de Mascotas Famosas.  
Rocky.  
El mejor amigo de Judy de toda la vida.

## **JUDY MOODY GETS FAMOUS!**

### **¡JUDY MOODY SE VUELVE FAMOSA!**

#### **WHO'S WHO**

#### **QUIÉN ES QUIÉN**

Judy. Roar! Star of the show, famous for her many moods.

Judy. ¡Grrr! La estrella del espectáculo, famosa por sus cambios de humor.

Dad. Judy's father. Good at crossword puzzles, quiz shows, and garages sales.

Papá. El padre de Judy. Hace bien los crucigramas y los puzzles. Vende objetos usados.

Mom. Judy's mother. **Former glee club member.** Knows her vegetables.

Mamá. La madre de Judy. **OMISIÓN.** Entiende mucho de verduras.

Stink. Judy's scene-stealing younger brother and star of the Moody Hall of Fame.

Stink. El hermano pequeño de Judy. Su competidor y estrella del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Mouse. Judy's cat. Amazing contestant in the Fur & Fangs Famous Pet Contest.

Mouse. La gata de Judy. Temible participante del Consumo de Mascotas Famosas.

Rocky. Judy's best friend since FOREVER and owner of a disappearing Superman ring.

Rocky. El mejor amigo de Judy de toda la vida. Dueño de un anillo de Superman que desaparece.

Mr. Todd. Judy's Teacher, aka Mr. Toad, world's greatest third-grade teacher.

Sr. Todd. Más conocido como Sr. Todo. El mejor profesor de Tercero del mundo.

Frank. Judy's paste-eating friend and one quarter of a human centipede.

Frank. Amigo de Judy, conocido en clase por tomar cola de pegar. Una cuarta parte de un ciempiés humano.

Jessica. Judy's classmate, Jessica Aardwolf Finch, aka know-it-all Queen of the Spelling Bee.

Jessica. Una sabelotodo. Jessica Finch, la A-N-É-L-I-D-O ganadora del concurso de ortografía.

## **HOW DO YOU SPELL FAMOUS?**

### **¿CÓMO SE DELETREA "FAMOSO"?**

Judy Moody marched into third grade on a plain old Thursday, in a plain old ordinary mood. That was before Judy got stung by the Queen Bee.

Judy Moody entró muy decidida en clase, como cualquier otro día, de un humor ni fu ni fa... hasta que se encontró con la ganadora del concurso.

Judy sat down at her desk, in the front row next to Frank Pearl.

Judy se sentó en su mesa, en la primera fila al lado de Frank Pearl.

"Hey, did you see Jessica Finch?" asked Frank in a low voice.

Hola, ¿has visto a Jessica Finch? -preguntó él en voz baja.

"Yeah, so?" I see her every day. She sits catty-cornered behind me."

-Sí, ¿y qué? La veo todos los días, Frank, se sienta detrás de mí.



"She's wearing a crown."

-Lleva una corona.

Judy turned to look at Jessica, then whispered to Frank,

Judy se dio la vuelta para mirar a Jessica y luego le susurró a Frank:

"Where'd she get that? Burger Barn?"

-¿De dónde la ha sacado? ¿La dan con las hamburguesas?

"I don't know," said Frank. "Ask her. She says it's bejeweled."

No lo sé. Dice que es una joya, pero pregúntale a ella.

"Well, it looks be-dumb, if you ask me," said Judy, though secretly she admired the sparkling ruby-like gems.

-Pues a mí me parece que va hecha un cromo -dijo Judy, aunque en el fondo admiraba las gemas relucientes como rubíes.

"Hey, are those real rubies?"

¿Son rubíes de verdad?

Judy asked Jessica.

Se volvió para preguntarle a Jessica:-

"They're costume jewelry," Jessica said.

-Es bisutería de disfraz.

Who are you dressing up as?

¿Y de qué vas disfrazada?

The Queen of England?"

¿De reina de Inglaterra?

"No, I'm the Queen Bee," said Jessica.

-No, de ganadora de un concurso.

"I won the N.V. Spelling Bee on Saturday."

El sábado gané el concurso de ortografía de NV.

"The envy spelling bee?" Judy asked.

-¿El concurso de ortografía de qué?

Judy didn't envy anybody who had to spell long words into a microphone with a million and one people staring bug-eyed at her.

A Judy no le daba nada de envidia tener que deletrear listas de palabras por un micrófono delante de un millón de personas con los ojos clavados en ella.

She knew those people were silently yelling FLUB IT UP because they wanted their own kid to win.

Sobre todo porque esa gente decía para sus adentros "¡A ver si te atascas!" con tal de que ganaran sus hijos.

"Not envy. N. V. As in Northern Virginia."

-El concurso de ortografía de NV, Norte de Virginia.

"Oh," said Judy.

-¡Ah, ya!

"Is that where you got the crown?"

¿Y allí te dieron la corona?

"It's a tiara," said Jessica. "T-I-A-R-A. A tiara is a fancy crown like the Queen of England wears. Queen of the Bee has to know tons of definitions."

-Es una diadema -respondió Jessica-. D-I-A-D-E-M-A. Como la de la reina de Inglaterra. Para ganar el concurso hay que saberse un montón de definiciones.

"What word did you win for?" Judy asked.

-¿Con qué palabra ganaste?

"Frank wants to know," she added, in case Jessica thought she was interested.

Es que Frank quiere saberlo -añadió, por si le interesaba a Jessica.

"Artichoke. It's a fourth-grade word." Artichoke!

-"Berenjena". Es una palabra de Cuarto. ¡Berenjena!

Judy could barely spell meatloaf!

Judy apenas sabía escribir "cebolla".

Give me S-C-I-E-N-C-E any day, she thought.

"Y si me pones J-E-R-I-N-G-U-I-L-L-A ni te cuento", pensó.

Was that the rule? I before E? Or was it E before I?

"Siempre me hago un lío con la "g" y la "j", no es mi fuerte esta regla".

"I have spelling posters in my room at home," said Jessica. "With all the rules. I even have a glow-in-the dark one."

-En mi casa tengo puestos carteles para aprender la ortografía, con todas las reglas. Tengo hasta uno fosforescente.

"That would give me spelling nightmares. I'll take my glow-in-the-dark skeleton poster any day. It shows all two hundred and six bones in the body!"

-¡Uf!, yo con eso tendría pesadillas. Cualquier día quito mi esqueleto fosforescente. ¡Tiene los doscientos seis huesos del cuerpo!

"Judy," said Mr. Todd. "The back of your head is not nearly as interesting as the front. And so far I've seen more of it today than I'd like."

-¡Judy! -interrumpió el profesor Todd-. Me gustaría que te dieras la vuelta, porque llevo viéndote la espalda más de la cuenta.

"Sorry," said Judy, facing front again.

-Perdón -se disculpó, mirando otra vez al frente.

Jessica tapped Judy and passed her a folded page from the newspaper.

Jessica le pasó a Judy un periódico doblado por una de las páginas.

Right there, SMACK-DAB in the MIDDLE of the newspaper for the whole world to see, was a picture of Jessica Finch.

En mitad de la hoja, para que todo el mundo la viera, había una foto de Jessica Finch.

It even said LOCAL GIRL BECOMES QUEEN BEE in big fat headline letters.

Incluso decía NIÑA GANA CONCURSO ORTOGRAFÍA en grandes titulares.

"My dad says I got my fifteen minutes of fame," Jessica whispered to the back of Judy's head.

-Según mi padre, tuve mis quince minutos de fama -susurró Jessica al oído de Judy.

Judy did not turn around.

Judy no se volvió.

She was green with N-Y. Jessica A. Finch, Queen of the Dictionary, Class 3T, was famous!

Se había puesto verde de envidia... ¡Jessica A. Finch, reina del Diccionario, de Tercero, era famosa!

Judy could not help thinking how stupendous it would feel to be able to spell better than meatloaf and be the Queen Bee and wear a tiara.

Judy se puso a pensar lo estupendo que sería poder deletrear algo más que "cebolla" y ser la ganadora del concurso y llevar una diadema.

To get her own picture in the paper!

¡Y ver su propia foto en el periódico!

But she, Judy Moody, felt about as famous as a pencil.

Pero ella, Judy Moody, no pintaba nada en ningún sitio.

As soon as Judy got home from school, she decided to memorize the dictionary. But she got stuck on aardwolf.

Nada más volver del colegio, Judy decidió aprenderse de memoria el diccionario. **Lo abrió por una página cualquiera**, pero se quedó atascada con la primera palabra:

Three lousy words.

No le sonaba de nada.

Who ever heard of an aardwolf anyway? Silly old termite-eater.

"¿Quién había oído la palabra "anélido"? ¡Ah, si son gusanos!".

It had a pointy little head and beady little eyes and a pinched-up face that looked just like... Jessica A. Finch!

Ese cuerpo alargado y pálido le recordaba a... ¡Jessica Finch! ¡Sííí!

Jessica Aardwolf Finch might be famous, but she was also a silly old termite-eater.

Jessica Finch era un anélido y podía ser todo lo famosa que quisiera, pero no dejaba de ser un gusano.

Since Jessica had become Queen Bee with the word artichoke, Judy decided to skip the dictionary and spell all the vegetables in the refrigerator instead.

Como Jessica había ganado el concurso con la palabra "berenjena", Judy decidió pasar del diccionario y deletrear todas las hortalizas del frigorífico.

**Do we have any artichokes?" Judy asked her mother, opening the door of the fridge.**

**SIN TRADUCCIÓN**

"Since when did you start liking artichokes?" asked Mom.

-¿Desde cuándo te gustan las berenjenas? -preguntó su madre.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat them or anything," said Judy.

-No te preocupes, no me las voy a comer ni nada de eso.

"It's for Spelling."

Es para la clase de ortografía.

"Spelling?" Stink asked.

-¿Ortografía? -preguntó Stink.

"Mr. Todd does have some creative ways of teaching Spelling," said Mom.

-El señor Todd tiene una manera muy creativa de enseñar ortografía -dijo su madre.

"Never mind, " said Judy, giving up when she saw asparagus.

-No es para tanto -respondió Judy, que se había callado al llegar a los espárragos.

Vegetables were too hard to spell.

Las hortalizas eran difíciles de deletrear.

There had to be a food group that was easier.

Tenía que haber algún grupo de alimentos que fuera más fácil.

At dinner Judy slurped up a noodle and asked, "How do you spell spaghetti?"

Durante la cena Judy sorbió un tallarín y preguntó: -¿Cómo se deletrea "espagueti"?

"N-O-O-D-L-E," said Stink.

-T-A-L-L-A-R-Í-N -contestó Stink.

"S-P-A-G-H-E-T-T-I," said Dad.

-E-S-P-A-G-U-E-T-I -siguió su padre.

"Or P-A-S-T-A," said Mom.

-O P-A-S-T-A -dijo su madre.

"Never mind," said Judy.

-Da igual -cortó Judy-.

"Please pass the B-R-E-A-D."

Por favor, pásame el P-A-N.

"How was school today?" Mom asked.

-¿Qué tal el colegio hoy? -**intentó cambiar de tema su madre.**

"W-E-L-L," Judy said."

-B-I-E-N -respondió Judy-.

Jessica Finch won a T-I-A-R-A in a spelling bee and got her picture in the P-A-P-E-R.  
Even if she does look like an A-A-R-D-W-O-L-F, aardwolf."



Jessica Finch ha ganado una D-I-A-D-E-M-A en un concurso de ortografía y han sacado su foto en el P-E-R-I-Ó-D-I-C-O. Aunque parece un A-N-É-L-I-D-O.

"So that's what all this spelling is about," said Mom.

-Así que por eso era lo de tanto deletreo... -**se rió** su madre.

"You're W-E-I-R-D," Stink told his sister.

-Qué E-N-V-I-D-I-O-S-A eres -le soltó Stink a su hermana.

"I comes before E, Stink. Except after C. Everybody knows that." What a meatloaf.

-Se escribe E-M-V-I-D-I-O-S-A. Lo sabe cualquiera.

"Actually," said Mom, "your brother's right."

-No, tu hermano tiene razón -intervino la madre.

"WHAT?" said Judy. "How can he be right? He broke the rule!"

-¿QUÉ? -exclamó Judy-. ¿Cómo va a tener él razón?

"Lots of rules have exceptions," said Dad. "Times when you have to break the rule."

-La regla es que se escribe m antes de la p y de b, y n delante de la v -explicó su padre.

"No fair!"

-¡No hay derecho!

Judy slumped down in her chair.

Judy se dejó caer sobre el respaldo de la silla.

She was not going to become famous by spelling, that was for sure.

Estaba claro que con la ortografía no se iba a hacer famosa ni aunque se esforzara.

The three strings of spaghetti left on her plate made the shape of a mean face.

En el plato le quedaban tres espaguetis con cara de enfado.

Judy made a mean face back.

Judy les hizo burla.

Dad **took a bite out of his garlic bread** and asked Judy, "You're not in one of your famous moods again, are you?"

El padre le preguntó a su hija: -¿No te habrás puesto otra vez de mal humor, verdad?

### **THE MOODY HALL OF FAME**

### **EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY**

The next day at breakfast, Judy ate her corn flakes without even spelling them.

Al día siguiente, Judy se tomó los cereales del desayuno sin deletrearlos.

There had to be lots of ways people got famous besides spelling.

Seguro que había otras muchas maneras de hacerse famosa aparte de la ortografía.

While she munched, Judy watched her little brother, Stink, hang stuff up on the refrigerator:

Mientras desayunaba, contemplaba a su hermano pequeño, Stink, que estaba pegando cosas en la puerta del frigorífico:

his report card, the self-portrait that made him look like a monkey, and a photo of himself in his flag costume, from the time he went to Washington, D.C., without her.

las notas del colegio, un autorretrato en el que parecía un chimpancé, su foto vestido de bandera cuando fue a Washington DC sin ella.

Above everything, he had spelled MOODY HALL OF FAME **with letter magnets**.

Encima había puesto RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE LOS MOODY.

"Hey!" she said. "Where's me?"

-¡Eh! -preguntó ella-. ¿Yo dónde salgo?

"I made it," said Stink.

-Lo he hecho yo solo.

"Why not leave Judy some room, honey," said Mom. "She can hang things there too."

-Déjale sitio a Judy, cariño -dijo la madre-. También ella puede pegar cosas ahí.

