JUDY MOODY

Get in the Judy Moody mood!

Bad moods, good moods, even back-to-school moods – Judy Moody has them all!

Meet Judy, her little “bother” Stink, her best friend Rocky and her “pest” friend Frank Pearl. They’re sure to put you in a very Judy Moody mood!

JUDY MOODY was in a mood

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy’s stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we’re famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”. Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald
and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8 1/2 Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
Judy Moody and the NOT Bummer Summer
Judy Moody and the Bad Luck Charm
Judy Moody’s Way Wacky Uber Awesome
Book of More Fun Stuff to Do
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink and the Midnight Zombie Walk
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Stink-O-Pedia 2: More Stink-y Stuff from A to Z
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
Judy Moody did not want to give up summer. She did not feel like brushing her hair every day. She did not feel like memorizing spelling words. And she did not want to sit next to Frank Pearl, who ate paste, in class.

Judy Moody was in a mood.

Not a good mood. A bad mood. A mad-face mood. Even the smell of her new Grouchy pencils could not get her out of bed.
“First day of school!” sang her mother. “Shake a leg and get dressed.”
Judy Moody slunk down under the covers and put a pillow over her head.
“Judy? Did you hear me?”
“ROAR!” said Judy.
She would have to get used to a new desk and a new classroom. Her new desk would not have an armadillo sticker with her name on it, like her old one last year. Her new classroom would not have a porcupine named Roger.
And with her luck, she’d get stuck sitting in the first row, where Mr Todd could see every time she tried to pass a note to her best friend, Rocky.
Mum poked her head inside Judy’s room again. “And think about brushing that hair, OK?”
One of the worst things about the first day of school was that everybody came back from summer wearing new T-shirts that said DISNEY WORLD or SEA WORLD or JAMESTOWN: HOME OF POCAHONTAS. Judy searched her top drawer and her bottom drawer and even her underwear drawer. She could not find one shirt with words.
She wore her tiger-striped pyjama pants on the bottom and a plain old no-words T-shirt on top.
“She’s wearing pyjamas!” said her brother, Stink, when she came downstairs. “You can’t wear pyjamas to school!”
Stink thought he knew everything now that he was starting second grade. Judy glared at him with one of her famous troll-eyes stares.

"Judy can change after breakfast," Mum said.

"I made sunny-side-up eggs for the first day of school," said Dad. "There's squishy bread for dipping."

There was nothing sunny about Judy's egg – the yellow middle was broken. Judy slid her wobbly egg into the napkin on her lap and fed it to Mouse, their cat, under the table.

"Summer is over, and I didn't even go anywhere," said Judy.
“You went to Gramma Lou’s,” said Mum.
“But that was right here in boring old Virginia. And I didn’t get to eat hot dogs and ride a roller coaster or see a whale,” said Judy.
“You rode a bumper car,” said Mum.
“Baby cars. At the mall,” Judy said.
“You went fishing and ate shark,” said Dad.
“She ate a shark?” asked Stink.
“I ate a shark?” asked Judy.
“Yes,” said Dad. “Remember the fish we bought at the market when we couldn’t catch any?”
“I ate a shark!” said Judy Moody.
Judy Moody ran back to her room and peeled off her shirt. She took out a fat marker and drew a big-mouthed shark with lots of teeth. I ATE A SHARK, she wrote in capitals.
Judy ran out the door to the bus. She didn’t wait for Stink. She didn’t wait for kisses from Dad or hugs from Mum. She was in a hurry to show Rocky her new T-shirt with words.
She almost forgot her bad mood until she saw Rocky practising card tricks at the bus stop. He was wearing a giant-sized blue and white T-shirt with fancy letters and a picture of the Loch Ness Monster roller coaster.
“Like my new T-shirt?” he asked. “I got it at Busch Gardens.”
“No,” said Judy Moody, even though she secretly liked the shirt.

“I like your shark,” said Rocky. When Judy didn’t say anything, he asked, “Are you in a bad mood or something?”

“Or something,” said Judy Moody.

When Judy Moody arrived in third grade, her teacher, Mr Todd, stood by the door, welcoming everyone. “Hello there, Judy.”

“Hello, Mr Toad,” said Judy. She cracked herself up.

“Class, please hang your backpacks on the hooks and put your lunches in the cubbies,” said Mr Todd.

Judy Moody looked around the classroom. “Do you have a porcupine named
“No,” said Judy Moody, even though she secretly liked the shirt.

“I like your shark,” said Rocky. When Judy didn’t say anything, he asked, “Are you in a bad mood or something?”

“Or something,” said Judy Moody.

When Judy Moody arrived in third grade, her teacher, Mr Todd, stood by the door, welcoming everyone. “Hello there, Judy.”

“Hello, Mr Toad,” said Judy. She cracked herself up.

“Class, please hang your backpacks on the hooks and put your lunches in the cubbies,” said Mr Todd.

Judy Moody looked around the classroom. “Do you have a porcupine named
Roger?” Judy asked Mr Todd.

“No, but we have a turtle named Tucson. Do you like turtles?”

She liked turtles! But she caught herself just in time. “No. I like toads.” Judy cracked up again.

“Rocky, your seat is over by the window, and Judy, yours is right up front,” said Mr Todd.

“I knew it,” said Judy. She surveyed her new front-row desk. It didn’t have an armadillo sticker with her name on it.

Guess Who sat across the aisle from her. Frank Eats-Paste Pearl. He glanced at Judy sideways, then bent his thumb all the way back, touching his wrist. Judy rolled her tongue like a hot dog back at him.
“You like sharks too?” he asked, passing her a small white envelope with her name on it.

Ever since they had danced the maypole together in kindergarten, this boy would not leave her alone. In first grade Frank Pearl sent her five valentines. In second grade he gave her a cupcake.

on Halloween, on Thanksgiving and on Martin Luther King, Jr Day. Now, on the first day of third grade, he gave her a birthday party invitation. Judy checked the date inside – his birthday was not for three weeks! Even a real shark would not scare him off.

“Can I look inside your desk?” asked Judy. He moved to one side. No sign of paste.

Mr Todd stood in front of the class. GINO’S EXTRA-CHEESE PIZZA was printed in large letters on the board.

“Are we having extra-cheese pizza for lunch?” Judy asked.

“For Spelling.” Mr Todd held his finger to his lips like it was a secret. “You’ll see.”
Then he said, "OK! Third grade! Listen up! We're going to try something different to kick off the year, as a way of getting to know one another. This year, each of you will make your own Me collage. All about YOU. You can draw or cut out pictures and paste things to your collage that tell the class what makes you YOU."

A Me collage! It sounded fun to Judy, but she didn't say so.

"We don't have to draw a map of our family, then?" asked Jessica Finch.

"I'm passing out a list of ideas for things you might include, like your family. I'm also giving everyone a folder for collecting the things you want to put on your collage."

We'll work on these as we have time over the next month. At the end of September you'll each get a chance to tell the class about YOU."

All through Language Arts and Social Studies, Judy thought about one thing - herself. Judy Moody, star of her own Me collage. Maybe third grade wasn't so bad after all.
“OK, everybody. Time for Spelling.”

“Yuck. Spelling,” Judy said under her breath, remembering her bad mood.

“Yuck. Spelling,” Frank Pearl agreed. Judy squinched her eyebrows at him.

“Take out a piece of paper and write down five spelling words you can find hidden in the words on the board: GINO’S EXTRA-CHEESE PIZZA.”

“Cool Spelling, huh?” said a note passed to Judy by Frank.

“No,” she wrote back on her hand, flashing it at him.

Judy took out her brand-new package of Grouchy pencils with mad faces on them. GROUCHY pencils – for completely

impossible moods, said the package. Ever see a pencil that looks like it got up on the wrong side of the bed?

Perfect. The new Grouchy pencil helped her think. She found the words TREE, TEXAS and TAXI hidden in Mr Todd’s spelling on the board. But instead she wrote down (1) NO (2) NO (3) NO (4) NO (5) NO.

“Who would like to tell the class five words they came up with?” asked Mr Todd.

Judy’s hand shot up.

“Judy?”

“NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!” said Judy.

“That’s one word. I need four more. Come up and write them on the board.”

Judy Moody did not write TREE,
to the office and pick up the pizza. It’s a welcome-back surprise.”

“Pizza? Pizza! For real?” The room buzzed with excitement.

Judy Moody wanted to be the one to pick up the pizza. She wanted to be the one to open the box. She wanted to be the one who got to keep the little three-legged plastic table that kept the box top from sticking to the pizza.

“So. Who would like to pick up the pizza today?” asked Mr Todd.

“Me!” yelled Judy. “Me! Me! Me! Me! Me!” everyone shouted at once, waving their hands like windmills in the air.

Rocky raised his hand without saying a word.

TEXAS and TAXI. Instead she wrote RAT and GNAT.

“How about BRAT?” called Rocky.

“There’s no B,” said Frank Pearl.

TIGER, wrote Judy.

“One more word,” said Mr Todd.

SPAT, wrote Judy.

“Can you use any of those words in a sentence, Judy?” asked Mr Todd.

“The tiger spat on the rat and the gnat.”

The whole class cracked up. Frank laughed so hard he snorted.

“Are you in a bad mood today?” asked Mr Todd.

“ROAR,” said Judy Moody.

“That’s too bad,” said Mr Todd. “I was just about to ask who wants to go down
“Rocky, would you like to pick up the pizza?”

“Sure!” said Rocky.

“ Luck-y!” Judy said.

When Rocky came back with the pizza, the class grew quiet, everyone chewing teeny-weeny cheesy squares of Gino’s pizza and listening to Mr Todd read them a chapter from a book about a pepperoni pizza-eating dog.

When he finished reading, Judy asked, “Mr Todd, can I look at your little pizza table?”

“That does look like a miniature table, Judy. I never thought of it that way.”

“I collect them,” said Judy Moody. She didn’t really collect them — yet. So far she had collections of twenty-seven dead moths, a handful of old scabs, a dozen fancy toothpicks, hundreds of designer Band-Aids (she needed the box tops), a box of body parts (from dolls!) including three Barbie heads, and four unused erasers shaped like baseballs.

“Tell you what,” said Mr Todd. “If you think you can come to third grade in a good mood tomorrow, it’s yours. Do you think you can agree to that?”

“Yes, Mr Todd,” said Judy. “Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES!”

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Judy was teaching Mouse to walk on two legs when the phone rang.

"Hello?"
All she heard was air.
"Hello?" Judy asked the air.
"Hello, Judy? Are you allowed to come to my party?" a voice asked. A Frank Pearl voice. It had only been two days since he gave her the invitation.
“Wrong number,” said Judy, hanging up. She dangled her new pizza table from a string in front of Mouse’s nose.

The phone rang again. “Hello? Is this the Moodys’?”

“No, you’re not,” told Judy.

“Sure,” said Mum.

“Sure!” said Judy, tossing Mouse the pizza table.

“I’m going too,” said Stink.

“No, you’re not,” Judy told him.

“You and Rocky can take him along,” said Mum, giving her one of those looks.

“But he doesn’t know about crossing through China and Japan on the way,” Judy said. Only best friends knew that the first speed bump on the way was crossing into China, the second, Japan.

“I’m sure you could teach him,” Mum said.

like tattoos that washed off and magic tricks.

“Let me ask,” said Judy.

“Mum, can I go to Vic’s with Rocky?”

“Sure,” said Mum.

“Sure!” said Judy, tossing Mouse the pizza table.
“Teach me,” said Stink.

“Meet me at the manhole,” Judy said back into the phone. The manhole was exactly halfway between Judy’s front door and Rocky’s. Over the summer they had measured it with a very long ball of string.

She ran out the door. Stink ran out the door after her.

Rocky had a dollar. Judy had a dollar. Stink had six pennies.

“If we put our money together, we can buy eight jawbreakers,” said Rocky.

“Two heads are better than one,” Judy laughed. “Get it?” She unscrunched the dollar bill from her pocket and pointed to George Washington’s head.
“I’ve got six heads,” said Stink, showing his pennies.

“That’s because you’re a monster! Get it?” Judy and Rocky cracked up.

Stink did not have enough money for even one jawbreaker. “You’ll break your mouth if you try to eat eight jawbreakers,” said Stink. “I could eat at least two for you.”

“It’s for the prizes,” Judy told him.

“Eight quarters give us eight chances to win a magic trick,” said Rocky. “I need a new magic trick to paste on my Me collage.”

“Hey, wait!” said Judy. “I just remembered—I need my dollar to buy Band-Aids.”

“Band-Aids are boring,” said Stink.

“Besides, you have ten million. Dad says we have more Band-Aids in our bathroom than the Red Cross.”

“But I want to be a doctor,” said Judy. “Like Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor! She started her own hospital. She knew how to operate and put together body parts and everything.”

“Body parts. Yuck!” Stink said.

“You saved Band-Aid box tops all summer,” said Rocky. “I thought you had enough to send away for that doctor doll.”

“I did. I already ordered it. Back in July. I’m still waiting for it to come. But now
I need a microscope. You can look at blood or scabs or anything with it!”

Stink asked, “When do we get to China?”

“We’re still on Jefferson Street, Stink,” Rocky told him.

“Let’s look for rocks until we get to China,” said Stink.

“Let’s see who can find the best one,” said Rocky.

The three of them studied the ground as they walked. Judy found five pink pebbles and a Bazooka Joe comic with a fortune that read: MONEY IS COMING YOUR WAY.

Rocky found a blue Lego and a stone with a hole in the middle – a lucky stone!

“I found a black diamond!” said Stink.

“That’s just charcoal,” said Judy.

“It’s just glass,” Rocky said.

“Wait!” Judy said, crossing her eyes at Rocky. “I think it’s a moon rock! Don’t you, Rocky?”

“Yes,” said Rocky. “Definitely.”

“How do you know?” asked Stink.

“It has craters,” Judy said.

“How did it get here?” asked Stink.

“It fell from the sky,” said Judy.
“Really?” asked Stink.
“Really,” said Rocky. “In my *Space Junk* magazine, it tells how a moon rock fell from space and left a hole in Arizona once.”

“And our teacher last year told us how a moon rock hit a dog in Egypt one time. No lie,” Judy told her brother. “You’re lucky. Moon rocks are billions of years old.”

*Space Junk* says moon rocks are dusty on the outside and sparkly on the inside,” said Rocky.

“There’s only one way to find out for sure if this is a moon rock then,” said Judy. She scouted around for a large rock. Then she clobbered Stink’s lump, smashing the moon rock to bits.
"You smashed it!" said Stink.
"Look, I think I see a sparkle!" said Rocky.
"Stink, you found a real moon rock, all right," Judy said.
"It's not a moon rock any more!" cried Stink.
"Look at it this way, Stink," said Judy.
"Now you have something better than a moon rock."
"What could be better than a moon rock?" asked Stink.

"Lots and lots of moon dust." Judy and Rocky fell down laughing.
"I'm going home," said Stink. He scraped up handfuls of the smashed rock, filling his pockets with dirt.
Judy and Rocky laughed the rest of the way to China, ran backwards to Japan, then hopped on one foot while patting their heads until they got to Vic's.
At Vic's they put their George Washington heads together for one small box of Band-Aids, and had enough left over for one jawbreaker each. Neither of them won a magic trick for Rocky's Me collage. Not even a troll or a miniature comic book or a tattoo.
"Maybe I could put a jawbreaker on
my collage,” said Rocky. “Are you going to stick some Band-Aids on yours?”

“Hey, good idea,” said Judy.

“Still a nickel left,” Rocky said. So they bought a gumball and saved it for Stink.

When they reached Judy’s driveway, Stink ran towards them, his pockets jingling with money. Stink had brown lunch bags lined up on the front steps.

“Guess what!” called Stink. “I made three dollars! Just since I got home.”

“No way,” said Judy.

“Let’s see,” said Rocky.

Stink emptied his pockets. Rocky counted twelve quarters.

“What’s in the bags?” asked Judy.

“No, what are you selling, anyway?” asked Rocky.

“Moon dust,” said Stink.

“Everybody in the state of Virginia must want it.”
My Favourite Pet

It was Labor Day, a no-school day. Judy looked up from her Me collage on the dining-room table.

"We need a new pet," Judy announced to her family.

"A new pet? What’s wrong with Mouse?" asked Mum. Mouse opened one eye.

"I have to pick MY FAVOURITE PET. How can I pick my favourite when I only have one?"

"Pick Mouse," said Mum.

"Mouse is so old, and she’s afraid of everything. Mouse is a lump that purrs."

"You’re NOT thinking of a dog, I hope," said Dad.

Mouse jumped off the chair and stretched.

"Mouse would definitely not like that," said Judy.

"How about a goldfish?" asked Stink. Mouse rubbed up against Judy’s leg.

"Mouse would like that too much," Judy said. "I was thinking of a two-toed sloth."

"Right," said Stink.

"They’re neat," said Judy. She showed Stink its picture in her rainforest magazine. "See? They hang upside down all day."
“It says here they eat leafcutter ants and fire-bellied toads,” Judy read.

“That should be easy,” said Stink.

“Tell you what, Judy,” said Dad. “Let’s take a ride over to the pet store. I’m not saying we’ll get a sloth, but it’s always fun to look around. Maybe it’ll even help me think of a five-letter word for fish that starts with M for my crossword puzzle.”

“Let’s all go,” said Mum.

When they arrived at Fur & Fangs, Judy saw snakes and parrots, hermit crabs and guppies. She even saw a five-letter fish word beginning with M – a black molly.

“Do you have any two-toed sloths?” she asked the pet store lady.
"Sorry. Fresh out," said the lady.

"How about a newt or a turtle?" asked Dad.

"Did you see the hamsters?" asked Mum.

"Never mind," said Judy. "There's nothing from the rainforest here."

"Maybe they have a stink bug," Stink said.

"One's enough," said Judy, narrowing her eyes at Stink.

They picked out a squeaky toy mouse for Mouse. When they went to pay for it, Judy noticed a green plant with teeth sitting on the counter. "What's that?" she asked the pet store lady.
“A Venus flytrap,” the lady said. “It's not an animal, but it doesn't cost much, and it's easy to take care of. See these things that look like mouths with teeth? Each one closes like a trapdoor. It eats bugs around the house. Like flies and ants, that sort of thing. You can feed it a little raw hamburger too.”

“Rare,” said Judy Moody.
“Cool,” said Stink.
“Good idea,” said Mum.
“Sold,” said Dad.

Judy set her new pet on her desk, where the angle of sunlight hit it just right. Mouse watched from the bottom bunk, with one eye open.

“I can’t wait to take my new pet to school tomorrow for Share and Tell,” Judy told Stink. “It's just like a rare plant from the rainforest.”

“It is?” Stink asked.
“Sure,” said Judy. “Just think. There could be a medicine hiding right here in these funny green teeth. When I'm a
doctor, I'm going to study plants like this and discover cures foricky diseases.

“How am I going to catch a fly?” asked Stink.

“One fly. I'll give you a dime.”

Stink ran down to the window behind the couch and brought back a fly.

“Gross! That fly is dead.”

“It was going to be dead in a minute anyway.”

Judy scooped up the dead fly with the tip of her ruler and dropped it into one of the mouths. In a flash the trap closed round the fly. Just like the pet store lady said.

“Rare!” said Judy.

“Snap! Trap!” Stink said, adding sound effects.

“Go get me an ant. A live one this time.”
Stink wanted to see the Venus flytrap eat again, so he got his sister an ant. "Snap! Trap!" said Judy and Stink when another trap closed.

"Double rare," Judy said. "Stink, go catch me a spider or something."

"I'm tired of catching bugs," said Stink.

"Then go ask Mum or Dad if we have any raw hamburger."

Stink frowned.

"Please, pretty please with bubblegum ice cream on top?" Judy begged. Stink didn't budge. "I'll let you feed it this time."

Stink ran to the kitchen and came back with a hunk of raw hamburger. He plopped a big glob of hamburger into an open trap.

"That's way too much!" Judy yelled, but
it was too late. The mouth snap-trapped round it, hamburger oozing out of its teeth. In a blink the whole arm drooped, collapsing in the dirt.

“You killed it! You’re in trouble, Stink. MUM! DAD!” Judy called.

Judy showed her parents what happened. “Stink killed my Venus flytrap!”

“I didn’t mean to,” said Stink. “The trap closed really fast!”

“It’s not dead. It’s digesting,” said Dad.

“The jaws will probably open by tomorrow morning,” said Mum.

“Maybe it’s just sleeping or something,” said Stink.

“Or something,” said Judy.

Tomorrow morning came. The jaws were still closed. Judy tried teasing it with a brand-new ant. “Here you go,” she said in her best squeaky baby voice. “You like ants, don’t you?” The jaws did not open one tiny centimetre. The plant did not move one trigger hair.

Judy gave up. She carefully lodged the plant in the bottom of her backpack.
around old magazines, and you can spend the next half-hour cutting out pictures for your collages. You still have over three weeks, but I’d like to see how everybody’s doing.”

Her Me collage folder! Judy had been so busy with her new pet, she had forgotten to bring her folder to school.

Judy Moody sneaked a peek at Pearl’s folder. He had cut out pictures of macaroni (favourite food?), ants (favourite pet?) and shoes. Shoes? Frank Pearl’s best friend was a pair of shoes?

Judy looked down at the open backpack under her desk. The jaws were still closed. Now her whole backpack was smelly. Judy took the straw from her juice box
and poked at the Venus flytrap. No luck. It would never open in time for Share and Tell!

"Well?" Frank asked.

"Well, what?"

"Are you going to come?"

"Where?"

"My birthday party. A week from Saturday. All the boys from our class are coming. And Adrian and Sandy from next door."

Judy Moody did not care if the president himself was coming. She sniffed her backpack. It stunk like a skunk!

"What’s in your backpack?" Frank asked.

"None of your beeswax," Judy said.

“It smells like dead tuna fish!” Frank Pearl said. Judy hoped her Venus flytrap would come back to life and bite Frank Pearl before he ever had another birthday.

Mr Todd came over. “Judy, you haven’t cut out any pictures. Do you have your folder?”
"I did – I mean – it was – then – well – no," said Judy. "I got a new pet last night."

"Don't tell me," said Mr Todd. "Your new pet ate your Me collage folder."

"Not exactly. But it did eat one dead fly and one live ant. And then a big glob of—"

"Next time try to remember to bring your folder to school, Judy. And please, everyone, keep homework away from animals!"

"My new pet's not an animal, Mr Todd," Judy said. "And it doesn't eat homework. Just bugs and raw hamburger." She pulled the Venus flytrap from her backpack. Judy could not believe her eyes! Its arm was no longer droopy. The stuck trap was now wide open, and her plant was looking hungry.

"It's MY FAVOURITE PET," said Judy. "Meet Jaws!"
“Exactly,” said Judy Moody. “I collected all the box tops.”
“I got you some from the school nurse!” said Stink.
“OK. You can go get the scissors.”
Stink handed over the scissors. Judy poked through the tape and broke open the brown flaps. Mouse pawed at the sticky tape. Stink’s head kept getting in the way.
“Stink! I’m in the middle of an operation!” Judy pulled aside the tissue paper and lifted out the doctor doll.
At last! Judy held the doll in her lap and stroked her silky smooth hair. She made neat little bows in the ties of the doll’s blue and white hospital gown. The doll was wearing a hospital bracelet.
“Her name is Hedda-Get-Betta,” Judy read.

“Does she do anything?” asked Stink.

“It says here if you turn the knob on top of her head, she gets sick. Then you turn the knob again, and she gets betta. Get it?” Judy turned the knob on the doll’s head until a new face appeared. “She has measles!” said Stink.

“She talks when you hug her too.” Judy hugged the doll.

“I have measles,” said Hedda-Get-Betta. Judy turned the knob until another face appeared. Then she hugged the doll again.

“I have chickenpox,” said Hedda-Get-Betta.

Judy turned the knob once more and hugged the doll. “All better,” said Hedda. “Can I make her get sick, then better?” asked Stink.

“No,” said Judy. “I’m the doctor.”

Judy opened her doctor kit. “At last I have someone to practise on,” she said.

“You practise on me all the time,” said Stink.

“Someone who doesn’t complain.”

“You’d complain too if you had to hold up a lamp and get bandages all over you. Why can’t I ever be Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor?”

“For one thing, you’re a boy.”

“Can I put her arm in a sling?” asked Stink.

“No,” said Judy. She held the ear scope up to Hedda’s ear and turned on the light.

“Can I mix up some of this blood from your doctor kit?”

“Shh, I’m listening.” She held the stethoscope on Hedda. Then she held it on Stink’s chest. “Hmm.”

“What?” said Stink. “What do you hear?”

“A heartbeat. This can mean only one thing.”
“What?”
“You’re alive!”
“Can I listen for a heartbeat?”
“OK, OK. But first get me a glass of water to mix the blood in.”
“You get it,” said Stink.
“Don’t touch anything until I get back,” said Judy. “Don’t even breathe.”
“Uh-oh,” said Stink.
“What?” Judy asked, returning with a sloshing glass of water.

“Her head is stuck,” he said. Judy grabbed Hedda-Get-Betta away from Stink.

“I have chickenpox,” Hedda said. Judy tried to turn the knob. The knob was stuck all right. It would not turn, no matter how hard Judy twisted and yanked and pulled.

“I have chickenpox. I have chickenpox,” Hedda said again and again.

“Her head is stuck on chickenpox!” Judy moaned.

“It’s not my fault,” said Stink.

“Is too! Now she’ll never get better!” Judy took Hedda’s pulse. She listened to Hedda’s heart. She checked Hedda’s forehead for a fever. “My first patient, and she’s going to have chickenpox for the rest of her life!”

Judy took the doll to her mother. But Mum could not turn the knob, even with her best opening-pickle-jars twist. Judy took the doll to her father. But Dad could not get the doll’s head to turn, even with his best opening-spaghetti-sauce turn.
"What are you going to do?" asked Dad.
"There's only one thing I can think of."
"Give her a shot?" asked Mum.
"No," said Judy. "Band-Aids!"
"Cool!" said Stink.

Stink and Judy put fancy Band-Aids on Hedda-Get-Betta's face, one for every chicken pock. Then they put Band-Aids all over her body. There were Endangered Species Band-Aids, Dinosaurs, Tattoos, Mermaids and Race Cars. Even Glow-in-the-Dark Bloodshot-Eyeball Band-Aids.

"So she won't scratch," said Doctor Judy.
"I'm glad that emergency's over," Dad said.

Judy tried to turn the doll's head one last time. She did not yank or twist or pull. She very slowly, very carefully turned the knob. Hedda's head turned, and her smiling, no-chickenpox face reappeared.

"I cured her!" Judy yelled. She hugged her doll. "All better," said Hedda-Get-Betta.

"Good as new," said Mum and Dad.

"I'm just glad she didn't have spotted fever," said Judy. "I never in a million years would have had enough Band-Aids for that!"
“I think it’s going to rain for forty days and forty nights,” said Stink.

Judy was hanging blankets from her top bunk to make a rainforest canopy over her bottom bunk. When that was done, she set Jaws on the top bunk for a jungly effect. Who needed a two-toed sloth? She climbed in and spread out her Me collage. Mouse climbed in after her. “Don’t get hair on my collage,” Judy warned her.
Stink stuck his head through the blankets.

“Who’s that with hair sticking all out?” he asked, pointing to her collage.

“That’s me in a bad mood on the first day of school.”

“Where’s me? Don’t they need to know about brothers?”

“You mean bothers?” asked Judy.

She pointed to some dirt glued in the lower left-hand corner.

“I’m dirt?” asked Stink.

Judy cracked up. “That’s for selling moon dust,” said Judy.

“What’s that blob? Blood?”

“Red. MY FAVOURITE COLOUR.”


Her little brother, the bat freak, was becoming a regular Frank Pearl.

“There’s no room, Stink. This is serious. I only have about two more weeks to finish.”

Judy cut out a picture of Hedda from the ad in her Luna Girls magazine and pasted it in the doctor corner, right next to her drawing of Elizabeth Blackwell copied from an encyclopedia.

She checked Mr Todd’s list of collage ideas.

CLUBS. I don’t belong to any clubs,
thought Judy. She’d have to skip that one.

HOBBIES. Collecting things was her favourite hobby. But she couldn’t paste a scab or a Barbie head to the collage. She taped on the pizza table from her newest collection – the one Mr Todd had given her.

THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED. She couldn’t think of anything. Maybe the worst thing that ever happened to her hadn’t happened yet.

THE FUNNIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED. When I knocked real spooky on the wall of Stink’s room one night and scared him, she thought. But how could she put that on a collage?

Judy puzzled over her Me collage until the rain finally stopped. She called Rocky.

"Meet me at the manhole in five," she told him.

Rocky wore his boa constrictor shirt. Judy wore her boa constrictor shirt. "Same-same!" said Judy and Rocky, slapping hands together twice in a high five, the way they always had when they did something exactly alike.

Judy and Rocky stood on the manhole. "What do you think is under the street?" asked Rocky.

"Oodles and oodles of worms," said Judy.

"Let’s collect some in the street and throw them down there," said Rocky.

"Too oogey," said Judy.

"We could look for rainbows in puddles," Rocky suggested.
"Too hard!" said Judy.

"Listen," said Rocky. "I hear toads. We could catch toads!"

Rocky ran back home to get a bucket. When he came back, they cornered a toad and popped the bucket on top of it.