Judy ran back up the stairs, two by two.

Judy subió las escaleras de dos en dos.

She searched her desk for things to put in the Moody Hall of Fame.

Buscó en la mesa de su cuarto cosas que poner en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

But all she could find were crumpled-up papers, acorn hats, a year-old candy heart that said HOT STUFF, and a drawer full of pink dust from all the times she had erased her spelling words and brushed them into her top drawer.

Pero no tenía más que hojas arrugadas, capuchones de bellotas, una piruleta en forma de corazón de hacía un año en la que ponía "Persona estupenda" y un cajón lleno de restos de goma rosa de todas las veces que había borrado sobre la mesa palabras de ortografía y los había echado allí.

She rummaged through her closet next. All she had there were her collections: Band-Aids, fancy toothpicks, body parts (from dolls!), Bazooka Joe comics, pizza tables.

Como no encontraba nada, rebuscó por el armario, pero no tenía más que sus colecciones: tiritas, palillos, trozos de cuerpos (de muñecas), historietas de los chicles, mesitas de pizzas.

Forget it.

Nada que hacer.

A person could not be in a hall of fame for toothpicks and Band-Aids.

Nadie entraba en un rincón de la fama por los palillos o las tiritas.

She stood on a chair and lifted the box down from the top shelf.

Se subió a una silla y la bajó de la estantería.

Then Judy remembered her scrapbox.

Luego se acordó de la caja de recuerdos.

**Most kids, like Stink, had a scrapbook. What Judy had was a shoebox that smelled like old rubber.**

**SIN TRADUCIR**

A lock of baby hair!

¡Un mechón de pelo de cuando era pequeña!

A tooth she lost in first grade.

¡Un diente que se le había caído en Primero!

Mom and Dad would never let her hang dead hair up on the fridge. And nobody wanted to see an old yellow tooth every time they opened the refrigerator.

Papá y mamá nunca le habrían dejado poner pelos en el frigorífico y, desde luego, nadie quería ver un diente viejo y amarillo cada vez que abría la nevera.

Judy came across a macaroni picture of herself in kindergarten, with a screaming O for a mouth. She put it back. Stink would just love the chance to call her a noodle head. And remind her that she had a big mouth.

Judy se encontró con un retrato suyo de la escuela infantil, hecho de macarrones y con la boca en forma de O. Lo dejó en su sitio, porque seguro que a Stink le encantaría poder meterse con ella por eso y recordarle cada dos por tres que tenía la boca grande.

Where were her report cards?

¿Dónde estaban sus notas?

There had to be some good ones.

Tenía que haber algunas buenas.

Certificates?

¿Diplomas?

Blue ribbons?

¿Bandas azules?

She must have won something, sometime.

Algo debieron darle, vete a saber cuándo.

But all she found were baby footprints, half-melted birthday candles, and dopey drawings of people with four eyes that she'd scribbled in preschool.

Pero no encontró más que huellas de cuando era bebé, velas de cumpleaños medio consumidas y los dibujos de gente con cuatro ojos que garabateaba en la escuela infantil.

What about pictures of herself?

¿Y las fotos donde salía ella?

Pictures!

Las fotos!

Judy flipped through some old photos in an envelope.

Judy miró una de ellas que había dentro de un sobre.

She had to find something as good as the picture of Stink the time he met the president.

Tenía que dar con alguna igual de buena que la de Stink con el presidente.

Here she was with Santa Claus. But Santa looked like he was snoring.

Encontró una con Papá Noël, pero este parecía estar roncando. ¡Nada!

And there she was standing next to Abraham Lincoln (**cardboard**).

Otra junto a la estatua de cartón piedra de Abraham Lincoln.

No way could she be in the Moody Hall of Fame for having her picture taken with a cardboard president.

Pero tener una foto con un presidente de cartón piedra no era como para entrar en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Then there was the one where she was facedown on the neighbor's driveway, throwing a tantrum, because she did NOT want to get her picture taken.

En otra estaba a la entrada de la casa del vecino, con la cabeza baja y en plena rabieta porque NO quería que le sacasen la foto.

It was no use.

¡Era inútil!

Judy could not think of a single thing famous enough for the Moody Hall of Fame.

No se le ocurría ningún motivo lo bastante famoso para el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Judy went back down to the kitchen.

Así que volvió a bajar a la cocina.

The letter magnets on the fridge should have said THE STINK HALL OF FAME.

En las letras magnéticas del frigorífico debería poner EL RINCÓN DE LA FAMA DE STINK.

"So?

-¿Qué?

Where's your stuff?" Stink asked.

¿Dónde está lo tuyo? -preguntó éste en tono de burla-

"Did you leave it upstairs or something?"

¿Te lo has dejado arriba o qué?

"Or something," said Judy.

-O qué -contestó Judy.

<Quality>100

She hadn't even found the crummy old ribbon from the time she won the Viola Swamp Look-Alike Contest in first grade.

Ni siquiera había encontrado la birria de premio de aquel concurso de parecidos con Pipi Calzaslargas en Primero. **Ignorando a su hermano**, preguntó:-

Mamá, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

"Mom?" Judy asked. "Did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

"Sure," said Mom. Lots of times. For the high school glee club."

-Por supuesto. Muchas veces. Con el coro del Instituto.

"What's glee?" asked Stink.

-¿Eso del coro está bien? -preguntó Stink.

"Glee means being happy," Mom told him, "or cheerful."

-Sí, es muy divertido. Yo estaba muy contenta.



"They put your picture in the paper just for being happy?" asked Judy.

-¿Y saliste en el periódico por estar contenta? -preguntó Judy.

"No." Mom laughed.

-No.

"Glee club is a singing group.

Salí por el coro.

"Judy did not think anybody would take her picture just for being happy.

Judy no creía que fuese a salir en el periódico por estar contenta.

Or for singing songs about it.

Ni por dedicarse a cantar.

"How about you, Dad?" asked Judy.

-¿Y tú, papá? -preguntó Judy.

"They said my name on the radio once for having the right answer to a quiz-show question."

-Una vez dijeron mi nombre por la radio por acertar una pregunta de un concurso.

"What was the question?" asked Stink.

-¿Cuál era la pregunta? -**Stink parecía muy interesado.**

"How many presidents were born in Virginia?"

- "¿Cuántos presidentes han nacido en Virginia?"

"How many?" asked Stink and Judy.

-¿Cuántos? -preguntaron Judy y Stink a la vez.

"Eight."

-Ocho.

"Wow," said Judy.

-¡Guau! -exclamó Judy.

"Aren't you going to ask me?" asked Stink.

-¿Y a mí no me preguntas? -**Stink se dirigió a su hermana.**

"You never had your picture in the paper," said Judy.

-Tú no has salido nunca en el periódico.

"Yes, I did, didn't I, Mom?" Stink asked.

-Sí que he salido, ¿verdad, mamá?

"It's in my baby scrapbook."

Lo tengo en mi caja de recortes de cuando era bebé.

"You've heard that story, Judy, about how we waited too long to leave for the hospital and your brother was born in the back of the Jeep."

-Judy, sabes de sobra que tu hermano nació en el asiento trasero de un todoterreno, porque no nos dio tiempo a llegar al hospital.

"I was even on TV!

-¡Salí hasta en la tele!

On the news!"

¡En las noticias!

"Oh, yeah," said Judy.

-Ah, sí.

"Thanks for reminding me."

Gracias por recordármelo.

It wasn't fair.

No era justo.

Her own stinky brother got to be on the real live news.

El plasta de su hermano pequeño había salido en un telediario.

She, Judy Moody, was not even famous enough for the refrigerator.

En cambio ella, Judy Moody, no era famosa ni para ponerse en el frigorífico.

**INFAMOUS**

**INFAME**

Rocky was already waiting for them at the manhole.

Cuando llegaron, Rocky ya les estaba esperando en la alcantarilla.

"Hey, Rock," said Stink, "did you ever get your picture in the paper?"

-Hola, Rocky -saludó Stink-, ¿has salido alguna vez en el periódico?

"Sure," said Rocky. "Bunches of times."

-Por supuesto -contestó Rocky-. Cantidad de veces.

"You did?" asked Judy.

-¿Ah sí? -preguntó Judy **muy extrañada**.

"No, not really," said Rocky.

-No, no es verdad.

"But they did hang my picture up in the library one time."

Pero una vez pusieron una foto mía en la biblioteca.

"See?" Judy said to Stink. "Even my best friend is famous."

-¿Lo ves? -se dirigió Judy a Stink-. Hasta mi mejor amigo es famoso.

"Why'd they hang your picture up in the library?" asked Stink.

-¿Y qué hiciste?

"My mom took me to the library to see this magician guy, you know?"

-Mi madre me llevó allí a ver a un mago, ¿sabes?

He did this trick where he took my Superman ring and made it disappear.

Hizo el truco de coger mi anillo de Superman y hacerlo desaparecer.

Then he pulled it out of his sleeve along with a bunch of scarves.

Luego se lo sacó de la manga con un montón de pañuelos.

They took a picture of it and I'm the kid in the front row with my eyes bugging out.

Hicieron una foto y yo era el niño de la primera fila con los ojos como platos.

Not exactly famous."

No salí precisamente por famoso.

"Still," said Judy.

-Aun así -dijo Judy.

When Judy got to school, Mr. Todd said, "Let's go over our spelling words."

Cuando Judy llegó al colegio, el señor Todd propuso: -Vamos a deletrear palabras otra vez.

Spelling, spelling, spelling.

Deletreo, deletreo, deletreo.

The whole wide world was hung up on spelling.

A todo el mundo le había dado por deletrear.

Judy leaned over and whispered to Frank.

Judy se inclinó y susurró a Frank:

"Hey, Frank, ever had your picture in the paper?"

-Oye, Frank, ¿tú has salido en el periódico?

"It's no big deal," said Frank.

-No fue nada del otro mundo.

"I was three years old."

Sólo tenía tres años.

Adam stood up and spelled the word, "R-E-C-Y-C-L-E."

Adam se levantó y deletreó la palabra O-B-S-E-R-V-A-R.

"What was it for?" whispered Judy.

-¿Cuál fue el motivo? -susurró Judy.

Hailey stood up and spelled the word, "I-C-I-C-L-E."

Hailey se levantó y deletreó A-P-R-O-B-A-R.

"I won the Grandpa Grape Coloring Contest in the newspaper. You had to color this dancing grape cartoon guy. He used to be on grape juice. **I couldn't even stay in the lines.**"

-Gané un concurso de dibujo del periódico. Había que colorear las figuras que salían en un anuncio de zumo de uva.

Randi stood up and spelled, "M-O-T-O-R-C-Y-C-L-E."

Ahora fue Randi el que deletreó P-R-O-B-A-B-I-L-I-D-A-D.

Even Frank Pearl was famous. For scribbling on a dancing grape.

¡Hasta Frank Pearl era famoso! Por garabatear en un zumo de uva.

"Everybody I know is F-A-M-O-U-S," Judy grumped.

-Todo el mundo que conozco es F-A-M-O-S-O -estalló Judy.

"Judy," said Mr. Todd, "were you hoping to get a white card today?"

-¡Judy! -la regañó el señor Todd-, ¿quieres ganarte una tarjeta blanca hoy?

A white card!

¡Una tarjeta blanca!

Three white cards in one week meant you had to stay after school!

Tres en cuatro semanas significaban tener que quedarse en clase castigada.

She already had two. And it was only Wednesday.

¡Ya tenía dos ¡y todavía era miércoles!

"Why don't you spell the bonus word aloud for us?" Mr. Todd said.

-¿Por qué no nos deletreas la palabra especial de hoy? -preguntó el señor Todd.

Bonus word? thought Judy.

"¿Qué palabra especial?", pensó Judy.

She hadn't been paying attention. She, Judy Moody, was in a pickle.

No había prestado atención, estaba en un aprieto.

Pickle?

¿Aprieto?

Was that the word?

¿Sería ésa la palabra?

"Could I have the definition please?" she asked.

-¿Podría darme la definición, por favor?

The whole class cracked up.

Todos se partieron de risa.

"It's something you eat," said Rocky.

-Es algo que se come -dijo Rocky.

Judy stood up.

Judy se levantó.



"P-O-P-S-I-C-L-E. Popsicle," she announced confidently.

-B-O-C-A-D-I-L-L-O. Bocado -anunció con mucho aplomo.

"Very good," said Mr. Todd. "For popsicle.

-Muy bien -dijo el señor Todd-. Bocado.

Unfortunately that wasn't our bonus spelling word for today."

Pero desgraciadamente no era ésa la palabra especial de hoy.

"Jessica? Would you like to spell the word for the class?"

Jessica, ¿quieres deletrear la palabra para toda la clase?

Jessica Finch stood up tall, holding her pointy head so she looked very queenly.

Jessica Finch se levantó, con su cabeza alargada y su aspecto de sabelotodo.

"P-U-M-P-E-R-N-I-C-K-E-L. Pumpernickel," said Jessica, faster than necessary.

-M-E-M-B-R-I-L-L-O. Membrillo -respondió Jessica a toda velocidad.

Pumpernickel was one of those artichokey kind of words that only Pinch Face herself could spell.

"Membrillo" era una de esas palabras berenjenosas que sólo Cara Pálida sabía deletrear.

I bet she can't spell aardwolf, thought Judy.

Judy pensó que seguro que no sabía deletrear "anélido".

"Judy," Mr. Todd said, "if you study your spelling words and pay attention in class, you can avoid getting white cards and we'll both get along famously."

-Judy, si estudias las palabras que hay que deletrear y prestas atención en clase, te evitarás tarjetas blancas y nos haremos los dos famosos.

There it was again.

Ya salió.

That word.

La palabrita en cuestión.

It was almost time for Science, her best subject, so it would be easy for Judy to pay attention.

Ya era casi la hora de Ciencias, su materia favorita, así que a Judy le sería fácil prestar atención.

She'd sit up straight and raise her hand a bunch, like Jessica Finch.

Se sentaría toda tiesa y no pararía de levantar la mano, igual que Jessica Finch.

She, Judy Moody, would not get another white card.

No quería más tarjetas blancas.

Judy studied the squirming worm on her desk up close.

Judy observó de cerca el gusano que se retorció en su pupitre.

"As you all know," said Mr. Todd, "we've been raising mealworms."

-Como todos sabéis -dijo el señor Todd-, hemos estado criando gusanos de la comida.

Today I'm passing one out for each of you to examine.

Hoy voy a pasaros uno a cada uno para que los examinéis.

You can often find mealworms at home.

Es normal encontrar estos gusanos en casa.

Where do you think you would find them in your house?"

¿En qué sitios creéis que es más fácil verlos?

Judy raised her hand.

Judy levantó la mano.

"They like to eat oatmeal and flour and stuff," she said when Mr. Todd caned on her.

-Les gusta comer harina de avena, de trigo y cosas así -respondió cuando el señor Todd le dio la palabra-.

"So maybe in your kitchen?"

Así que supongo que en la cocina.

"Right.

-Correcto.

Good," said Mr. Todd. "They are actually the larvae of a type of beetle. The flour beetle.

Bien dicho. En realidad son larvas de cierto escarabajo: el escarabajo de la harina.

Mealworms are nocturnal," said Mr. Todd. "Who can explain what that means?"

Los gusanos de la comida son nocturnos. ¿Alguien sabe explicar qué quiere decir esto?

Judy's hand shot up again.

Judy levantó otra vez la mano como un cohete.

"Judy?"

-¿Judy?

"They sleep in the day and wake up at night," said Judy.

-Que duermen de día y pasan la noche despiertos.

"Fine," said Mr. Todd. "This kind of mealworm is called a T. molitor. Everyone take a minute and count how many segments you find on your mealworm.

-Estupendo. Este tipo de gusanos se conoce como T. molitor. Fijaos un rato y contad los anillos que tiene.

Then write it down in your notebook."

Escribidlo después en el cuaderno.

Judy counted thirteen segments, not including the head.

Judy contó trece anillos, además de la cabeza.

She wrote it in her notebook right away.

Lo anotó inmediatamente en el cuaderno.

While she waited for the next question, she let the mealworm climb up her finger.

Dejó que el gusano le subiera por el dedo mientras aguardaba la siguiente pregunta.

She let it climb up her pencil.

Lo dejó subirse por el lápiz.

Rare!

¡Qué curioso!

The mealworm perched on her eraser.

Se quedó en la goma de borrar.

"Mealworms have an exoskeleton," said Mr. Todd. "What do you think that means?"

-Los gusanos de la comida poseen exoesqueleto -informó el señor Todd-. ¿Qué significa eso?

Judy knew everything about bones and skeletons. Inside ones and out.

Judy se lo sabía todo sobre esqueletos y huesos: los de dentro y los de fuera.

She knew the answer again.

Y sabía también esa respuesta.

Judy shot her hand straight up in the air. Judy forgot about the pencil in her hand. She forgot about the mealworm on the tip of her eraser.

Volvió a levantar la mano rápidamente, sin acordarse de que el gusano se había encaramado en la goma de borrar.

Mr. Todd called on Rocky.

El señor Todd dio la palabra a Rocky.

Judy watched her mealworm fly through the air. She watched it land smack-dab on Jessica Finch. She watched it crawl up the front of Jessica's shirt and right up onto the tip of Jessica's ponytail.

En ese momento Judy vio cómo el gusano salía despedido por los aires y caía justo encima de Jessica Finch, comenzando a subir por la blusa hasta llegar a la punta de su coleta.

Judy forgot all about the white card.

Judy se olvidó de las tarjetas blancas.

She waved her hand wildly at Jessica until Jessica looked up, then pointed frantically at Jessica's head.

Comenzó a hacer gestos como una loca hasta que Jessica levantó la vista, y luego le señaló frenética la cabeza.

"Aaagh!" Jessica screamed worse than a hyena and flicked her hair to shake off the mealworm. T. molitor sailed through the air, hit the chalkboard, and fell to the floor.

-¡Aaagh! -gritó Jessica horrorizada, y se dio un manotazo en el pelo para sacudirse el gusano. El T. molitor voló y se estrelló contra la pizarra, y después cayó al suelo.

Class 3T went wild.

Se armó un gran alboroto en la clase.

"Class!" said Mr. Todd, clapping his hands.

-¡Silencio! -ordenó el señor Todd con una palmada-.

"Everybody quiet down.

A callar todo el mundo.

Jessica," he said. "I'll not have anybody throwing mealworms in my classroom."

Jessica, no quiero que nadie se dedique a lanzar gusanos por ahí en mi clase.

He wrote her name on the board.

Escribió el nombre de la niña en la pizarra.

"But I didn't... it was... she did!..."

-Pero si yo no he sido... ¡ha sido ella!

"That's enough.

-Ya está bien.

See me after Science for a white card."

Ven a verme después de Ciencias para que te dé una tarjeta blanca.

Jessica glared squinty-eyed at Judy. **Her pointy ears looked pointier.**

Jessica fulminó a Judy con la mirada.

Her pinched-up face looked even pinchier.

Tenía la cara más pálida que nunca.

Judy faced front.

Judy no se volvió.

Judy knew it was all her own fault.

Ya sabía que la culpa había sido suya.

But she did not want to get a third white card.

Pero no quería que la castigaran.

Jessica Finch probably never got a white card before, thought Judy.

Pensó que probablemente Jessica Finch no se había ganado nunca esa tarjeta blanca.

She probably didn't even know before today what it felt like to get in trouble.

Seguro que hasta ese momento no tenía ni idea de lo que era verse en un aprieto.

All Jessica had was one puny little white card, and one puny little white card never hurt anybody.

Además, una simple tarjeta blanca no le hace daño a nadie.

For the rest of the morning, Judy felt more and more like a bug.

A lo largo de la mañana , Judy se fue sintiendo cada vez más como un insecto.

No, a louse.

Peor, como un piojo.

After lunch, her neck started to itch. Then her elbow.

Empezó a picarle el cuello después del recreo, luego el codo.



She scratched her left knee. Her toe itched inside her shoe.

Después tuvo que rascarse la rodilla izquierda y también un dedo del pie.

By the end of the day, Judy went to talk to her teacher.

Al final de la jornada, no tuvo más remedio que ir a hablar con el profesor.

"Mr. Todd," she asked, scratching her ankle, "do you think not telling the truth can make a person itch?"

-Señor Todd -preguntó rascándose el tobillo-, ¿cree usted que no decir la verdad puede causar picores?

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

Se rascaba sin parar.

"I think so," said Mr. Todd. "Is there something you're itching to tell me?"

-Creo que sí. ¿Hay algo que te cause picor y quieras contarme?

"Yes," said Judy. Scratch, scratch. "In Science today?" Scratch. "It was my mealworm." Scratch. "My fault." Scratch, scratch. "Not Jessica Finch's."

-Sí. Hoy en Ciencias... el gusano era mío -no paraba de rascarse-. La culpa fue mía -rasca que te rasca-, no de Jessica Finch.

Judy told the whole truth.

Al final, le había contado toda la verdad.

Thank you," said Mr. Todd. "I appreciate your coming to me with the truth, Judy.

-Gracias. Te agradezco que vengas a contármelo, Judy.

I know that's not always easy."

Ya sé que no siempre es fácil.

"Does this mean I don't have to get a third white card?"

-¿Eso quiere decir que no me he ganado la tercera tarjeta blanca?

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Todd. "I still want you to learn to pay better attention."

-Me temo que no. Quiero que prestes más atención en clase.

Mr. Todd erased Jessica's name on the board and wrote Judy's name in its place. Judy hung her head.

El señor Todd borró el nombre de Jessica de la pizarra y los sustituyó por el de Judy que agachó la cabeza.

"Honestly, it's not so bad staying after school with me. We'll find something useful to do, okay?"

-La verdad es que no es tan malo quedarse conmigo después de clase. Ya encontraremos algo útil que hacer, ¿de acuerdo?

Like maybe clean out the fish tank."

Como limpiar la pecera.

"Mr. Todd, is there a word for somebody who gets famous for all the wrong reasons?" asked Judy.

-Señor Todd, ¿hay alguna palabra para quien se hace famoso de mala manera?

"Yes," said Mr. Todd. "That would be... infamous."

-Sí... infame.

FAME IS THE PITS

LA FAMA ES LO PEOR

Judy peeled a banana.

Judy peló un plátano.

"Can I have that?" asked Stink.

-¿Me das? -preguntó Stink.

Judy handed him the banana peel.

Judy le alargó la piel de plátano-.

"Not that!" said Stink.

¡Eso no!

Judy took a monster bite, then handed Stink the banana. She picked up a cherry instead.

Judy dio un mordisco tremendo y luego le pasó el plátano a su hermano, antes de agarrar una cereza.

"What are you writing?" she asked her dad, popping the cherry into her mouth.

-¿Qué estás escribiendo? -preguntó a su padre al meterse la cereza en la boca.

"Garage sale," said Dad.

-Venta de objetos usados.

"I'm running an ad in the paper. It's time to get rid of all that old stuff out there."

Voy a poner un anuncio en el periódico, porque ya va siendo hora de que nos libremos de un montón de trastos viejos.

"Old stuff?" asked Judy, perking up. Old stuff got people in the newspaper. Really really old stuff even got people on TV.

-¿Qué trastos viejos? -preguntó Judy intrigada. Se podía salir en el periódico por los trastos viejos. Incluso en la tele.

**"What old stuff?"**

**SIN TRADUCIR**

"Your old bike, Mom's books from college, Stink's baby clothes."

-Tu bici vieja, los libros de la universidad de mamá, la ropa de bebé de Stink.

"Don't we have any old-old stuff?"

-¿No tenemos más trastos viejos?

"There's Dad," said Stink.

-Papá -contestó Stink.

"Thanks a lot," said Dad.

-Muchas gracias.

"No. I mean like Cleopatra's eyelash," said Judy.

-No. Me refiero a una pestaña de Cleopatra -dijo Judy-.

"Or a hammer used to build the Statue of Liberty.

O al cincel empleado para construir la Estatua de la Libertad.

You know.

Ya sabes.

Stuff old enough to be really worth something."

Trastos lo bastante viejos como para tener algún valor.

"Stuff you didn't know you had and you find out you're rich?" Stink grinned.

-¿Trastos viejos con los que te puedes hacer rico? -sonrió Stink-.

"Like antiques from your great-great-great-grandmother?"

¿Como antigüedades de la tatarabuela?

You go on TV and they tell you it's worth a bunch of money."

Vas a la tele y te dicen que vale un montón de dinero.

"I'm afraid nobody's going to get rich around here.

-No creo que nosotros nos vayamos a hacer ricos.

Our old stuff is junk," said Dad.

Nuestros trastos viejos no valen nada -dijo papá.

"ROAR," said Judy.

-Grrr -añadió Judy.

She pulled the stem off another cherry.

Arrancó otra cereza de su tallo.

If only she had something unusual. Really rare. Like maybe a broken plate from another century, or an old letter from the American Revolution.

Si tuviera algo insólito, verdaderamente raro, como un plato roto de otro siglo o una carta antigua de la Revolución Americana.

"So, what's happening in school these days?" Dad asked.

-¿Qué estáis haciendo estos días en el colegio? -preguntó su padre.

Judy sat up.

Judy se puso tensa.

Had Dad heard about the white cards?

¿Se había enterado de las tarjetas blancas?

"What do you mean?"

-¿A qué te refieres?

"I mean, is anything interesting going on?"

-A si os ha pasado algo interesante.

"Can I stay after school Friday?" asked Judy.

-¿Puedo quedarme el viernes en el colegio después de clase?

"Mr. Todd says I can help clean the fish tank."

El señor Todd dice que puedo ayudarle a limpiar la pecera.

"P-U," said Stink.

-¡Menudo rollo! -dijo Stink.

"We'll see if Mom can pick you up.

-Veremos si puede recogerte mamá.

How about you, Stink?"

¿Y tú, Stink?

Judy popped another cherry into her mouth.

Judy se metió otra cereza en la boca.

"We learned this funny story about George Washington," said Stink.

-Hemos aprendido una historia muy divertida sobre George Washington -dijo Stink-.

"It's about not telling a lie."

Sobre no decir mentiras.

Judy chomped down on the cherry.

Judy siguió masticando la cereza.

"See, he chopped down this cherry tree. And when his dad asked who did it, Washington said, 'I cannot tell a lie.' And he told on himself."

-Verás, cortó un cerezo. Y cuando su padre preguntó quién lo había hecho, Washington dijo "No puedo decir mentiras" y se echó la culpa.

Judy almost choked.

Judy por poco se atraganta.

She spit out her cherry pit. It went zinging across the table at Stink.

Escupió el hueso de la cereza, que fue a parar a Stink.

"Hey," said Stink.

-¡Eh!

She spit at me."

¡Me ha escupido!

"It was an accident," said Judy.

-Ha sido un accidente -se apresuró a decir Judy.

"Judy!" said Dad.

-¡Judy! -la riñó su padre.



"Okay. Okay. I cannot tell a lie. I coughed a cherry pit at Stink."

-Vale, está bien. No puedo decir mentiras: le he echado un hueso de cereza a Stink.

"Pick up the cherry pit," said Dad.

-Recógelo -ordenó su padre.

Judy reached under Stink's chair and picked it up off the floor.

Judy se agachó y lo recogió del suelo.

"No fair," said Judy.

-No es justo -se quejó-.

"Why should anyone get famous for telling a lie?"

¿Cómo se va a hacer famoso alguien por decir mentiras?

The whole story about the lie is a lie!"

¡Toda la historia de las mentiras es mentira!

"Most people don't realize it's not true," said Dad.

-Mucha gente no se da cuenta de que no es verdad -dijo su padre.

"It's still a good story," said Stink.

-Pero es una buena historia -añadió Stink.

Judy turned the cherry pit over and over.

Judy jugueteó con el hueso de cereza entre los dedos.

It gave her a brilliant Judy-Moody-Gets-Famous idea.

Se le ocurrió una brillante idea para hacerse famosa.

A two-hundred-fifty-year-old idea.

¡Una idea con doscientos cincuenta años de antigüedad!

Judy took the cherry pit upstairs to her room.

Subió el hueso de cereza a su cuarto.

She got out her hair dryer, and turned it on HIGH.

Buscó el secador de pelo y lo puso a la máxima potencia.

"What are you doing?" asked Stink, who had followed her upstairs.