"Gotcha!" Judy held it in her hand. "It feels soft and bumpy. It's kind of cool, but not slimy."

All of a sudden Judy felt something warm and wet in her hand. "Yuck!" she cried. "That toad peed on me." She tossed the toad back into the bucket.

"It's probably just wet from the rain," Rocky said.

"Oh, yeah? Then you pick it up."

Rocky picked up the toad. He held it in
his hand. It felt soft and bumpy and cool-but-not-slimy all at once.

Just then Rocky felt something warm and wet in his hand. “Yuck,” Rocky cried. “Now that toad peed on me.” He tossed the toad back into the bucket.

“See what I mean?” said Judy. “I can’t believe it happened to both of us the same!”

“Same-same!” said Rocky, and they double-high-fived. “Now it’s like we’re members of the same club. A secret club that only the two of us know about.”

“And now we have a club to put on our Me collages,” said Judy.

“What should we call it?” asked Rocky.

“The Toad Pee Club!”

“Rare!” said Rocky. “We could put TP Club on our collages. People will think it stands for the Toilet Paper Club.”

“Perfect,” Judy said.

“Hey, what are you two doing?” asked Stink, running down the sidewalk in too-big boots.

“Nothing,” said Judy, wiping her hands down the sides of her pants.

“Yes, you are,” said Stink. “I can tell by your caterpillar eyebrows.”

“What caterpillar eyebrows?”

“Your eyebrows make a fuzzy caterpillar when you don’t want to tell me something.”

Judy Moody never knew she had caterpillar eyebrows before.

“Yeah, a stinging caterpillar,” said Judy. “We’re starting a club,” said Rocky.
picked up a toad before," said Stink. "Now can I be in the club?"

"No," said Judy.

"A secret club," Judy said quickly.

"I like secrets," said Stink. "I want to be in the club."

"You can't just be in the club," said Judy.

"Something has to happen to you."

"I want the thing to happen to me too."

"No, you don't," said Judy.

"It's yucky," Rocky said.

"What?" asked Stink.

"Never mind," said Judy.

"You have to pick up that toad," Rocky told Stink.

"This is a trick, isn't it?" asked Stink. "To get me to pick up a slimy, bumpy old toad."

"That's right," said Judy.

Stink picked up the toad anyway. "Hey, it feels ... interesting. Like a pickle. I never
"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Judy and Rocky. "The Toad Pee Club!"

"Yippee!" cried Stink. "I'm in the Toad Pee Club!"

"I can't believe it's not slimy," said Stink.

"Just wait," said Rocky.

"I'm not going to get warts or anything, am I?"

"Do you feel anything?" asked Rocky.

"No," said Stink.

"Oh, well," said Judy. "Put the toad back. There. See? You can't be in the club."

Stink started to cry. "But I picked up the toad, and I want to be in the club."

"Don't cry," said Judy. "Trust me, Stink, you don't want to be in this club."

Just then Stink's eyes opened very wide. There was something warm and wet on his hand. Judy Moody and Rocky fell down laughing.

"Am I in the club yet?" asked Stink.
Then today, the very day of the party, it happened. Dad found out.

She, Judy Moody, just had to ask Dad to take her to Fur & Fangs for some toad food. She just happened to be looking at a tadpole kit with real live frog eggs – *Watch tadpoles turn into frogs! See tails shrink, feet grow, legs form!* – hoping to talk Dad into buying it for her when another kit just like it bumped into her. Holding the kit was Frank’s mum.

"Judy!" Frank’s mum said. "Isn’t that funny? It looks like we had the same idea for Frank’s present! I thought he’d love watching a tadpole turn into a frog. I was about to buy him the same kit!"

D-day. Doomsday. Dumbday. Saturday. The day of Frank Eats-Paste Pearl’s birthday party. I’d rather eat ten jars of paste myself than go to that party, Judy thought.

For three whole weeks she had kept the hand-delivered-by-Frank-Pearl birthday invitation hidden inside the bottom of her Tip-It game, where Mum and Dad (who hated Tip-It) would NEVER find it.
“Very nice to meet you,” said Mrs Pearl. “And Judy, I’ll see you this afternoon. Bye for now.”

Mrs Pearl put the tadpole kit she was holding back on the shelf.

“Frank LOVES reptiles,” she said. Amphibians, thought Judy.

“Judy, why didn’t you just say you needed to come here to get your friend a birthday present? Did I know you had a party to go to today?” Dad asked.

“No.”

In the car Judy tried to convince her Dad that there would be kids at the party making rude body noises and calling each other animal-breath names.

“You’ll have fun.”
“You know, Frank Pearl eats paste,” said Judy.

“Look. You’ve already got the tadpole kit,” Dad said.

“I was kind of sort of hoping I could keep it.”

“But Mrs Pearl put hers back when she saw yours. At least take it over, Judy.”

“Do I have to wrap it?” asked Judy.

From the look on his face, she knew the answer.

Judy Moody wrapped the too-good-for-a-paste-eater present in boring newspaper (not the comics). Even though the party started at two o’clock, she told Mum and Dad that it didn’t start until four o’clock, so she would only have to go for the last disgusting minutes.

The whole family rode in the car to Frank Pearl’s house. Even Toady went along, carried by Stink in a yogurt container. Judy held Frank’s lumpy present and fell into a bad-mood back-seat slump. Why did Rocky have to go to his grandma’s TODAY of all days?

“She’s crying!” Stink reported to the front seat.

“Am not!” she said back with her best troll eyes ever.

“Wait here,” Judy told her family when they got to Frank’s house.
“Go ahead. Have fun,” Dad said. “We’ll be back for you in half an hour. Forty minutes tops.”

“We’re only going to the supermarket,” said Mum. But they might as well have been going to New Zealand.

Mrs Pearl answered the door. “Judy! We thought you’d changed your mind. C’mon out back. Fra-ank. Judy’s here, honey,” Mrs Pearl called out to the backyard.

Judy looked around the yard. All she could see were boys. Boys hurling icing insects at each other and boys mixing chocolate cake with ketchup and boys conducting an experiment with Kool-Aid and a grasshopper.

“Where are the other kids?” asked Judy.

“Everybody’s here, honey. Frank’s little sister, Maggie, went off to a friend’s. I think you know all the boys from school. And there’s Adrian and Sandy from next door.”
Sandy was a boy. So was Adrian. That Frank Pearl had tricked her – the girls next door were boys! She, Judy Moody, was definitely the one and only girl. Alone. At Frank Pearl’s all-boy-except-her birthday party!

Judy wanted to climb right up Frank Pearl’s tyre-swing rope and howl like a rainforest monkey. Instead she asked, “Do you have a bathroom?”

Judy decided to stay in the Pearls’ bathroom for ever. Or at least until her parents came back from New Zealand. Frank Pearl’s all-boy party had to be THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED to her.

Judy looked for something to do. Uncapping an eyebrow pencil, she drew some sharp new teeth on her faded first-day-of-school shark T-shirt. Rare.

**Knock knock.**

“Ju-dy? Are you in there?”

Judy turned on the water in a hurry so Mrs Pearl would think she was washing her hands.

“Just a minute!” she called. Water sprayed her all over, soaking her shirt. The sharp new shark teeth blurred and ran.

Judy opened the door. Mrs Pearl said, “Frank was about to open your present, but we couldn’t find you.”

Back outside, Brad pointed at Judy’s wet shirt. “You guys! It’s a shark! With black blood dripping from its mouth!”

“Cool!”

“Wow!”
“How’d you do that?”

“Talent,” said Judy. “And water.”

“Water fight!” Brad took a glass of water and threw it on Adam. Mitchell threw one at Dylan. Frank poured one right over his own head and grinned.

Mrs Pearl whistled, which put a stop to the water battle. “Dylan! Brad! Your parents are here. Don’t forget your party favours.” Mrs Pearl gave a baby Slinky to each kid as he went out the door. By the time she got to Judy, there were no more baby Slinkies left.

“I must have counted wrong,” said Mrs Pearl.

“Or Brad took two,” said Frank.

“Here, Judy. I was going to buy these for party favours, but I couldn’t find enough.” Mrs Pearl handed her a miniature rock and gem collection in a plastic see-through box! Tiny amethyst and jade stones. Even a crackly amber one.

“Thank you, Mrs Pearl!” Judy said, and she meant it. “I love collecting stones and things. Once my brother thought he found a real moon rock!”

“Frank’s a collector too,” said Mrs Pearl. “All the boys are gone, Frank. Why don’t you take Judy up to your room and show her while she waits for her parents?”

“C’mon. Last one up’s a rotten banana!” said Frank.

He probably collects paste jars, Judy thought. He probably eats it for a midnight snack.
Frank Pearl’s shelves were lined with coffee cans and baby food jars. Each one was filled with marbles, rubber bugs, erasers, something. Judy couldn’t help asking, “Do you have any baseball erasers?”

“I have ten!” said Frank. “I got them FREE when a real Oriole came to the library.”

“Really? Me too!” Judy smiled. She almost said “Same-same” but caught herself just in time.

“I’m taping one to my Me collage, beside my favourite bug, a click beetle, for Hobbies - you know, collecting things.”

“That’s my hobby too,” Judy told him.
He also had two pencil sharpeners – a Liberty Bell and a brain – and a teeny-tiny flip-book from Vic’s. Frank Pearl showed her his buffalo nickel, which he kept in a double-locked piggy bank. “It’s not really a collection yet because there’s only one.”

“That’s OK,” said Judy.

Frank also had a killer comic book collection, with really old ones like The Green Hornet, Richie Rich, and Captain Marvel. To top it off, he even had a miniature soap collection, with fancy hotel names on the wrappers.

Judy forgot all about wanting to leave. “What’s that?” she asked.

“A pitcher plant. It catches insects. They think it’s a flower, so they land on it.

Then they fall down this tube, and the plant eats them.”

“Rare!” said Judy. “I have a Venus flytrap named Jaws.”

“I know,” said Frank. “That was funny when you brought it to school, how it ate that hamburger and stunk up your backpack and everything.”

“Fra-ank! Ju-dy! The Moodys are here.”

“I guess I gotta go,” Judy told Frank.

“Well, thanks for the tadpole kit,” Frank said, twisting a leg of the rubber click beetle from his collection.

“Hey, do you really eat paste?” asked Judy.

“I tasted it one time. For a dare.”

“Rare!” Judy said.
Judy’s day was off to a grouchy start. This was the day that Stink, her once smelly, sold-dirt-for-moon-dust brother was going with his class to Washington, DC, to see the president’s house!

She found out Mum and Dad were going too, as chaperones.

Yours Truly had to stay home and finish her Me collage. She, Judy Moody, still had several bald spots to fill.

“I think my brain has a leak,” Judy told her family. “I can’t think of one more interesting thing to put on my collage.”

Judy sank down on the family-room couch like a balloon that had lost three days’ air. “Interesting things could happen to me better in Washington, DC,” said Judy.

“You know it’s just for the second grade classes, honey,” said Mum.

“ROAR!” was all she said.

“We might be home late,” Dad told her. “You can go to Rocky’s after school. You two can finish up your projects together.”

“You’ll have fun,” said Mum. “And aren’t you going to an assembly today for Brush Your Teeth Week?”
How could she forget? One more reason to be grouchy. Stink got to rub elbows with the president while she, Judy Moody, would be shaking the hands of Mr Tooth and Mrs Floss.

Stink waddled into the family room wrapped in a red and white striped tablecloth, looking like he just got hit by a flying picnic.

“What’s that?” asked Judy.

“It’s a costume for my YOU ARE THE FLAG project. I’m the flag.”

“Stink, you’re not supposed to be the flag. You’re supposed to tell what the flag means to you.”

“To me it means I am the flag.”

“What’s on your head?”
“A hat. See, each star is a state, like on the flag. There’s one for all forty-eight states.”

“Guess what. There are fifty states, Stink.”

“Nuh-uh. I counted. I crossed them off on my map.”

“Count again,” Judy said. “You probably forgot Hawaii and Alaska.”

“Do you think the president will notice?” asked Stink.

“Stink, the president just about made the states. He’ll notice.”

“OK, OK. I’ll stick two more on.”

“Every other second grader writes a flag poem or draws a picture for YOU ARE THE FLAG. My brother’s a human flag.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“You look like a star-spangled mummy and walk like a banana. That’s what.”

“I get to see a room where everything is made of real gold. Even the curtains and bedspreads. Heather Strong says the lamps are made of diamonds.”

“Heather Strong lies,” said Judy.

It was no use. She would have to change her Me collage. Frank’s birthday party was no longer THE WORST THING EVER. Frank Pearl ate paste for a dare! And he gave her a baby food jar with six ants and a fly for Jaws.

Not meeting the president of her own United fifty States was absolutely and positively THE WORST THING THAT EVER
HAPPENED. Her whole family, including her brother, the human flag, was going to Washington, DC, while she, Judy Moody, would be listening to a talking tooth.

It was pouring outside. Judy's dad would not let her leave for school without an umbrella, and the only one she could find was her first grade yellow ducky one. She wouldn't open a baby umbrella, so she got soaked clear through. The sun is probably shining over the president's house this second, thought Judy. She felt like a bike left out in the rain.
"Frank wants to come over after school too," Rocky told her on the bus. "And I have a brand-new ten-dollar bill from Nay-Nay. We can go to Vic's after school and buy something really rare."

"Do they have any real gold at Vic's?" was all she said.

In Spelling Judy wrote WEASELS when Mr Todd had really said MEASLES. In Science when Jessica Finch threw Judy the ball of yarn for their giant spider web, she dropped it. It rolled out the door just when Ms Tuxedo, the principal, walked past in high heels. And at the Brush Your Teeth Week assembly, Mr Tooth picked Judy to be a cavity. On stage. In front of the whole school.
She could not get her mind off Stink at the president's house, where she wasn't. Seeing all that real gold. Would he get to shake the president's hand? Meet the president's daughter? Sit in a gold chair?

"Are flags allowed to talk?" she asked Frank.

"Only if they're talking flags!"

That did it. There would be no living with Stink once he had been to the president's.

On the bus ride home, Rocky squirted Frank with his magic nickel. Frank snorted, wiping the drips on his sleeve. Judy pretended it was funny. Really she was thinking, Stink could be petting the president's puppy right now, this very instant. When Rocky said, "I can't wait to go to Vic's," Judy grunted.

The three of them half ran through leftover puddles all the way to Vic's. Rocky didn't even stop to cross through China and Japan the right way. "What's the big hurry?" she asked.

"I need something," said Rocky, "but there's only one left, and I want to make sure I get it!" he said. When they got to Vic's, Rocky went straight to the counter.

"Over here," Rocky told them. "There's still one left!"

Judy stood on tiptoe to look in a box on top of the counter. Lying in the bottom was ... a hand. A person's hand! Judy
almost screamed. Frank almost screamed too. Then they realized it was made out of rubber.

“What do you think?” asked Rocky.

“Rare,” said Judy.

“Ace,” said Frank. “It looks so real. Fingernails and everything!”

Rocky bought the hand and three fireballs.

“What are you going to do with your hand?” Frank asked.

“I don’t know,” said Rocky. “I just like it.”

When they got to Rocky’s house, Judy tried to work on her Me collage. But she was not in a FUNNIEST THING EVER mood. All the funny stuff that had ever happened to her seemed to have got up and left. Marched right out of her brain like a line of ants from a picnic.

Rocky showed Judy and Frank his finished collage.

“Here’s Thomas Jefferson in the window of my house for WHERE I LIVE. I cut him out of play money.”

“That’s good!” said Frank. “For Jefferson Street.”

“The piece of cloth is part of my sling from when I broke my arm, THE WORST
THING EVER. And here’s a toilet paper roll for the TP Club, a secret club I’m in,” Rocky said, glancing at Judy.

“What kind of club has toilet paper?” asked Frank.

“If I tell you, it won’t be a secret.”

“Who’s this?” Frank asked Rocky, pointing to a lizard.

“Houdini, MY FAVOURITE PET.”

“And who’s that guy, walking through a brick wall?” Frank asked.

“That’s my favourite part. My mum made a copy of a picture of the real Harry Houdini from a library book.”

Judy touched a clump of garlic. “Are you trying to scare away vampires or something?”

“That’s from one time when I ate a whole thing of garlic by mistake. THE FUNNIEST THING EVER was that I stunk like a skunk for a week!”
“Like Jaws when it ate that hamburger!” said Frank.

“Like Stink when he takes his smelly shoes off,” said Judy.

“Is this you?” Frank asked.

“That’s me in my magician hat, making a fishbowl disappear.”

“Too bad you can’t make Stink disappear,” said Judy.

“Too bad I’m done,” said Rocky. “It would have been really funny to put the rubber hand on my collage.”

That’s when it happened. An idea. The funniest of all funnies. It orbited Judy’s head and landed like a spaceship, the way good ideas do.

“Rocky! You’re a genius! Let’s go to my house,” Judy said. “And bring the hand.”

“You’re not a genius,” said Rocky. “Nobody’s home at your house. We could get into all kinds of trouble.”

“Exactly!” said Judy. “C’mon. There’s a key hidden in the gutter pipe.”

“Did you forget something?” asked Frank.

“Yes,” Judy said. “I forgot to play a trick on Stink!”

Once inside, Judy raced around her house, looking for the perfect spot to leave the hand, a place where Stink would be sure to find it right away. The couch? Toady’s aquarium? The refrigerator? Under his pillow?

The bathroom!
In the downstairs bathroom Judy lifted up the toilet seat, just a crack, and perched the hand there, its fingernails hanging over the edge. “It looks real,” said Rocky.

“This will scare the president right out of him,” said Judy. “For sure.”

Back at Rocky’s, Judy, Frank and Rocky knelt on Rocky’s bed, looking out the window. Every time a car zoomed by on Jefferson Street, they yelled, “It’s them!” Finally Judy saw a blue van for real. “Run!” she yelled. “They’re pulling into the driveway!”

Stink was so excited telling Judy, Rocky and Frank all about the president’s house that Hawaii and Alaska fell off his hat.
Why doesn't he go to the bathroom? thought Judy.

"There's a movie theatre – I swear! Inside the president's house. And a room with a secret door. No lie. Even a clock that tells you when it's time to take a bath," said Stink.

"Rare!" said Judy. "You need one of those."

Go into the bathroom, Stink, she wished silently. As if he had heard, Stink stopped his story. Balancing his hat on his head, he walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind him. The lock clicked.

Mum and Dad asked Judy about the Mr Tooth assembly, but her ears were tuned to the bathroom.

"AAAAAHHHHH!" screamed Stink. He burst out of the bathroom, hat crashing to the floor, stars flying.

"Hey! Dad! Mum! There's somebody in the toilet!"

Judy Moody, Rocky and Frank Pearl fell on the floor laughing.
The Me Collage

Stink watched Judy finish her collage after school the next day. "Almost done," said Judy. "It's due tomorrow."

Stink pointed. "You still have a bald spot right there next to the picture of Jaws."

Judy carefully taped a doll hand from her collection over the empty space. "Not any more," she said.

"That hand? Is it for the trick you played on me?" asked Stink.

"Yes. It's THE FUNNIEST THING EVER," said Judy with a grin.

"You mean you're going to tell your whole class I thought there was somebody in our toilet?"

"Stink, I'm making you famous."

"Couldn't you change my name or something?" asked Stink.

"Or something," said Judy.

When Judy got up the next morning, it was pouring with rain again. Something told her to get ready for a bad-mood Friday.

"Let's put your Me collage in a garbage bag so it won't get wet," Dad suggested when she brought it downstairs.

"Dad, I'm not carrying my Me collage in a garbage bag."
“Why not?”

“Did Van Gogh put his Starry Night in a garbage bag?”

“She’s got a point there,” said Mum.

“Garbage bags probably hadn’t been invented yet,” said Dad. “If Van Gogh had garbage bags, believe me, he would have been smart enough to use them.”

“Honey, why don’t you take the bus, and Dad’ll bring your collage to school after he takes Stink to the dentist?” Mum said. “Stink’s taking Toady to school today, so Dad has to drop him off anyway.”

“I want to take my collage to school myself. That way I can be sure nothing will happen to it.”
practised his squirting nickel magic trick on her for the one hundredth time.

“OK! It works!” Judy told him, wiping drops from her face. Rocky cracked up.

All morning Judy imagined things happening to her collage. What if it fell into a puddle when her father opened the car door? What if Toady got out of Stink’s pocket and peed on the collage? What if a tornado came, like Stink said...

Eleven o’clock came, and her collage still was not there. No sign of Stink. Or Dad.

Judy could hardly listen to the other kids showing their Me collages. She kept her eyes glued to the door of 3T.

“Judy, would you like to go next?” asked Mr Todd, startling her.
“I’d like to go last,” said Judy.

“Frank?”

“I’d like to go last too,” said Frank.

“After Judy.”

Judy looked at Frank’s desk. “Where’s your Me collage?” she asked him.

“I didn’t bring it. I mean, I’m not finished. I still don’t have a CLUB,” Frank whispered. “Where’s yours?”

“My brother’s supposed to bring it,” said Judy. She glanced at the door again. There he was! Stink motioned for her to come out in the hall.

Stink looked sick. “What’s wrong?” Judy asked.

“If I tell you,” said Stink, “you’ll be in the worst mood ever.”

“Where is it?” asked Judy. “Did you drop my collage in a puddle? Did Toady pee on it?”

“No,” said Stink. “Not that.”

“Where is it?” she asked again.

“Dad’s in the boys’ room. Drying it off.”

Judy ran down to the boys’ room, pushed the door open and went right in. Crumpled paper towels were everywhere. “Dad!”

“Judy!”

“Is it ruined? Let me see!”

Dad held up her collage. Right smack dab in the centre was a big purple stain the size of a pancake. Not a silver dollar one either. A giant, jaggedy triangle – a grape-coloured lake floating in the middle of her collage!
“What happened?” Judy yelled.

“I was drinking Jungle Juice from a box,” said Stink, standing behind her in the doorway, “and trying this thing with my straw... I’m sorry.”

“Stink! You wrecked it. Dad! How could you let him drink Jungle Juice in the car?”

“Look, it’s not that bad,” he said. “It almost looks like it’s supposed to be there. I’ll speak with Mr Todd. Maybe he’ll let you have the weekend and we can fix it. Cover it up somehow.”

“Maybe we can erase it,” said Stink. “With a giant eraser.”

“Let me see.” Judy held up the collage, looking it over. Even with the purple stain, she could still see the rainforest with Doctor
Judy Moody in the very middle. And none of the Band-Aids had come off.

"Never mind," said Judy.

"Never mind?" asked Dad.

"It's OK," she said. "At least it didn't get run over by a bus in a tornado."

"It's OK?" asked Stink. "You mean you're not going to put a rubber foot in my bed or anything?"

"No," said Judy. She grinned at her brother. "But that is a good idea."

"Look, honey. I know you worked for ever on this. We'll make it up to you somehow."

"I know what to do. Stink, let me have your black marker."

They all went out into the hall, and

Stink dug a marker out of his backpack. Judy set the collage on the floor and drew a black outline round the big purple triangle.

"Are you cuckoo?" asked Stink. "That's just going to make it stand out more."

"That's what I want," said Judy. "Then it'll look like it was supposed to be there all the time."

"I'm proud of you, Judy," said Dad.
"The way you took an accident like this and turned it into something good."

"What's it supposed to be?" Stink asked.

"Virginia," she said. "The state of Pocahontas and Thomas Jefferson. The place WHERE I LIVE."

When Judy got back to class, she put on her doctor coat, walked to the front of the room and held her Me collage high. She stood tall, as if her brother had not nearly ruined her masterpiece with Jungle Juice. She tried to look like a person who would grow up to be a doctor and make the world a better place. A person who could turn a bad mood right around.
Judy told about herself and her family, including the time Stink sold moon dust, which explained why her brother was a piece of dirt. She traced the outline of Virginia with her finger to show where she lived. She talked about Rocky, her best friend, and Frank, her new friend. She pointed to a paste jar lid taped to a corner and told the class that Frank ate paste for a dare once.

"Is that Jaws?" asked Brad. "The thing that eats bugs?"

"Yes," said Judy. "Even though I have a cat, Jaws is MY FAVOURITE PET. When I grow up and become a doctor, I want to move to the rainforest and search for medicines in rare plants that could cureucky diseases."

Judy pointed out the pizza table from Mr Todd and other stuff she collected for HOBBIES. She told the class that she was a member of the TP Club, but that she couldn’t tell them what TP stood for.

"This is a picture my parents took of Stink, standing outside the White House in his flag costume." And she explained why it was THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED to her. Everybody’s favourite part of her collage was when she showed the doll hand, coming out of a magazine toilet. So Judy told them about how the worst thing ever turned
Me: Judy Moody!

Who I am

I am J.M.

My favourite pet

Jaws

My favourite thing ever

Ach! Toilet

Dad

Mom

Where I live

The Moody House

Our family pet

Mouse

Friends

Frank

Rex

Stink

by Judy Moody

Mr. Todd's Class

Eating a Shark

Screamin' Mimi's

Acme Toilet

The Worst Thing That Ever Happened

My hobby

Create my favourite colours

A Purr-fect Collection

When I grow up

Clubs I belong to?
into THE FUNNIEST THING EVER.

"Any questions?" she asked the class.

"Who's the old lady?" asked Frank.

Judy explained about Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, and then gave a demonstration of her doctor skills. She put Rocky's arm in a sling and wrapped bandages round Frank's knee. She pulled out her pretend blood, and used Hedda-Get-Betta to show how to apply Band-Aids.

"That's it. Me. Judy Moody."

"Great job, Judy," said Mr Todd. "Class, any comments?"

"I like how you painted Virginia in the middle of your collage to show where you live," said Jessica Finch, "instead of just using a picture of your house."

"Those Tattoo Band-Aids are the coolest," said Dylan. "I have a blister. Can I have one?"

"I have a hangnail!"

"I have a paper cut!"

"I have a mosquito bite!"

Before Judy knew it, everybody in the whole class was wearing Tattoo Band-Aids.

"Judy Moody, you're a mover and a shaker," said Mr Todd.

"I am?" asked Judy. "What's that mean?"

Mr Todd laughed. "Let's just say it means you have imagination."

What had almost become a bad-mood
Friday had turned into one very fine day. And it wasn't over yet.

When she walked out to get the bus that afternoon, Mum and Dad were waiting to take Judy and Stink for ice cream at Screamin’ Mimi’s.

“I'm getting that blue ice cream, Rainforest Mist. Like you guys always do!” Stink jumped up and down, holding his pocket with the toad.

“Did your teacher like Toady?” Judy asked.

“Yes, but she was almost in the Toad Pee Club,” said Stink. Judy cracked up.

“Mum, Dad, can I ask Rocky and Frank to come too?”

“That's a great idea,” Mum said.

Outside Screamin’ Mimi’s, Judy licked her Rainforest Mist scoop on top of Chocolate Mud, her favourite. She was in her best Judy Moody mood ever.

Stink took Toady out of his pocket and set him on the picnic table. Toady hopped towards a blue drip from Rocky's ice cream cone.

“Toady likes Rainforest Mist!” said Rocky.

“Hey, Frank,” Judy asked, “when are you going to finish your Me collage?”

“Mr Todd said I could bring it on Monday.”

“You're not done yet?” asked Rocky.

“I still don't have anything for CLUBS. The dictionary says a club is three or more people.”
Judy looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Stink. Stink looked at Judy. All three of them looked at Frank.

“If you pick up Toady right now, you can be in a club,” said Judy.

“Really?” asked Frank.

“Really and truly,” said Judy and Rocky at the same time.

Frank crinkled his nose. “I don’t get it.” Rocky laughed. “You will.”

Frank scooped up Toady with one hand. “Use both hands,” said Judy.

“Like this,” said Rocky, cupping his hands.

“Just hold him a minute,” said Stink.

“I still don’t get it,” said Frank.
“Oh, you’ll get it,” said Judy, Rocky and Stink.

A second later Frank felt something warm and wet in his hand. He crossed his eyes, and they all fell down laughing.
JUDY MOODY Gets Famous!

Good moods, bad moods – Judy has a mood for every occasion!

Right now she’s in a jealous mood – jealous of Jessica Finch, who has got her picture on the front page of the newspaper. So Judy sets off in pursuit of her own fame and fortune.

Judy Moody’s search for fame is sure to put you in a very Judy Moody mood!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy’s stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we’re famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me … exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”.

Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald
and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8 1/2 Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
Judy Moody and the NOT Bummer Summer
Judy Moody’s Way Wacky Uber Awesome Book of More Fun Stuff to Do
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink and the Midnight Zombie Walk
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Stink-O-Pedia 2: More Stink-y Stuff from A to Z
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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Roar!
Star of the show, famous for her many moods.

Judy's father.
Good at crossword puzzles, quiz shows and garage sales.

Judy's mother.
Former glee club member. Knows her vegetables.

Judy's scene-stealing younger brother and star of the Moody Hall of Fame.

Judy's cat.
Amazing contestant in the Fur & Fangs Famous Pet Contest.

Judy's best friend since FOR EVER and owner of a disappearing Superman ring.

Judy'spaste-eating friend
and one quarter of a human centipede.

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 bejewelled.”

“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 jewellery,” Jessica said.

“Who are you dressing up as? The Queen of England?”

“No, I’m the Queen Bee,” said Jessica. “I won the NV 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. NV. 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 meat loaf! 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 NV. 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 *meat loaf* 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 Mum.

"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 Mum.

"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 spaghettis?”

“N-O-O-D-L-E,” said Stink.


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

“How was school today?” Mum asked.


“So that’s what all this spelling is about,” said Mum.

“You’re W-E-I-R-D,” Stink told his sister.


“Actually,” said Mum, “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 next day at breakfast Judy ate her cornflakes 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, DC
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 Mum. “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 rumpled-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 scrap box. 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. Mum 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 pre-school.

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 face down on the neighbour’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.

“Mum?” Judy asked. “Did you ever get your picture in the paper?”

“Sure,” said Mum. “Lots of times. For the high school glee club.”

“What’s glee?” asked Stink.

“Glee means being happy,” Mum told him, “or cheerful.”

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

“No.” Mum 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, Mum?” 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.

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.”
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”.

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

“Why’d they hang your picture up in the library?” asked Stink.

“My mum took me to the library to see this magician guy, you know? He did this trick where he took my Superman ring and
“What was it for?” whispered Judy.

Hailey stood up and spelled the word “I-C-I-C-L-E”.

“I won the Grandpa Grape Colouring Contest in the newspaper. You had to colour 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 called 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.
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?”

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, OK? 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, Mum’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 on Friday?” asked Judy. “Mr Todd says I can help clean the fish tank.”

“P-U,” said Stink.

“We’ll see if Mum 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 spat out her cherry pit. It went zinging across the table at Stink.

“Hey,” said Stink. “She spat at me.”

“It was an accident,” said Judy.

“Judy!” said Dad.

“OK. OK. 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-Get-Famous idea. A two-hundred-fifty-year-old idea.

Judy took the cherry pit upstairs to her room. She got out her hairdryer 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 bug-box, 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 Dinks 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:

*Genuine 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.
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 for ever."

"For ever 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&Ms."
“M&Ms!” 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&Ms. 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 neighbour 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. “Mum, 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 Mum.


“Can I use it to line Mouse’s litter box?” asked Judy.

“Good idea,” said Mum.

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 GOODBYE!

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 and 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 Mum.

“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 were 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 that 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.


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,” she said. “If I call your pet’s name, please step into the centre 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 tooth-brushing 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
blinded. 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,” Mum 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.”

Mum kissed the top of Judy’s head. “And you have one very famous elbow.”

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 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 super famous."

"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 aeroplanes. 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 pneumonoultramicroscopic-silicovolcanoconiosis.

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

“It says here it’s an icky 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!

“OK. 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 hiccuping, 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 crumpled into a human pretzel.

"Hey! Watch it!" Stink yelled.

"I'm all twisted," Rocky said.

"OWWWWWW!" 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 Mum. 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 eyebrows. The man laughed. “OK. 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 mum or dad here?”

“My mum went to call Frank’s mum,” said Judy.

“OK. 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 mum 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 colouring, 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 OK,” 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 belly button.”
“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 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!”
“Mum!” said Stink.
“Is Frank OK?” Judy asked.
“His finger’s broken,” said Mrs Moody, “but his mum 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 mum 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 Mum 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 Mum stopped to ask a question at the desk, Stink said, “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.”
“OK. I swear.”
“You swore!” said Judy. “I’m telling.”
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 any more, 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 belly buttons, 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 Mum 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 belly button. 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.
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 loooooooooooong 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.
“OK, OK. 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 mum 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 ooogey 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 clue?" 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.

“OK. 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, oogey 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.

"Home already?" asked Mum. "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 towards Judy. Judy flipped through the paper madly. But when she got to section B, all she saw was a giant hole.
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 Mum. “That was the same day we took Frank to the hospital!”

“Ha. Funny,” said Judy, trying to smile. Mum would not find it so funny when she learned that her only daughter was an all-out, 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.

“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.”

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.


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 Mum.

“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 centre 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 Doll 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!
The whole world's in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to . . .

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 16 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book – anywhere, anytime – and get ready for your best mood ever!
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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

2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
DOUBLE RARE!

Judy Moody has her own interactive website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff, including:

- The Official Judy Moody Fan Club
- Interactive games and a Mood Meter
- Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Digital downloads, including emoticons and wallpapers
- Sample chapters and downloadable reading logs
Judy and Stink are starring together!

Judy Moody and Stink
The Holly Joliday

Judy Moody and Stink
The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad
Treasure Hunt

In full colour!
JUDY MOODY Saves the World!

Where would the world be without Judy Moody?

Learning about the destruction of the rainforest puts Judy in the mood to whip the planet into shape. Someone needs to save the world and she's the girl to do it!

The adventures of Judy Moody are sure to put you in a very Judy Moody mood!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy's stories "grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters". She confesses, "I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we're famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated." Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because "having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl". Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald
and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8 1/2 Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
Judy Moody and the NOT Bummer Summer
Judy Moody’s Way Wacky Uber Awesome
Book of More Fun Stuff to Do
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar-System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink and the Midnight Zombie Walk
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stinky Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Stink-O-Pedia 2: More Stinky Stuff from A to Z
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad,
Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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**Who's Who**

**Judy**
The heroine and garbologist, famous for her many moods.

**Mum**
Judy's mother. Needs a lesson in recycling.

**Mouse**
Judy's cat. Fond of bananas.

**Dad**
Judy's father. Has a taste for rainforest coffee beans.

**Stink**
Judy's younger brother. Batty about bats and Toady.

**Mr. Todd**
Judy's teacher. Leader of the 3T ecosystem.

**Tomay**
Endangered TP Club mascot.

**Frank**
Judy's stamp-collecting friend. Knows a thing or two about monkeyface mussels.

**Rocky**
Judy's best friend since FOR EVER. Hot on the trail of the Shenandoah salamander.

**Jessica**
Judy's classmate. Pig fanatic and pencil freak.
Crazy Strips Contest

Judy Moody did not set out to save the world. She set out to win a contest. A Band-Aid contest.

Judy snapped open her doctor kit. Where was that box of Crazy Strips? She lifted out the tiny hammer for testing reflexes.

“Hey, can I try that?” asked Stink, coming into Judy’s room.

“Stink, didn’t you ever hear of going knock, knock?”
“Sure,” said Stink. “Who’s there?”

“Not the joke,” said Judy. “The thing a little brother is supposed to do before entering a big sister’s room.”

“You mean I have to tell a joke just to come in your room?” asked Stink.

“Never mind,” said Judy.

“Never mind who?” asked Stink.

“Stink! Just sit on the bed and cross your legs,” said Judy. “I’m going to test your reflexes.”

“Please don’t do doctor stuff to me!” Stink said.

“C’mon, Stink.” Judy tapped Stink’s knee with the hammer. Stink’s foot shot out and kicked her in the leg.

“Hey, Stink,” said Judy. “You kicked me!
Who do you think you are, a cassowary?"
   "A what-o-wary?"
   "Cass-o-wary. I learned it in Science. It’s a rainforest bird that can’t fly, so it kicks its enemies." 
   "I’m not a casso-whatever," said Stink. "I just have really good reflexes."
Judy flashed her best anaconda eyes at Stink. "Forget it," she said, putting the hammer away.
Stink reached into Judy’s doctor kit and pulled out some Crazy Strips.
"Stink! I told you not to steal my Crazy Strips. Now this box is empty, as in ALL GONE. I told you I’d put your arm in a sling if you didn’t stop stealing my stuff."
Stink did not want his arm in a sling again. Especially when it wasn’t broken.
"Give it," said Judy, taking the box from Stink. "I want to read about the contest."
"Contest?" asked Stink. "What do we have to do?"
Judy read the box.

Crazy Strips 5th Annual
Design Your Own Bandage Contest.
Create your own Crazy Strip.
Draw with pencils, crayons or markers.
Think of a theme!
Go wild with a style!
Be outrageous! Be you!

"You mean we draw something to go on a Crazy Strip?" asked Stink. "What do we win?"
Judy read on.

Thirteen top designs will be chosen to be printed on Crazy Strips. Just think – kids all across the country could be wearing YOUR creative, colourful Crazy Strip.

"Is that all?" asked Stink.

"Rare!" Judy said. "I, Judy Moody, could have my own Crazy Strip."

"They have to let you win something," Stink said, grabbing the box from Judy.

"Just think. Knees, ankles and elbows everywhere will be wearing a Judy Moody original. Even Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, didn't have her own Crazy Strip."

"Oh, brother," said Stink. "Before you get too famous, can I use some of your skinny markers?"

"What for?" Judy asked.

"I want to draw a Crazy Strip too. It says here the Grand Prize is a pair of Rollerblades."

"Rollerblades! Let me see that."

Top Winner: Crazy Strip of the Year
Rollerblades plus your design printed on a Crazy Strip for one year

Runners-up: Crazy Strip of the Month
Crazy Strips sunglasses plus your design printed on a Crazy Strip for one month

All participants receive Honourable Mention certificates.
“Dream on, Stink. Only one kid in the whole entire United States of America gets Rollerblades.”

“So?”

“So look at some of the kids who won last year. They’re ten years old. Eleven. One is even thirteen. That’s a teenager. You’re only seven.”

“And a quarter,” said Stink.

“You’d have to be Picasso for them to pick your design,” she said.

“Who?”

“You know. The guy who painted all those blue people.”

“Then let me borrow your blue marker,” said Stink.

Judy dumped all the markers, crayons, coloured pencils and pastels she had on the floor. Stink grabbed the first blue marker he saw and started to draw.

“What are you drawing?”

“Bats,” said Stink. “Blue bats.”

“You’re bats,” said Judy. “People don’t like bats.”

“But bats eat millions of insects,” said Stink. “People should like bats.”

“I know that,” said Judy. “I’m just saying, bats are not going to beat a teenager.”

Stink kept right on colouring bats.

“Your bats sure have big ears,” said Judy.

“They’re Virginia big-eared bats.”

“Oh,” said Judy.

Stink was a good artist, but Judy didn’t
want him thinking he was a genius or anything. She had to dream up a good-as-Picasso idea. Better than ucky old bats. Better than a teenager. She wanted her Judy Moody Crazy Strip to be seen all across the USA. The world. The universe.

“Stink, stop squeaking,” said Judy.

“It’s the magic markers.”

“I can’t think with all that squeaking,” Judy said.

Judy studied some of the other winners on the box from last year. There were ladybugs, flowers, soccer balls, rainbows and peace signs. Happy, happy, happy. Judy tried to think of something happy to draw on her Crazy Strip.

She drew smiley faces. Yellow, red, blue, green and purple smiley faces. Underneath she wrote CRAZY STRIPS CURE BAD MOODS.

“Everybody draws smiley faces,” said Stink.

“Who?” asked Judy.
“Heather Strong in my class. And teenagers.”

Stink was right. Smiley faces were not good enough to decorate the ankles of millions. Smiley faces were not good enough to win Rollerblades. Smiley faces were not Picasso.

Judy turned her Crazy Strip upside down. The smiley faces turned into bad-mood faces.

“Nobody wants a cranky Crazy Strip,” Stink said.

“ROAR!” said Judy.

“They like it if you have a message,” said Stink, “but I can’t think of a message about bats.”

“How about BATTY FOR BAND-AIDS?”

“That’s good!” said Stink. “Thanks!”

Stink was already done with his Crazy Strip and Judy still did not have a single idea. Not one inspiration.

“OK, let’s go mail this,” said Stink.

Fresh air! That was it! Maybe Judy’s brain just needed some good old-fashioned oxygen.

On the way to the mailbox, Stink asked, “Do you think I’ll win?”

“What am I? A crystal ball?” asked Judy.
"How long do you think it takes?" asked Stink, dropping the envelope into the big blue box.

"Longer than one second," said Judy.

On the way home, Judy gulped in fresh air.

"You look like a goldfish in a toilet," Stink said.

It was no use. Fresh air was not helping. Fresh air just made her look like a toilet fish.

Stink's Crazy Strip was already in the mail. What if Stink won the contest? What if she could never ever even come up with an idea?

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood.

All day Saturday and all day Sunday, Judy could not think up one single creative, award-winning Crazy Strips idea. On Monday morning, as soon as she got to the bus stop, Judy told her best friend, Rocky, about the contest. "Help me think of an idea!"

"I know," said Rocky. "How about a disappearing one? You put it on your arm, only it's clear, so it's invisible."
“Rare!” said Judy. “A disappearing Crazy Strip! That’s good!”

“How are you going to win the contest if they can’t even see it?” Stink asked.

“Good point,” said Judy, thinking it over. “I want the world to be able to see my Grand Prize-winning Judy Moody Crazy Strip.”

At school, Judy was dying to ask Frank Pearl if he had any ideas, but the bell had already rung and she could not risk getting another white card for talking. She already had to stay after school once and clean the fish tank with Mr Todd for getting three white cards. A person could only clean so many stinky fish tanks.

So she wrote a note about the contest to pass to Frank instead. At the bottom she wrote: PS: DON’T let Jessica Finch see this.

“Science, everybody,” said Mr Todd. “Let’s continue our discussion of the environment. Rainforests everywhere are being cut down. When you take medicine or bounce a ball or pop a balloon, you’re
using something that came from the rainforest. And right here at home, malls are replacing trees, animals are disappearing, and we’re running out of places to put all of our trash.

“Today, let’s come up with ways we can help save the earth. Sometimes it’s good to start small. Think of ways we can help at home. In our own families. And at school. Any ideas?”

“Don’t leave lights on,” said Hailey.

“Recycle your homework,” said Frank.

“And cans and bottles and stuff,” said Leo.

“Turn garbage into dirt,” said Rocky.

“Yes,” said Mr. Todd. “That’s called composting.”

Judy raised her hand, knocking her note to the floor. “Plant trees!”

“Don’t be litterbugs,” said Jessica Finch.

“I wasn’t littering,” said Judy, picking up the note. She crossed out the Finch in Jessica’s name and changed it to Jessica Fink. Sheesh. Sometimes Jessica Fink Finch gave her the jitterbugs.
“Great!” said Mr Todd. “These are all good ideas. Look around you – at home, in school, on the playground – not just in Science class. How can we help the planet? How can we make the world around us a better place? We can each do our part. All it takes is one person to make a difference.”

One person! If all it took was one person, then she, Judy Moody, could save the world!

She knew just where to start. With a banana peel.

On the way home from school that afternoon, Judy asked Rocky, “Hey, can you come over and eat some bananas?”

“Sure,” said Rocky. “What for?”
“Compost,” said Judy.
“I’ll eat two!” said Rocky.

In Judy’s kitchen, Judy and Rocky each ate one and a half bananas. They fed the fourth and last one to Mouse, Judy’s cat. Then Judy tossed all four banana peels into a bucket.

“Why don’t we make a sign for the bucket that says TURN GARBAGE INTO DIRT?” said Rocky.
“Rare!” said Judy. “Tomorrow we can tell Mr Todd how we started to heal the world.”

“Double cool,” said Rocky.

“Wait just a minute,” said Judy. “Why didn’t I think of it before? HEAL THE WORLD! That’s it!”

“What’s it?”

“My Band-Aid. For the Crazy Strips Contest! You’ll see.” Judy ran upstairs and came back with markers and some paper. At the kitchen table, Rocky made a sign for the compost bucket while Judy drew a picture of Earth with a Band-Aid on it. She wrote HEAL THE WORLD under the globe in her best not-in-cursive letters. Then she drew banana peels all around the world.

Stink came into the kitchen. “What are you drawing?” he asked Judy.

“Banana peels,” said Judy.

“For the Crazy Strip Contest,” Rocky said.

“And you thought bats were weird?” said Stink. “Bats aren’t half as crazy as banana peels.”

He looked at the empty bowl on the table. “Hey! Who ate the last banana?”

“Mouse!” said Judy. Judy and Rocky fell on the floor laughing.

“No way,” said Stink.

“Just look at her whiskers,” said Judy.

Stink got down on the floor, face to face
are going to be a few changes around here.”

“We’re making compost,” said Rocky. “See?” He held up his sign.

“It takes like a hundred years to turn garbage into dirt,” said Stink.

“Stink, you’re going to be dirt. Unless you make like a tree and leaf us alone.”

with the cat. “Gross! Mouse has banana smooch on her whiskers.”

“Told you,” said Judy.

“I’m telling Mum you ate all the bananas,” said Stink. “And you fed one to Mouse.”

“Tell her it’s all in the name of science,” said Judy. “You’ll see. From now on there
It was still dark out when Judy woke up early the next morning. She found her flashlight and notebook. Then she tiptoed downstairs to the kitchen and started to save the world.

She hoped she could save the world before breakfast. Judy wondered if other people making the world a better place had to do it quietly, and in the dark, so their parents would not wake up.
She, Judy Moody, was in a Mr Rubbish mood. Mr Rubbish was the Good Garbage Gremlin in Stink’s comic book, who built his house out of French-fry cartons and pop bottles. He recycled everything, even lollipop sticks. And he never used anything from the rainforest.

Hmm ... things that came from the rainforest. That would be a good place to start. Rubber came from the rainforest. And chocolate and spices and things like perfume. Even chewing gum.

Judy collected stuff from around the house and piled it on the kitchen table. Chocolate bars, brownie mix, vanilla ice cream. Her dad’s coffee beans. The rubber toilet plunger. Gum from Stink’s gumball machine. Her mum’s lipstick from the bottom of her purse. She was so busy saving the rainforest that she didn’t hear her family come into the kitchen.

“What in the world...?” Mum said.

“Judy, why are you in the dark?” Dad asked, turning on the lights.

“Hey, my gumball machine!” Stink said. Judy held out her arms to block the way. “We’re not going to use this stuff any more. It’s all from the rainforest,” she told them.

“Says who?” asked Stink.

“Says Mr Rubbish. And Mr Todd. They cut down way too many trees to grow coffee and give us make-up and chewing gum.
Mr Todd says the earth is our home. We have to take action to save it. We don’t need all this stuff.”

“I need gum!” yelled Stink. “Give me back my gum!”

“Stink! Don’t yell. Haven’t you ever heard of noise pollution?”

“Is my coffee in there?” Dad asked, rubbing his hair.

“Judy? Is that ice cream? It’s dripping all over the table!” Mum carried the leaky carton over to the sink.

“ZZZZ-ZZZZ!” Judy made the sound of a chainsaw cutting down trees.

“She’s batty,” Stink said.

Dad put the brownie mix back in the cupboard. Mum took the toilet plunger off the kitchen table and headed for the bathroom.

Time for Plan B. Project RECYCLE. She, Judy Moody, would show her family just how much they hurt the planet. Every time someone threw something away, she would write it down. She got her notebook and looked in the trash can. She wrote down:

- 1 orange juice can
- 1 inside of peanut butter jar lid
- 1 plastic bread bag
- 4 waste eggshells
- 6 used white coffee grounds
- 3 paper muffin holders
- 2 opened Stark O’Cherry
- Juice Boxes (and)
  ½ Bowl of Oatmeal
“Stink! You shouldn’t throw gooey old oatmeal in the trash!” Judy said.
“Dad! Tell her to quit spying on me.”
“I’m a Garbage Detective!” said Judy.
“Garbologist to you. Mr Todd says if you want to learn what to recycle, you have to get to know your garbage.”
“Here,” said Stink, sticking something wet and mushy under Judy’s nose. “Get to know my apple core.”
“Hardee-har-har,” said Judy. “Hasn’t anybody in this family ever heard of the three Rs?”
“The three Rs?” asked Dad.
“Re-use. Re-cycle.”
“What’s the third one?” asked Stink.

“Re-fuse to talk to little brothers until they quit throwing stuff away.”
“Mum! I’m not going to stop throwing stuff away just because Judy’s having a trash attack.”
“Look at all this stuff we throw away!” Judy said. “Did you know that one person throws away more than eight pounds of garbage a day?”
“We recycle all our glass and cans,” said Mum.
“And newspapers,” Dad said.
“But what about this?” said Judy, picking a plastic bag out of the trash. “This bread bag could be a purse! Or carry a library book.”
“What’s so great about eggshells?” asked Stink. “And smelly old ground-up coffee?”

“You can use them to feed plants. Or make compost.” Just then, something in the trash caught her eye. A pile of Popsicle sticks? Judy pulled it out. “Hey! My Laura Ingalls Wilder log cabin I made in second grade!”

“It looks like a glue museum to me,” said Stink.

“I’m sorry, Judy,” Mum said. “I should have asked first, but we can’t save everything, honey.”

“Recycle it!” said Stink. “You could use it for kindling, to start a fire! Or break it down into toothpicks.”

“Not funny, Stink.”
“Judy, you’re not even ready for school yet. Let’s talk about this later,” said Dad. “It’s time to get dressed.”

It was no use. Nobody listened to her. Judy trudged upstairs, feeling like a sloth without a tree.

“I won’t wear lipstick today if it’ll make you feel better,” Mum called up the stairs. “And I’ll only drink half a cup of coffee,” Dad said, but Judy could hardly hear him over the grinding of the rainforest coffee beans.

Her family sure knew how to ruin a perfectly good Mr Rubbish mood. She put on her jeans and her Spotted Owl T-shirt. And to save water, she did not brush her teeth.

She clumped downstairs in a mad-at-your-whole-family mood.

“Here’s your lunch,” said Mum. “Mum! It’s in a paper bag!”

“What’s wrong with that?” Stink asked. “Don’t you get it?” said Judy. “They cut down trees to make paper bags. Trees give shade. They help control global warming. We would die without trees. They make oxygen and help take dust and stuff out of the air.”

“Dust!” said Mum. “Let’s talk about cleaning your room if we’re going to talk dust.”

“Mu-um!” How was she supposed to do important things like save trees if she
couldn’t even save her family tree? That did it. Judy went straight to the garage and dug out her Sleeping Beauty lunch box from kindergarten.

“Are you really going to take that baby lunch box on the bus? Where the whole world can see?” asked Stink.

“I’m riding my bike today,” said Judy. “To save energy.”

“See you at school then.” Stink waved his paper bag lunch at her. If only she could recycle her little brother.

“Go ahead. Be a tree hater,” called Judy. “It’s your funeral.”

Making the world a better place sure was complicated.
Pigtoes, Pumas and Pimplebacks

At school, Judy wiggled all during Maths in the morning. She squirmed through Spelling. At last it was Science.

"Over half the world’s plants and animals are found in rainforests," Mr Todd said. "Which is why it’s so important to protect the rainforest. The health of our whole planet depends on it. But did you know that there are endangered species right here in Virginia?"

Endangered species! Right here in Virginia! Judy leaned forward in her seat.

"If we want to take care of our planet, it helps to begin in our own backyard. That’s why I’m asking each of you to adopt an endangered animal from Virginia this week. Tell us about the species, why it’s disappearing, and what can be done to help."

Adopt an animal! She could help an endangered species. She, Judy Moody, could help save the entire state of Virginia!

Mr Todd was shaking a coffee can. "Each slip of paper has the name of one endangered animal on it. When I call on you, come up and take one slip of paper from the can. Who wants to be first?"

All hands went up in the air.
“Rocky.”

“Shenandoah salamander!” said Rocky, reading his slip of paper.

“Frank Pearl.”

“Monkeyface mussel!”

Rare! Judy waved her hand in the air like a flag. Mr Todd still did not call on her.

Brad got the bald eagle. Hailey got the puma. Randi got the leatherback sea turtle.

“Jessica Finch.”

“Shiny pigtoe,” said Jessica. “Yippee!”

Judy could not think of anybody else who would want to adopt a pig’s toe. Only Jessica Finch. Jessica Finch liked everything about pigs. Even shiny pigs’ toes.

While Mr Todd called out more names, Judy turned around and said to Jessica,
“A shiny pigtoe is a pig with nail polish!”
She cracked herself up.

“Judy Moody.”

Judy turned around, her hand the only one still left in the air. “One left,” said Mr Todd. “C’mon up.”

Finally! Judy unfolded the small slip of paper. “North-east beach tiger beetle,” she read.

North-east beach tiger beetle! A north-east beach tiger beetle was not even an animal. It was a bug. An icketty-cricketty old creepy-crawly.

“If we don’t like ours, can we trade?” Judy asked.

“I’d like everybody to stick with their choices,” said Mr Todd.

“What if we never even heard of it? What if we don’t even know what it looks like?” said Judy.

“That’s the fun of it,” said Mr Todd. “Find out. Go to the library and look at books and magazines. Or search the Web at the computer lab. And this Thursday we’ll be taking a class field trip to the museum, which should have information on all of your adopted animals.”

“Big museum or little museum?” asked Frank.

“Little,” said Mr Todd. The class groaned.

The big museum meant the Smithsonian in Washington, DC. Or the one with all the planes. The little museum meant the science museum down the street.
It had toy trains, plastic dinosaurs and one-hundred-year-old pictures of Virginia stuff.

“The best exhibit there is cobwebs,” Rocky said.

When Thursday came, Judy wore her tiger-striped pyjama pants to school in honour of the tiger beetle. At the museum, Mr Todd introduced the class to the museum lady. “This is Ms Stickley, and she’s going to tell us about endangered species in Virginia.”

Ms Stickley looked like a stick bug. Even her socks were brown.

“Call me Stephanie,” said Ms Stick Bug.

“Class,” said Mr Todd. “I expect you to give Stephanie your best third grade listening ears.”

Frank pretended to take off his ears and hand them to her. Judy cracked up.

Ms Stephanie Stick Bug took them on a tour of *Where the Wild Things Aren’t*. She showed them a real live Shenandoah salamander, a Virginia fringed mountain snail that looked extremely sluggish, and a stuffed flying squirrel glued to a board.

“A flying squirrel! Is his name Rocky, like in *Rocky and Bullwinkle*?” asked Frank.

“Yes,” said Ms Stick Bug. “As a matter of fact it is.”

“His name is Rocky too!” said Frank, pointing at Rocky. “Hey, Rocky, you’re a squirrel!”
“And you’re Bullwinkle!” said Rocky. “You’re a moose! Ha!”

Judy was dying to ask Ms Stick Bug a question. She raised her hand, holding it as straight as a shornose sturgeon. At last Stephanie called on her.

“Do you have any north-east beach tiger beetles?” asked Judy.

“No, I’m sorry we don’t,” said Stephanie. “Those are endangered in Virginia and that would be a good specimen for our collection.”

What kind of endangered species museum did not have any north-east beach tiger beetles?

“Do you have any cave isopods?” asked Jessica Smarty-pants Finch.

“What’s an ice-o-pod?” asked Rocky.

“An isopod is a crustacean like a sow bug,” answered Stephanie. “Think of it like a pill bug, or a woodlouse. You’ll find those in Arachnid Hall.”

“Ick! A louse is lice!” said Rocky.

Judy still couldn’t see why they didn’t have any north-east beach tiger beetles. After all, they had a bunch of creepy crustaceans, licey isopods and pill-buggy pests.

Judy raised her hand again. She wanted to sound as smart as Jessica Finch.


“We don’t have a rainforest exhibit,”
said Ms Stick Bug. “But it’s a great idea. Maybe some day.”

The whole class got to touch an orange-foot pimpleback pearlymussel shell and hear a story about a Dismal Swamp shrew.

“Everything in this whole place is endangered,” said Frank.

“My grade in Science is endangered too,” said Judy.

The very next morning, Judy started her own search for a real live north-east beach tiger beetle. Before school, she grabbed a peanut butter jar from the recycling bin and ran out into the backyard. She tapped on tree bark. She crawled through itchy grass. She peered down into the dirt.

“Here, beetle, beetle,” called Judy. “Don’t be endangered.”
She did not find one single beetle. All she found was an acorn hat, a slug and a not-recycled candy wrapper.

“Judy!” called her dad. “What are you doing out there in your pyjamas?”


“Not before breakfast in your pyjamas,” said Dad. “All the beetles are still sleeping.”

At school that day, Judy searched for a picture of her beetle. And a few facts. She looked in the dictionary. She looked in the encyclopedia. She looked in bug books. She even looked on the computer. No luck.
Most of the beetles in the computer were the John Lennon and Paul McCartney kind of Beatles.

The next day was Saturday. Frank Pearl called Judy. “Can I come over?”

“Not unless you bring a north-east beach tiger beetle with you.”

“OK,” said Frank.

“You found one?” Judy asked. “For real?”

“Not a live one. But I found a picture of one. Do you have any stamps at your house?” asked Frank.

“What’s stamps got to do with anything?”

“Just go see if you have any stamps. Stamps with bugs.”

Judy put down the phone and ran to find some stamps in her parents’ desk.

“Just boring old flags,” she told Frank.

“Well, I have gazillions of stamps and —”

“How come you have so many stamps?”

“I collect them. I was pasting some in my album when I saw your beetle on one of the stamps.”

“Bring it over right away,” said Judy.

“Tell your mum it’s an emergency.”

Half an hour later, Frank rang the doorbell. “Finally!” said Judy, pulling him into the living-room.

Frank put his stamp album on the coffee table and opened it up. He turned to the Insects and Spiders page. “Look at
all the beetles,” he said. “That’s a lady beetle – those are good luck. And there’s a dung beetle, a Hercules beetle and a spotted water beetle. Even an elderberry longhorn beetle.”

“Which one is it?” Judy shrieked. Frank pointed to a beetle with a shiny green head and eyes like an alien. Printed below the beetle it said *Cicindela dorsalis dorsalis*.

“That’s not a north-east beach tiger beetle,” said Judy. “It’s some kind of a Cinderella beetle.”