-¿Qué estás haciendo? -preguntó Stink, que la había seguido escaleras arriba.

"What does it look like?" said Judy.

-¿A ti qué te parece?

"I'm blow-drying my cherry pit."

Estoy secando un hueso de cereza.

"You're nuts," said Stink.

-Estás chiflada.

After he left, Judy got out the tiny hammer from her doctor kit, the one for testing reflexes.

Cuando se marchó él, Judy sacó del maletín de médico el martillo de comprobar los reflejos.

She tapped on the cherry pit to give it scars, so it would look old. Very, very old.

Golpeó con él el hueso de cereza para hacerle muescas de manera que pareciera antiguo, muy, muy antiguo.

Next she took a pin and carved the initials GW on the bottom.

Después con un alfiler grabó las iniciales GW.

Then, she took out her clear plastic bugbox, the one with the magnifying glass on top, and put the cherry pit inside for safekeeping, initials-side up.

Finalmente, lo colocó con las iniciales hacia arriba en una caja transparente que tenía encima una lente de aumento.

"Rare!" said Judy.

-¡Curioso! -exclamó Judy Moody.

And that was the truth.

Y era de verdad.

On the afternoon of the garage sale, Stink had his own table filled with tub toys, rusty Matchbox cars, Lincoln Logs, a rubber band ball, Shrinky Oinks that had already been

shrunk, paper cooties, broken rhythm instruments, and glow-in-the-dark bugs he made with his Creepy Crawlers machine.

La tarde de la venta de objetos usados, Stink montó su propia mesa con juguetes de baño, miniaturas oxidadas de coches, construcciones, una pelota de caucho, muñequitos diminutos, animales de papel, instrumentos rotos e insectos fosforescentes hechos con su máquina especial.

"Stink, nobody is going to buy that stuff," Judy told him.

-Stink, nadie va a comprar eso -le dijo Judy.

"Yeah, right," said Stink. "And they're going to buy air?" he said, pointing to Judy's empty table.

-Ya, ¿y qué van a comprar, aire? -preguntó él, señalando la mesa vacía de su hermana.

"You'll see," said Judy.

-Ya verás.

"I have something better than junk."

Tengo algo mejor que esa porquería tuya.

She covered her table with a midnight blue tablecloth that looked like velvet.

Cubrió la mesa con un paño azul marino que parecía terciopelo.

She put up a sign:

Encima colocó un cartel:

**Genuin Cherry Pit!**

**From George Washington's Cherry Tree**

**dates back to 1743**

**You saw it here (first!)**

**Auténtico hueso de cereza**

**del cerezo de George Washington**

**1743**

**¡Se expone por primera vez!**

Then she set her magnifying bug-box in the middle of the table.

Luego puso la caja de la lente de aumento en medio de la mesa.

Inside was -ta da!- the FAMOUS cherry pit.

Dentro estaba -¡ta-chan!- el FAMOSO hueso de cereza.

Judy added one more line to her sign: 5¢ A LOOK

Judy añadió un renglón más al cartel: 5¢ POR MIRAR

She could hardly sit still.

No podía estar sentada.

She wondered how long it would take the newspaper people to come take her picture with the two-hundred-fifty-year-old cherry pit.

Se preguntaba cuánto tardarían en venir del periódico a fotografiarla con su hueso de cereza de hace doscientos cincuenta años.

Little kids put a nickel in the can and said, "Wow, is that REALLY from George Washington's cherry tree?"

Unos niños pequeños echaron diez centavos en el bote y dijeron: -Guau... ¿Es VERDAD que es del cerezo de George Washington?

"I cannot tell a lie," said Judy.

-No puedo decir mentiras.

"It is!"

¡Claro que lo es!

"Where'd you get it?" they asked.

-¿De dónde lo has sacado?

"It's been in the family forever."

-Lo ha tenido mi familia toda la vida.

"Forever since last week," said Stink.

-Toda la vida desde la semana pasada -añadió Stink.

Judy turned on him with her stinging caterpillar look.

Judy le taladró con la mirada.

"How do you know it's really George Washington's?" they asked.

-¿Cómo sabes que es de George Washington? -preguntaron

"Just look," said Judy. She opened the lid and lifted out the cherry pit. "It says GW right here. See?"

-Mirad -respondió Judy. Abrió la tapa y sacó el hueso de cereza-. Aquí pone GW, ¿lo veis?

"Let me see," said a girl named Hannah. She showed her little brother.

-Déjame ver -dijo una chica que se llamaba Hannah, y se lo enseñó a su hermano pequeño-.

"GW. It's just like M&M's."

**Guauuu... Es verdad, GW.** Pero parece un caramelo.

"M&M's!" said the boy, and popped the pit into his mouth.

-¡Un caramelo! -exclamó el chico y se metió el hueso en la boca.

"Ricky, NO!" said his older sister. But it was too late.

-¡No, Ricky! -gritó su hermana mayor, pero ya era demasiado tarde.

"Spit!" said Judy.

-¡Escúpelo! -ordenó Judy.

"Spit it out, Ricky!" said Hannah.

-¡Escúpelo, Ricky! -repitió Hannah.

Ricky gulped!

¡Pero Ricky se lo tragó!

"Oh, no!

-¡Oh no!

Did he swallow it?" asked Judy.

¿Se lo ha tragado?

"Stick your finger in his mouth.

¡Mírale la boca!

Is it still in there?"

¿Sigue ahí?

"It's gone," said Hannah.

-Ya no -contestó Hannah-.

"Say you're sorry, Ricky."

Pide perdón, Ricky.

"M&M's. Yum," said Ricky.

-Ummm... ¡qué rico! -dijo Ricky.

"This is the pits," said Judy.

-La hemos liado -se quejó Judy-.

"Now what am I going to do when the newspaper comes?"

¿Qué voy a hacer ahora cuando vengan del periódico?



"Duh. Make another one?" said Stink.

-Pues haces otro -dijo Stink.

In one gulp, that kid had swallowed her famous two-hundred-fifty-year-old George Washington cherry pit.

Aquel niño se había tragado de golpe su famoso hueso de cereza de George Washington de hace doscientos cincuenta años.

In one gulp, Ricky the neighbor kid had swallowed Judy Moody's ticket to fame.

Su vecino Ricky se había tragado de golpe el medio por el que Judy iba a hacerse famosa.

The only picture of that cherry pit would be an X-ray.

Ya no habría fotografía del hueso de cereza, como mucho, una radiografía.

## **FAMOUS PET CONTEST**

### **CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS**

Stink counted his garage sale money at the kitchen table. Clink. Clink. CLINK.

Stink contó el dinero de la venta de objetos usados en la mesa de la cocina. Clink, CLINK.

"Stink, you're counting that money out loud on purpose," said Judy.

-Estás metiendo ruido a propósito con el dinero, Stink -protestó Judy.

"I can't help it!" said Stink. "Mom, tell her" Money makes noise. When you have so much of it." He grinned.

-¡No tengo más remedio! Díselo, mamá. El dinero hace ruido, sobre todo cuando se tiene mucho, ¿verdad? -sonrió.

Judy crumpled up the newspaper that had their garage sale ad in it.

Judy arrugó el periódico donde salía la venta de objetos usados.

She stuffed it angrily into the trash.

Lo tiró enfadada a la basura.

"Recycle, please," said Mom.

-Déjalo para reciclar, por favor -dijo su madre.

"Whoa," said Stink.

-¿Cómo? -preguntó Stink-.

"The recycle queen put paper in the trash?"

¿La reina del reciclado echa el papel a la basura?

"Can I use it to line Mouse's litter box?" asked Judy.

-¿Puedo utilizarlo para forrar la caja de desperdicios de Mouse? -preguntó Judy.

"Good idea," said Mom.

-Buena idea -dijo su madre.

Judy uncrumpled the paper and spread it on the floor to flatten it.

Judy desarrugó el papel y lo extendió en el suelo para alisarlo.

**EARLY BIRD SPECIAL!...**

**¡ESPECIAL MADRUGADOR!**

**GARAGE DOOR SALE!...**

**¡VENTA DE OBJETOS USADOS!**

**FAMOUS PET CONTEST!...**

**¡CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS!**

**KISS BAD BREATH GOOD-BYE!**

**¡ADIÓS AL MAL ALIENTO!**

Wait!

¡Espera!

Did that say famous?

¿Ponía "famosas"?

Judy went back and read it again:

Judy volvió a leer con más atención:

**FAMOUS PET CONTEST**

**CONCURSO DE MASCOTAS FAMOSAS**

**Bring your pet to FUR&FANGS this Saturday! Enter your pet in our famous pet-trick contest! Have fun! Win prizes! Winners will receive a blue ribbon, a gift certificate, and get their picture published in the NORTHERN VIRGINIA STAR!**

**Trae tu mascota este sábado a "PELOS Y PLUMAS". Apúntala a nuestro concurso, diviértete y consigue premios. Los ganadores recibirán una banda azul y un diploma, y su FOTO APARECERÁ EN ESTE PERIÓDICO**

Judy could not believe her eyes.

¡Judy no podía creer lo que estaba leyendo!

"Where's Mouse?" she asked.

-¿Dónde está Mouse? -preguntó.

"Upstairs," said Mom.

-Arriba -respondió su madre.

"Here, Mousey, Mousey," Judy called.

-¿Mouse, Mouse, dónde estás? -la llamó Judy.

Mouse came down the stairs and strolled into the kitchen, looking for some lunch.

Mouse bajó por las escaleras y entró a por comida en la cocina.

Judy scooped up her cat and kissed her on the nose:

Judy la tomó en brazos y le dio un beso en el hocico.

"Mww, mww, mwww.

-Mua, mua, muaaa.

You, the best, most wonderful cat in the whole wide world **with tuna fish on top**, are going to make me famous!"

Eres la gata más maravillosa de este planeta planetario ¡y vas a hacerme famosa!

Visions of blue ribbons and certificates with fancy writing danced in her head.

Ya se veía con la banda azul y un diploma.

"And I get my picture in the paper."

-¡Y mi foto en el periódico!

"Hey," she said to her family, "does anybody feel like a piece of toast?"

Eh -dijo a toda la familia-, ¿le apetece a alguien una tostada?

When Judy hurried into Fur & Fangs with Mouse and Stink that Saturday, it was packed.

La tienda de mascotas Pelos y Plumas estaba abarrotada el sábado cuando Judy llegó con Stink y Mouse.

Clutching a piece of bread, she said, "Everyone in the entire state of Virginia must own a pet that can do a trick.

Tomó una rebanada de pan y dijo: -¡Parece que en el estado de Virginia todo el mundo tiene una mascota que sabe hacer algo!

Hey, there's Frank!"

¡Eh, ahí está Frank!

"And there's Rocky," said Stink.

-¡Y Rocky! -le comunicó Stink.

"You guys!

-¡Chicos!

Frank!

¡Frank!

Rocky!

¡Rocky!

Over here!" Judy called.

¡Aquí! -les llamó Judy.

Frank's dog, Sparky, sniffed a purple dog bone. Sparky sniffed Judy's ankle. Sparky sniffed a ferret.

Sparky, el perro de Frank, olfateó un hueso de perro morado, el tobillo de Judy y después un hurón.

"What trick does Sparky do?" Stink asked Frank.

-¿Qué sabe hacer Sparky? -preguntó Stink a Frank.

"He jumps through a Hula-Hoop, don't you, boy?" said Frank.

-Salta por un aro, ¿verdad que sí?

"I brought Houdini," Rocky said, showing them his iguana.

-Yo he traído a Houdini -dijo Rocky enseñándoles su iguana-.

"If you scare him, like with a loud noise or something, he can make the end of his tail drop right off."

Deja caer la punta de la cola si lo asustáis, con voces o cosas así.

"Rare," said Judy.

-¡Qué curioso! -dijo Judy.

She looked around at all the other pets.

Echó un vistazo a las demás mascotas.

There was a rabbit and a turtle, a white rat named Elvis, and a striped salamander.

Había un conejo, una tortuga, un ratón blanco llamado Elvis y una salamandra rayada.

Judy saw a hamster racing on a wheel, a snake so still it looked fake, and a shell that was supposed to be a hermit crab.

Judy vio un hámster corriendo en una rueda, una serpiente tan inmóvil que parecía de mentira y una concha donde debía de haber un cangrejo ermitaño.

Someone had even brought a stuffed monkey.

¡Uno había llevado hasta un mono disecado!

"Time for the contest!" yelled the pet store lady over all the squeaking and squawking, growling and yowling.

-¡Empieza el concurso! -chilló la señora de Pelos y Plumas por encima de gritos y alaridos, aullidos y gruñidos.

All the people with pets formed a circle.

Los que habían llevado mascotas formaron un corro.

First was a dancing cricket.

La primera en concursar fue un grillo danzarín.

Then a turtle that rolled over and a rabbit that drank from a straw.

Luego una tortuga que ponía boca arriba y después un conejo que bebía con pajita.

Polly the parrot sang the first five notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

El loro Polly cantó las cinco primeras notas del Himno de la Alegría.

Judy caught herself clapping.

Judy se sorprendió a sí misma aplaudiendo.

When it was Frank's turn, Sparky jumped through the Hula-Hoop three times and everybody clapped.

Cuando le tocó el turno a Frank, Spark saltó por el aro tres veces y todos aplaudieron.

Then Rocky could not get Houdini's tail to drop off.

Rocky no consiguió que Houdini dejara caer la punta de la cola.

"Dogs make him nervous," Rocky explained.

-Se pone nerviosa con los perros -explicó.



Three pet tricks later, Polly was still singing.

Luego hubo otras tres mascotas y Polly seguía cantando.

Emily from school had a ferret named Suzy who brushed its own teeth.

Emily, una compañera del colegio, tenía un hurón que sabía limpiarse los dientes.

Stink liked it the best.

Fue el que más le gustó a Stink.

"But all it did was eat the toothpaste," said Judy.

-Pero si no ha hecho más que comerse el dentífrico -dijo Judy.

When it was Judy's turn, she set up a toaster on the floor, dropped a piece of bread into the slot, then took Mouse out of her cat carrier.

Cuando le tocó a Judy, colocó una tostadora en el suelo, metió una rebanada de pan en la ranura y luego sacó a Mouse de la caja.

"This is Mouse," Judy told the audience.

-Ésta es Mouse -anunció-.

"She's going to make toast."

Va a hacerse una tostada -el público aplaudió.

The audience clapped. Judy stood Mouse on the table.

Judy colocó a Mouse encima de la mesa-.

"Don't be nervous," she whispered.

No te pongas nerviosa.

Mouse sat down and began licking her paw.

Mouse se sentó y se puso a lamerse la pata.

"Look at the toaster, Mouse," whispered Judy. "The toaster!" Judy pushed it toward Mouse.

-Mira la tostadora, Mouse -susurró Judy-. ¡La tostadora! -se la acercó.

Mouse swatted the toaster. Mouse swiped at the toaster. Mouse pushed the toaster away with her paw.

Mouse dio un zarpazo a la tostadora, después la golpeó y la apartó con la pata.

Everybody cracked up.

Todos comenzaron a reírse.

Judy held out a Tasty Tuna Treat. Mouse stood up. Mouse saw herself in the toaster!

Judy le sacó un trozo de pescado, entonces Mouse se levantó y ¡se miró en la tostadora!

Judy held her breath.

Judy contuvo el aliento.

Mouse swiped at the toaster one more time.

Mouse golpeó otra vez la tostadora.

This time she pressed down the button with her paw.

Esta vez le dio al botón con la zarpa.

The slice of bread disappeared! The red coils heated up.

¡La rebanada de pan desapareció y las resistencias se pusieron al rojo!

The crowd got quiet.

La gente se quedó callada.

A minute later, the toast popped up.

Al poco rato saltó la tostadora.

"Ta da!" called Judy.

-¡Ta-chan! -exclamó Judy.

"Hooray!" Everybody clapped and cheered.

-¡Hurra! -todo el mundo aplaudió y lo celebró.

"Mouse, I'll be famous at last!" Judy squeezed her.

-¡Por fin voy a ser famosa, Mouse! -la abrazó Judy.

"And now, last but not least," said the pet store lady, "a chicken that plays the piano."

-Y ahora, para terminar -dijo la señora de la tienda-, un pollo que toca el piano.

Up stepped David, a boy with a chicken on a leash.

Dio un paso al frente David, un chico que llevaba un pollo atado con una cuerda.

"This is Mozart," said the boy.

-Éste es Mozart -dijo el chico.

Mozart pecked out three notes on the toy piano with his beak.

Mozart tocó con el pico tres notas en un piano de juguete.

"Three Blind Mice!" someone yelled.

-¡Jingle Bells! -gritó alguien.

The crowd went wild.

Se armó un alboroto.

Judy felt a familiar twinge, the tug of a bad mood.

Judy tuvo la sensación que le era familiar: el comienzo del mal humor.

She, Judy Moody, would never be as famous as a piano-playing chicken.

Ella, Judy Moody, nunca sería tan famosa como un pollo pianista.

For the grand finale, everyone paraded their pets, marching in a circle.

El acto se cerró con un desfile de todas las mascotas formando un corro.

"What a great contest this year," said the pet store lady. I'd like to thank all of you for coming."

-¡Este año ha sido un concurso fantástico! -los felicitó a todos la dueña de Pelos y Plumas-. Gracias por venir.

Now, for the prizes," said the pet store lady.

Y ahora, los premios.

"If I call your pet's name, please step into the center of the circle."

Cuando diga el nombre de la mascota, salid con ella al centro del corro.

A man stepped up to the circle with a big camera.

Un hombre con una gran máquina de fotos se presentó en medio del gentío.

"The newspaper!

-¡El periódico!

They're here," Judy announced.

Están aquí -anunció Judy.

"In third place, Suzy Chang, the toothbrushing ferret."

En tercer lugar, Suzy Chang, el hurón del dentífrico.

Please-please-please, Judy wished silently.

"Por favor, por favor, por favor", deseó Judy para sus adentros.

"Second place is Mouse Moody, the cat who makes toast!"

-El segundo premio es para Mouse Moody, ¡la gata que hace tostadas!

"That's you!" said Frank and Rocky, pushing Judy into the circle.

-¡Ésa eres tú! -dijeron Frank y Rocky empujando a Judy al centro del corro.

"Mouse, we won!" cried Judy.

-¡Hemos ganado, Mouse! -exclamó Judy-.

"Second place!"

¡Segundo premio!

At last her time had come.

Por fin lo había conseguido.

At last her chance to be famous.

Por fin iba a ser famosa.

"And first prize goes to Mozart Puckett, the piano-playing chicken! Let's hear it for all the famous pets!"

-¡El primer premio es para Mozart Puckett, el pollo pianista! ¡Un aplauso para todas las mascotas famosas!

The crowd went wild.

El público aplaudió.

Each pet got a blue ribbon to wear and a gift certificate to Fur & Fangs.

Cada mascota recibió su banda azul y el diploma de la tienda.

The winners lined up to have a picture taken!

¡Los ganadores posaron para la fotos!

Judy was on the end, holding Mouse, but Mouse squirmed and leaped out of Judy's arms.

Judy estaba a uno de los lados, sujetando a Mouse, pero la gata se escurrió y saltó de sus brazos.

Flash!

¡Flash!

Judy blinked.

Judy parpadeó.

The newspaper man snapped a picture faster than lightning.

El hombre del periódico sacó la foto más rápido que un relámpago.

"Thank you, everybody!

-¡Gracias a todos!

That's it!" yelled the pet store lady.

¡Se acabó! -anunció la señora de la tienda.

"That's it?" asked Judy.

-¿Se acabó? -preguntó Judy.

Judy's fifteen minutes of fame lasted only fifteen seconds. Fifteen seconds of fame,' and she, Judy Moody, had blinked.

Los quince minutos de fama de Judy se habían quedado en quince segundos y, además ella ¡había parpadeado!

The following morning, Judy ran outside to fetch the paper.

A la mañana siguiente Judy salió corriendo a por el periódico.

She whipped through the pages.

Pasó las páginas deprisa.

Her heart beat faster.

Tenía el corazón desbocado.

"Here it is!"

-¡Aquí está!

Judy cried. She could not believe her eyes.

No daba crédito a lo que veía.

There were David Puckett and Emily Chang with mile-wide smiles.

Allí estaban David Puckett y Emily Chang con una sonrisa de oreja a oreja.

There were Mozart the chicken and Suzy the ferret.

Allí estaban el pollo Mozart y el hurón Suzy.

"Let me see!" said Stink.

-¡Déjame ver! -dijo Stink-.



"Hey, there's Mouse!"

¡Eh, aquí está Mouse!

"I'm not even in the picture!" yelled Judy.

-¡No salgo en la foto! -chilló Judy.

"There you are!" said Stink, pointing to an elbow.

-¡Ésta eres tú! -exclamó Stink señalando un codo que asomaba por el borde.

"I'm not famous!" Judy wailed. ¡No se ve más que el codo!

-¡No soy famosa! -aulló Judy-. "I'm an elbow!"

"Let's see," said Dad. He read the caption. "Blah blah, winners of the Famous Pet Contest, blah-blah.

-Vamos a ver -dijo su padre antes de leer la crónica-. Bla, bla, "ganadores del Concurso de Mascotas Famosas", bla, bla.

It says your name, right here.

Aquí pone tu nombre.

See?

¿Lo ves?

Mouse and Judy... Muddy."

"Mouse y Judy... Puddy".

"WHAT!" said Judy.

-¿QUÉ? -gritó Judy-

"Muddy? Let me see."

¿Puddy? Déjame ver.

"Judy Muddy! That's a good one," said Stink.

-¡Judy Puddy! Qué bueno -se rió Stink.

"Judy Muddy! No one will ever know it's me," said Judy.

-¡Judy Puddy! Nadie me va a conocer nunca.

"We'll know," said Dad.

-Nosotros sí -dijo su padre.

Judy frowned.

Judy frunció el ceño.

"I guess your name is Mud," Dad said, laughing.

-Me imagino que tu nombre no está de moda -dijo su padre riéndose.

"ROAR!" said Judy.

-¡Grrr! -dijo Judy.

"At least it says Mouse won the contest," Mom said.

-Al menos dice que Mouse ganó el concurso -intentó animarla su madre.

She cut out the picture and hung it up on the fridge.

Recortó la foto y la pegó en el frigorífico.

"Great," said Judy.

-¡Estupendo! -dijo Judy-.

"Even my cat's in the Moody Hall of Fame."

Hasta la gata está en el Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

Mom kissed the top of Judy's head.

Su madre le dio un beso en la cabeza.

"And you have one very famous elbow."

-Y tú tienes un codo muy famoso.

BROKEN RECORDS

BATIENDO RÉCORDS

Judy studied her famous elbow in the mirror.

Judy observó su famoso codo en el espejo.

She squished her elbow into a wrinkled happy face. She squinched her elbow into a mad face.

Se lo apretó para que pareciera una cara alegre con arrugas, y más todavía para que pusiera cara de enfado.

If Judy ever hoped to be more famous than an elbow, she needed some help. Judy called all members of the Toad Pee Club.

Si Judy quería ser más famosa que su codo iba a necesitar algo de ayuda, así que convocó a todos los miembros del club de la Rana Meona.

"Meet at the clubhouse," she told everybody.

-Nos vemos en el club -les informó a todos.

Rocky, Frank, and Judy crowded into the blue tent in her backyard.

Rocky, Frank y Judy ocupaban la tienda azul que había en el jardín de atrás.

Last was Stink, who carried Toady, their mascot, in one hand, and walked while reading a book.

Faltaba Stink, que venía con Ranita en una mano y en la otra un libro que estaba leyendo.

"Stink, you better watch out or you'll renew your membership."

-Mira por dónde vas, Stink, o vas a renovar tu ingreso en el club.

"OH!" said Stink.

-¡OH!

He tossed Toady into the bucket before the toad famous for peeing in people's hands did it again.

Colocó a Ranita en el cubo antes de que volviese a demostrar sus habilidades para orinarle en la mano.

"Now," said Judy, "how can we make me famous?"

-Y ahora -preguntó Judy-, ¿cómo hacemos para que me vuelva famosa?

"Let's think," Rocky said.

-Vamos a pensarlo -contestó Rocky.

"Stink, you're not thinking," said Judy.

-Stink, piensa -ordenó Judy.

"Getting famous is boring," said Stink, leafing through his book.

-Hacerse famoso es aburrido -respondió él, y siguió hojeando el libro.

"Stink, what book could be soooooooooo interesting?"

-Stink, ¡qué tiene eso de interesanteeeeee!

Stink held up the Guinness Book of World Records.

Era el Libro Guinness de los Récords.

Judy looked at Frank. Frank looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Judy.

Judy, Frank y Rocky se miraron a la vez.

"Brainstorm!" the three yelled at the same time. Then they cracked up.

-¡Genial! -chillaron los tres, y luego soltaron una carcajada.

"Stink, you are a genius. The secret to getting famous is right there in your hands."

-Stink, eres un genio. El secreto para hacerse famoso está en tus manos.

Stink checked his hands.

Stink se miró las manos.

"Don't you get it?" said Judy.

-¿No lo pillas? -preguntó Judy-.

"I could break a record and get in that book! Then I'd be superfamous."

¡Yo podría batir un récord y salir en ese libro! Así sería superfamosa.

"Famous. Famous. famous. YOU are a broken record," Stink told her.

-Famosa. Famosa. Famosa. Eres un disco rayado -le dijo Stink.

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy.

-Que te crees tú eso.

"You know how you collect stuff, like Band-Aids?" said Frank.

-Las colecciones que haces..., como las tiritas -dijo Frank-.

"You could break a record for collecting something. Like the most pizza tables."

Podrías batir un récord con alguna colección. Como las mesitas de pizzas.

"Or scabs!" said Judy.

-¡O costras! -exclamó Judy.

"Bluck," said Stink.

-¡Qué asco!

"There's a guy in here who collects throw-up bags from airplanes.

Aquí sale un tío que colecciona bolsas para vomitar de los aviones.

He has two thousand one hundred and twelve. One bag even has a connect-the-dots drawing of Benjamin Franklin on it."

Tiene dos mil ciento doce y hasta una con un dibujo de Benjamín Franklin en la línea de puntos.

"That's way better than scabs," said Judy.

-Eso es mucho mejor que las costras -concluyó Judy.

"Hey, look," Rocky said, reading over Stink's shoulder. "World's longest word. Spell that and you could be the next Jessica Finch."

-Eh, mirad -Rocky estaba mirando por encima del hombre de Stink-. La palabra más larga del mundo. Si la deletreas serás la próxima Jessica Finch.

The word was: Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

La palabra era "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis".

"Whoa. Forty-five letters," said Frank, counting.

-¡Hala! Cuarenta y cinco letras -exclamó Frank, contándolas.

"Not even Queen Bee herself could spell that!" said Judy.

-¡Ni la ganadora del concurso es capaz de deletrear eso! **-Judy se desilusionó un poco.**

"It says here it's an ucky disease from volcanoes," Rocky said.

-Aquí dice que es una enfermedad rara originada por los volcanes -leyó Rocky-.

"No lie."

Lo pone aquí.

"Wait!

-¡Esperad!

I got it.

Ya lo tengo.

There's a guy in here with the longest neck," said Stink.

Aquí está el hombre con el cuello más largo del mundo -dijo Stink-.

"We could all pull on your head to stretch your neck out!"

¡Podríamos tirarte de la cabeza para estirarte el cuello!

"I want to be famous, not a giraffe," said Judy.

-Quiero ser famosa, no una jirafa.



"With a giraffe neck you would be famous," Stink told her.

-Con un cuello de jirafa serías famosa.

"Let me see that book."

-Déjame ver ese libro.

Judy grabbed the book of records and flipped through the pages.

Judy agarró el libro de los récords y lo hojeó por encima.

Longest gum wrapper chain?

¿El envoltorio de chicle más largo?

It took thirty-one years to make Longest fingernail?

¿La uña más larga?

No way; the guy hasn't cut his thumbnail since 1952. Best spitter?

Claro, el tipo no se la había cortado desde 1952. ¿El mejor escupitajo?

Judy could spit. Then she saw it. Right there on page 399. The human centipede!

Ella podría lanzarlo. Fue entonces cuando lo vio. Justo en la página 399. ¡El ciempiés humano!

"Okay. Listen up. We're going to be a giant creepy-crawly," said Judy. "Let's tie our shoelaces together, then walk like a caterpillar. The old record is ninety-eight feet and five inches."