“It’s Latin,” said Frank.

“Latin? Don’t they have any beetles that speak English?”

“Read what it says underneath.”

North-east beach tiger beetle.
Found along sandy beaches in the Chesapeake Bay areas of Virginia.
Endangered by changes in habitat, human population, shoreline development and erosion.

“My beetle’s a beach bum! Thanks a million gazillion, Frank. Now I can work
on my report. First I’ll draw a picture for the cover.”

“Want some help?” asked Frank.

“Sure,” said Judy. “You can put the caps back on the markers.”

Judy drew many-legged north-east beach tiger beetles all over the cover of her report.

“Make sure they have biting mouth parts,” said Frank. “And wings.”

“Oh, yeah,” said Judy.

“Can I help colour them in?” asked Frank.

“OK. Thanks,” Judy said. “Did you already draw your cover for the monkey-face mussel?”

“Yeah,” said Frank. “It’s a seashell with bumps on it that looks like a monkey’s face. No lie. You can see eyes and ears and everything.”

“I got to see that,” said Judy. She printed the title of her report in all capitals. SAVE THE NORTH-EAST BEACH TIGER BEETLE.

“Rare!” said Judy.

“Double cool,” said Frank.

Just as she finished her cover, Stink came into the room and looked at Judy’s drawing. “Why did you draw fat, flying footballs all over your report?”
Judy worked on her report all weekend. In Science on Monday, the class presented its endangered species. Frank told the class how a monkeyface mussel got its name. Jessica Finch showed a shiny pigtoe shell that looked like a striped Hershey’s Kiss. Judy bragged about the importance of the north-east beach tiger beetle.

“Tiger beetles recycle dead trees and eat tons of harmful insects, so don’t step on
them. They are really fast and tricky, like tigers. Their rainforest cousin, the Hercules beetle, is six inches long! Tiger beetles make a loud buzzing sound, like this. Bzzzzzzzz! The end.”

When they were all finished, Mr Todd said, “Good job! Thank you all for raising our awareness of these special creatures. Remember, if you find one of these animals in the wild, put it back. It’s important not to remove creatures from their natural habitats.”

Suddenly Judy had an idea. An Einstein idea! It was time to call a secret club meeting. She passed a note to Frank: *Emergency meeting of the Toad Pee Club today! Pass this to Rocky.*

Jessica leaned forward, trying to see Judy’s note. “I bet you can’t spell the word *endangered,*” hissed Jessica.

“Yes I can,” said Judy. “G-O-N-E, gone.”

Judy had ants in her pants all through Spelling.

*Bzzzzzzzz! At last the bell rang, like a sweet chorus of buzzing tiger beetles, and she, Judy Moody, was G-O-N-E, gone.*

After school, Frank, Rocky and Judy crawled inside the blue tent in Judy’s backyard. While they waited for Stink, Judy whispered the plan to Frank and Rocky.
“I’ll get rid of Stink,” said Rocky.

“And I’ll keep an eye on Toady,” said Frank. Finally Stink crawled inside the tent, carrying Toady, their mascot, in a yogurt container.

“Where are we gonna put Toady?” asked Stink.

“Over here in the corner by me,” said Frank. “I’ll guard him.”

“And don’t pick him up with your bare hands, Stink, or he’ll get you. If you know what I mean,” Judy warned him.


“That’s nice, Stink,” said Judy. “Did you know if you add three letters to Stink you get Stinkbug?”

Stink ignored her. “It’s squishy in here,” he complained.

“Try making yourself a little smaller, Stink. People take up way too much room on the planet. That’s why we have so many problems.”

“Oh, brother,” said Stink. “Why are we here anyway?”

“No reason,” said Rocky. He kicked Frank’s shoe and Frank nudged Judy and all three cracked up.

“Let’s brainstorm,” said Frank. “You know, think up stuff we can do in our club.
Even though it’s really hot and crowded in here."

“I’m too squished. It’s too hot in here to brainstorm,” said Stink.

“It’s global warming,” said Judy. “Right here in Virginia.”

Stink panted like a dog.

“Stink. Don’t breathe so much. You’ll ruin the ozone,” said Judy. “There’s already a hole over Antarctica!”

“You’re in the ozone,” said Stink. He crawled out of the tent.

“Perfect!” said Judy. Judy, Rocky and Frank double-high-fived one another.

“And he forgot to take Toady!” said Rocky.

“T-O-D-A-Y is your lucky day, T-O-A-D-Y.

Today is the day we save the world, starting with you,” Judy said.

Frank picked up Toady. Toady blinked. “He doesn’t look endangered!”

“No, but your hand is endangered,” said Judy. “Better put him back.”

“I kind of hate to see him go,” said Frank.

“But Mr Todd said! Remember? If you catch a creature in the wild you have to put it back. Toadnapping is the same thing as hurting the planet,” Judy explained.

“Just think how happy he’ll be,” said Rocky.

They carried Toady down to the stream behind Judy’s house. “I’ll miss you, Toady,” Judy said. “But the time has come for you to join your toady friends and do your toady
things. Go make this planet a better place.”

On the count of three, Judy, Rocky and Frank gently tipped the yogurt container on its side and let Toady go.

“Goodbye, Toadster!” said Rocky.

“Watch out for acid rain!” said Frank.

Toady blinked once, then bloomp! He plopped into the water. In one, two, three bubbles, Toady was gone.

“Nice send-off,” said Frank.

“It’s for a good cause,” said Rocky.

“Toadly awesome!” said Judy.

Rocky and Frank went home. She, Judy Moody, was on her way to making the world a better place. The Toad Pee Club had taken one small step for toadkind and one giant leapfrog for humankind.
It took Stink one hour and twenty-eight minutes to notice that Toady was missing. Endangered, as in G-O-N-E, gone.

"Toady's gone?" asked Stink. "Oh, no! What if he got swallowed by a snake? Or gobbled by a giant hawk? It's all my fault for leaving him in the tent. Why didn't you do something?"

"I did," said Judy, and she broke the good news about letting Toady go to make the planet a better place.

If Stink were a poison dart frog, he would have spat poison at Judy. If Stink were a volcano, he would have spewed lava.

"It's not fair!" Stink moaned. "Toady was my pet!"

"Toady belonged to all the members of the Toad Pee Club."

"But I took care of him mostly," said Stink. "How can letting him go make the world a better place? It makes it a worse place if you ask me."

"Stink, you'd be pond scum if you kept Toady locked up in that aquarium," said
Judy. "That aquarium is like being in jail."

"You're gonna be in jail as soon as I tell Mum and Dad."

"Look at it this way. Toady gets to be free and now there will be even more toads. Don't you get it?"

"I get that you stole my toad."

Sometimes Stink could be as stubborn as a hard-headed hornbill.

"Now we don't even have a mascot for our club," said Stink.

Judy grabbed Mouse. "Mouse could be our new mascot!"

"The Mouse Pee Club? I don't think so," said Stink. "See? If it wasn't for Toady, there wouldn't even be a Toad Pee Club."

"There will be other toads to pee on us, Stink. I promise."

"I'm still telling," said Stink.
The next day, Judy came home from school and climbed a tree.

She, Judy Moody, was in Trouble with a capital T. Why was her whole family mad at her for letting a toad go free? She was just doing her part to save the world.

Stink saw her up in the tree. “Hey. No fair! Mum and Dad said you had to go straight to your room!”
“This is my room,” Judy said. “I’m going to live up here now. Like Julia Butterfly Hill.”

“Who?”

“The girl who lived in a tree for two years. Mr Todd told us. They were going to cut down some ancient redwoods in California. So Julia Butterfly Hill climbed one of the trees and stayed there. They couldn’t cut down a tree with a person in it. She even named the tree Luna.”

“You can’t just live in a tree, Judy,” said Stink.

“Judy Monarch Moody to you.”

“Oh, brother,” said Stink.

“If I live in this tree, newspapers will come. And TV people. Everybody will learn how important trees are. I’ll call my tree Luna Two.”

“How about luna-tic,” said Stink.

“Hardee-har-har,” said Judy. “Stink, you will have to be the gofer.”

“Gopher? A gopher sounds like a rat.”

“An important rat,” said Judy. “Go get me my walkie-talkies. It will be like Julia Butterfly Hill’s solar-powered cellphone. That’s how I’ll talk to people.”

Stink came back with the walkie-talkies. Judy climbed down to a lower branch and Stink stood on a milk crate to pass them up to her.

“Now get me a flashlight. It’s going to get dark up here.”

Stink went and got the flashlight.
"Now can you get me a glass of water?" asked Judy.

"Water? What's the water for?" asked Stink.

"I'm thirsty!"

"Forget it," said Stink.

"I'll pay you fifty cents."

"How long are you going to be up there?" Stink asked, thinking of all the money he could make.

"Julia Butterfly Hill was in her tree for seven hundred and thirty-eight days. Sooner or later, Stink, you're going to have to get me some water. And lentils. Julia Butterfly Hill ate lentils."

"Lentils! You never ate a lentil in your life!" Stink said. He got a bottle of water.

"You owe me fifty cents," he said. "We're all out of lentils. I forgot I used them to make my Empire State Building in Social Studies."

"I guess I'll learn to like lima beans," said Judy. "Ick."

"Rocky's on his way over," said Stink. "He called and I told him you live in a tree now. I told him you are going to be in big trouble when Mum and Dad find out you didn't go straight to your room."

"This is my room."
“Then can I have your room inside the house?”

Rocky raced around the corner into the backyard. “What’s up, Judy? Besides you, I mean?” He cracked himself up.

Judy didn’t laugh. Judy didn’t say a word.

“You have to call her Judy Monarch Moody,” said Stink.

“Oh, I get it,” said Rocky. “Like that girl who lived in the tree. What are you going to do if it rains?”

“I’ll stay under the leaves,” said Judy.

“What about when it gets dark?” asked Rocky.

“I have a flashlight,” said Judy.

“See what I mean?” said Stink. “First she went crazy over some trash. Then it was a weird beetle. She’s driving me up a tree!”

“Oh, no! Not you too?” Rocky and Stink fell on the ground laughing.

“How are we going to get her to come down?” Stink asked Rocky.

“Mr Todd said the tree cutters tried playing loud music and shining bright lights at Julia Butterfly Hill all night to make her come down,” said Rocky.

“Time for Operation Boom Box,” said Stink.

They blasted loud music to annoy Judy into coming down. She just put her hands over her ears and hummed “O Beautiful for Spacious Skies”.
“What else did they try on Julia?” asked Stink.

“Lawsuits,” said Rocky.

“I’ll sue you if you don’t come down!” yelled Stink.

“For what?” asked Judy.

“For staying up in a tree and getting out of your punishment or something.”

“Or something,” said Judy.

“Let’s try shaking the tree,” said Rocky. They put their hands around the tree and shook, but the tree did not budge one leaf.

“Tree bark is worse than bug bites,” Stink said, showing his scraped-up arm. “Hey, Judy, I need a doctor. For real. Go get your doctor kit.”

“Nice try,” said Judy Monarch Moody. Just then, Mouse came outside and bolted up the tree.

“Thanks for the company,” called Judy. “Now I won’t get lonely up here.”

“Great,” said Stink. “Now Mouse won’t come down either. And we’ll have to call her Mouse Swallowtail Moody or something.”

“I have to stay up here,” said Judy. “For the sake of all trees. And owls and flying squirrels and all the things that need trees. Even people. And toads.”

“Let’s just leave her up there,” said Stink. “Who cares if she falls? Who cares if she gets in big trouble?”

“Even Judy Monarch Moody can’t stay
up there for ever. You have to go to school,” called Rocky.

“Julia Butterfly Hill got a PhD from a college while she was up in the tree,” Judy called back.

“Maybe if we ignore her she’ll come down,” said Rocky.

“Operation Ignore Judy,” said Stink.

Stink and Rocky went inside. Mouse leaped down from a branch and followed them. “Traitor!” Judy yelled after her cat.

Living in a tree was a little lonely. Judy wondered if Julia Butterfly Hill got lonely too. Seven hundred and thirty-eight days was a long time. Judy had hardly lasted seven hundred and thirty-eight seconds.

A few minutes later, Stink and Rocky ran back outside. Stink waved an envelope in the air.

“Hey you, up there,” said Stink. “Judy Monarch Moody.”

“What now?” asked Judy.

“You got a letter from the Crazy Strips
 Contest!” Rocky yelled up at her.

“Really?” said Judy, looking down from her perch. “Open it and read it to me.”

“No way,” said Stink. “You have to come down and find out for yourself.”

“I’m not going to fall for that trick, Stink,” said Judy.

“I’ll read it,” said Stink. He opened the envelope. He unfolded the letter. “Dear Judy Moody,” read Stink. “I guess they don’t know your middle name is Monarch.”

“Just read it!” said Judy.

“Congratulations! You are a winner of the Crazy Strips Design Your Own Bandage Contest.”

Judy could not believe her ears! She dropped down from her branch in Luna Two like a leopard to its prey. “Let me see that!” Out loud she read:

Stink and Rocky cracked up as bad as a Brazil nut.

“STINK!” Judy wailed. “You tricked me. This is not from the Crazy Strips Company. You got me out of my tree because the dentist missed my smile?”

“It worked,” said Stink.
“Take a good look at this smile,” said Judy, baring her teeth Siberian tiger-style. “Does this mean I can’t have your room?” asked Stink. “ROAR!” said Judy.

When Judy, Stink and Rocky got off the bus after school the next day, Stink called, “Race you to the mailbox!” But Judy did not run after Stink. She stayed right where she was so she could watch Rocky do his new disappearing-bubblegum trick. That’s when they heard Stink yell from across the street, “The Crazy Strips Contest! Judy, you won!” He waved an envelope in the air.
“Stink, you lie like a rug!” Judy said. “I’m not falling for that trick again.”
“It says CONTEST WINNER. Right here in fat red letters. See?”
“If this is a trick, you’re up a tree,” Judy said, crossing the street.
“Maybe it’s not a trick this time,” said Rocky, walking beside her. “What did she win?”
“Rollerblades!” said Stink.
“Rollerblades do not fit in an envelope, Stink.”
“Maybe you’re a runner-up then,” said Stink. “Maybe you won sunglasses.”
“Sunglasses don’t fit in an envelope either. Give it.” Judy grabbed the envelope and tore it open.
“Certificate?” yelled Judy. “That’s all I get for HEAL THE WORLD? One crummy certificate? A certificate is not even close to Rollerblades. A certificate will not decorate the ankles of millions.”

“An Honourable Mention certificate is like winning second place,” said Rocky.

Judy covered up her ears. “Don’t even mention the word certificate again.”

“At least you got something,” Stink said.

“Yeah,” Rocky said. “Stink didn’t even get a certificate.”

That cheered Judy up a little. “Well, at least I get to hang something in the Moody Hall of Fame on the fridge.”

Just then Stink dropped the mail. Catalogues and envelopes blew every which way. “Help!” yelled Stink. A letter flew out from inside a catalogue and landed on the driveway.

“Wait!” called Stink, picking up the letter. “I got one too!”

“Let’s see if you still think certificates are so great,” said Judy.

Stink took his time opening the envelope.
“Stink, I’ll be in fourth grade by the time you get that open. Hurry up. Read it!”

Stink read the letter.

![Image of a letter with text: Dear Mr. Moody, Congratulations! You are a winner in the Crazy Strips Design Your Own Bandage Contest! Your design, Bat, for Band-Aids, will be a feature of Crazy Strips of the Month for October. M.J. Donovan, Crazy Strips CEO]

“Crazy Strip of the Month!” said Stink, jumping up and down and waving the letter in the air. “I got Crazy Strip of the Month!”

“Let me see that.” Judy read the letter with her own eyes. How could this happen? Her very own stinky little brother won Crazy Strip of the Month!

“What’s wrong with these people?” cried Judy, shaking the letter. Did they have bats in their belfries? Band-Aids for brains? “Don’t they know bats have beady little eyes and squished-up noses like pigs? Don’t they know bats look like vampires?”

“At least they don’t look like flying footballs,” said Stink.

“Don’t they even care about healing the world?” Judy said.

“Big-eared bats are endangered,” said Stink. “Putting them on a Crazy Strip is like healing the world.”

“ROAR!” said Judy. Big-eared bats were going to decorate the ankles of millions. Meanwhile, the entire state of Virginia would be stepping on north-east beach
tiger beetles and not even knowing it.

"Hey! What about your Rollerblades?" asked Rocky.

"It says here I won a pair of Crazy Strips sunglasses," said Stink.

"That must be your prize," said Rocky, pointing to a big box on the porch. Stink and Rocky ran over, with Judy right behind them.

"It’s from the Crazy Strips Company!" said Stink. "My sunglasses!"

"They must be sunglasses for a rhino," said Judy.

"Maybe they messed up and sent you Rollerblades by mistake," said Rocky.

"I hope they’re black with a red racing stripe and a silver—"

“Stink! Just open the box!” said Judy.

Stink ripped into the box. It was not Rollerblades. It was not sunglasses for a rhino. It was Crazy Strips. Tons of Crazy Strips. Gazillions of Crazy Strips. A lifetime’s supply! At least ten boxes!

"Rare!” whispered Judy.

"Wow-wee!” said Rocky. “I’ve never seen so many Crazy Strips.”

"I have," said Stink, pointing to Judy, Queen of the Crazy Strips. “But these are M-I-N-E, mine.”

"You drew this?” asked Rocky, looking at Stink’s design. “Double cool.”

"Wow, your very own original Crazy Strip," said Judy. She couldn’t help feeling like a green bean. Green with envy.
“Hey! Here’s my sunglasses,” said Stink, digging down to the bottom of the box. They were shaped like a Band-Aid. He put them on and looked at the sun. “They really work!” he said.

“Luck-y!” said Judy. “Those will protect you from that giant hole in the ozone over Antarctica.”

Stink had his own Crazy Strip! Her very own batty little brother was now as famous as Josephine Dickson, Inventor of the Adhesive Bandage. If it weren’t for that giant hole in the sky, she, Judy Moody, would move to Antarctica.

“Do you think they have bats in Antarctica?” Judy asked.

“Frozen bats,” said Stink.
Ow-oooo! Judy tipped her head towards the ozone and let out one long howler-monkey howl.

The next morning, and the next one after that, Judy woke up feeling like a sloth moth. She could hardly make herself get out of bed.

Saving the world was not going so well. She hadn’t done anything really important. Like heal the world with her own Crazy Strip. So far, she had only saved four banana peels, a lunch bag and a toad.
On Friday morning, Judy ate her no-garbage breakfast in silence. She packed her no-garbage lunch by herself. She didn’t say a word when Stink stuck Crazy Strips all over his arms, elbows, knees and chin.

“These Crazy Strips itch,” said Stink, peeling off the one on his elbow. Judy couldn’t stand it one more minute.

“If those were my Crazy Strips,” said Judy, “I’d be happy to itch. I would not scratch once. And I would never not ever peel it off. Not even in the bathtub.”

In school, Judy did not raise her hand once. She did not pass a note to Frank. She did nothing but chew her Grouchy pencil all through Spelling.

She, Judy Moody, was in a pencil-snapping mood.

When it was time for Science, Mr Todd took off his watch and said, “I want everybody to sit still for sixty seconds. I’ll time you.” When the minute was up, Mr Todd said, “In that minute, one hundred acres of trees in the rainforest were just destroyed.
That's seventy football fields."

"No way!" went through the class.

"We all depend on the rainforest," said Mr Todd. "For things we eat and wear and use every single day. Think about it. Even your wooden pencil and rubber eraser could be from the rainforest. Ninety-eight per cent of the cedar wood used for pencils comes from rainforest trees."

Judy stopped chewing on her Grouchy pencil. She stared at it. The grouchy face looked even grouchier. This pencil used to be a tree. A rainforest tree!

She, Judy Moody, would never ever use a pencil again.

Not even a Grouchy pencil.

"If we help save the rainforest, we help save the planet," said Mr Todd.

Suddenly, Judy had a plan. A perfect Save-the-World plan. All she had to do was skip recess.

When all the kids hurried outside to the playground, Judy sneaked back to the classroom. This was her big chance. Inside each desk was a pencil holder. Judy raced around the room and took the pencils from each desk. Then she hid them inside the flower vase.

As soon as recess was over, it was time for Maths. "Take out your workbooks," said Mr Todd. "Let's get those pencils working."
Uh-oh! Judy thought.
“Hey, my pencil’s gone!”
“Mine too!”
“Mine was right here!”
“Mr Todd! Mr Todd! Somebody stole our pencils!” The whole class was in an uproar.
“OK, is somebody playing a joke?” asked Mr Todd. Nobody answered. “Do any of you know anything about the missing pencils?”

Judy kept her head down and pretended to work out maths problems. Brad looked at Judy. She was the only one NOT complaining about her missing pencil. And she was doing maths problems with a p-e-n.

“Pencil thief!” Brad yelled, pointing at her. “Judy Moody stole our pencils!”

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Judy felt the eyes of twenty-one third grade pencil lovers turn to glare at her.

"Judy?" Mr Todd came over to her desk. "What do you know about these missing pencils?"

"OK, I took them," she confessed. "Because I think we should stop using pencils."

"Stop using pencils? That's nuts!" Brad said.

"To help save the rainforest," said Judy. "Hmm. Class, what do you think?" asked Mr Todd.

"We just want our pencils back," said Leo.

Judy could not believe these third grade pencil freaks! Were they in the ozone?

Didn't they care that seventy football fields of trees a minute were being cut down? She wished they would all move to PENCILvania.

"I think we should save the rainforest," said Frank.

"Me too," said Hailey.

"Me three," Rocky said.

"Yeah, but we can't just give up pencils for ever," said Randi. "We have to write stuff, and erase. Like in Maths. How can we save the world without maths?"

"Maybe we don't have to use so many," said Jessica Finch. "One pencil can draw a line thirty-five miles long. We could all promise to use the same pencil until fifth grade."
How did Jessica Fink Finch know so much about pencils? Maybe she wasn’t such a fink after all.

“How many pencils can you get from a tree?” Judy asked.

“None,” said Brad. “Pencils don’t grow on trees.”

“Hardee-har-har,” said Judy. “I mean it. You can get a lot of pencils from one tree. For real.”

“One tree can make 172,000 pencils!” said Jessica Finch. “I read it in my Ranger Rick magazine.”

“Wow! One tree could make all the pencils in our school.”

“All the pencils in Virginiial?”

“We could plant a tree in the rainforest, then,” said Judy. “You know, for the Virginia Dare School. To make up for all the pencils we use.”

“Kids all over the world raise money to protect rainforests,” Jessica told the class. “It only costs a dollar to have one tree planted in the Children’s Rainforest in Costa Rica.”

“If it only costs a dollar,” Judy said, “then we could send money for them to plant trees, and our class can adopt them.”

“Wow!” everybody said. “Let’s do it.”

“Class? Any ideas about how to raise some money?” Mr Todd asked.

“How about a car wash?” said Lucy.
“We could sell stuff,” said Adam. “Like cookies!”

“My sister put on a play in fifth grade and made money to help save the whales,” said Jessica. “She even won a Giraffe Award for it.”

A Giraffe Award! For somebody who sticks their neck out for a good cause. Judy could hardly wait till fifth grade!

“Maybe we could put on a magic show,” said Rocky.

“Or we could collect a bunch of stuff to recycle,” said Frank, “and get money for it. The recycling centre gives five cents each for pop bottles and milk jugs.”

“Raaar!” said Judy.

“Double cool!” said Rocky.

“A bottle drive sounds like a fine idea,” said Mr Todd. “We could raise money while recycling at the same time. What do you say, class? Do you think we could collect enough bottles?”

“Yeah!” everybody yelled.

It was settled. The Virginia Dare School, Class 3T, was going into the bottle business. Starting with their very own cafeteria.

The third graders spent the afternoon rounding up milk jugs from all over the school. They piled up plastic bottles from the kindergarten classes and from the teachers’ lunch-room. They even rescued some from the trash.
Class 3T worked as hard as an army of leafcutter ants. "That was cool how you got us out of Maths," whispered Frank.

"This is more fun than when you put my arm in a cast," said Jessica.

"We still need a ton more bottles if we're going to save the rainforest," said Rocky.

"Rocky's right," said Mr Todd. "Let's go home and see how many bottles we can collect over the weekend. Ask your family and neighbours. Tell your friends."

Judy Moody felt as sharp as a pencil point. They were just a few days and a few hundred bottles away from saving the rainforest.

She was in a Judy-Moody-best-mood-ever. At last she was on her way to saving the world. And the best part was she no longer had to do it all by herself. Class 3T would save the world together. Like an ecosystem!

She, Judy Monarch Moody, knew just how a butterfly felt coming out of the chrysalis. Light as a feather.
“Let’s go on a bottle hunt,” said Rocky. “After school.”
“I sure hope bottles are easier to find than north-east beach tiger beetles,” said Judy.

They raided Rocky’s garage first and found two milk crates full of bottles that had not been recycled.
“Rare!” said Judy. “Twenty-seven bottles!”

“But they’re all smooshed. I forgot my mum stomps them.”
“That’s OK,” said Judy. “They’re ABC bottles. Already Been Crushed!”

At Judy’s, her mother let her have the stash of milk jugs she was saving to make bird feeders. Dad didn’t have any bottles, so he gave Rocky and Judy one dollar bill each to plant a tree.
“Thanks, Mr Moody!” said Rocky.
Judy kissed George Washington right on his presidential nose.
“Does this mean I can wear lipstick again?” asked Mum.
“And I can drink coffee?” said Dad.
“Yes. But not too much,” laughed Judy.
“No fair,” said Stink. “I’d plant a tree too if I could have a dollar or something.”

“Or something,” said Judy.

All the next week, Class 3T piled up a mountain of bottles in the multi-purpose room. Bags of bottles, boxes of bottles, bins full of bottles. “Great teamwork, class,” said Mr Todd. “Did you know we throw away two and a half million plastic bottles every hour in this country? In three months we throw away enough bottles to circle the globe.”

“Look out!” said Rocky. “Bottles are taking over the earth!”

“People should recycle them,” said Jessica Finch. “My dad has a jacket made out of recycled plastic bottles. My socks are made out of bottles too.”

“No way,” said Judy. She turned around to take a look at the plastic-bottle socks. They looked regular. They did not look plastic at all.

“It’s true,” said Mr Todd. “All that plastic can be recycled to make toys and coat hangers and picture frames. Even recycling bins!”

“How many bottles do you think we have so far?” asked Jessica.

“Let’s pile them up all together to see how high they go,” said Brad.

Class 3T spent their Maths class piling up bottles and more bottles.
“We should call it Bottle Mountain,” said Rocky.

“Double cool,” said Frank. “It looks like a giant igloo.”

When they had added every last bottle, Mr Todd said, “Tomorrow’s the big day. Tomorrow we’ll find out the grand total number of bottles we have. Our principal, Ms Tuxedo, will make an announcement to tell the school how much money we’ve raised. Now let’s hurry back to class so nobody misses the bus.”

“Tomorrow!” said Judy. “That’s twenty-four more hours!” She couldn’t wait to find out how many trees would be planted in the rainforest for the Virginia Dare School.
The Winking Disease

When Judy and Rocky stepped off the bus on Friday morning, Ms Tuxedo was standing outside the school doors. "How's it going, you two?"

"Pretty good, I guess," said Judy.

"Today we find out how many trees we're going to plant," said Rocky.

"That's right," the principal said. "You both have a good day." And she winked. Judy looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Judy.
In Judy Moody's entire third grade life, she was sure she had never seen the principal wink at anybody.

Judy and Rocky hurried to the multipurpose room before class to look at the mountain of bottles again, but the doors were locked. When they got to 3T, Mr Todd was standing in the doorway. "Isn't it a lovely Friday?" he said. Then he winked. In Judy Moody's entire third grade life, she had never heard Mr Todd say the word lovely. And for sure and absolute positive, she had never seen him wink.

"Something's up," she told Rocky.

Judy sat down next to Frank. "Know what? Something's funny. All the teachers have a winking disease today."

"A winking disease?"

"Yeah, you know, when they wink at you and say nice things."

While Judy waited for the day to begin, she looked around the room at all the kids in her ecosystem. Not one third grader was absent. And every single person in Class 3T had pitched in and collected bottles.

"Class," said Mr Todd, blinking the lights to get their attention. "Announcements. Listen up."

Judy Moody squirmed all through morning announcements. A Mexican jumping bean could have done a better job of sitting still.

"And now," came Ms Tuxedo's voice over the PA system, "the moment you've
been waiting for...” Judy Moody sat up super straight and used her best third grade listening ears.

“As you know, Mr Todd’s room, Class 3T, has been collecting bottles this week to raise money for the rainforest. This money will go, on behalf of the Virginia Dare School, to plant trees in the Children’s Rainforest in Costa Rica. Thanks to Class 3T, the Virginia Dare School has collected 1,961 bottles. That means we will be planting ninety-eight trees to help save the rainforest.”

Ninety-eight! Suddenly Judy remembered the dollars from her dad. Two more dollars meant two more trees. One hundred trees! Class 3T went wild, jumping up and down, clapping and whooping and hooting like owls.

“We’d like to show our appreciation to our third graders in a special assembly today at 2.30. This will provide the whole school with a chance to give them a big hand and show them how proud we are of their hard work and their efforts for such a good cause.”