-De acuerdo. Escuchad. Vamos a ser un insecto gigantesto -anunció-. Vamos a atarnos los cordones de los zapatos unos con otros y luego vamos a andar como una oruga. El récord anterior está en treinta y dos metros cuarenta centímetros.

Rocky, remember last summer we measured with a string? It was one hundred feet to your house and back.

Rocky, ¿te acuerdas de que el verano pasado medimos con una cuerda la distancia que hay entre tu casa y la mía? Son treinta y tres metros ida y vuelta.

So all we have to do is walk from here to Rocky's and back to break the record."

De modo que lo único que tenemos que hacer es ir y volver a casa de Rocky para batir el récord.

They sat in a line, one behind the other, like desks in a row.

Se sentaron en fila, uno detrás de otro, como los pupitres del colegio.

First Judy, then Frank, Rocky, and Stink.

Primero Judy, después Frank, Rocky y Stink.

"Hey, I'm always last!" said Stink.

-¡Eh, siempre me toca a mí el último!

"You're the rear end," said Judy.

-Porque eres el trasero -dijo Judy-.

"Tie one shoelace to the person in front, and one to the person in back," she called.

Ataos un cordón con el de delante y el otro con el de detrás -añadió.

"How are we ever going to stand up?" asked Stink.

-¿Cómo vamos a levantarnos? -preguntó Stink.

"On the count of three," Judy began.

-A la de tres -contestó Judy-.

"One, two..."

Una, dos...

Judy took the first step.

-Judy dio el primer paso.

Frank's foot shot up and out from under him.

El pie de Frank salió disparado, y éste se tambaleó.

**Like bowling pins, Frank toppled sideways, Rocky fell over on his ear, and Stink crashed on his elbows. Frank snorted first.**

**Cayeron unos encima de otros.**

Rocky cracked up so bad he sprayed everybody.

A Rocky le entró tanta risa que contagió a los demás.

"Hic-CUP!" said Stink.

-¡Tengo hipo! -soltó Stink.

When they were finally standing, without anybody falling or snorting or hiccupping, they each tried to take a step.

Por fin consiguieron ponerse de pie sin que nadie se cayera, ni se riera, ni le entrara hipo, y empezaron a andar.

One... two... three.

Una... dos... y... tres.

"The human centipede!" called Judy.

-¡El ciempiés humano! -exclamó Judy.

She pictured the human centipede in her imagination-growing longer and longer, all wiggly and squiggly with tons of legs, and she, Judy Moody, at the head with biting fangs and poison claws!

Se representó el ciempiés humano en la imaginación, cada vez más largo, ondulante, con miles de pies ¡y ella, Judy Moody, al frente con sus colmillos afilados y sus garras venenosas!

"Hssss!" said Judy.

-¡Zzzzsss! -dijo Judy.

"No hopping, Rocky," called Frank.

-No saltes, Rocky -pidió Frank.

"My lace is all twisted," said Rocky.

-Se me ha hecho un lío el cordón -respondió Rocky.

"Hold up!" yelled Stink from the end of the line.

-¡Seguid! -gritó Stink desde el último puesto de la fila.

That's when it happened.

Fue entonces cuando sucedió.

Judy stopped, but the rest of the centipede kept going! They all began to fall.

Judy se detuvo, pero el resto del ciempiés siguió andando. Se cayeron todos.

Crunch!

¡Zas!

Judy stepped on Frank's hand. Frank's other arm socked Rocky in the stomach.

Judy le pisó la mano a Frank, éste se cayó encima del estómago de Rocky.

**Stink's foot landed in Rocky's hair.**

**SIN TRADUCCIÓN**

Three steps, and they had crumbled into a human pretzel.

Tres pasos y se habían caído todos formando una bola.

Hey!

-¡Eh!

Watch it!" Stink yelled.

¡Cuidado! -chilló Stink.

"I'm all twisted," Rocky said.

-Me he torcido algo -dijo Rocky.

"OWWWWWWWWWWW!" Frank screamed.

-¡AAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY! -chilló Frank.

Frank was holding up his right arm with his left hand.

Se agarró el brazo derecho con la mano izquierda.

Frank Pearl's right pinky finger looked all floppy.

El meñique derecho de Frank Pearl parecía que andaba suelto.

It looked all floppy.

Suelto del todo.

Frank Pearl's pinky was twice as fat as normal and dangled down the wrong way.

Abultaba el doble de lo normal y estaba doblado para atrás.

"OOOH! What happened?" asked Judy.

-¡OOOH! ¿Qué ha pasado? -preguntó Judy.

"It hurts... bad," said Frank, tears streaming down his face. "Real bad."

-Me duele... mucho -gritaba Frank, mientras se le saltaban las lágrimas-. Mucho, mucho.

"Stink, run and get Mom. Fast!"

-Stink, corre a llamar a mamá. ¡Deprisa!

What if Judy had broken a finger, not a record?

¿Qué pasaba si Judy conseguía un dedo roto en lugar de batir un récord?

If Frank's pinky was broken, it was all Judy's fault.

Porque si se le había roto el meñique a Frank, la culpa era de ella.

Judy no longer felt like a human centipede.

Judy no se sentía un ciempiés humano.

She, Judy Moody, felt more like a human worm.

Ella, Judy Moody, se sentía un gusano.

## **BROKEN PARTS**

## **HUESOS ROTOS**

"So which one of you's the patient?" asked a tall man with a red beard in a long white coat.

-¿Cuál de vosotros es el paciente? -preguntó un hombre con bata blanca.

Frank held up his little blue sausage of a finger.

Frank levantó el meñique amoratado.

"Ouch!" said the man.

-¡Vaya!

"How'd this happen?"

¿Cómo te has hecho esto?

Frank looked over at Judy. Judy stared a hole in the carpet.

Frank miró a Judy y ella fijó la mirada en un agujero de la alfombra.

We were playing," Frank answered.

-Estábamos jugando -respondió Frank.

"We were making a human centipede so my sister could be famous!" said Stink.

-¡Estábamos haciendo un ciempiés humano para que mi hermana pueda ser famosa!

"And she stepped on Frank!"

¡Y le dio un pisotón a Frank!

Judy sent Stink her best troll-eyes stare, complete with stinging-caterpillar eye-brows.

Judy fulminó a Stink con una de sus miradas de trol, poniendo cejas de oruga y todo.

The man laughed.

El hombre se echó a reír.

"Okay. Well. I'm Ron, the emergency-room nurse. I'll take you back, and the doctor's gonna fix you right up, Frank.

-Vale, está bien. Me llamo Ron, soy el enfermero de urgencias. Voy a llevarte a que el médico te cure el dedo, Frank.



Is your mom or dad here?"

¿Están aquí tus padres?

"My mom went to call Frank's mom," said Judy.

-Mi madre ha ido a avisarlos -dijo Judy.

"Okay. Tell you what. The children's wing is right through those red doors. Why don't you two wait in the playroom there. It'll be more fun. I'll tell your mom you're there, when she comes back."

-Está bien. Vamos a hacer una cosa. La sección infantil queda al otro lado de esas puertas rojas, vosotros dos esperad allí, así os lo pasaréis mejor. Ya le diré a tu madre cuando venga que estás allí.

Too bad Rocky went home.

Le daba mucha rabia que Rocky no los hubiera acompañado al hospital...

Now she was stuck with Stink.

Ahora tenía que quedarse sola con Stink.

They pushed through the red doors and into a long hallway. At the end of the hall was a room marked THE MAGIC PLAYROOM.

Empujaron las puertas rojas, que daban a un pasillo largo al final del cual había una sala llamada ZONA MÁGICA DE JUEGOS.

Judy and Stink went in.

Judy y Stink entraron en ella.

The walls were papered with teddy bears in hospital gowns, holding balloons.

Las paredes estaban empapeladas de ositos con batas de médico y globos en la mano.

Each bear had crutches or bandages or sat in a wheelchair.

Unos llevaban muletas o vendajes y otros estaban sentados en sillas de ruedas.

There was a couch, a table with crayons and paper for coloring, a plastic castle, and a bookshelf with books about going to the hospital. There was even a miniature operating table on wheels.

Había un sofá, una mesa con papel y pinturas de cera para colorear, un castillo de plástico y una estantería con muchos libros sobre el hospital. Incluso tenían una mesa de operaciones en miniatura.

The only kid in the playroom was a girl in a wheelchair.

En la sala no había más que una niña sentada en una silla de ruedas.

"How come you're in a wheelchair?" Stink asked her.

-¿Cómo es que estás en una silla de ruedas? -le preguntó Stink.

"Stink, you shouldn't ask stuff like that."

-Stink, eso no se pregunta.

"It's okay," said the girl. "I got a new heart. They can't let me walk around yet. They have to keep me at the hospital for a long, long time to make sure it works."

-No importa. Me han puesto un corazón nuevo y todavía no me dejan andar. Me van a tener mucho, mucho tiempo en el hospital para ver si funciona.

"A whole new heart!"

-¡Un corazón nuevo!

Wow!" said Stink.

¡Guau! -exclamó Stink-.

"What's wrong with your old one?"

¿Qué le pasaba al tuyo?

"Stink!" said Judy, even though she wanted to know too.

-¡Stink! -le cortó Judy, aunque también ella quería enterarse.

"It broke, I guess," said the girl.

-Supongo que se me habría roto.

"Were you scared?" Judy asked.

-¿Te dio miedo? -preguntó Judy.

The girl nodded.

La niña asintió con la cabeza.

"Guess what. My scar goes from my neck all the way down to my bellybutton."

-Imagínate. Tengo una cicatriz que va desde el cuello hasta el ombligo.

"What's your name?" asked Stink.

-¿Cómo te llamas? -preguntó Stink.

"Laura," said the girl.

-Laura.

"That's one brave heart you got there, Laura," said Judy.

-Te han puesto un corazón valiente, Laura -dijo Judy.

"Daddy says I'm a brave girl," Laura said. "I'm getting a hamster when I go home. Do you have a hamster?"

-Eso dice mi padre, así que me van a regalar un hámster. ¿Tú tienes uno?

"No," said Judy. "I have a cat named Mouse."

-No. Tengo una gata llamada Mouse.

"There's nothing to do here," said Laura, looking around.

-Aquí no se puede hacer nada -dijo Laura mirando a la sala.

"They have doctor stuff," said Judy.

-Tienen juguetes de médicos -observó Judy.

"Look! A real sling and stuff!" said Stink, kneeling next to a big cardboard box.

-¡Mira! ¡Un cabestrillo de verdad y muchas cosas! -Stink se arrodilló junto a una gran caja de cartón.

He pulled out Ace bandages, boxes of gauze, and tongue depressors. Even a stethoscope and a pair of crutches.

Sacó vendas, caja de gasas..., hasta un estetoscopio y un par de muelas.

"Stink, can I put your arm in a sling?" Judy asked.

-Stink, ¿puedo ponerte el brazo en cabestrillo?

"No way," said Stink.

-De eso nada.

"How about you, Laura? I know how. For real."

-¿Y a ti, Laura? Sé ponerlo, de verdad.

"I'm sick of doctor stuff," Laura said.

-Estoy harta de médicos -contestó Laura.

"What about dolls?" Stink asked. "There's a bunch of dolls in this box."

-¡Mira, muñecas! Hay montones de muñecas en esta caja -exclamó Stink, señalándola.

"They all have broken arms and legs, or no heads," Laura said.

-Tienen todas los brazos y las piernas rotas o les falta la cabeza -observó Laura-.

"And some of them have cancer."

Algunas tienen cáncer.

"What do you mean?" Judy asked.

-¿A qué te refieres? preguntó Judy

"They're bald, like Sarah, in my same room."

-Están calvas, como Sarah, la de mi habitación.

"That's not fair," Judy said. "They should at least have dolls to play with that aren't sick."

-No me parece bien -y Judy añadió-: Deberían darles para jugar muñecas que no estuvieran enfermas.

The nurse came back just then.

En ese momento apareció el enfermero.

"Time to go back to your room," she told Laura.

-Es hora de volver a la habitación -le dijo a Laura-.

"Did you kids meet our brave girl?"

¿Ya conocéis a esta chica tan valiente?

"Yes!" said Judy and Stink.

-¡Sí! -dijeron Judy y Stink.

"I hope your new heart works great!" said Judy, as Laura left with the nurse.

-¡Espero que tu corazón nuevo funcione bien! -gritó Judy, mientras Laura se iba con el enfermero.

"Bye!" called Stink.

-¡Adiós! -exclamó Stink.

Judy looked through the doll box.

Judy rebuscó en la caja de muñecas.

Laura was right. All the dolls were dirty or broken or hairless or headless.

Laura tenía razón, todas las muñecas estaban sucias o rotas o calvas o sin cabeza.

Mrs. Moody poked her head in the doorway.

La señora Moody se asomó por la puerta.

"Hello!"

-¡Hola!

"Mom!" said Stink.

-¡Mamá! -dijo Stink.

"Is Frank okay?" Judy asked.

-¿Está bien Frank? -preguntó Judy.

"His finger's broken," said Mrs. Moody, "but his mom is with him now. He's getting a splint."

-Se ha roto un dedo, pero su madre está ahora con él. Le han entablillado.

"Rare!

-¡Qué curioso!

A real splint!" said Judy.

¡Entablillado de verdad! -exclamó Judy.

"He won't be playing any basketball for a while, but he's going to be just fine. So. Ready to go?"

-Va a estar una temporada sin jugar al baloncesto, pero se va a poner bien. ¿Nos vamos?

Stink and Judy followed Mrs. Moody out of the playroom.

Stink y Judy siguieron a la señora Moody fuera de la sala de juegos.

Halfway down the hall, Judy stopped, holding Stink back by his shirt.

Judy se detuvo en mitad de la sala y agarró a Stink por la camisa.

"Stink," she said so her mom couldn't hear. "Give me your backpack."

-Stink -dijo para que su madre la oyera-. Dame tu mochila.

"What?"

-¿Qué?

"Your backpack. I need it."

-Tu mochila. La necesito.

Stink made a face and handed over the pack.

Stink hizo una mueca y se la dio.

"Catch up with Mom and tell her I forgot something. I'll be right back."

-Ve con mamá y dile que se me ha olvidado una cosa. Voy enseguida.

Judy dashed back into the playroom and over to the box of broken dolls.



Judy fue derecha a la caja de las muñecas rotas.

Looking around to make sure no one was coming, she stuffed the dolls into the backpack. **Judy zipped it shut, flung it over her shoulder like a lumpy Santa Claus sack, and headed back down the hall.**

Se aseguró de que nadie la viera, llenó la mochila de muñecas y salió de la sala.

When Mom stopped to ask a question at the desk, Stink asked, "Hey!

Cuando su madre se detuvo a preguntar algo en el mostrador de la salida, Stink dijo: -  
¡Eh!

What's in there?"

¿Qué llevas ahí?

"Nothing."

-Nada.

"Nothing does not make a big fat lump.

-Nada no abulta tanto.

Did you take that doctor stuff? You took stuff! You stole!

Te has llevado las cosas de médicos. ¡Te las has llevado! ¡Las has robado!

I'm telling!"

¡Vas a ir a mamá!

"Shh! You can't tell anybody, Stink, or we'll get in trouble for stealing."

-¡Shhh! No digas nada a nadie, Stink, o nos meteremos en un lío por robar.

"We? You mean you'll get in trouble," said Stink.

-No, te meterás tú sola -contestó él-.

"Are you crazy?"

¿Estás loca?

Do you want to be famous for being the only third grader who ever went to jail?"

¿Quieres ser famosa por ser la única niña de Tercero que va a la cárcel?

"Swear you won't tell, Stink."

-Júrame que no lo vas a decir, Stink.

"What will you give me?"

-¿Qué me das?

"I'll let you look at real spit under my microscope."

-Te dejaré mirar un escupitajo de verdad por el microscopio.

"Okay. I swear."

-De acuerdo. Lo juro.

"You swore!" said Judy.

-Has hecho un juramento.

"I'm telling."

¡Vas a ir a mamá!

## **BODY PARTS**

### **TROZOS DE CUERPOS**

As soon as Judy got home, she unloaded the backpack and spread the dolls out on her bottom bunk.

En cuanto Judy llegó a casa, vació la mochila y extendió las muñecas sobre la litera de abajo.

She, Doctor Judy Moody, was in an operating mood.

Ella, la doctora Judy Moody, estaba de humor para operar.

On her bed was a doll that didn't talk or cry anymore, and one with no arms. There was a headless doll, and one that was bald.

En la cama había una muñeca que ya no hablaba ni lloraba y que no tenía brazos, otra sin cabeza y una tercera que estaba calva.

First Judy gave each of the dolls a bath.

Judy les dio primero un baño.

"I know just what I need," said Judy.

-¡Ya sé lo que me hace falta!

"Body parts!"

¡Trozos de cuerpos!

She dug out her collection: long arms, skinny arms, brown legs, pink legs, middles with bellybuttons, one bare foot, a thing that looked like a neck, and all sorts of heads-small heads, fat heads, Barbie heads, bald heads!

Rebuscó en su colección: brazos largos, brazos flacos, piernas negras, piernas blancas, troncos con ombligo, un pie desnudo, una cosa que parecía un cuello y cabezas de todas clases -pequeñas, gordas, calvas, de Barbies-.

Judy emptied a whole bag of body parts onto her bed.

Judy vació una bolsa entera de trozos de cuerpos encima de la cama.

"Rare!"

-¡Qué curioso!

Judy glued a red wig with yarn braids onto the doll with no hair and gave another one arms that bent. Judy bent the arm back and forth, back and forth, to test it out.

Pegó una peluca roja de hilo con trenzas en la muñeca que no tenía pelo y a otra le puso unos brazos, y estuvo doblándolos para comprobar que se podían mover.

"Boo!" said the doll each time Judy lifted her arm.

-¡Buaaa! -lloraba la muñeca cada vez que Judy le movía el brazo.

"You don't scare me" Judy told the doll. "And for you", she said to the headless doll. "A new head". From all the heads on her bed, Judy chose one with brown hair and green eyes.

-¡No me das miedo! Y a ti -le dijo a la muñeca sin cabeza- ¡una cabeza nueva! -de todas las que había, Judy eligió una con el pelo castaño y los ojos verdes-.

"There you go," said Judy, popping on the new head.

¡Mira! -exclamó al ponerle la cabeza nueva.

But when she turned the doll upside down to put some shoes on her, the doll's head flew off and bounced across the floor!

Pero cuando puso boca abajo la muñeca para ponerle unos zapatos, la cabeza se le salió y cayó al suelo dando botes.

"Whoa!" said Judy, running after the head.

-¡Vaya! -Judy corrió detrás de la cabeza-.

"That won't work.

Ésa no vale.

Let's try this one.

Voy a probar con ésta.

How would you like eyes that can close and open?"

¿Te gusta una que puede abrir y cerrar los ojos?

Judy twisted the new head onto the doll's neck and waved her up, down, up, down through the air a few times to watch the eyes open and close.

Judy encajó la cabeza nueva en el cuello de la muñeca y la movió varias veces para ver cómo se abrían y se cerraban los ojos.

"Voilà!" said Judy. She kissed the doll right on the nose.

-Voilà! -dio un beso a la muñeca justo en su naricilla.

Next she dressed each doll in a blue-and-white hospital gown she made from an old sheet, and gave each of them a paper bracelet printed with a name: Colby, Molly, Suzanna, Laura.

Luego las visitó a todas con una bata de hospital azul y blanca hecha con una sábana vieja y les puso a cada una un brazalete de papel con su nombre: Colby, Molly, Susana y Laura.

"Knock, knock," called Stink, pounding on her door.

Stink llamó a la puerta.

"Go away," said Judy.

-Vete.

"Knock, knock!" said Stink.

Volvió a llamar.

"Who's there?" said Judy.

-¿Quién es?

"I, Stink," said Stink.

-Soy yo, Stink.

"I Stink who?"

-¿Qué Stink?

"I stink you should let me in your room," said Stink, letting himself in anyway.

-Es Stink que quiere entrar en tu cuarto -contestó él entrando.

He peeked behind the blanket hanging over the bottom bunk.

Miró por detrás de la manta que colgaba encima de la litera de abajo.

"Aaagh!" he yelled, jumping back in shock. "Those dolls! The hospital -you stole! Those are... those aren't... if Mom and Dad find out..."

-¡Aaaagh! -retrocedió asustado-. ¡Las muñecas del hospital...! Son las que... no son las... si papá y mamá se enteran...

"Stink, you promised you wouldn't tell."

-Stink, me has prometido que no dirías nada.

"Yeah, but..."

-Sí, pero...

Judy was making a tiny cast out of ooegy wet newspaper.

Judy estaba haciendo una pequeña escayola de papel mojado.

"Look, if you keep quiet, I'll let you help me."

-Mira, si te callas, te dejo que me ayudes.

"It's a deal!" said Stink.

-¡Trato hecho!

Stink and Judy finished putting the cast on one of the doll's legs.

Stink y Judy acabaron de poner la escayola en una pierna de la muñeca.

When it dried, they painted it white and signed it with lots of made-up names.

Cuando se secó, la pintaron de blanco y le pusieron muchas firmas.

After that, they made a sling for another doll, with a scrap of cloth.

Luego hicieron un cabestrillo para otra muñeca con una tira de tela.

On a different doll Doctor Judy put tattoo Band-Aids from her Band-Aid collection all over its legs, arms, and stomach.

La doctora Judy le colocó a otra tiritas con tatuaje de su colección en las piernas, los brazos y el estómago.

"Double cool!" said Stink.

-¡Mola! -dijo Stink.

Last but not least was a rag doll made of cloth.

Por último arregló una muñeca de trapo.

Judy took a pink marker and drew a scar from the doll's neck down to her bellybutton. Then she drew a red heart, broken in two. With black thread, she stitched the broken heart back together, hiding it under the doll's hospital gown.

Judy buscó un rotulador rosa y le dibujó una cicatriz desde el cuello al ombligo, le cosió un corazón partido por la mitad con hilo negro y lo tapó con la bata de hospital.



"Just like that girl Laura!" Stink said.

-¡Igual que Laura! -dijo Stink.

When she was finished, Judy propped up all the dolls in a row on her bottom bunk and stood back to admire her work.

Cuando terminó, Judy puso a las muñecas en fila en la litera de abajo y se quedó contemplando su obra.

She set her own doll, Hedda-Get-Betta, next to them.

Y colocó a su lado a su propia muñeca Sara Secura.

"Wow, you made them look really good!" said Stink.

-¡Guau, qué bien las has dejado! -dijo Stink.

A little later Judy packed all the dolls into a box and secretly mailed them back to the hospital.

Al poco rato Judy guardó todas las muñecas en la caja y las envió en secreto por correo de vuelta al hospital.

Without a return address, no one would ever know that she was the one who had stolen the dolls.

Como no puso remite, nadie sabría quién las había robado.

It's like a real doll hospital, thought Judy.

Era como un hospital de muñecas de verdad, pensó Judy.

She, Judy Moody, was on her way to being just like First Woman Doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell.

Iba camino de ser como la primera mujer médica, Elizabeth Blackwell.

### **JUDY MOODY AND JESSICA FLINCH**

### **JUDY MOODY Y JESSICA FINCH**

On Monday morning Mr. Todd asked, "Where's Frank today?"

El señor Todd preguntó el lunes: -¿Dónde está Frank?

"Absent," said Judy.

-No ha venido -respondió Judy.

"Oh, that's right.

-Ah, ya.

I heard that he broke his finger.

Me he enterado de que se ha roto el dedo.

Does anybody know how it happened?"

¿Alguien sabe cómo ocurrió?

"It's a loooooooooooooooooooooong story," said Judy.

-Es una laaaaaaarga historia -dijo Judy.

"As long as a centipede!" said Rocky.

-¡Como un ciempiés! -saltó Rocky.

"I heard Judy Moody stepped on him!" said Adam. "CRACK!" He bent his finger back like it was breaking.

-¡Yo he oído que Judy Moody le pisó! -interrumpió Adam-. ¡CRAC! -dobló el dedo para atrás como si estuviera roto.

"Okay, okay. We'll ask Frank all about it when he gets back."

-De acuerdo. De acuerdo. Ya se lo preguntaremos a Frank cuando vuelva.

"He'll be back tomorrow," Judy said.

-Vendrá mañana -contó Judy.

Judy looked at the empty desk next to her.

Miró su pupitre vacío.

Without Frank, there was no one to snort at her jokes.

Sin Frank, no había nadie que se riera de sus bromas.

Without Frank, she spelled barnacle with an i.

Sin Frank, deletrearía "percebe" con "v".

**Without Frank, she had nobody to tease about eating paste.**

**SIN TRADUCCIÓN**

To make matters worse, all morning Jessica Finch kept inching her desk a little closer, a little closer to Judy.

Para colmo, Jessica Finch se pasó toda la mañana acercando un poco más cada vez su mesa a la de Judy.

"Is that the elbow that was in the paper?" Jessica asked.

-¿Este es el codo que salió en el periódico? -le preguntó.

Judy drew a mad face on her famous elbow and pointed it at Jessica.

Judy miró enfadada su famoso codo y apuntó con él a Jessica.

"Hey, Judy?"

-¡Eh, Judy!

"Want to come over to my house after school?" asked Jessica.

¿Quieres venir a mi casa al salir de clase?

"I could show you my glow-in-the-dark spelling posters."

Puedo enseñarte mis carteles fosforescentes de ortografía.

"Can't," said Judy.

-No puedo.

"Why not?"

-¿Por qué no?

"I have to feed Jaws, my Venus flytrap."

-Tengo que dar de comer a Mandíbulas, mi Venus atrapamoscas.

"How about tomorrow?"

-¿Y mañana?

"I feed it every day," said Judy.

-Le doy de comer todos los días.

"How about after you feed Jaws?" asked Jessica.

-¿Y después de dar de comer a Mandíbulas?

"Homework," said Judy.

-Tengo que hacer los deberes -dijo Judy.

The truth: by Friday Judy was almost bored enough to go to Jessica's. Rocky had to stay at his grandma's after school for a week because his mom was working late, and Frank could hardly do anything with a broken finger.

La verdad era que el viernes estaba suficientemente aburrida para ir a casa de Jessica. Rocky debía quedarse en casa de su abuela durante una semana porque su madre salía tarde de trabajar y con Frank no se podía hacer gran cosa con el dedo roto.

Too bad she had finished operating on all the hospital dolls so quickly.

Para colmo había terminado de operar muy pronto a todas las muñecas del hospital.

Making a cast was the best!

¡Lo mejor había sido preparar la escayola!

If only she could try making a bigger cast, on a human patient.

Tenía que conseguir hacer una más grande, para una persona.

But who?

Pero ¿quién?

Stink would not let her near him with wet oogey newspaper.

Stink no le dejaría acercarse a él con papel mojado.

Judy looked back at Jessica Finch.

Judy se volvió hacia Jessica Finch.

Maybe she did not look like a Pinch Face.

A lo mejor no era tan Cara Pálida.

Maybe she did not look like an aardwolf.

A lo mejor no era ningún anélido.

Maybe she looked like... a doctor's dream.

A lo mejor era... el sueño de un médico.

The perfect patient!

¡La paciente perfecta!

"Hey, Jessica," Judy asked, "how would you like to get your arm in a cast?"

-Eh, Jessica. ¿Te gustaría llevar un brazo escayolado?

"It's not broken," Jessica said.

-No lo tengo roto.

"Who cares?" said Judy. "It's just for fun."

-Da igual. Es por pasar el rato.

"Sure, I guess. Does this mean you'll come over? I can show you my spelling posters."

-En ese caso sí. ¿Vas a venir a mi casa entonces? Puedo enseñarte mis carteles de ortografía.

"How does today after school sound?" asked Judy.

-¿Qué tal hoy al salir de clase?

When Judy got to Jessica Finch's house, the two girls went up to Jessica's room.

Judy fue a casa de Jessica Finch y las dos subieron a su cuarto.

Judy looked around.

Judy echó un vistazo.

All she could see were pigs. Pink pigs. Stuffed pigs. Piggy banks. A fuzzy piggy-face rug. Even Jessica's bed looked like a pig wearing a pink skirt.

No vio más que cerdos: rosados, de peluche, huchas, una alfombra en forma de cabeza de cerdo. ¡Hasta la cama de Jessica parecía un cerdo con falda rosa!