“Lunch today is Sloppy Joes,” Ms Tuxedo continued. “Tickets go on sale Monday for the school fair. And will Judy Moody please report to the front office?”
“Uh-oh. Judy’s in trouble,” Jessica Finch said.

“Nobody’s in trouble,” said Mr. Todd. “Judy’s going to represent our class at the assembly today. After all, she got us thinking about our pencils, and before we knew it, we were planting trees in the rainforest. Judy, go ahead down to the office and find out what Ms. Tuxedo would like you to do.”

Judy walked as fast as she could without running down the great green halls of the Virginia Dare School to the front office. The third grade papier-mâché masks outside the classroom seemed to wink at her. The second grade self-portraits grinned. And the first grade sunflowers on the wall stood up prouder.

Ms. Tuxedo took Judy into the multi-purpose room. The principal showed Judy where to sit in the front row and told her when to come up on stage.

“When I call you up on stage, I’ll hand you something for your class. You accept it, then walk across the stage and rejoin your class.”

“Is it a certificate?” asked Judy.

“It’s a surprise! It’ll be fun. You’ll see,” said the principal. And she winked. So this is what all the winking is about, Judy thought.

At 2:25, Mr. Todd’s class hurried to the multi-purpose room. Judy took her seat in the front row.
The room was dark. The curtains went up. A single spotlight shone on Ms Tuxedo. Everybody clapped.

“Today, boys and girls, we are here to show how proud we are of Class 3T. They showed excellent teamwork on a project raising money to plant trees in the Children’s Rainforest in Costa Rica. Because of them, one hundred trees will be planted for the Virginia Dare School. Margaret Mead says, ‘Never doubt that a small group of concerned people can change the world.’ Our special thanks to 3T for helping to change the world!”

Everybody cheered and clapped some more.

“Ranger Piner is here as our special guest from the County Parks Department. They have donated a cedar tree, like the ones in the rainforest, to the Virginia Dare School. Right after the assembly, Ranger Piner will help Mr Todd’s class plant the tree in front of our school.

“To show our appreciation, I have here, for every member of the class, a T-shirt and a gift certificate for one free Rainforest Mist ice cream cone from Screamin’ Mimi’s.” Ms Tuxedo waved an envelope in the air and held up one of the T-shirts. It said TURN PLASTIC INTO TREES under a picture of a tree made out of bottles.

Judy’s class jumped up and down and hooted some more. A T-shirt with words!
And the kind of certificate that got you a free ice cream! Saving the world was even better than Judy thought.

“There’s one person who proved to be a good friend to the whole planet and I’d like her to come up on stage – Judy Moody!”

Judy motioned back at Mr Todd. He motioned for her to go up on stage.

Judy Moody stood in the bright beam of light and tried not to squint. She looked out at all her classmates from 3T who had helped plant trees to save the rainforest. They waved their hands in the air and gave a howler-monkey hoot.

Ms Tuxedo continued. “Usually this award goes to one fifth-grade student, but today I think the whole third grade class is deserving.”

Award! Judy stood up straighter.

“Class 3T has made a contribution that will help not only our community, but the larger community – our planet, our world. Judy Moody and Class 3T, let me present – the award for somebody who really sticks their neck out – the Giraffe Award!”

The Giraffe! Judy could not believe her ears. Even her best third grade listening ears. Everybody wanted to be a Giraffe when they got to fifth grade. She, Judy Moody, was a Giraffe in third grade!
Ms Tuxedo handed her a gold trophy of a giraffe. “Let’s give a big hand for 3T!”

Then all of the third grade Giraffes came up on stage to join hands and get their pictures taken in their new bottle-tree T-shirts. Cameras snapped and bulbs flashed. One of the cameras was Dad!

Dad reached up to give Judy a hug. “I brought the car,” said Dad. “Thought I’d help take bottles to the recycling centre after school.”

“Rare!” said Judy.

“We’re proud of you, kiddo,” said Dad. “All of you.”

Judy smiled. Not a Siberian tiger smile. A real smile. The kind the dentist would really miss seeing.
Class 3T had joined together to make a difference. One hundred brand-new trees would be planted, like a Band-Aid for the rainforest. And she, Judy Moody, had played a small part in saving the world.

Judy stood in the centre of the 3T ecosystem. She held the trophy high, and stretched her neck tall as a true Giraffe.
The whole world’s in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to . . .

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 16 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book – anywhere, anytime – and get ready for your best mood ever!
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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

2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
Judy and Stink are starring together!

Judy Moody and Stink
The Holly Joliday

Judy Moody and Stink
The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad
Treasure Hunt

in full colour!
JUDY MOODY Predicts the Future

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is Judy Moody psychic?
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Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy's stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we're famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”. Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8½ Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
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
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stinky Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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Who's

Judy
Madame M for Moody, aka the Sleeping Speller.

Mum
Judy's mother. Fond of hairbrushing to avoid T. rex hair.

Dad
Judy's father. Spaghetti maker and #1 driver to Fur & Fangs.

Ms Tater
The Crayon Lady.

Mr Todd
Judy's teacher, aka Mr New Glasses.

Who

Rocky
Judy's baloney-eating best friend.

Frank
Mood rings don't lie. Is Judy's friend REALLY in love with her?

Jessica
Queen Bee Jessica Finch. Proud owner of Thomas Jefferson sticker. Never been to Antarctica.

Mouse
Judy's cat. Very predictable – or is she?

Sink
Judy's mood-ring stealing, Virginia-creepy little brother.
The Mood Ring

Judy Moody ate one, two, three bowls of cereal. No prize. She poured four, five, six bowls of cereal. Nothing. Seven. Out fell the Mystery Prize. She ripped open the paper wrapper.

A ring! A silver ring with an oogley centre. A mood ring! And a little piece of cardboard.

WHAT MOOD ARE YOU IN? it asked.
Judy slid the ring onto her finger. She pressed her thumb to the oogley centre. She squeezed her eyes tight. One one-thousand, two one-thousand, three one-thousand. She hoped the ring was purple. Purple was the best. Purple was **Joyful, On Top of the World.**

At last, she dared to look. Oh no! She couldn’t believe her eyes. The ring was
black. She knew what black meant, even without the directions. Black said *Grouchy, Impossible*. Black was for a bad, mad mood!

Maybe I counted wrong, thought Judy. She closed her eyes and pressed the ring again. She thought only good thoughts this time. Happy thoughts.

She thought about the time she and Rocky and Frank put a fake hand in the toilet to play a trick on Stink. She thought about the time she got a picture of her elbow in the newspaper. She thought about the time Class 3T collected enough bottles to plant trees in the rainforest. She thought of purple things. Socks and rocks and Popsicles.

Judy Moody opened her eyes. She flunked! The ring was still black.

Could the mood ring be wrong? Judy did not think rings could lie. Especially rings with directions.

Judy froze her thumb on an ice cube and pressed the ring’s centre. Black.

She ran her thumb under hot water and pressed it again. Black, black, blacker than black. Not one teeny bit purple.

I guess I’m in a bad mood and don’t even know it, thought Judy. What could I be mad about?

Judy Moody went looking for a bad mood.

She found her dad outside, planting fall flower bulbs.
“Dad,” she said, “will you take me to Fur & Fangs?”

Judy hated when her dad was too busy to take her to the pet store. She could already feel the bad mood coming on.

“Sure,” said Dad. “Just let me rinse my hands.”

“Really?” asked Judy.

“Really.”

“But you look really busy. And I have homework.”

“It’s OK,” said Dad. “I’m about finished. I’ll just wash my hands and we’ll go.”

“But what about my homework?”

“Do it after dinner,” said Dad.

“Never mind,” said Judy.

“Huh?” asked her dad.

Judy Moody went looking for an even better bad mood.

It really bugged her when her mum told her to brush her hair. So Judy took out her ponytails on purpose. Her hair stuck out in *T. rex* spikes. Her bangs fell over her eyes.
She found her mum reading in the pink chair.

"Hi, Mum."

Her mum smiled at her. "Hi, honey."

"Aren’t you going to say anything?" Judy asked.

"Like what?"

"Like, ‘Go brush your hair. Get your hair out of your eyes. Your hair looks like a T. rex.’ Anything."

"It’s from the ponytails, honey. It’ll be fine after you wash it tonight."

"But what if somebody came to our house and knocked on the door right this very second?" Judy asked.

"Like who? Rocky?" asked Mum.

“No, like the president of the United States,” Judy said.

“Tell the president you’ll be right down. Then run upstairs and brush your hair.”

It was no use. Judy Moody had to find Stink. If anybody could put her in a bad mood, Stink could. The baddest.
Upstairs, Judy barged right into Stink's room without knocking.

"Stink! Where's all my doctor stuff?"

"What doctor stuff? I don't have any."

"But you always have my doctor stuff."

"You told me to stop taking everything."

"Do you have to listen to everything I say?" asked Judy.

Judy glared at her ring. "This mood ring lies." She yanked it off and threw it into the trash.


"See?" said Judy. " Worthless!"

Stink pressed his thumb to the oogley centre. The ring turned green! Green as a turtle's neck. Green as a toad's belly.

Judy could not believe her eyes. "Let me see that," she said. It was green all right. "Stink, you can give me back my mood ring now."

"You threw it in the trash," Stink told her, waving his mood-ring hand in front of her. "It's mine now."

"Yuck! Green looks like pond scum."

"Does not!"

"Green means jealous. Green means green with envy. Green means you wish you were me."

"Why would I wish that? You don't have a mood ring," said Stink.
“C’mon, Stinker. I went through seven bowls of cereal for that ring. I gave up going to Fur & Fangs for that ring. I froze and burned myself for that ring.”

“It’s still mine,” said Stink.

“ROAR!” said Judy.

Eeny Meeny Green Zucchini

The next day, Judy was in a mood. The burnt-toast kind of bad mood. The kind that turns your mood ring B-L-A-C-K.

If only she could convince Stink that she had magic powers. A person with magic powers should own a mood ring. What good was a mood ring in the hands of someone with un-magic powers?

Where was that Stink-a-Roo anyway?
Probably down in the living-room reading the encyclopedia.

Judy ran downstairs. Stink was lying on the floor with encyclopedias all around him, wiggling his loose tooth.

"I knew it!" said Judy. "I just predicted you'd be reading the encyclopedia. I have special powers, super-duper magic powers, see-the-future powers!"

"I'm always reading the encyclopedia," said Stink. "Which letter am I on?"

"M," said Judy.

"WRONG!" said Stink. "$!"

"I still predicted it," said Judy. What else could she predict?

Judy went to the kitchen and brought back a Tasty Tuna Treat for Mouse.
She hid it in her pocket.

"I predict that Mouse will come into the room," she said. She waved the Tasty Tuna Treat behind her back, where Stink couldn’t see it.

Mouse came slinking into the room. "Mouse!" said Judy. "What a surprise! Except ... I predicted it! Ha!"

"Mouse always comes into the room we’re in," said Stink.

"Well, what if I said I could read our mother’s mind?"

"I’d rather read the encyclopedia," said Stink.

"Stink, you have to come with me!" said Judy. "So I can prove my amazing powers of prediction!" Stink followed Judy into Mum's office.

"Hi, Mum," said Judy. "Guess what?"

"What is it?" said Mum, looking up over her glasses.

"I know what you’re thinking," said Judy. She squeezed her eyes shut, wrinkled her nose, and pressed her fingertips to her temples.

"You’re thinking ... you wish I’d clean under my bed for once instead of bugging you. You’re thinking ... you wish Stink would get his homework out of the way for the weekend."

"Amazing! That’s exactly what I’m thinking!" said Mum.
“See?” said Judy.

“Were you really thinking that, Mum?” asked Stink.

“Now I predict that Dad will walk into the house,” said Judy.

“You heard the garage door,” said Stink.

“True. OK, it’s Dad’s night to cook. I predict spaghetti.”

“All he knows how to make is either spaghetti or ziti.”

Stink ran into the kitchen. Judy ran after him.

“Dad, Dad!” Stink said. “What’s for dinner?”

“Spaghetti,” said Dad.

“Lucky guess,” Stink said to Judy.

“ESP,” Judy said.

“OK,” said Stink. “I’m thinking of a number.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” said Judy.

“C’mon! What’s the number?”

Judy grabbed a dish towel and wrapped it around her head like a turban.

She closed her eyes. She pressed her fingertips to her temples. She made funny noises. “Ali Baba, abracadabra. Eeny meany green zucchini.”

“Does the dish towel help with ESP?” asked Stink.

“Quiet! I’m concentrating.”

“Hurry up. What am I thinking?”
"You’re thinking I don’t really have Extra Special Powers."

"Right," said Stink.

"You’re thinking ESP shouldn’t take this long," Judy said.

"Right! What about my number?"

Stink’s favourite number was always his age. "Seven," said Judy.

"Right again!" said Stink. "Now I’m thinking of a colour."

"Pond-scum green?" said Judy.

"Wrong! Eggplant," said Stink.

"EGGPLANT! Eggplant is not a colour! Eggplant is not even an egg. Eggplant is a vegetable. A squeezy-weezy vegetable."

"I was still thinking it," said Stink. "You have about as much magic power as an eggplant. A squeezy-weezy eggplant."

"Face it, Stink. I have special powers. Even without my mood ring."

"So you don’t need it back," said Stink, flashing the ring under Judy’s nose.

"A person with special powers, such as mine, should have a mood ring. It goes with predicting the future, like a crystal ball. Has the ring turned purple on you?"

"Nope."

"See? It only turns purple on Extra-Special-Powers people. It turns pond-scum green on plain old encyclopedia readers."

Stink stared at the ring.

"In fact, I predict that your finger will
turn green and fall off if you don’t give me back my ring,” said Judy.

“I’m never taking it off,” said Stink.

“We’ll see,” said Judy.

On Saturday, Stink was reading the encyclopedia. Again! He wiggled his loose tooth some more. With his mood-ring finger, of course. The mood ring glowed. It glittered. It gleamed. Stink scratched his head with his mood-ring finger about one hundred times a minute.

“Stink, do you have lice or something?” Judy asked.
“No,” said Stink. “I have a mood ring!”
He laughed himself silly.

Mr Lice Head was giving Judy a bad case of the Moody blues. She could not stay in the same room and watch her mood-ring-that-wasn’t-hers one more minute. She needed to think.

Judy looked out the back door. It was raining outside. She pulled on her rubber boots, dashed across the backyard and crawled inside the Toad Pee Club Clubhouse (aka the old blue tent).

Plip-plop, plip-plop went the rain. It was lonely in the clubhouse all by herself. She wished the other members of the Toad Pee Club were here. Well, at least Rocky and Frank Pearl, not Stink.

She even missed Toady. Maybe she shouldn’t have let Toady go after all. Even if it was to help save the world.

Ra-reek! Ra-reek! went the toads outside.

Boing! Just like that, Judy had an idea. A perfect predicts-the-future idea.

She, Judy Moody, predicted Stink would give the mood ring back in no time. All she needed was a yogurt container, a little luck and a toad.

Judy held out her umbrella and bent over, searching for toads. She looked in a pile of logs. She looked inside a loop of garden hose. She looked under the old bathtub behind the shed.

Ra-reek! Ra-reek!
She could hear about a thousand toads, but couldn’t see a single one. There had to be a Toady-looking toad around here somewhere. It’s not like she was looking for a rare north-east beach tiger beetle or anything.

Judy was just about to give up and go back inside when she heard something. Something close. Something right there on the back porch. Something like Ra-reek! Ra-reek!

It was Mouse! Mouse sounded like a toad!

The cat was drinking from her water dish.

Wait! Mouse did not sound like a toad. Mouse’s water dish sounded like a toad. A real live toad was swimming in Mouse’s water dish!

Judy took a deep breath. Slowly, slowly, she held out the yogurt container.

“Ha!” Judy trapped the toad under the yogurt container. She wondered if it looked like Toady. She lifted up the container to study the toad.

RA-REEK! Boing!

The toad hopped across the porch, down the steps and into the wet grass.


Ra-reek! Ra-reek! “Gotcha!” This time Judy caught him with her hands.

He was the same size as Toady. He had speckles and warts and bumps like Toady. He even had a white stripe down his back. Just like Toady.
“Same-same!” said Judy.

All of a sudden, Judy felt something warm and wet on her hand.

“Toady Two!” she cried.

Sneaky Judy hid Toady Two under a bucket in the tent. Then she went to find Stink.

“Hey, Stink,” yelled Judy, dripping in the doorway. “Let’s go hunt for stuff in the backyard.” Stink did not even look up from reading the *S* encyclopedia.

“*S* is for *Saturday,*” said Judy. “*S* is for *Stand Up!* *S* is for I’m going to *Scream* if you don’t come outside.”

Stink flipped a page.

“Are you coming, or are you just going to sit there?” she asked.
"Sit there," said Stink.
Judy tapped her feet. She tap-tap-tapped her fingers.
"S is for Shh!" said Stink. "I'm reading about a lizard with a tail that turns blue.
A skink."
"Skinks stink," said Judy. Stink ignored her.
She, Judy Moody, liked those blue-tailed skinks as much as the next person. But she
was not in an S-is-for-Sitting-Still mood. She had to get Stink outside. Fast!
"I've seen a stinky skink before."
"Where?" asked Stink.
"The backyard. C'mon, Stinker. We can look for skinks!" said Judy.

"You think?" asked Stink. He closed the encyclopedia.
"Rain is perfect skink-hunting weather!" said Judy.
Stink looked for skinks in the cracks on the back porch. He looked in the flowerpot.
He looked under Mouse's dish.
"What makes you think we can find a skink anyway?" asked Stink.
"ESP. Extra-special Skink Powers. Keep looking."
"I'm looking, I'm looking."
"Whoever finds a skink first gets an ice cream at Screamin' Mimi's. Wait. What's that?"
Judy closed her eyes. "Humm, baba,
"Bumpy like warts," said Judy. "Now I see something to do with water."

Stink looked around. "It's raining. Water is everywhere."

"I said something to do with water," said Judy. Bucket. Bucket. She tried hard to send Stink an ESP, but he wasn't getting the message.

"Wait! The presence is saying something," said Judy. "Yes. It's speaking to me. Ra-reek! Ra-reek!"

"A toad?" asked Stink. "Is the presence a toad?"

"Yes," said Judy. "No. Wait. Yes!"

"A toad? For real? Toady?" asked Stink.

"Is it Toady calling?"
“YES!” said Judy. “It’s Toady. Toady is calling to me. RARE!”

“Where? Where is he?” asked Stink.

“Wait. No. Sorry. I had it. But I’m losing it now.”

“NO!” cried Stink. “Close your eyes again. Concentrate. Feel the presence or something.”

“Do it with me,” said Judy. Stink and Judy held hands. They closed their eyes.

“Say eeny meany green zucchini,” said Judy.

“Eeny greeny mean zucchini.”

“Yes! I see it! I see a bucket. And I see something blue. A blue roof? No. It’s a tent. Yes. A blue tent!”

Stink raced inside the tent and went straight for the bucket. He lifted it up.

Ra-reek!

“Toady Two!” said Judy.

“Toady Two?”

“I mean Toady, T-O-O. As in also. As in not just some crummy old bucket.”


“Is it really him?” said Stink.

“Who else?”


Stink held Toady in both hands. “I don’t even care if he makes me a member of the
Toad Pee Club again,” said Stink.
   “Ick,” said Judy.
   Stink kissed Toady on his beady-eyed, bumpy little head.
   “Now can I have my ring back?” she asked.

Judy and Stink came in out of the rain. They ate Fig Newtons and sipped hot chocolate with fancy straws.
   “You really are psychic,” said Stink.
   “Told you,” said Judy. She chomped on her cookie.
   “I thought it was just another one of your tricks,” said Stink.
   “Uh-uh.” *Chomp, chomp.*
“Toady came back. And you knew. You predicted it.”

“Uh-huh.”

“At first I didn’t believe you,” said Stink. “But then I saw the little black stripe.”

Judy’s Fig almost fell out of her Newton. “What little black stripe?”

“The little black stripe over Toady’s right eye. No other toads have it. Just Toady. That’s how I knew it was him.”

“Let me see that toad,” said Judy.

Stink took Toady out of the yogurt container. Doctor Judy Moody examined the toad like she was giving a check-up. Stink was right. He did have a little black stripe, just like Toady. Could it be?

She, Judy Moody, predicted that Toady came back, and ... he did?

“You can have your mood ring back,” said Stink.

“Huh?”

“Your mood ring?” said Stink. “You were right. It really does belong to a person with super-duper special powers. Here. Take it.”

Stink wiggled the ring, but it was stuck.

“S is for Stuck!” said Stink. He held out his hand. “I can’t get it off! Ack!! My finger! It’s green!”

“Stink, it’s OK.”

“But you predicted my finger would turn green and fall off. Look! Now it is green! Hurry up. Before my finger falls off.”
On Monday morning, Judy Moody woke up early. What might have been a blucky old maths-test Monday did not seem blucky one bit.

She did not put on her tiger-striped pyjamas for school. She did not put on her I ATE A SHARK T-shirt. She put on her best-mood-ever clothes – purple-striped pants, a not-itchy fuzzy green sweater with a star, and Screamin’ Mimi’s ice-cream-cone socks. And her mood ring.

Light blue! Light blue was the next best thing to purple. Light blue meant Happy, Glad. She was glad to have her ring back. She was happy with the world.
“Purr-fect!” she said to Mouse. Mouse rubbed up against her leg.

On the bus, she told good-mood jokes. “Why did the third grader eat so many cornflakes?” Judy asked her friend Rocky.

“I don’t know. Because all the snowflakes were melted?” asked Rocky.

“No!” said Judy. “To get a mood ring!” Judy cracked herself up.

She told jokes all the way to school. Stink plugged his ears. Rocky just shuffled his deck of magic cards.

“You’re not laughing at my jokes,” Judy complained.

“Um, I’m worried about Mr Todd’s maths test,” said Rocky. “Fractions!”

Normally Judy would have worried too. Not today. Her mood ring had just turned blue-green for Relaxed, Calm.

“OK, class,” said Mr Todd. “A new week. I know we have a few tests this week. Maths test today. Spelling test tomorrow. But don’t forget, we have a special visitor next week. Monday. One week from today. A real live author! She’s also an artist. She wrote and illustrated a book about crayons.”


“I think you’ll find it interesting,” said Mr Todd. “There’s so much to know about crayons.” Mr Todd grinned. Since when did crayons make her teacher so happy?
In Reading, Mr Todd read *The Case of the Red-eyed Mummy*. Judy solved it before anyone else did. When it came time to write a mystery in her journal, Judy wrote *The Mystery of the Missing Mood Ring*, in which she, Judy Moody, solved the case.

All morning, Judy raised her mood-ring hand, even when she didn’t know the answer.

Even Mr Todd noticed the ring. “What’s that you’ve got there?” he asked Judy.

“A mood ring,” Judy said. “It predicts stuff. Like what mood you’re in.”

“Very nice,” said Mr Todd. “Let’s hope everybody’s in the mood for the maths test. Class 3T, put all books away, please.”

Judy leaned over and asked her friend Frank Pearl if he had studied his fractions.

“Yep,” said Frank. “But I’ll be half happy and half glad when it’s over.”

Judy looked over her shoulder at Jessica Finch. She looked *Relaxed, Calm*. Jessica Finch probably ate fractions for breakfast: 1/4 glass of orange juice, 1/2 piece of toast, 3/4 jar of strawberry jam!

Judy took her time on the test. She did not bite off her Grouchy pencil eraser. She did not make grouchy faces at the maths test. She was even *Relaxed, Calm* about making up a word problem.
At recess, everybody crowded around Judy.  
“Where’d you get that mood ring?”  
“Ooh, let me try!”
Time to daze and amaze her friends.  
“Who wants to go first?” asked Judy.  
“Me me me me!” Everybody pushed and shoved and begged.
“Wait,” said Judy. “Before anyone puts the ring on, I’m going to make a prediction.”
Judy looked at the chart that came with the mood ring. Amber meant Nervous, Tense. Rocky was nervous about the maths test.
“Madame M predicts the ring will turn amber on Rocky,” said Judy. Rocky slid the ring onto his finger. It turned black.
“Madame M is W-R-O-N-G!” said Rocky.

“Just wait!” Judy said. “The mood ring doesn’t lie.” Everybody crowded around Rocky to watch. Slowly, it did turn amber, just like Judy said!

“How did you know?” asked Rocky.

“Madame M knows all,” said Judy. “I predict it will be light blue on Frank. I can feel it,” said Judy.

“Is blue sad?” asked Frank. “Because I don’t feel sad. And I don’t want to think of sad things. Like the time I didn’t have a club for my Me collage and the time I was a human centipede and somebody broke my finger.”

“Boo-hoo. Dark blue is Unhappy, Sad. C’mon, just try the ring on!”

Frank slipped the ring onto his finger. Judy crossed her fingers and whispered to herself, “Light blue, light blue, light blue.” Not a minute later the ring turned light blue.

“Same-same!” said Judy. “Light blue is Happy, Glad. That’s the colour it turned on me, too.”

“Ooh-ooh! Frank got the same colour as Judy!”

“Frank Pearl and Judy are in love!” everybody teased.

“Frank Pearl’s getting married. To Judy Moody! And he already has the ring!”

Frank turned bright red. He practically threw the ring at Jessica Finch.

“I hope it’s pink on me,” said Jessica.
“There is no pink,” said Judy. “But there’s GREEN,” she said loudly to the ring. Before Jessica could try the ring on, the bell rang and recess was over.

In Science, Mr Todd was talking about weather and the world’s temperature rising. Judy sharpened her pencil with her mood-ring hand. She threw trash in the trash can with her mood-ring hand. She passed a note to Frank with her mood-ring hand.

Judy did not see Mr Todd’s temperature rising!

“I wish I had a mood ring,” whispered Jessica Finch.

“You have to eat a lot of cereal,” Judy whispered back, a little too loudly.

“Judy, is there a problem?” asked Mr Todd.

“No,” said Judy, sitting on her hands.

As soon as Mr Todd turned back to the board, Judy played with her ring to make Jessica jealous. She twisted the ring. She twirled the ring. She spun the ring on her finger. It flew off, hit Mr Todd’s desk, and landed at Mr Todd’s feet.
Mr Todd bent over and picked it up. "Judy," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to keep the ring for you until the end of the day."

Judy turned one, two, three shades of red. Even Madame M had not predicted the mood ring would get her into trouble.

Mr Todd slipped the ring onto the top of his index finger. He opened his desk drawer. As he put it away, Judy thought she caught a glimpse of colour.

Could it be? No. Wait. Maybe. It was! YES! Judy was 3/4 sure. She was 9/10 sure. Mr Todd might have the ring, but she, Judy Moody, had seen red. Red as in Red Hots.

RARE squared!

That night, Judy met Frank at the library to study for the spelling test.

"Hey! You got your mood ring back from Mr Todd," said Frank when Judy arrived.

"Yes!" said Judy, holding up her hand to admire it. She would never, ever, not ever take her mood ring off again until it turned positively purple. Except at school,
of course. Mr Todd said no more mood rings at school. While she was at school, she would be sure to keep it safe. Hidden in her extra-special baby-tooth box.

"Speaking of Mr Todd, have you seen the spelling words?" asked Frank. "They are hard, as in D-I-F-F-I-C-U-L-T!"

Judy looked at the list. "Woodbine! What in the world's a woodbine?"

"Who knows?" asked Frank.

Frank went to get the big dictionary. He came back carrying it like it weighed a hundred pounds. They opened it on the table.

"'Woodbine,'" Judy read out loud. "'A vine that wraps around trees.'"

"'Also called Virginia creeper,'" read Frank. "RARE!" said Judy.

"Creepy!" said Frank.

"I'm tired of studying," said Judy.

"Tired?! We only learned one word!" said Frank.

"Let's look at books," said Judy.

Frank followed Judy down a long row of high shelves. "Ooh. What books are these? It's all dark and dusty."

"I hope there aren't any Virginia-creepy vines around here," said Judy in a spooky voice.

Frank found a book with pictures of bones and the creepy insides of stuff. "Body parts!" he said.
Judy went to find the librarian.

“What did you get?” Frank asked when she came back.

“Predict Your Head Off!” said Judy. “It’s all about people who predicted stuff about the future. Lynn helped me find it. She’s the cool librarian with the fork-and-pie earrings. Not the mad-face librarian.”

“Hey! It’s a Big Head book. I love those. How come they draw the people with such big heads, anyway?” Frank asked.

“Maybe it’s to hold all those big ideas about the future. Look, see?” said Judy, pointing to her book. “These people predicted earthquakes and fires and babies being born.”
"Nobody can predict the future," said Frank. "Can they?"

"Ya-huh!" said Judy. "It says right here. Books don't lie."

"Let me see," said Frank.

"See? Jeane Dixon, Famous American Fortune-teller. She was some lady in Washington, DC, who stared into her eggs one morning and predicted that President Kennedy would be shot. And she predicted an earthquake in Alaska."

"It also says she predicted that Martians would come to Earth and take away teenagers. I wish that would happen to my big sister."

"If only Stink were a teenager," said Judy.

"Look! It says here that that Jeane Dixon lady saw stuff in whipped cream!" said Frank.

"I've seen stuff in whipped cream too," said Judy. "Lots of times."

"Like what?"

"Like chocolate sprinkles," Judy said, and they both cracked up.

"Hey, look at this," said Judy. "This book can help us with our spelling test. For real."

"No way."

"Way! See this guy?"

"The bald guy with the bow tie?"

"Yep. It says that he lived right here in Virginia. They called him the Sleeping Prophet. When he was our age, like a hundred years ago, he got into trouble in
school for being a bad speller. One night he fell asleep with his spelling book under his head. When he woke up, he knew every word in the book. RARE!

"I'm still going to study," said Frank.

"Not me!" said Judy, wriggling into her coat.

"What are you going to do?" asked Frank.

"I'm going to go home and sleep," said Judy.

What's that for?" asked Stink.

"That's for just because."

"Just because why?"

"Just because tomorrow I am going to know tons and tons of words, like woodbine."

"Wood what?"

"It's a creepy vine. It wraps around trees."

"So go find a tree to hug," said Stink.

Instead, Judy went to find the dictionary. The fattest dictionary in the Moody house. She took it from her mum's office and lugged it up to her room. She did not open it up. She did not look inside. She put the big red dictionary under her pillow.

Then she got into her cozy bowling-ball
pyjamas. She pretended the bowling balls were crystal balls. When she brushed her teeth, she thought she saw a letter in her toothpaste spit. *D* for *Dictionary*.

Judy climbed under the covers and leaned back on her pillow. Youch! Too hard. She got two more pillows. At last, she was ready to dream.

Even before she fell asleep, she dreamed of being Queen of the Spelling Bee, just like Jessica Finch was one time for the whole state of Virginia. She dreamed of Mr Todd’s smiling face when he passed back the tests. Most of all, she dreamed of getting 110% — zero-wrong-plus-extra-credit — on her spelling test.
When Judy woke up the next morning, her neck was so stiff she felt like a crookneck squash. But her head did not feel the least bit bigger. It did not even feel heavy from carrying around so many new words. She looked in the mirror. Same Judy-head as always.

At breakfast, Judy stared into her eggs, just like Jeane Dixon, Famous American
Fortune-teller. She thought she felt an earthquake! The earthquake was Stink, shaking the ketchup bottle onto his eggs.

"Stink, that's preposterous!" said Judy.

"What's that mean?" asked Stink.

"It means ridiculous," said Judy.

"Like funny or silly," said Mum.

"Think hippopotamus," said Judy.

RARE! The dictionary-under-the-pillow thing really worked! Big words were flying out of her mouth faster than spit.

Judy was in a positively purple, On-Top-of-Spaghetti-and-the-World mood. She wished she could take her mood ring to school. If only.

On the bus, Judy told Rocky that his new magic trick was bewildering.

At school, Frank gave Judy a miniature hotel soap from his collection. "I already have this one," he said. Judy told him his treat was very unexpected.

Then she asked Jessica (Flunk) Finch if she looked forward to the spelling test with anticipation.

"Why are you talking funny?" asked Jessica.

Mr Todd passed out lined paper for the test. He told the class, "Only four more school days until our special visitor comes to class."

Something was not the same. Something was different.
peculiar, unusual. Mr Todd had new glasses! And he was wearing a tie. A crayon tie! Mr Todd had never dressed up for a spelling test before.

"Your new glasses are very noticeable," said Judy.

"Thank you, Judy," said Mr Todd with a goofy grin.

During the test, Judy Moody's Grouchy pencil flew across the page like never before. She spelled alfalfa and apple sauce. She spelled cobweb and crystal. She hardly even had to erase, except on zucchini.

And she used the extra-credit word in a sentence! Crayon. What kind of a bonus word was crayon? Mr Todd had crayons on the brain. For sure and absolute positive.

Madame M predicts that the Crayon Lady will soon come to Class 3T to see Mr Todd's crayon tie.

Judy's extra-credit word sentence was practically a paragraph! And she used the bonus word twice! Double R-A-R-E!

Judy was the first one to finish, even before the Queen Bee Speller Jessica Finch. Jessica wasn't even using her lucky pencil! What was that girl thinking?

At the lunch table, she, Judy Moody, was in a predict-the-future mood.

"Don't open your lunches yet," Judy
said to everybody. “Madame M will predict what’s inside.”

“Hurry up,” said Rocky. “I’m hungry.” Judy shut her eyes. This was so easy. “I see baloney. Baloney sandwiches.” Rocky, Frank and Jessica each held up a baloney sandwich.

Everyone was amazed.

Now the moment she’d been waiting for. “I have another prediction,” said Judy in a loud voice. “One about tomorrow. Something big. Something that’s never happened in Class 3T before.”

“Really? Tell us! What?”

“I, Judy Moody, will get zero-wrong-plus-extra-credit on the spelling test! 110%! Pass it on.”
“That’s as preposterous as a H-I-P-P-O-P-O-T-A-M-U-S,” Jessica said.

“You didn’t even study,” Frank said.

“You never even got 100% in Spelling,” said Rocky.

“Thanks a lot,” said Judy. What a bunch of baloney eaters. “That was before I became the Sleeping Speller, before I learned about sleeping with the dictionary under my pillow.”

“But Mr Todd didn’t pass our tests back yet,” said Frank. “You don’t even know if it really worked.”

Judy rolled her eyeballs around. She made thinking noises. “Humm, baba, humm. Mr Todd is correcting the papers right now. I see a Thomas Jefferson sticker.

A tricorn hat. For Great job, good thinking.”

“You’re 110% cuckoo,” Rocky told Judy.

“Just call me the Sleeping Speller,” Judy said.
Judy predicted it would be hard to sit still until Mr Todd passed back the spelling tests. She predicted right. She felt antsy as an anthill. Jumpy as a jumping bean.

At last, the time came.

"Good work. Keep it up," Mr Todd was saying as he walked around the room, passing back tests and handing out cookies. Heart-shaped cookies. With sprinkles!

And he was humming. Mr Todd never hummed! And he never brought heart-shaped cookies with sprinkles. Not even on Valentine’s Day, which it wasn’t.

It had to be a sign. A sign that she, the Sleeping Speller, had done super-duper *stupendous* on her spelling test. That would definitely put Mr Todd in a good mood.

In less than one minute, Class 3T would see that she, Madame M, had ESP. Extra-special Spelling Powers. Just like Jeane Dixon, Famous American Fortune-teller. And Sleeping Speller Man.

In less than one minute, Judy had her test back. And the only cookie left was a broken heart.
Dear Mr President! Something was not right! Her paper did not have a Thomas Jefferson sticker. It did not even have a president. Or a sticker. It had a feather. A musty, dusty-looking, old-timey rubber-stamp feather. A quill pen. A quill pen meant keep trying. A quill pen meant You have more work to do. A quill pen was as preposterous as a hippopotamus.

At the bottom of her test was a note from Mr Todd. It said, "Tortilla has two l's. Zigzag is one word."

Judy didn't see why tor-tee-yah had any l's at all. And zig and zag sure seemed like two words to her. Who wrote the dictionary anyway? Mrs Merriam and Mr Webster were going to hear from her.

All eyes were on Judy. She turned fire-engine red. Hide-your-face-in-your-hands red. Big-fat-dictionary red.

The Sleeping Speller was a flop. The Sleeping Speller was a flubber-upper. The Sleeping Speller was a big fat phoney-baloney.

Maybe Jessica (Flunk) Finch got a musty, dusty quill pen too! Judy knew it was a bad-mood thought. Judy knew she was supposed to keep her eyes on her own paper. But she couldn't help herself. She turned around.

Jessica Finch beamed. Jessica Finch gleamed. Like the day she was crowned Queen Bee and got her picture in the paper. Jessica Finch sat up straight and
proud as a president. She held up her paper for Judy to see.

"I knew it!" Jessica said. "I got a Thomas Jefferson tricorn hat!"

A tricorn hat did not mean flubber-upper. A tricorn hat did not mean Better luck next time. Keep trying. You need more practice! A tricorn hat meant Hats off to you!

"How did you know?" Judy asked. Judy was supposed to be the one predicting the future, not Jessica Finch.

"I used my brain," said Jessica. "Some people studied."

Judy was green with Jealous, Envious. And she did not need her mood ring to prove it.

The class buzzed. They turned on Judy like a pack of stinging bees.

"Hey, what happened to the Sleeping Speller?"

"The Sleeping Speller fell asleep!"

Judy Moody gave them all a Virginia-creeper stare.

"Hold on, everybody," said Mr Todd-the-Hummer. "You know that in this class we keep our eyes on our own papers."
"But Mr Todd, Judy Moody said. She told us. She predicted she would get a 110% perfect paper. She predicted WRONG!"

"Nobody can really predict the future!" said Rocky. "Right, Mr Todd?"

"Well, we all play a part in creating our own futures," said Mr Todd. "So, in the future, I hope you’ll concern yourselves with your own work, not the work of the person next to you."

That got everybody quiet.

"Now. Let’s move on to ... Science. Take out your Weather Notebooks."

Judy did not take out her Weather Notebook. She was comparing her paper to Jessica Finch’s.

"Judy," said Mr Todd, "I’m afraid you haven’t heard a word I’ve said. I’m going to have to ask you to go to Antarctica."

Antarctica!

Antarctica was a desk at the back of the room with a map on top. A map with a lot of icebergs and a lot of penguins. And a sign that said CHILL OUT. The sign might as well have said IN BIG TROUBLE.

Judy looked at Mr Todd. He did not look one bit like the Hummer, Mr New Glasses, Mr Crayon Tie, the teacher who brought heart-shaped cookies to class. He looked like Mr Toad.

Judy hung her head and walked to the desk at the back of the room. Jessica Finch
was Thomas Jefferson. And she, Judy Moody, was president of Antarctica.

Judy was mad enough to spit. How could Madame M ever predict the future if she could not even predict one lousy spelling test?

One thing she could predict was the weather. It was cold in Antarctica. Cold enough to freeze spit.

"OK," said Mr Todd. "Time for the weather reports. Who wants to be our meteorologist for the day? Any predictions?"

Weather report from Antarctica: cloudy with a chance of never getting a Thomas Jefferson sticker.
The VIQ

On the way back to her seat, Jessica Finch asked Judy, “How was Antarctica?”

“Long,” said Judy.

What did Jessica Finch care anyway? She probably knew how to spell Antarctica. Even without sleeping on the dictionary.

Judy grumped. Judy slumped. Judy Moody was down in the dumps. The dumpiest. She, Madame M for Mistake, could not predict the future – her own or anybody else’s. She could not even predict one hour from now. Not one minute. Not one second. The future was un-predictable.

That did it. Judy decided then and there she would give up predicting the future. For ever. She had the Moody blues, the Judy-Moodiest.

She dragged herself to the water fountain at afternoon recess.

“Hel-lo? Judy? What is wrong with you?” asked Jessica Finch.

“I’m a flop. A big fat fake. I can’t tell the future. Just call me Madame Phoney-Baloney.”
"OK, Madame Phoney-Baloney!" said Jessica Finch. She laughed like a hyena. "If you say so. But I know something that tells the future. You can ask a question and it’s N-E-V-E-R wrong."

Judy sprayed herself with water. How did Jessica Finch know so much about future-telling? "Really?"

"Really."

"Never?"

"Never!" said Jessica. "I’ll bring it tomorrow. Think of something you want to ask. Something on your mind. Something that’s been bugging you – a VIQ."

"VIQ?"

"Very Important Question," said Jessica.

Judy could hardly wait. She could hardly think about anything else. She could hardly sleep, even without the fat red dictionary under her pillow.

Judy thought and thought. She thought about something that had been on her mind. She thought about something that had been bugging her. She came up with a very important VIQ.

Judy got to school early Thursday morning. She rushed up to Jessica Finch. "Did you bring it? Did you?"

Jessica opened her pink plastic backpack and took out a bright yellow ball with a big smiley face on the outside. "Magic 8 Ball!" said Jessica.
“See? You try,” said Jessica.
Judy decided to ask a practice question first. “Will my mood ring ever turn purple?”
Judy shook the ball.
You look marvellous.
“Try again,” said Jessica.
“Will my mood ring ever turn purple?”
Nice outfit.
“You’re not asking right,” said Jessica.
Judy shook the ball extra hard. “Will I be a doctor some day?”
Pure genius.
“Will I ever get a 110% Thomas Jefferson sticker on my spelling test?”
You’re 100% fun.
“Will Mum and Dad be mad about my spelling test?”

“That’s not a Magic 8 Ball,” said Judy.
“Is too,” said Jessica. “I’ll show you.”
“Will I always be the best speller at Virginia Dare School?” Jessica asked the Magic 8 Ball. The answer appeared in the window on a little triangle floating in blue liquid.
You’re a winner.
Your breath is so minty!

"These aren't answers," said Judy. "Why is it saying all goopy stuff?"

"It's the Happy 8 Ball," said Jessica. "It only gives you good answers."

"No fair!" said Judy. "The Happy 8 Ball is a fake!"

"A good fake," said Jessica.

"I'm not going to ask my VIQ. I'll get a good answer, no matter what."

"Exactly," said Jessica.

"How can you believe what the Happy 8 Ball predicts if it just says goopy, good stuff all the time?" asked Judy.

"I don't care," said Jessica. "I like the Happy 8 Ball."

"I need an Un-happy 8 Ball!" said Judy.

"The one that doesn't lie."

And she knew just where to get it.

Judy talked Rocky and Frank into going with her to Vic's Mini-Mart after school. Stink came too.

"I hope you're not getting a fake hand to play another trick on me," said Stink.

"No," said Judy. "I'm getting a crystal ball."

When they got to Vic's, Judy led them all to the toy section. They saw troll doll trading cards, an eyeball piggy bank and
some cat erasers. Then Judy spied one. A black ball with the real number 8 on it in a white circle.

"Magic 8 Ball!" said Judy. "The real one."

"That crystal ball is plastic," said Stink.

"It still tells the future," said Judy.

She held the Magic 8 Ball in the palm of her hand. She could almost feel its magic predicting powers.

"We can each ask one question," said Judy. "Who dares to ask the All-knowing Magic 8 Ball first?"

"Me, me, me!" said Frank.

"OK," said Judy, handing him the ball.

"Will I get a Jawbreaker Maker for my birthday?" asked Frank.
"You forgot to close your eyes tight and concentrate," said Judy.

Frank closed his eyes tight. Frank concentrated. He asked again. He shook the Magic 8 Ball. They all leaned over and peered into the tiny window.

*Outlook not so good.*

"I hope this thing lies," said Frank.

"Me next," said Rocky, taking the 8 Ball and shaking it. "Does Frank Pearl love Judy Moody?"

*Signs point to yes.*

"That's so funny I forgot to laugh," said Frank.

"Give me that," said Judy.

"My turn," said Stink.

"You only get one question, so think hard," Judy said. "And hurry up."

"Am I going to be president some day?" asked Stink.

*Don't count on it.*

"Will my little brother ever stop driving me crazy?" asked Judy.

*Better not tell you now.*

Stink grabbed the Magic 8 Ball back.

"Does Rocky love Judy?"

"Do not anger the Magic 8 Ball," said the spooky-voiced Madame M. She peered into the little window. "Air bubble! See? You used up all your questions," Madame M pronounced. "We have to put it back now."

"How come?"
“Air bubble! It’s the rules!”
Stink, Rocky and Frank went to buy gumballs.
“I’ll catch up,” Judy called.

Judy Moody did not put the Magic 8 Ball back on the shelf. She had one final question. The thing that had been bugging her for days. The VIQ.

Judy looked around. She concentrated. She shook the Magic 8 Ball. “Is Mr Todd in love?” Judy whispered.

*Reply hazy, try again.*

Judy closed her eyes. She held her breath. She said some magic words. “Eeny meany jelly beany,” said Judy. “Is Mr Todd in love?”

She shook the Magic 8 Ball. She shook it some more. At last, she opened her eyes.

There it was. The answer. In the window. A small triangle floating in blue liquid.

*Yes, definitely.*
Operation True Love

Judy stretched out on her top bunk and stared up at the glow-in-the-dark stars on her ceiling. It all added up. The red ring. The new glasses, the humming, the heart-shaped cookies. It was right there all the time. Her best-ever prediction. All she had to do was see it. Use her brain. Make the connection. Mr Todd was in love!

At last, she, Madame M, could predict something really, truly big. Something really, truly true. Something only she, Judy Moody, knew about. Judy had a new plan. A perfect, foolproof, fail-safe, predicts-the-future plan. All she had to do now was trick Mr Todd into trying on the mood ring. She had to see once and for all if it turned red for Romantic, In Love.

Only one thing stood in the way. She was not allowed to bring the mood ring to school.

On Friday morning, Judy took out her mood ring. She did not wear it on her finger. She did not show it to anyone. She kept it hidden in her baby-tooth box.
She kept that hidden in the secret pocket of her backpack. Until the end of school.

Time for Project Mood Ring. Operation True Love. She, Doctor Judy Moody, was 3/4 sure and 9/10 certain that the Magic 8 Ball did not lie. But she had to be 110% sure-and-absolute positive.

"Mr Todd," said Judy, taking her mood ring out of the secret box. "I know I’m not supposed to bring my mood ring to school and everything, but I have a VIQ. A Very Important Question."

"I’m going to be in a bad mood if I see that ring in class again."

"I kept it put away all day," said Judy. "I promise. I was just hoping I could ask you how a mood ring works. In the name of science and everything."

"Mood rings are interesting," said Mr Todd. "They used to be popular when I was a kid, you know."

"No way!" said Judy.

"Way!" said Mr Todd, laughing. "Here, let me see that ring again."

Mr Todd held the ring with his fingers. Judy tried to ESP Mr Todd a message. 

*Put the ring on. Put the ring on.*

"Mood rings have their own science."

*Put the ring on.*

"Did you know our bodies give off heat energy?"

*Put the ring on.*
Mr Todd slipped the ring onto the top of his index finger. “Liquid crystals change colour as our bodies change temperature. See? Red is for hot.”

It worked! Red! The ring was R-E-D, red. Red for Romantic. Red for In Love. Red for sure and absolute positive.

“It is hot in here, isn’t it?” said Mr Todd.

“Red-hot,” said Judy. “Hot enough to melt Antarctica.”

“I’m afraid Antarctica is here to stay,” said Mr Todd. He handed her the ring. “Does that answer your Very Important Question?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” said Judy. “Thanks, Mr Todd!” Judy dashed out the door.
Mr Todd slipped the ring onto the top of his index finger. "Liquid crystals change colour as our bodies change temperature. See? Red is for hot."

It worked! Red! The ring was R-E-D, red. Red for Romantic. Red for In Love. Red for sure and absolute positive.

"It is hot in here, isn’t it?” said Mr Todd. "Red-hot,” said Judy. "Hot enough to melt Antarctica."

“I’m afraid Antarctica is here to stay,” said Mr Todd. He handed her the ring. "Does that answer your Very Important Question?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” said Judy. "Thanks, Mr Todd!” Judy dashed out the door.
On Saturday morning, Judy went back to the library. She looked for Lynn, the friendly librarian with the fork-and-pie earrings.

"You changed your earrings!" said Judy.

"I do that sometimes," said Lynn, and she laughed. "What can I help you with?"

"Where are the books that tell you if a person is in love?"

"Well, you know," Lynn said, "that kind of thing is hard to find in a book. Usually a person just sort of knows. Inside."

"Just so you know, it’s not for me," Judy said, turning three shades of red. "I’m trying to figure out if someone else is in love."

"Ah. I see."

Madame M was back in business. And she was going to predict a future better than ever. Judy kissed her mood ring!

As soon as she reached the bus, she slipped it onto her finger. The ring turned amber. Amber meant Nervous, Tense. She knew what she was nervous about: her Judy Moody best-ever prediction. Before she could tell anybody, she had to figure out who Mr Todd was in love with. That was not going to be easy.
"You have a million gazillion books. There must be something in here with lovey-dovey stuff. Everybody likes love."

"Let me think a minute," said Lynn. "We do have Valentine's Day books. And love stories."

"No magic charms? Secret spells?"

"Let's try the 100s," Lynn said. She led Judy right to the love section and pulled a purple book with silver writing off the shelf. The silver writing said Find Your True Love. Judy opened it up and flipped through the pages. Chapter Five was titled "All You Need Is a Bowl of Molasses!"

"Molasses! That's easy! I'll take it!" said Judy. "Thanks!"

Judy read the book while she waited in line to check out. She read it as she walked home. She read it walking into her house.

In ancient times, staring into a bowl of molasses might reveal the identity of a true love.

Judy went straight to the kitchen and poured a jar of thick, sticky molasses into a bowl. She added some magic words. "Eeny meany chilly beany. Who does Mr Todd love?" She stared and stared into the molasses.

What she saw looked a little like ... a chicken.

No way! Mr Todd was not in love with a chicken.
Instead of molasses, people in Egypt looked into pools of ink.

Judy got a bottle of rubber-stamp ink from the desk in the hall. When she poured it into a bowl, all she saw was a big fat mess. And an ink splat on her shirt that looked like Antarctica. Nobody was in love with Antarctica.

Place a dish on a table and drop twenty-one safety pins into it.

She skipped that one. She did not have twenty-one pins, safe or unsafe.

Place a piece of wedding cake under your pillow and dream of the person you’ll marry.

Wedding cake! Where on earth was she supposed to find wedding cake?
Apple seed. She could do that, too! She drew stars around that one.

Light a candle. If the wax drips to the left side, a woman is in love. Right side, a man is in love.

RARE!

Judy wrote a note to herself:

\[ \text{Bowl of water} + \text{Apple Seed} + \text{Candle} = \text{true love} \]
Judy was first to arrive in Room 3T on Monday morning.

"Judy, would you pass out crayons to everybody?" asked Mr Todd.

"What for?"

"Today we’re going to do all our writing with crayons."

"What for?" Judy asked.

"For fun!"

“Magic Markers are better,” said Judy. Mr Todd frowned.

“I’m just saying.”

“But don’t you just love the smell of crayons?” asked Mr Todd.

Judy hurried up and passed out the not-Magic-Marker crayons. Then she asked Mr Crayon Smeller if she could conduct a scientific experiment on his desk.

She set a bowl of water with twenty-six paper letters next to his pencil jar.

She could hardly wait to see which letters turned right side up. Soon she, Madame M, would know the name of Mr Todd’s secret love! She would no longer be Madame M for Mistake. No more Phoney-Baloney.
During Science class, Judy watched the letters float upside down in the bowl of water. Mr Todd was talking away about cumulus clouds. Judy drew puffy clouds with her Blizzard Blue crayon. She drew skinny clouds. She drew clouds shaped like hearts and crayons.

As soon as Science was over, Judy rushed up to Mr Todd’s desk. Lots of the upside-down paper squares had turned over! But all the Magic Marker letters had got runny and blurry in the water. She could not read one single letter!

“Did your experiment work?” asked Mr Todd.

“No,” said Judy. “It came out a big fat zero.”

“Try again,” said Mr Todd. “True science takes time.”

Yes, thought Judy. But this time she would use an apple seed.

Judy ate the apple at lunch. At recess, she found Mr Todd in the playground talking with Rocky and Frank.
“Mr Todd,” Judy asked, “will you help me with another experiment?”

“Anything for science,” said Mr Todd.

“Put this apple seed on your forehead. Then say the alphabet.”

“Fun-ny!” said Frank.

“Are you going to?” asked Rocky.

“Somehow this doesn’t exactly sound scientific,” said Mr Todd. He stuck the apple seed to his forehead. He started singing the alphabet song. “A B C D, E F G...” All the kids laughed.

“Is this a joke?” asked Mr Todd.

“Don’t stop!” cried Judy. “You’ll wreck the experiment!”

Mr Todd sang all the way to the letter T before the apple seed fell off.
The letter T, thought Judy. Hmm. Same as Todd.

“How’d I do?” asked Mr Todd.

“We’ll see,” said Judy. “True science takes time.”

“Glad I could help. Now we’d better head back inside. Don’t forget, today’s the big day. Our special guest author is coming to visit 3T.”

“You mean the Crayon Lady?” asked Frank. “Today?”

“How could you forget?” asked Judy. “Mr Todd’s had crayons on the brain for a whole week.”

Who cared about crayons anyway? Crayons were for kindergarteners. She had grown-up things to think about. Important things. Like L-O-V-E, love.

Class 3T washed the blackboard and picked up scraps of paper under their chairs. They fed the fish and emptied the trash and erased pencil marks on their desks. Mr Todd wanted the room to look extra special, extra sparkling.

“We’ve never had to clean this much for anybody,” said Frank.

“Tell me about it,” said Judy. “Who’s going to look in the trash anyway?”

“Her?” said Frank, pointing to a woman tapping on their door.

As soon as she came in, Class 3T put on
their best third-grade listening ears.

"Class 3T," said Mr Todd, "I would like you to meet a special friend of mine, Ms Tater. As you know, she's an author and an artist, and she's here today all the way from New York to tell us about the book she wrote called *Crayons Aren't for Eating.*"

Everybody clapped. The Crayon Lady looked like a crayon! She wore a lemon-yellow top and a skirt like a painting. She had short, curly boy-hair and a fancy scarf around her head. She even had on crayon earrings. Best of all, she had melted orange crayon wax on her boots!

Ms Tater showed 3T her book about how crayons were made. She told the class it was *non-fiction.* *Non-fiction* meant the opposite of *fiction.* It meant true.

Ms Tater was non-old (young). She was non-ugly (pretty). And she was non-boring (interesting). She told the class how the first crayon was made a hundred years ago. She told about the secret formula for crayons, made of wax, colour and powder.

Then the author lit a candle and mixed the candle-wax drips with red powder to show how they make crayons. "It's like mixing flour in a cake mix," said Ms Tater.

Ms Tater told them how one time she met some famous guy named Captain Kangaroo at a crayon museum in New York. No lie.
She even told about the Crayon Eater machine. It was a big machine that checked for broken or lumpy crayons and threw the bad ones out.

Once, Ms Tater got to name her own crayon.

“What was it called?” everybody asked.

“Pumpkin Moon,” she said, and she held up an orange crayon that matched her boots. “Mr Todd helped me think of it.” Her smile was Night-light Bright.

“Some new names of crayons are Atomic Tangerine, Banana Mania and Eggplant.”

Eggplant was a colour! Stink was right!

“Is Zucchini a crayon?” asked Judy.

“No, but that’s a good idea,” said Ms Tater. “And then there’s my favourite: Purple Mountain Majesty.”

“RARE!” said Judy. Purple Mountain Majesty! That was as good as Joyful, On-Top-of-the-World purple.

“Mr Todd’s favourite is Vermilion.”

“That’s red,” said Mr Todd.

Red! Judy sat up straight as a president and perked up her best third-grade listening ears.

“And we can’t forget about Macaroni and Cheese!” Ms Tater held up a cheesy-looking crayon. “This one looks good enough to eat! But we’ll leave that to the Crayon Eater machine.” Everybody in Class 3T cracked up.

“Now it’s your turn,” Ms Tater said.
"Who can think up a good name for a crayon? Any ideas?"
  "Baseball-mitt Brown!" said Frank.
  "Piggy Pink!" said Jessica Finch.
  "Mud," said Brad.
  "Moody Blue!" said Judy.
When they were finished, Ms Tater let them ask questions.
  "How long does it take to make a crayon?" asked Jessica Finch.
  "About fifteen minutes."
  "How long does it take to write a book?" asked Rocky.
  "A lot longer than that. It took me about one year."

"Well," said Ms Tater, "two guys named Binney and Smith made the first crayon. It was black. Mr Binney's wife, Alice, was a teacher, like Mr Todd. She invented the name Crayola."

"Any more questions?" asked Mr Todd. Judy waved her hand in the air. "I have a comment, not a question."
  "Yes?" said Ms Tater.
  "You were so non-boring."
  "Thank you," Ms Tater said. "What a great compliment."
Everybody clapped for the Crayon Lady when the programme was over.
  "OK, 3T," said Mr Todd, "Ms Tater brought free crayons for all of us. Line up and I'll pass them out. Then you can go
back to your seats and draw."

Judy got in line for her crayon. That's when she saw it. The candle! All the wax from the candle that Ms Tater lit had dripped to one side. The left side.

But wait! If Mr Todd was in love, the candle would have dripped to the right side. The left side meant a woman was in love.

Judy looked harder at the Crayon Lady. Mr Todd handed her a Vermilion Red crayon. Ms Tater smiled back at him like he had just turned into a handsome prince or something.

Or something! Boing! Of course! That was it! Ms Tater was in love! The candle drips proved it. Judy saw it with her own eyes. And Tater started with T. Just like the apple seed said.

At last, she, Judy Moody, had made a non-fiction prediction! Mr Todd was in love with the Crayon Lady! The Crayon Lady was in love with Mr Todd. There were a Vermilion and one reasons.
Judy Moody was in a tell-the-world mood. Judy told Frank Pearl. Judy told Rocky and Stink and the whole bus. Judy told Mum and Dad when she got home. She even called Jessica Finch. She announced to the whole world her best-ever, foretell-the-future, non-fiction prediction: “Madame M predicts ... twa-la! Mr Todd and the Crayon Lady are in love!”

By the next morning, Virginia Dare School was buzzing with the news. Really and truly? Could it be? Had Judy Moody predicted the future, once and for all? How did she know? Should they ask Mr Todd?

That morning, Class 3T sat about as still as popping popcorn.

“My, aren’t we jumpy this morning,” said Mr Todd.

“We have something we want to ask you,” said Judy. She added three new bite marks to her pencil.

“Yes, yes, yes,” everybody agreed.