"You like pigs!" said Judy.

-¿Te gustan los cerdos?

"What was your first due?" **Jessica laughed in her hyena way.**

-¿Cómo lo has adivinado?

Judy touched the spelling bee prize ribbons Jessica had hanging on the wall.

Judy tocó las bandas de los premios de ortografía que Jessica había colgado de la pared.

Jessica showed Judy her scrapbook, with all the times her name had been in the paper.

Ella le enseñó su álbum de recortes, con todas las veces que había salido su nombre en el periódico.

"Wow," said Judy.

-Guau -exclamó Judy.

"Did they ever spell your name wrong?"

¿Han escrito tu nombre mal alguna vez?

"Once. Jessica Flinch!"

-Una vez. ¡Jessica Flinch!

"Judy Muddy!" said Judy.

-¡A mí Judy Puddy!

"Look! Here are all the spelling posters I made." Jessica pointed to the wall next to her bed.

-¡Mira! Aquí están todos los carteles de ortografía que he hecho -Jessica indicó la pared junto a la cama.



"Hey, they're green. How come they're not pink too?"

-Oye, son verdes. ¿Cómo es que no son rosas también?

"Because they glow in the dark. Wait."

-Porque son fosforescentes. Espera.

Jessica pulled down the shades and turned off the light.

Jessica bajó las persianas y apagó la luz.

The room lit up with glow-in-the-dark words.

Las palabras brillaron en la oscuridad.

All the spelling words from Mr. Todd!

¡Las que habían trabajado en clase con el señor Todd!

BICYCLE

OBSERVAR

ICICLE

APROBAR

BREADSICLE

PROBABILIDAD

POPSICLE

APROVADO

RECYCLE

BOCADILLO

MOTORCYCLE

MEMBRILLO

**"What's a breadsicle?" Judy asked. "Is that like pumpernickel?"**

**-¡Aprovado! ¡Pero si lo has escrito mal!**

**"Hey, you're good," said Jessica.**

"See, I make up fake words and play a game to see if I can fool myself.

-Ya ves, pongo palabras con faltas para ver si me confundo.

Want to play?

¿Quieres jugar?

Or we could play the pig game.

O podemos jugar a los cerdos.

Instead of dice you get to roll little plastic pigs."

En vez de dados se tiran cerditos de plástico.

"What about making a cast?" said Judy.

-¿Y si hacemos la escayola?

"You're not going to break my finger or anything, like you did to Frank, are you?"

-¿No irás a romperme el dedo ni nada de eso, como le hiciste a Frank, verdad?

"No! Besides, it was an accident," Judy said.

-¡No! Además, fue un accidente.

"Okay. So. What do we need?" asked Jessica.

-Está bien. Venga. ¿Qué hace falta?

"Newspaper. Water. Glue."

-Papel. Agua. Cola.

"This comes off, right?" said Jessica.

-¿Se quita fácil, verdad?

"Right," said Judy.

-Claro -dijo Judy.

There must be some way to get it off, she thought.

"Debe de haber alguna manera de quitársela", pensó-.

"We have to let it dry first. Then we paint it."

Primero tenemos que dejarla secar. Luego la pintamos.

"Can we paint it pink?" asked Jessica.

-¿Podemos pintarla de rosa?

"Sure," Judy said. Rare. A pink cast.

-Por supuesto. "Qué curioso. Una escayola rosa".

"I'll go get some old newspapers," said Jessica. When she came back, she said, "All I could find was today's, so let's hope my parents have already read it!"

-Voy a por periódicos atrasados -al volver dijo-: Sólo he encontrado el de hoy, ¡así que espero que mis padres lo hayan leído!

Judy and Jessica tore the paper into strips.

Se pusieron a hacer tiras de papel.

Judy could not wait to see the pink cast.

Judy estaba impaciente por ver la escayola rosa.

This was her biggest operation yet!

¡Iba a ser su operación más importante hasta la fecha!

Judy dipped paper strips into the sticky mixture and carefully placed them one by one on Jessica's arm.

Judy mojó las tiras de papel con una mezcla de cola y agua y las fue poniendo una por una con cuidado en el brazo de Jessica.

"Ooh. It feels icky," said Jessica.

-¡Ooh! Es una sensación asquerosa.

"Are you sure this is going to work?"

¿Estás segura de que va a salir bien?

Jessica was as bad as Stink.

Jessica era igual que Stink.

"Here," said Judy, handing Jessica more newspaper. "Tear up some more strips. I'm running out."

-Mira -contestó Judy mientras le pasaba otro trozo de periódico-. Haz más tiras, que se me están terminando.

Jessica handed Judy a strip.

Jessica le dio una tira a Judy.

At the top was the word PHANTOM.

Arriba ponía la palabra "fantasma".

Jessica handed Judy another strip. STRIKES. A third. HOSPITAL.

Jessica le dio otra tira a Judy. "Roba". Una tercera. "Hospital".

"Stop!" said Judy. "Where's the rest of this story?" She peered at Jessica's arm. "Page B six. Where's page B six, huh?"

-¡Quieta! -exclamó Judy-. ¿Dónde está el resto de la historia? -miró el brazo de Jessica-.  
Página seis. ¿Y la página seis?

"Oh. I think I already ripped it up."

-Oh, creo que ya la he hecho tiras.

Judy tried to read Jessica's wet, ooey arm, but all she could make out were the words  
*doll thief*.

Judy quiso leer el brazo mojado y pringoso de Jessica, pero no sólo pudo distinguir las  
palabras "ladrona de muñecas".

"What did it say?" she asked in a panic.

-¿Qué pone ahí?

"Phantom strikes county hospital, or something."

-Un fantasma roba en el hospital del condado o algo así.

"Or something, what?"

-O algo así ¿qué?

"I don't know. What's the big deal?"

-No lo sé. ¿A qué viene tanto interés?

Judy stood up suddenly, scattering paper strips everywhere.

Judy lanzó las tiras de papel por todas partes al levantarse de golpe.

"I gotta go!"

-¡Tengo que irme!

"You what?"

-¿Qué?

Wait!

¡Espera!

My arm!

¡Mi brazo!

You can't just...

No puedes...

What about my pink cast?"

¿Y la escayola rosa?

But Judy was already out the door.

Pero Judy ya había salido por la puerta.

She, Judy Moody, Doll Thief, would be famous all right.

Ella, Judy Moody, Ladrona de Muñecas, iba a ser por fin famosa.

For going to jail.

Por ir a la cárcel.

Just like Stink said.

Como había dicho Stink.

### **JUDY MOODY, SUPERHERO**

### **JUDY MOODY SUPERHEROÍNA**

"Home already?" asked Mom. "How was Jessica's? Fun?"

-¿Ya estás de vuelta? -preguntó su madre-. ¿Qué tal en casa de Jessica? ¿Lo has pasado bien?

"I... did you... where's... the... paper?" Judy asked, out of breath.

-Yo... ¿has... dónde está... el... periódico?

"Today's paper? Right here," said Dad, pushing it across the table toward Judy.

-¿El de hoy? Aquí mismo -dijo su padre empujándolo hacia el lado de la mesa donde estaba Judy.

Judy flipped through the paper madly.

Judy hojeó el periódico como una loca.

But when she got to Section B, all she saw was a giant hole.

Pero cuando llegó a la página seis, no vio más que un gran agujero.

"Who cut up the paper? Stink?" she said, shooting him her best stinging-caterpillar eyebrow look.



¿Quién ha recortado el periódico? ¿Stink? -preguntó fulminándolo con una de sus miradas con cejas de oruga.

"Oh, I did," said Dad. "Here, I tacked it up right here on the fridge."

-Oh, he sido yo -dijo su padre-. Mira, lo he puesto en el frigorífico.

He read out loud:

Leyó en voz alta:

### **PHANTOM DOLL DOCTOR STRIKES**

#### **COUNTY HOSPITAL**

On Saturday, October 17, Grace Porter, a member of the nursing staff at County General, noticed that several of the dolls that had been donated to the hospital for its Magic Playroom were missing.

#### **MÉDICO FANTASMA DE MUÑECAS ROBA EN EL HOSPITAL DEL CONDADO**

El sábado 17 de octubre, la enfermera Grace Porter, del hospital general del condado, descubrió que habían robado unas muñecas donadas a la Sala Mágica de Juegos del hospital.

"Funny coincidence," said Mom. "That was the same day we took Frank to the hospital!"

-¡Tiene gracia! -exclamó su madre-. ¡El mismo día que llevamos a Frank al hospital!

"Ha. Funny," said Judy, trying to smile.

-Jo, qué gracia -dijo Judy con una sonrisa forzada.

Mom would not find it so funny when she learned that her only daughter was an about, true-blue, I-before-E thief.

Seguro que su madre no le vería la gracia cuando se enterase de que su única hija era una ladrona de tomo y lomo.

Dad continued reading:

**The missing dolls created quite a stir. Young patients who use the Magic Playroom in the Children's Wing spent days speculating as to the identity of the doll thief.**

Su padre continuó leyendo:

**El robo de las muñecas dejó intrigados a los pequeños pacientes que utilizan la Sala Mágica de Juegos del ala infantil. Todos especulaban sobre la identidad del ladrón de muñecas.**

"Isn't that where I found you two?" asked Mom. "The Magic Playroom?" Judy's mother sounded just like a detective. Jail time.

-¿No es ahí donde os encontré? -interrogó su madre-, ¿en la sala de juegos? -parecía un detective. "Esto acababa en cárcel".

Curiously, a mysterious package was received a few days later, with all the dolls magically cleaned, scrubbed, fixed, or mended.

Curiosamente, días después se recibió un misterioso paquete con todas las muñecas mágicamente lavadas, arregladas y reparadas.

Each one was tagged, dressed in a hospital gown, and had been properly "doctored" with fancy Band-Aids, slings, and casts.

Todas con sus brazaletes de identificación, vestidas con batas de hospital y "curadas" con tiritas, cabestrillos y escayolas.

Dad paused and said, "Hmm. Band-Aids."

Su padre hizo una pausa y comentó:

-Hmm, tiritas.

Uh-oh, thought Judy. Evidence.

"Vaya", pensó Judy. "La prueba".

**A special doll with a once-broken heart was given to patient Laura Chumsky, who recently underwent the hospital's twenty-ninth heart transplant. On behalf of Laura Chumsky and all the young patients, the hospital staff would like to thank the anonymous donor, the Phantom Doll Doctor, for this kind contribution.**

**Se ha entregado una muñeca especial que tenía el corazón roto a Laura Chumsky, que hace poco recibió el vigésimo noveno trasplante de corazón practicado en el hospital. En nombre de Laura Chumsky y todos los pequeños pacientes, el personal del hospital quiere agradecer al Médico Fantasma de Muñecas su amable gesto.**

"It sounds like one of the superheroes in my comics!" Stink said.

-¡Suena igual que los superhéroes de mis cómics! -exclamó Stink.

"That's quite a story," said Dad, grinning.

-¡Menuda historia! -sonrió su padre.

"Let me see that," Judy said.

-Déjame ver -dijo Judy.

She had to see it, had to read it, with her very own eyes.

Tenía que verlo y leerlo con sus propios ojos.

"Phantom Doll Doctor," she repeated, touching the words in the headline.

"Médico Fantasma de Muñecas", repetía tocando las palabras de los titulares.

"Rare!"

-¡Qué curioso!

"What a thoughtful thing for someone to do," said Mom.

-¡Qué detalle por parte de quien haya sido! -dijo su madre.

"Wish I'd thought of it," said Dad, tacking the article back up on the refrigerator with a pineapple magnet.

-Ojalá me hubiera ocurrido a mí -su padre volvió a poner el artículo en el frigorífico sujeto con un imán en forma de piña.

There it was, front and center in the Moody Hall of Fame.

Allí estaba, en medio del Rincón de la Fama de los Moody.

"Too bad," said Stink.

-¡Qué pena! -dijo Stink.

"What's too bad?" said Judy.

-¿Por qué pena? -preguntó Judy.

"I kind of wanted to see the inside of a jail."

-Pues porque me apetecía ver una cárcel por dentro.

"Hardee-har-har," said Judy, nervously glancing at her parents.

-No te lo crees ni tú -dijo Judy mirando nerviosa a sus padres.

But they were both grinning proudly.

Pero ambos le sonreían orgullosos.

That's when Judy's brain began working on a brand-new Judy Moody idea.

Fue entonces cuando su cerebro se puso a imaginar otra nueva idea digna de Judy Moody.

She'd make a sign.

Iba a hacer un cartel.

Maybe set up shop in the garage. Get other kids to give her their broken dolls or old stuffed animals. Or she'd find some at yard sales.

A lo mejor ponía una consulta en el garaje para que otros chicos le dieran sus muñecas rotas o peluches viejos. O los conseguiría en los rastrillos.

She would doctor them up and donate them to more sick kids in the Children's Wing at the hospital.

Los curaría para donarlos a los niños enfermos del ala infantil del hospital.

Some could have Ace bandages, or fancy scars, or tubes for breathing.

Algunos llevarían vendas o cicatrices o tubos para respirar.

Maybe even an IV!

¡Hasta un gotero!

And it could all be in secret.

Todo se haría en secreto.

The hospital would never know the identity of the Phantom Doll Doctor.

En el hospital no sabrían nunca quién era el Médico Fantasma de Muñecas.

The way nobody knew Superman was really Clark Kent, a nice, quiet reporter from the Daily Planet.

Igual que nadie sabía que Superman era Clark Kent, un simpático y pacífico periodista del Daily Planet.

Rare!

¡Qué curioso!

For the first time in a long time, the once Judy Muddy felt more famous than an elbow.

Por primera vez en mucho tiempo, la que una vez habían llamado Judy Puddy se volvió más famosa que cuando lo del codo.

She, Judy Moody, Phantom DoH Doctor, now felt as famous as Queen Elizabeth, as famous as George Washington, as famous as Superman.

Ella, Judy Moody, la Médica Fantasma de Muñecas, se había vuelto ahora tan famosa como la reina Isabel, tan famosa como George Washington, tan famosa como Superman.

Famouser!

¡Más famosa todavía!

Wouldn't Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, be proud!

¡Elizabeth Blackwell, la primera mujer médica, estaría orgullosa!