“Well, before you ask me your question, I have some important news to tell all of you. It’s a secret, but I think it’s time I let you in on it.”
Chomp, chomp. Judy chewed on her pencil eraser.

"You know Ms Tater, the author you met yesterday?"

Judy nearly choked on her pencil eraser! The whole class seemed to hold its breath. The popcorn stopped popping.

"I hope you enjoyed her presentation, and I hope you all learned something about making crayons and something about making books."

Bite, bite. Chomp.

"I told you Ms Tater is a special friend. And I'm so glad you all had a chance to meet her, because Ms Tater and I are engaged. We are going to be married! And you are all invited to our wedding."

"Wedding!" "Mmm, cake!" "Can I come?" "When?" "Will you still be our teacher?"

Questions and more questions zoomed around the room.

"Will there be a lot of crayons at your house?" asked Jessica Finch.

"Will your kids be the Tater-Todds?" asked Frank. He cracked himself up.

Judy did not even stop to laugh. "I KNEW IT!" She jumped right out of her seat. Her bite-mark pencil eraser flew to the front of the room. She practically did a dance right in the middle of the second row from the right.

"Judy Moody predicted it!" yelled Frank Pearl. "She was right!"
“She knew yesterday!” said Rocky. “She told us on the bus.”

“She called me!” said Jessica Finch.

Everybody pointed to Judy. “She did! She told us! She knew! She predicted it right!”

“Judy,” said Mr Todd, “is this true?”

“It’s non-fiction,” said Judy.

“How did you know? We thought we had a pretty good secret.”

Judy thought of all the ways she knew. The mood ring turning red. The apple seed. The candle wax. But most of all it was the way Mr Todd smiled ear to ear around Ms Tater. And the way Ms Tater’s eyes looked when she showed them the Pumpkin Moon crayon.

She could say it was the mood ring.
She could say it was ESP. She could say that she, Madame M for Moody, saw the future. Just like Jeane Dixon, Famous American Fortune-teller, without the eggs. But Judy realized – some things you just know. In your heart. There’s no explaining them.

“How I knew is a secret,” said Judy.

At last, she, Judy Moody, had predicted the future.

As soon as she got home, Judy ran straight to her room, opened up her extra-special baby-tooth box, and took out her mood ring. Judy slipped the mood ring onto her finger. She closed her eyes. She held her breath. She counted to eight, her favourite number. She thought of purple things: cool arm slings and dragonfly wings, grape bubblegum and not-pond-scum mood rings.

At last, Judy opened her eyes.

Black! The mood ring was black as Christmas-stocking coal. Black as a bad-luck ink splat. Black as a bad mood.

How could it be black when she was On-Top-of-Spaghetti happy? No, wait! The mood ring was changing. Yes. Right before her eyes. The mood ring turned purple! Mountain Majesty Purple! No lie. She, Judy Moody, was in a Joyful, On-Top-of-the-World mood.

Mr Todd said that everybody played a part in their own future, and the future
was looking brighter already. From now on, Judy would take the future into her own hands, and there was no time like the present to get started.

She took out a non-Grouchy pencil and she wrote some non-fiction in her non-homework notebook.

**Judy Moody's Plan for the Future**

- Become a doctor
- Get Stink to stop bothering me
- Dress up for a fancy W
- Dress up fancy for a wedding
- Maybe write a book (not about crayons!)
- Spell tortilla and Zigzag the right way
- Stay away from Antarctica
- Paint my room Purple Mountain Majesty

The future was out there, waiting. And there was one more thing Judy did know for sure and absolute positive – there would be many more moods to come.
The whole world’s in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to . . .

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 12 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book — anywhere, any- time — and get ready for your best mood ever!

Have you read them all?
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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 favourite candy is a tie between peanut-butter cups and chocolate-covered raisins (same as Megan McDonald!).
2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
DOUBLE RARE!

Judy Moody has her own interactive website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff, including:

- The Official Judy Moody Fan Club
- Interactive games and a Mood Meter
- Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Digital downloads, including emoticons and wallpapers
- Sample chapters and downloadable reading logs

Be sure to check out Stink's adventures too!
Judy and Stink are starring together!

Judy Moody and Stink
The Holly Joliday

Judy Moody and Stink
The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

In full colour!

In the mood for more Judy Moody? Then try these!

Judy Moody
Judy Moody was in a Mood
Judy Moody Gets Famous
Judy Moody Saves the World
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Pictures of Independence
Judy Moody Around the World in 8½ Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody Girl Detective
JUDY MOODY: The Doctor Is In!

Judy Moody’s in a medical mood!

Judy is learning about the Amazing Human Body. That means skeletons and skulls, and a cloning experiment that could just create some double trouble for Judy and her friends!

Doctor Judy Moody is sure to tickle your funny bone, but you in a very human way!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy’s stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we’re famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me … exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”. Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald
and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8½ Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
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
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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For my editor, Mary Lee Donovan, who cheerfully helps with Moody Days, Multiple Deadlines, Melt-Downs, and other Mega-Disasters.
M.M.

To Maribeth Bush, whose “can do” spirit inspires so many.
P.H.R.
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Who's Who

Judy
First Girl Doctor

Dad
Father of Mumpty Dumpty

Mum
Nurse-in-residence

Mouse
Cool critter

Stink
Organ donor

Toady
Guinea pig?

Mr Todd
For pencil emergencies, dial Mr Todd

Frank
Gene-ius

Rocky
Judy's new un-best friend

Jessica
Diagnosis: microbes on the medulla
PLIP! Judy Moody woke up. *Drip, drip, drip* went rain on the roof. *Blip, blip, blip* went drops on the window. Not again! It had been raining for seven days straight. Bor-ing!

She, Judy Moody, was sick and tired of rain.

Judy put her head under the pillow. If only she was sick. Being sick was the greatest. You got to stay home and drink pop for
breakfast and eat toast cut in special strips and watch TV in your room. You got to read Cherry Ames, Student Nurse, mysteries all day. And you got to eat yummy cherry cough drops. Hey! Maybe Cherry Ames was named after a cough drop!

Judy took out her mum's old Cherry Ames book and popped a cough drop in her mouth anyway.

"Get up, Lazybones!" said Stink, knocking on her door.

"Can't," said Judy. "Too much rain."

"What?"

"Never mind. Just go to school without me."

"Mum, Judy's skipping school!" Stink yelled.

Mum came into Judy's room. "Judy, honey. What's wrong?"

"I'm sick. Of rain," she whispered to Mouse.


"My head, for one thing. From all that noisy rain."

"You have a headache?"

"Yes. And a sore throat. And a fever. And a stiff neck."

"That's from sleeping with the dictionary under your pillow," said Stink. "To ace your spelling test."

"Is not."

"Is too!"

"See, look. My tongue's all red." Judy
stuck out her Cherry-Ames-cough-drop tongue at Stink.

Mum felt Judy’s forehead. “You don’t seem to have a fever.”

“Faker,” said Stink.

“Come back in five minutes,” said Judy. “I’ll have a fever by then.”

“Faker, faker, faker,” said Stink.

If only she had measles. Or chickenpox. Or ... MUMPS! Mumps gave you a headache. Mumps gave you a stiff neck and a sore throat. Mumps made your cheeks stick out like Humpty Dumpty. Judy pushed the cough drop into her cheek and made it stick out, Humpty-Dumpty style.

“Mumps!” said Dr Judy. “I think I have the mumps! For real!”
“Mumps!” said Stink. “No way. You got a shot for that. A no-mumps shot. We both did. Didn’t we, Mum?”

“Yes,” said Mum. “Stink’s right.”

“Maybe one mump got through.”

“Sounds like somebody doesn’t want to go to school today,” said Mum.

“Can I? Can I stay home, Mum? I promise I’ll be sick. All day.”

“Let’s take your temperature,” said Mum. She took the thermometer out of the case.

“Cat hair?” said Mum. “Is this cat hair on the thermometer?”

“She’s always making Mouse stick out her tongue and taking the cat’s temperature,” said Stink.

Mum shook her head and went to wash off the thermometer. When she came back, she took Judy’s temperature. “It’s 98.6,” said Mum. “Normal!”

“Faker, fakey, not-sick, big fat faker,” said Stink.

“At least my temperature’s normal,” said Judy. “Even if my brother isn’t.”

“Better get dressed,” said Mum. “Don’t want to be late.”

“Stink? You’re a rat fink. Stink Rat-Fink Moody. That’s what I’ll call you from now on.”

“Well, you’ll have to call me it at school, cos you don’t get to stay home.”

Judy stuck out her cherry-red, no-mumps tongue at Stink.
She was down in the dumps. She had a bad case of the grumps. The no-mumps Moody Monday blues. She, Judy Moody, felt like Mumpty Dumpty! Mumpty Dumpty without a temperature, that is.

When Judy walked into Class 3T (seven minutes late!) on the un-mumpsy day of Monday, Class 3T was dry as a bone. Or bones! There were bones everywhere.

Mr Todd had made a new bulletin board: Our Amazing Body: From Head to Toe. It had a tall poster of bones with long scientific names. On the front board he taped a chart that showed rodent bones. It looked like the insides of Peanut, the
dwarf guinea pig in Class 3T. And ... sitting behind Mr Todd’s desk in Mr Todd’s chair, using Mr Todd’s pencil, was a glow-in-the-dark skeleton!

Class 3T had turned into a bone museum!

Bones were not drippy. Bones were not noisy. Bones were not boring. Bones were dry and quiet and very, very interesting!

Things were sure looking up for a no-mumps Monday. Judy handed Mr Todd her late pass. “Sorry I’m late,” she said. “I almost had the mumps.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re healthy, and here now. We’re starting a new project on the human body from head to toe.”

“We’re going to do some skipping,” said Jessica Finch. “And measure our heart rates.”

“And play Twister,” said Rocky. “To learn about muscles.”

“And sing a song about bones,” said Alison S.

“I can’t believe you started the human body without me!” said Judy. “A person can miss a lot in seven minutes.”

“Don’t worry. I think you’ll catch up,” said Mr Todd.

Mr Todd taught them a funny song that went, “Da foot bone’s connected to da ankle bone...” He read them a book called Frozen Man, the incredible, real-life story of a five-thousand-year-old mummy.
Then Mr Todd passed out owl pellets. They got to poke them with a pencil to find bones. Rodent bones. Judy and Frank stared at their fuzzy grey lump.

"Double bluck! Just think. This is owl vomit!" said Frank.

"It's still interesting," said Judy. "Real bones are in there. Skulls and stuff."

And Class 3T got to turn out the lights and use the glow-in-the-dark skeleton named Bonita to count how many bones were in a human. Two hundred and six!

"We'll be learning a lot of new words in this unit. The scientific names for bones and body parts come from Latin. So they may sound a little funny."

"Like *maxilla* is your jaw?" asked Judy, looking at the bulletin board.

"And so is *mandible*," said Jessica.

Jessica Finch had already learnt to spell *microbes* (a fancy word for germs, as in cooties!) and *medulla* (a fancy word for brain stuff). "Can you spell *headache*?" Judy asked. Frank Pearl cracked up at that one.
"You poke it," said Frank. So Judy poked it with her Grouchy pencil. They found a jawbone, a rib and a bone Mr Todd called a femur. They glued each bone onto paper and drew in all the missing bones to make a rodent skeleton that matched the one on the board.

"Do any rodent bones have the same names as human bones?" asked Mr Todd. Judy raised her hand.

"Tibia," called out Jessica Finch.

"Very good," said Mr Todd.

"That's what I was going to say," said Judy. Jessica Finch was a rat fink (like Stink!) for not raising her hand. A rodent fink.

"Now let's talk about your Human Body projects," said Mr Todd. "Projects will be due in two weeks. You can do your project on bones, muscles, joints, the brain—"

"Even toe nails?" asked Brad.

"As long as it teaches us something about the human body. Let's start by writing down ideas in your notebooks. I want to see brainstorming."
Judy had a storm in her brain already. Rocky wanted to do three-thousand-year-old human body stuff. Mummies!

“What are you thinking of doing?” Judy asked Frank.

“Cloning. I’ll be a fiction scientist, or a science fictionist. Somebody who clones stuff. Like in *Jurassic Park*. They used a drop of mosquito blood and made a whole dinosaur. They do it in real life too. Start with one cell, like from your DNA, and make a whole new you.”

“Double cool!” Judy said.

“I’m going to write a dictionary,” Jessica told Judy. “With human body words like *appendix* and *patella*. That’s your knee.” Jessica Finch had *microbes* on the *medulla* if she thought she could rewrite the dictionary.

Judy looked back at her own paper. She chewed her eraser. She chewed her fingernail. She chewed her hair. Judy had a brainwave! A real-body-parts idea. She would call Grandma Lou to see if she had any good body parts for Showing and Telling. Something better than scabs. This was the brainiest of all storms! She wrote down *Call Grandma Lou* so she wouldn’t forget.

Judy’s just-sharpened Grouchy pencil was still flying when Mr Todd said, “Class, that’s enough brainstorming for today.”

“Good. My brain hurts,” said Frank.
“I’m passing out permission slips for our field trip.”

Field trip! “Is it to Screamin’ Mimi’s?” asked Judy. “Please, please, pretty please with Chocolate Mud ice cream on top?”

“Max and Kelsey’s dad, from Class 3M, works at the hospital. So we’re invited to go with their class to County General A&E Department. We’ll learn all about the human body and get to see people who make a difference in action.”

Accident and Emergency! That was even better than Screamin’ Mimi’s! Judy Moody dropped her mandible! And her Grouchy pencil.

“I was there when I broke my finger,” said Frank, waving his crooked pinkie.

“They have a nurse named Ron.”

“I went when my brother stuck a piece of Lego up his nose,” said Brad.

“Can we go see all the new babies?” asked Frank. “They’re so wrinkly.”

“Well, I’m glad the whole class is enthusiastic,” said Mr Todd.

“When do we go? When? When?” everybody asked.

“Monday. One week from today. Dr Nosier will be giving us a tour.”

“Dr Nosehair!” said Rocky, and everybody cracked up.

She, Judy Moody, and Class 3T were going to A&E. For real and absolute positive. The blood-and-guts, real-body-parts A&E Department.
Judy reached down to pick up her Grouchy pencil. The tip was broken. “Mr Todd,” she asked, “may I please sharpen my pencil?”

“Remember what we said about sharpening pencils ten times a day?”

“But Mr Todd,” said Judy, “it’s an emergency.”

“What?”

“A pencil emergency! My pencil just broke its spinal cord!” said Judy.

The next Monday was a better-than-best-ever third grade day. At lunch, Judy ate her peanut butter and jam sandwich in seven bites, then walked-not-ran to the playground. Class 3T had a ten-minute recess before their trip to the hospital.

Judy’s mum was a driver and parent volunteer, so Rocky and Frank rode in their car. Mum made Judy ask Jessica Finch too.

“Did you know muscle comes from a
word that means mouse?” asked Jessica. “If you move a muscle, it looks like a mouse.” She flexed her arm.

Judy used all forty-three muscles it took to frown at Jessica Finch.

At the hospital, Dr Nosehair led Class 3T down a long hall.

“Why does that doctor lady have a rabbit?” asked Frank.

“Animals aren’t allowed in the hospital!” said Jessica.

“It’s a new programme called Paws for Healing,” Dr Nosier told them. “People bring animals to patients in the hospital to help them feel better. Holding an animal and petting it can actually lower a person’s blood pressure, and help a patient forget about being sick.”

“RARE!” said Judy.

Dr N. took them into a room at the back of A&E, where Class 3M was already waiting. There were lots of machines. And important-looking stuff.

“What’s the first thing you would do in an emergency?” quizzed Dr Nosier.

“Call 999!” everybody said.

“Would you call 999 to find out how long to cook a turkey?”

“Only if you’re a turkey,” Frank said.

Judy and Frank cracked up.

“Is a crossword puzzle an emergency?”

“Only for my dad, who tries to beat the clock,” said Judy.
"Believe it or not, we do get people who call 999 for such things. But let’s say we have a real emergency, like a car accident or a heart attack. Everything around here happens super fast. As soon as the ambulance arrives, the paramedics, people trained to handle medical emergencies, start ‘giving the bullet’ – telling us what happened. Train wreck means the patient has lots of things wrong with them. Who knows what code blue means?"

"Lots of blood?"

"All the people in blue shirts have to help?"

"It means somebody’s heart stopped," said Dr Nosier.

"You fix hearts that stop?" asked Alison S.

"You must help a lot of people!" said Erica.

"All doctors make a promise to help people. It’s called the Hippocratic oath. Hippocrates was the Father of Medicine. In the old days, you had to swear by Apollo and Hygeia to help people the best you could. If you didn’t know what was wrong with a patient, you had to say ‘I know not’. The old oath sounds funny to us now, so a doctor named Louis Lasagna rewrote it."

"Louis Lasagna? Did he invent pizza too?" asked Frank. Dr N. laughed.

"But how do you always know what to do?" asked Rocky.

"Being a doctor is like being a detective. You look at all the clues and try to solve
the mystery. In A&E we just do it in a hurry. Think of it like each one of us is a human jigsaw puzzle. My job is to figure out the missing pieces and put the puzzle back together.”

“RARE!” whispered Judy.

“I’m the best at jigsaw puzzles,” bragged Jessica Finch. “I did a five-hundred-piece jigsaw puzzle of Big Ben all by myself!” Sometimes Judy wished Jessica Finch would shut her mandible.

“Now I’ll show you what some of this stuff is for,” said Dr Nosier. Dr Judy got to use a stethoscope to listen to her own heartbeat! *Ba-boom, ba-boom!* Then she took Frank’s blood pressure (for real!), looked for Jessica Finch’s tonsils, and saw eye insides with a special kind of scope. They took turns riding on a trolley, walking with crutches and sitting in a wheelchair.

Dr N. turned out all the lights and showed them X-rays. There was a brain (it looked all ghosty), a dog that got hit by a car (it looked all sideways), even a violin (it looked all dead!). “X-rays help solve the mystery,” he said.
They even got to see a real live, ooey-gooey heart on a TV. “This is better than the Operation Channel at home!” Judy said.


“How would you like to practise being a patient with a broken arm?” asked Dr N. “And I’ll show everybody how we put on a cast.”

Judy Moody could not believe her inner, middle or outer ears. “Can I, Mum?”

“Sure, if you want to.”

“Hold out your arm, Judy Moody, First Girl Doctor.”

Judy grinned with all seventeen muscles it takes to make a smile. She held her arm out straight as a snowman’s stick-arm. Dr N. wrapped it round and round with soft cotton stuff.

“I’ll use a special plaster bandage that turns hard when it dries so Judy won’t be able to move that arm. That way her bone will stay in place and heal back together.”

“My radius or my ulna?” asked Judy.

“I see you know your bones! Can you still wiggle your phalanges?”

Judy wiggled her fingers. Everybody laughed.

“A not-broken arm is even better than
a broken arm! I wish I never had to take it off."

"Tell you what," said Dr Nosier. "If your mum says it’s OK, you can wear it home. I’ll show her how to take it off."

"Can I, Mum? Can I? I can trick Stink! Please, pretty please with Band-Aids on top?"

"I don’t see why not," said Mum. "Sure!"

"RARE!" said Judy. She, Judy Moody, was a mystery. A human jigsaw puzzle with a broken arm ... NOT!

Judy was so happy from Hospital Day that even her eyebrows were smiling. She stared at all the signatures on her cast. Even Dr Nosehair had signed it. His
signature looked like a messy blob, but still! She could hardly wait to get home and show Dad her cast. Maybe she could even get out of setting the table, on account of her broken arm (not!). Wait till she told Stink!

When she got home, Stink was waiting at the front door. Judy held up her cast.

“You broke your arm?” asked Stink.

“Sweet!”

She, Judy Moody, was in an operating mood! As soon as she got her cast off, Judy asked Stink to play Operation, a game where you remove body parts with tweezers and try NOT to make the buzzer go off.

Dr Judy performed a delicate operation and removed butterflies from the patient’s stomach. Next she removed his broken heart. Stink went for the charley horse.
Buzz! “Hey, his nose lights up red,” he said.
“Like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer!”
“You did that on purpose!”
“Did not!” Stink tried to remove the pencil from the guy’s arm, to get rid of writer’s cramp. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
“Stink. Give me the tweezers. Your turn’s over when you buzz.”
“Let’s play something else,” said Stink.
“I know,” Judy said. “You can help me with my Human Body project for school.”
“That’s not playing. That’s homework.”
“Fun homework,” said Judy. “I’m going to do an operation with real stitches and stuff.” Judy got out her doctor kit. “All I need is somebody to operate on.”
“You’re not operating on me. Just so you know. No slings or eye patches or anything.”
“Can I at least take your blood pressure?”
“I guess.”
Judy put a cuff round Stink’s arm and pumped air into it. “I’m afraid you have high blood pressure, Stink,” said Judy.
“Your heart’s beating super fast.”
“That’s cos I’m scared of what you might do to me!”
“I have a better idea.” Judy went straight to Toady’s aquarium. “Operation Toady! You hold him down, Stink, and I’ll make the incision.”
“The what?”
“You’re loony tunes!” Stink said. “You can’t cut Toady open.”
“I’ll stitch him back up. C’mon. Just one small, teensy-weensy snip?”

“N-O, no! Give him to me!”

“It’s the only way to see toad insides. Admit it, Stink. You want to see toad guts.”

“Not this toad’s guts.” Stink rushed over to his desk and rooted around in the top drawer. He held up a cardboard badge that said RSPCA: SAVING LIVES SINCE 1824. “Busted!” said Stink, holding the badge up to Judy’s face. “It’s against the law to be mean to animals or hurt them. Ever. Just show them respect and kindness. You’re not even supposed to let your dog drink out of the toilet.”

“I don’t have a dog. And Mouse doesn’t drink out of the toilet!”
“Good. If she did, you’d go to jail.”

“I was just going to practise on Toady. Not put him in the toilet!”

“You’re not allowed to test stuff out on animals. You’re supposed to test on beans. Or pumpkins. People who make soap and shampoo and underpants and stuff are always testing it on animals, and the animals get hurt or even die.”

“Stink, nobody makes animals wear underpants.”

“Yah-huh. They do. No lie. It makes me really sad and mad that people do stuff to animals. I’m so sad and so mad I’m ... smad!”

“OK, OK! Don’t be smad. I cross-my-heart promise I won’t shampoo Toady or make him wear underpants or anything. I just wish I had something really good for Sharing. Something nobody’s ever seen. Something human.”

“Like what?”

“Like Einstein’s brain. A hair from Abraham Lincoln’s beard. Or Grandma Lou’s kidney stone, if only she had saved it.”

“Put a kidney bean in a jar and say it’s Einstein’s brain. You could say it’s a human bean, get it?”

“Hardee-har-har, Stink.”

“I have some baby teeth. Teeth are human.”

“Everybody’s seen baby teeth, Stink.”
“I have a toe nail collection.”
“Bor-ing.”
“Wait! I do have a body part.”
“What? What is it? Can I have it?”
“Nope. I’m not showing you, cos you’ll want it bad.”
“Is it a finger? Or an ear?”
“NO!”
“A bone?”
“Nope.”
“Is it skin? Like you peel off when you get sunburnt?”
“Nope.”
“Is it a cavity? You know, like in a tooth?”
“Nope.”

“C’mon, Stinker. You HAVE to show me.”
“OK, but promise you won’t SHOW or TELL anybody, and you can’t take it to school, OK?”
“Cross-my-heart promise,” said Judy.

Stink went over to his closet. He pulled down a dusty box from the shelf. A box with all his baby stuff.

“Hurry up. I can’t stand it!” said Judy.

Stink opened the box and took out a baby-food jar. There was something in the jar. Something that looked like a shrivelled-up, shrunken dead worm.

“Yee-uck. What is it? A petrified worm? Or one-hundred-year-old burnt spaghetti?”
“No, Einstein. It’s my belly button!”
"Your belly button?"
"You know. That thing that falls off your belly button when you’re born."
"For real and true?"
"Yes, for real. When Mum brought me home from the hospital—"
"But you were born in a Jeep!"
"You know what I mean. When I came home, I had a thing on my belly button. You have to wait for it to fall off. Mum said you wanted to keep it."
"Me? So, then, really it’s mine?"
"NO! It’s my body part. I used to be an outie. Now I’m an innie." Stink lifted up his shirt. "See?"
"RARE!" said Judy. "I can’t wait for my class" – Stink gave her a starey, glarey look – “to NOT know about this. Ever.”
Stink put the jar with his wormy old burnt-spaghetti belly button on the desk.
"You know what’s so great about this belly button?"
"What?" asked Judy.
"That you don’t have one!" said Stink. He laughed himself silly. "But if you give me a million dollars, I’ll let you take my belly button to school."
"How about five dollars?"
"A million dollars or you’ll never, not ever, touch my belly button!" said Stink.
Wednesday. Wednesday was her Sharing Day! Judy was going to have the best share ever. She couldn’t wait until her Human Body project was due. She, Judy Moody, would Show and Tell about Stink’s belly button. Today. All she had to do was steal it.

Judy waited for Stink to go downstairs for breakfast. She tiptoed into his room, took down the box of baby stuff, grabbed Stink’s belly-button jar, and hid it in the secret inside pocket of her backpack.

As soon as the bell rang, Mr Todd asked Class 3T to form a Sharing Circle. It was Rocky’s day to share too. And Jessica Finch. Jessica said she’d brought an especially special share. But Judy just knew her belly button had to be the special-est!

Rocky went first. His share was a piece of Lego. Judy thought one piece of Lego was boring, until Rocky conducted an experiment on it. He put it in a Petri dish and poured some stuff on it. The Lego turned black-as-dirt from all the germs on it.

“Eee-yew!” said Jessica Finch. “Germs!” Germs made her squirm.
“There’s a fungus among us,” said Frank.

“I had lice before,” said Brad. “In my hair!”

“Me too!” said Alison S.

“Ick,” said Dylan, backing away from the circle.

“Millions of bacteria are on us all the time,” said Rocky. “On our heads, up our noses, between our toes.”

“That’s right,” said Mr Todd. “Each one of us is our own ecosystem. We carry around millions of creatures too tiny to see.”

“Like a human rainforest?” asked Judy.

“Exactly,” said Mr Todd. “Now do you see why I’m always after all of you to wash your hands?”

“I have something that’s not germs,” Jessica said. “My guinea pig, Chester, was a boy, but he turned out to be a girl and had babies.” Jessica Finch held up a picture. “Nutmeg, Jasmine, Coco and Cindy, short for Cinnamon. The Spice Girls!”
“Ahh!” everybody said. “Cute!”

Judy took a look. All she could see were hair balls. Belly buttons were way more scientific than hair balls!

“Judy, did you bring anything to share?” asked Mr Todd.

“Yes,” said Judy. She held the baby-food jar behind her back. “See, when you’re a baby and you first come out, there’s a thingy attached to your belly button. Then it falls off and your mum and dad find out if you’re an innie or an outie.”

“I’m an innie!” said Frank.

“Ooh. I’m a way-outie!” said Brad, showing off his belly button.

“OK, 3T! Keep your shirts on,” said Mr Todd. “Let’s let Judy finish.”

“In this jar, I have a real live belly-button thingy. No lie. I call it Mucus Dermis. It’s Latin. Dermis means skin and mucus means yucky. Yucky skin.”

“Where’d you get it?” asked Rocky.

“Actually, it’s from my very own brother, Stink Moody.”

“Double yuck,” said Jessica Finch, squirming in a wormy way.

“Let me see!” said Frank Pearl. Judy passed Stink’s belly button to Frank. Everybody crowded round to see.

“Take your seats and Judy will pass it around,” said Mr Todd.

“Belly buttons are also called navels,” said Judy. “Everybody has one, but no two are alike. Just like snowflakes. Sometimes
belly buttons collect lint, and in Japan they have belly-button cleaners. My dad told me. No lie!"

"Thank you, Judy," said Mr Todd. "I think we've all learnt more than we ever imagined about belly buttons."

"Belly buttons are better than bones," said Rocky.

"Better than lice!" said Frank.

"Better than hair balls!" said Judy.

"Does your brother know you have his belly button?" asked Jessica.

"I know you have it. I came to tell you... I just saw you! I overheard... You stole it, didn't you? You showed the WHOLE ENTIRE WORLD my belly button!"
“Nah-uh! Only half of the third grade.”
“You owe me a million dollars.”
“Stink, we can fight later. Go back to second grade.”
“I can’t. I’m sick. My throat hurts. I think I have mumps.”
“Made-up mumps?”
“No. For real.” Stink held his neck like it really hurt.
“Would you say that the pain is in your larynx or your pharynx?” Judy asked.
“Huh?”
“Just go to the nurse,” said Judy.
“I’m scared.”
“Of what? Mrs Bell?”
“No.”
“A shot?”
“No.”
“Getting lost?”
“No.”
“For-real mumps? A pill? Throwing up?”
“No. No. And not really.”
“What? What are you scared of?”
“The skeleton! In the nurse’s office.”
“Stink! It’s not even real!”
Stink’s face crumpled like he was going to cry. “The office lady told me to wait till Mrs Bell gets here, but I was in there all by myself. With it.”
“I’ll take you, if you promise not to be mad about the belly button.”
Judy got a pass from Mr Todd, then walked Stink along the corridor and round the corner to the nurse’s office. Stink pointed to the skeleton in the corner.
“Pretend he’s not there, Stink. Sit on the edge of the bed. I’ll be the doctor while we wait for Mrs Bell. So, what seems to be the problem?”
“When I woke up this morning, I just had hiccups and a loose tooth. Now my throat hurts.”
Judy picked up a flashlight from the desk and shone it in Stink’s eyes.
“Hey, now my eyes hurt too!”
“Does your face hurt?”
“Nope.”
“It’s killing me!” Judy cracked herself up. “Let’s see your throat.” She shone the light down his throat. “Say ahh!”
“Glub!” said Stink.

“Not glub. Ahhhhh! Try again.”

“Slug!”

“Never mind,” said Judy.

“What’s wrong?”

“Well, you DON’T have a frog in your throat. Just a glub and a slug.” Judy held her head sideways, thinking. She looked Stink up and down.

“Do you have a pain in your neck too?” asked Stink.

“Just you,” said Judy. She cracked her- self up some more. “Wait a minute! Stink! I got it! I know what you have!”

“What?” asked Stink.

“Skeleton-itis!” said Judy. “Fear-of-Skeletons disease. Found only in second

graders with glubby slugs in their throats.”

“I can’t help it. He just stares ... with those eyes! It’s creepier than that pyramid eye on a one-dollar bill.”

“Stink, skeletons don’t have eyes.”

“I know! Just big spooky holes like dead people. And he’s all clickety-clackety.”

Judy picked up the skeleton from where he was hanging in the corner. “Hi! I’m Mr Dry-Bones!” Judy clacked the skeleton’s jaw open and shut. “You can call me George. See? He teaches you about your bones and stuff.” Judy made the skeleton wave at Stink.

Stink did not wave back. “You’re giving me goose pimples. Put him back before we get in trouble.”
“Not till he tells some jokes. Here, I’ll practise some jokes I’m learning for my Human Body project. Mr Dry-Bones likes jokes, don’t you?” Judy said to the skeleton. “They tickle his funny bone!”

Stink cracked up.

“What does a skeleton take for a cold?” asked Judy.

“What?”

“Coffin drops!”

Stink laughed at that one.

“What do skeletons put on their mashed potatoes?”

“Umm...”

“Grave-y! What do you call a skeleton who sleeps all day?”
“Sleepyhead?”

“Lazybones!” Judy cackled. “How does a skeleton pass his maths test?”

“How?”

“He bones up on his addition and subtraction.”

“Fun-ny!” Stink laughed and laughed. He seemed to forget all about his sore throat. And Fear-of-Skeletons disease.

“What does a skeleton eat for breakfast?” asked Mrs Bell, setting her handbag down on the desk.

“I don’t know. What?”

“Dreaded wheat!”

“Good one!” said Stink. He held his stomach, he was laughing so hard.

“I see you’ve met George,” said Mrs Bell.

“I had to go to another school this morning. So it’s just my skeleton crew here today.”

“Hey, that’s good!” said Judy. “I was just, um, helping Stink till you got here.”

“Old Mr Dry-Bones is very humerus,” said Mrs Bell. She cracked herself up.

“Humerus. That’s the name of this long bone right here in your upper arm.”

“Cool beans!” said Judy.

“Oh, I get it now!” said Stink, cracking up too.

“See, Stink? I told you he wasn’t scary.”

“Don’t worry,” Mrs Bell said to Stink. “Lots of people find bones scary. Did you know even elephants are afraid of bones?”
“Really?” asked Stink.

“Bones are interesting, really. We start out with over three hundred bones when we’re born, and when we grow up we have—”

“Only two hundred and six!” said Judy.

“We just learnt that in Mr Todd’s class.”

“How do we lose so many bones?” asked Stink.

“Some grow together,” said Mrs Bell.

“To hold us up and make us strong. Otherwise we’d all be jellyfish. A jellyfish has no bones.”

Judy went all limp, imitating a jellyfish. “See, Stink. Aren’t you glad you’re not a jellyfish?”

“No, because if I were, I could sting you!”

“So what seems to be the problem, young man?” Mrs Bell asked Stink.

“I have a stomach ache.”

“A stomach ache?” said Judy. “I thought you had a sore throat.”

“I do. But now my stomach hurts from laughing.”

“So I guess you could say your sister had you in stitches, huh?”

“Don’t give her any ideas!” said Stink.

“Let’s just take a look at that throat,” said Mrs Bell. “Say ahh!”

“AHH!” said Stink.

“Hey! You didn’t say glub. Or slug,” said Judy.

“Uh-oh,” said Mrs Bell. “Somebody’s sick, all right.”
“For real?” Judy asked. “Can I see?”

“His throat is as red as a fire engine.” Mrs Bell took Stink’s temperature with a non-cat-hairy thermometer. “And he has a temperature: 99.9.”

“Stink, you have ALL the luck,” said Judy.

No fair! Stink got to go to the real doctor. Judy convinced her mum that she had to come too, so she could learn stuff.

Dr McCavity looked in Stink’s eyes and ears and down his throat with a purple tongue depressor. She explained how tonsils are two pink balls like grapes at the back of your throat, and they can get infected with white specks and swell up and hurt.

Dr McCavity told Mrs Moody to give
Stink some special medicine and make sure he got lots of sleep. She told Stink to drink ginger ale and eat the BRAT diet.

"He's been eating the brat diet since he was born!" Judy said.

Dr McCavity laughed. "BRAT means Bananas, Rice, Apple sauce and Toast." She also told Stink to stay home from school till his temperature had gone down, and stay away from Judy as much as possible.

She really did say the last part!

"Just think," Judy told Stink. "If you get tonsillitis, you get to go to the hospital for an operation and get a bracelet with your name on it and wear funny pyjamas and eat Popsicles all day."

"Well, let's hope it doesn't come to that," said Mum. "That would be a lot of Popsicles."

"We don't like to take out healthy tonsils," said the doctor.

"But you said they were grapefruits," said Judy. "Maybe he has Grapefruit-itis!"

"Grapes," said Dr McCavity. "Not grapefruit. If he takes care of those tonsils, he won't have to worry about Grapefruit-itis." She laughed again.

"Dr McCavity, you should have been a dentist!" Judy cracked herself up.

"You like jokes? What did the doctor say to the patient with tonsillitis?"

"What?"

"Have a swell time!" said Dr McCavity.
Double no fair! Stink got to stay home from school (for real), drink ginger ale (for breakfast) and eat mashed-banana toast all day (the bratty diet). AND he got to watch TV in his room, even though Dr McCavity had not said one thing about TV in your room.

Judy did not stay away from Stink as much as possible.

She took his temperature (way too high) and made him a hospital bracelet with his name (Stinker) on it. She let him use her crazy straw to drink ginger ale. She read him Dr Rex Morgan comics and Cherry Ames, Student Nurse, mysteries.

She wrote him a prescription on her doctor pad.

She even took a Hippopotamus oath to be nice to Stink. Nicey-nice. Doctor nice.

"Stink," she said, raising her right hand, "I swear by Neopolitan and Hygiene and Larry Lasagna that I will do everything I can to the best of my ability to help make
you better. Here. Pet Mouse.” She plopped Mouse on Stink’s stomach.

“Ow!” said Stink. “She clawed me!” Mouse jumped to the floor.

Judy picked up Mouse again. “Stink, you have to pet her twenty times. It’s called Paws for Healing. It will lower your blood pressure. Trust me.”

“Are you sure it’s not called Paws for Scratching?”

“Stink. Just try it.” Judy plopped her cat on Stink again. Mouse bolted off the bed, knocking over the glass of ginger ale.

“Ahh! Ginger ale! It’s all over me!” cried Stink.

Judy got Stink a towel. And a new ginger ale. And a clean crazy straw. She got him a not-wet blanket. She got him Baxter and Ebert, his stuffed-animal penguin and timber wolf.

For four days, she fed Toady. For four days, she brought Stink his homework. For four days, she watched Megazoid and the Deltoid Bananas with Stink, even though she wanted to watch the Operation Channel.

That was when she saw it. In a TV ad not prescribed by Dr McCavity. The one-and-only, for-sure cure for Stink.

“Are you tired all the time?”

Yes. Stink was sleeping right now!
“Are you sick? Want to be healthy? Live longer?”

Yes, yes, and YES!! Judy told the TV.

“We have a secret just for you. PRUNES!” said the cartoon lady on TV.

“PRUNES?” cried Judy. “UCK!”

“Bite them, chew them, don’t pooh-pooh them,” said the TV lady. “CALIFORNIA PRUNES! The energy-packed super snack. Majorly delicious! Off to climb Mount Everest? Take some PRUNES with you today.”

Judy did not think Stink would be climbing Mount Everest any time soon. He could barely climb out of bed. But it was worth a try. All she had to do was convince Stink to eat one prune.

Judy tiptoed downstairs and opened the kitchen cupboards. Tea bags, peanut butter, pretzels, crackers... They had to be here somewhere. Judy pulled a chair over to the up-high cupboards. A-ha! A shiny bag!

Gravy?!

Gravy did not help you climb Mount Everest. Gravy did not cure tonsils. Gravy did not make you live longer.

She spotted a yellow sun shining on the front of a pink and purple bag. Finally! Judy stared at two shrivelled lumps. Prunes were icky. Sticky. Prunes were wrinkly as elephants and looked like one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old buffalo droppings. Two-hundred-year-old dried-up belly buttons. Two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old
tonsils. Why did you have to eat bad stuff for good stuff to happen?

The world was backwards, according to Judy Moody.

Dr Judy went back upstairs. “Stink! Wake up!” said Judy.

“What...?”

“I have your cure! Right here in my hand. No more fever. No more grapefruit tonsils.” Judy held out her hand. She showed Stink the prunes.

“What? What are those?” asked Stink.

“Prunes. The secret to not getting sick. The secret to climbing Mount Everest.”

“They look like moon rocks. Or petrified prune rocks.”

“They do kind of look like the owl pellets we had in Science...”

“Owl pellets! Owl pellets are hair balls. Owl pellets are vomit.”

“Prunes are just plums,” said Judy. “C’mon. One bite.”

“No way, Prunella de Vil. I am not eating a hair ball. I am not eating vomit.”

“Don’t you want to live longer? Don’t you want to have teeny-tiny tonsils again?”

“OK. Then help me. Say nice things about prunes,” said Stink.

Judy sniffed a prune. “They don’t smell like buffalo droppings.”

“That’s the nicest thing you can say about a prune?”
Stink closed his eyes tight.

“Two, one thousand...”

Judy threw her prune in the bin.

“Three—”

Stink actually put the prune in his mouth.

“Eee-yew!” cried Stink. Thwaaa! Stink spat out the prune. It went flying across the floor and landed in a dust ball. “I licked it! It touched my taste buds!”

“It’s supposed to taste MAJORLY delicious. The TV said so,” Judy told him.

“It tastes majorly disgusting,” said Stink. “You tricked me!”

“I was just trying to help you feel better,” said Judy. “Now I’m a bad doctor and you’ll never feel better.”

“They’re not hairy.”

“Not hairy is good,” said Stink.

“I know,” said Judy. “Close your eyes. On the count of three, we’ll BOTH eat a prune at the same time.

“One, one thousand...”
“I feel better knowing I’m not going to eat that prune.”

“Stink, don’t you get it? That was the last prune. Now it has cat hair and spit all over it. What are we going to do?” Before you could say “majorly dust ball”, Mouse pounced on the cat-hairy spat-out prune.

“No! Mouse! Wait!” said Judy.

It was too late. Ga-loomp! Mouse chewed it up and swallowed. Hair ball, spit and all. Judy and Stink fell on the floor laughing.

Prune Lips licked her paws, face and whiskers.

“Mouse,” said Judy, picking up her cat, “you are going to live a very long life.”

“Nine long lives,” said Stink.
Doctor Day! The day Judy got to dress up like Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, and do a REAL LIVE operation for Class 3T. An operation was the best of all the brainstorm from her list. The best Human Body project ever. Better even than trying to doctor Stink.

Her patient was special. Her patient had green skin and did not talk back. Her patient would not hog the TV and drink all the ginger ale and spit out healthy prunes.

Her patient was perfect. She could hardly wait.

First she took one more bath.

Stink knocked on the bathroom door.

“Knock, knock!”

“Who’s there?”

“Stink, minus one belly button.”

No answer.

“Mum! Judy’s hogging the bathroom and she already took a million baths yesterday.” Stink banged on the door. “Hurry up! I need to get in there!”

Judy came out with a towel on her head, and all-wrinkly hands and feet. “I liked it better when you were ill,” said Judy.
"I liked it better when you didn't look like a spat-out prune," said Stink.

"Doctors have to be really, really clean, Stink. Elizabeth Blackwell took three cold showers a day!"

"Elizabeth Blackwell didn't leave a lake on the floor."

"Hardee-har-har."

"'Hip bone's connected to da leg bone,'" Judy sang as she got dressed. Today was going to be the amazing-est Human Body day ever, from head to toe.

At school, Judy had ants in her pants all through Spelling, bees in her patella-knees all through Maths. At last it was Science. Mr Todd said the magic words. "Time for our Human Body projects. Rocky, why don't you go first?"

Rocky wrapped himself in toilet paper like a mummy, and told how eating a mummy can help your tummy! No lie. Doctors in the old-old-olden days thought mummies could cure stuff like stomach aches. So they ground up mummies, bones and all, and used them for medicine.

"Creepy!" said most of the class.

"Fascinating," said Judy.

Jessica Finch wrote medi-words
on the board. Words like *intelligirl* (really smart girl), *brainiac* (has super-Einstein, not-kidney-bean brain) and *brain case* (sick in the brain), which she added to the dictionary. Then she passed out a word search. Judy found all the *medi-words* at *brainiac* speed.

Finally, Mr Todd called on her. Dr Judy Elizabeth Blackwell. She put on her doctor shirt, a stethoscope and a left-eye patch. She taped plastic bags over her shoes. She coloured between her eyebrows with a black marker and stuck fake bugs on her head with tape. “Today I am Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor,” said Judy. “I’ll start with a poem.” She took a deep
breath, so she wouldn’t get a terrible case of nerves. Or a bad case of sweat.

“Elizabeth Blackwell
Lived in an attic
Nothing was automatic
First in her class
What more could you ask?
Became first woman doctor
Even though boys mocked her
Opened a clinic
Helped poor people in it
Delivered babies
Gave shots for rabies (maybe)
Opened her own school
It was way cool
Wrote a book
Wonder how long it took
Born, I don’t know when
Died, 1910
Take after the example
Of Dr Elizabeth Blackwell.”

Everybody clapped. “Any questions before I begin the operation?” Judy asked.

“Why are you wearing pyjamas?” asked Hailey.

“Scrubs,” said Judy. “It’s a doctor shirt. Doctors have to be really, really clean and take tons of baths a day.”

“Why do you only have one eyebrow?” asked Frank.

“It’s a uni-brow. Like Elizabeth Blackwell had. Plus it makes me look intelligent. Like an intelligirl who is not a brain case.”

“Why do you have that pirate patch on your eye?” asked Brad.

“Elizabeth Blackwell got an eye infection and they took out her eye, so she wore an eye patch.”
“Ooh. Gross!”

“Why do you have fake bugs on your head?” asked Jessica Finch.

“They didn’t really know how to fix her eye, so they put bloodsucking leeches on her head. They thought it would help.”

“EEE-yew!” said a bunch of kids in the class.

“Did you write that poem?”

“Well, it wasn’t a gnome!”

“Why do you have plastic bags on your feet?”

“In case of blood,” said Judy.

“Class, let’s let Judy show us her project,” said Mr Todd.

“Time for a real live operation!” said Judy.

“Do it on me!” said Frank.

“Not me!” said Rocky.

“If you need a guinea pig,” said Jessica Finch, “do it on Peanut.”

“I already have a patient.”

“Is it dead?” asked Brad.

“My patient is alive, not dead. My patient is better to practise on than a little brother. My patient has lots of guts. Ooey-gooey guts.”

“Who is it?”

“Tell us!”

“Does it have a name?”

“Yes.”

“Oh no! Does it have green skin?” asked Rocky.

“Yes!” said Judy.

“It’s Toady!” Frank called out.
“Her name is ... Ima,” said Judy. She held up a zucchini with a Magic-Marker face. “Ima Green Zucchini!”

The whole class clapped.

Frank came up front to help. He held up Judy’s X-ray drawing of the insides of a zucchini. “First, make sure you take an X-ray, so you know what you’re doing.”

“What’s that big black blob?” asked Rocky.

“That’s the thing I’m going to remove.

The appendix. Nobody really knows what the appendix is for, so it’s a good thing to take out.”

“I had my appendix out,” said Alison S.

“I had mine out twice,” said Brad.

“Before you start,” said Judy, “don’t forget to take the Hippo oath. Swear by the Hippo guy, Father of Medicine, and Mr Clean and Louis Lasagna that you will do your doctor best. Then make sure the patient is clean.”

Judy turned to Frank. “Toothbrush!” She scrubbed the zucchini with a toothbrush.

“Needle.” Frank handed her the needle from her doctor kit.

“Give the patient a shot, so they fall asleep. Use your nicey-nicey voice and tell
them they won’t feel a thing. Or tell them a joke to make them feel OK. Like, what vegetable lives in a cage? A zoo-chini!”

Frank cracked up the most at that one. “Knife!” Frank handed Judy a plastic knife.

“Next, make the incision.” “I-N-C-I-S-I-O-N,” said Intelligirl Jessica Finch, Queen of Medi-words. “A cut, slash or gash.”

Judy poked the zucchini with the plastic knife.

“Scissors,” said Judy. Frank handed her the scissors.

Snip, snip, snip.

“Blood!” Judy said to Frank. She pointed to the ketchup bottle. Frank poured ketchup all over the zucchini.

“Operations have lots of blood.”

“All this ketchup stuff is making me hungry for hot dogs and stuff,” said Rocky.

“Tweezers!” She whispered “Clothes peg” to Frank.

“Take out the appendix.” Judy pulled out a hunk of seeds with the clothes peg.

“Sponge!” Judy picked up the zucchini and wiped off the ketchup-blood. The zucchini was so ketchup-y, it slipped out of Judy’s hands and fell to the floor.

OH NO!

The kids in 3T leant out of their seats to see what had happened. There, in the middle of the aisle, was perfect patient Ima Green Zucchini, lying in a pool of ketchup-blood, broken in two!
“Rule number one: stay calm,” said Judy. “Admit ‘I know not’ what to do!”

Then she had an idea. Judy picked up both halves of her patient and said to Frank, “Sutures!” So Frank handed her a needle and some thread.

“I’ll just sew the patient back up.” Judy showed the class how to make nice neat stitches. *In, out, in, out.*

“Don’t just do a *sew-sew* job. Or your patient will have a purple Frankenstein scar. Or a pizza-shaped scar, like mine.” Judy pulled up her sleeve to show her own bumpy pizza-scar, from the time she fell over chasing the ice-cream van. Judy and Frank laughed till their appendixes hurt.

Frank helped Judy put Band-Aids all over her patient. “Wait one week, then take the stitches out. Tell them to rest and eat prunes and plenty of Screamin’ Mimi’s ice cream. No, wait. That’s for tonsils. Whatever! The end.”

Everybody clapped really hard. “Good job,” said Mr Todd. “Nice details. You really thought of everything. I’d say it was a *smashing* success!”
The very next day after Operation Zucchini, Frank Pearl brought a cardboard person to school. A cardboard person that looked exactly like him.

"Awesome," said Rocky. "You have a twin!"

"He's my clone. I'm Frank. He's Stein. Get it? We're Frank-and-Stein!"

Judy hoped Frank-and-Stein was not better than Operation Zucchini.
Frank Pearl told the class how you get DNA from a bone or a hair. “One cell has all your genes. You can make another one of you, exactly like you, by cloning. You can’t see your genes,” said Frank. “But it’s all there.”

“I can see my jeans. I’m wearing them,” said Brad.

“Not jeans that you wear. G-E-N-E, genes. DNA is the stuff that makes you YOU.”

“Cool beans,” said Judy.

“Scientists cloned a sheep and named her Dolly. And they cloned a bunch of mice. And some pigs, right here in Virginia,” Frank told the class.

“Is that true, Mr Todd?” asked Jessica Finch.

“It’s science fiction,” said Alison S. “Like Jurassic Park,” said Rocky. “It’s true,” said Mr Todd. “They found a mammoth frozen in ice and they might try to clone it with DNA so mammoths won’t be extinct any more. No lie,” said Frank.

“Thank you, Frank,” said Mr Todd. “Very interesting. Most of us just think of cloning as science fiction.”

The rest of the morning, Frank Pearl did not pay attention once. Judy wrote him a note, but he didn’t write back. She told him a joke, but he didn’t laugh.

“Frank! What’s wrong?” Judy asked.

“My project was no good.”
"Was so!" said Judy. "You're a gene-ius."

"My project was cardboard. Dead cardboard. Nobody even believes it's real. Yours had something real. Something alive." He just stared at Peanut, the dwarf guinea pig.

"Why are you staring at Peanut?" asked Judy.

"I was just thinking how she must be lonely all by herself," said Frank.

"Judy, Frank, are you with us?" asked Mr Todd.

"Sorry, Mr Todd," said Judy. "Frank's worried about Peanut. Do guinea pigs get lonely? For friends?"

"Yes, well, guinea pigs do enjoy company."

"I have guinea pigs, and my guinea-pig book says you're never supposed to have just one guinea pig," said Jessica Finch. "That's why we take turns playing with her every day," said Mr Todd. "And we made her a fun box, remember? Now let's keep our minds on our work, OK?"

At morning recess, Frank found Judy and Rocky at the water fountain. "You guys have to help me get in trouble," said Frank.
“Are you crazy?” asked Rocky.

“Do you want to go to Antarctica?” Judy asked Frank.

“No, I just want Mr Todd to make me stay inside during lunch recess. I need to try a science experiment. A real one. About cloning.”

“Cool beans,” said Rocky.

“Cool genes,” said Judy, cracking herself up. “What kind of experiment?”

“Cloning Peanut. I’ll make another guinea pig exactly like her. Right here in Class 3T. So she’ll have a friend. Or friends. Real ones, not cardboard. If it works, nobody will think cloning is just science fiction.”

“Cloning just works on aliens,” said Rocky.

“And bones. And frozen stuff,” Judy said.

“Nah-uh,” said Frank.

“Well, it’s against the law to practise science on animals. Stink told me. You have to use a zucchini or something.”

“Everybody clones vegetables. And does experiments on zucchinis.”

“What’s wrong with that? Real doctors practise stitches on zucchinis. It’s way scientific.”

“Cloning a guinea pig is way MORE scientific.”

“Get real!” said Judy. “You can’t just be a cloner. You need equipment. Fancy stuff, like scientists have. In labs.”

“It’s easy. All I need is DNA (a few hairs from Peanut), a Petri dish like Rocky used
They gave her a new, never-been-chewed toilet-paper tube to hide in.

As soon as Mr Todd left to get his lunch, Frank said, "Quick!" He got Mr Todd's pointy scissors. Rocky held Peanut while Frank went *snip, snip, snip.*

"Be careful," said Judy. "I'm watching." "Haircuts don't hurt!" said Frank. He carefully placed four hairs in the Petri dish. "All we need now is electricity."

"How about the microwave?" said Rocky.

Frank put the guinea-pig hairs in the microwave. "Three minutes," he said, pressing the buttons.

"I'll say some magic words," said Rocky. "Let me think. How's this:
“Snip of hair, electric power.
How many guinea pigs per hour?
Eeny meeny, dead Houdini.
Two, ten, twelve, fourteen.”

*Ding!* Frank took out the Petri dish and put it back in Peanut’s cage.

“Hide it under some straw,” said Rocky.
“Now what do we do?” asked Judy.
“Wait,” said Frank.
“This will never work,” said Judy. “You should have practised on a zucchini.”

The next morning, when Judy got to school, Frank was looking in Peanut’s cage. Nothing! No more guinea pigs. Not two. Not ten. Not fourteeny. Just Peanut, sleeping with her head on a lettuce pillow.

“It didn’t work. Cloning must be harder than I thought,” said Frank.
“Told you,” said Judy.
“I’m not giving up,” said Frank. “Everybody knows science takes time.”

They waited some more. On Thursday and Friday, when Judy got to school Frank was already there, standing over Peanut’s cage. Nothing. Zip. Zero-teeny.

Peanut was alone. Un-cloned. Frank Pearl was having Double Trouble.

Then, on Monday morning, it happened. While Judy was doodling guinea-pig clones with her Grouchy pencil and waiting for the school bell to ring, somebody yelled, “Hey! Peanut has a friend!”
Judy dropped her Grouchy pencil. She rushed over to Peanut’s cage. Peanut did have a friend. No lie! For real and absolute positive! Not one friend, but one-two-three-four friends! One clone for every hair Frank had snipped.

“SCIENCE RULES!” Frank shouted.

“What happened?”

“Where did all these guinea pigs come from?”

“I cloned Peanut!” Frank told the class. “At first it didn’t work. Then presto! Four guinea pigs! Double-triple-quadruple Frank-and-Stein magic!”

“They’re not clones! Kids can’t clone stuff.”

“Are they real?”

“Did Peanut have babies?”

Judy Moody blinked once, twice, three times. She could not believe her retinas, irises or pupils. Frank Pearl had cloned Peanut the dwarf guinea pig! She saw it with her own eyeballs. Eyeballs did not lie.
“I did it! I cloned Peanut. I’m a world-famous kid scientist! The youngest person ever to clone a guinea pig!” shouted Frank.

“I helped!” said Judy. “Don’t forget me, Judy Moody, First Girl Doctor. We did it together – right, Frank? We’re both famous. I bet I – I mean we – will be in The Guinness Book of Records. Ripley’s Believe It or Not!”

“Or NOT!” said one-two-three voices. Three annoying, not-funny, used-to-be-friends voices.

Frank laughed so hard he made spit fly. Rocky sprayed her too. Worst of all, Jessica Finch was laughing her medulla off! She jumped up and down saying, “They’re mine, they’re mine, they’re all my guinea
pigs. Chester had babies and we played a trick on YOU, Judy Moody!"

"You fell for it," said Frank.

"You swallowed it like a pill," said Rocky.

What was she thinking? She, Judy Moody, was not First Girl Doctor, first to help clone a guinea pig. It was all a joke. A trick. A big fat bunch of clone-y baloney.

"You should see your face!" said Rocky.

"We were just cloning around," said Frank.

"Did you really think you cloned a guinea pig?" asked Jessica.

"Of course not," said Judy. She searched under the straw and pulled out the Petri dish. Still there. It now had four hairs, eight, sixteen, thirty-two... The only things that had multiplied were guinea-pig hairs.

"Ha ha! Yes, you did!" said Jessica Finch.

Judy's blood pressure went up. Her temperature was rising! She, Judy Moody, felt as silly as Bozo the Clone.


"The Not-Nice girls! And boys," she said, looking at Rocky and Frank. "Mr Todd's going to be here any minute. Don't you need to go and sit down or something?"

"Yes," said Frank. "To write a letter to Ripley's Believe It or Not! 'Dear Mr Ripley: Believe it or not, we played the best-joke-ever on our friend Judy Moody.'"

"ROAR!" said Judy.

Judy ran to the mirror and stuck out her tongue. It was red, all right. Not just Cherry-Ames-cough-drop red. Fire-engine red! And she saw a bumpy, mumps-of-a-lump in the back of her throat – one on each side. She, Judy Moody, had grapefruit tonsils. Bowling-ball tonsils!

The lumps made her look like a hound dog. The lumps made her look like a clone of Peanut-the-dwarf-guinea-pig (with chipmunk cheeks). The lumps made her look like Mumpty Dumpty.

Dad came into her room. He felt her forehead. He looked in her Lumpty-Dumpty throat. He took her temperature.

"You're sick, all right," said Dad, peering at the thermometer. "Looks just like what Stink had. Must be tonsillitis."

Stink came into her room before leaving for school to see if she was sick for real.
“Stink!” Judy whisper-yelled. “Get out of my room!” The lumps made her sound funny.

“Get off your broom?”

“My room. Get out.”

“How come?”

“You don’t want to catch a bad case of lumps!”

Mouse jumped up onto the bottom bunk.

“How come Mouse gets to be in there and I don’t?”

“Cats don’t have tonsils!”

“Stink, don’t get too close to Judy!” yelled Mum.

Stink was not allowed in her room! RARE!

Staying at home sick was not as fun as Judy thought it would be. When Mum brought ginger ale with a crazy straw, it went up Judy’s nose. When Dad brought toast with mashed bananas, Judy took one look and said, “I think somebody already ate this.” And, worst of all, TV shows in the middle of the day were full of kissing.

Mum took Judy’s temperature for real, with a brand-new, no-cat-hair thermometer. Human temperature: 101.9! “I called Dr McCavity,” said Mum. “This will make you feel better.” She held out some medicine. Not double-yum baby aspirin that tastes like orange sweets and that you get to chew. Not triple-yum cough medicine
that tastes like grape sweets and that you get to drink. A pill! Not just any old pill. A big pill. A monster pill. A pill the size of Nebraska.

Mum wanted her to swallow it. Not chew it. Not drink it. Swallow it. Mum wanted her to swallow Nebraska!

Judy held her throat. "I can't swallow," she said in a sickly way.

"You were swallowing ginger ale just fine," said Mum.

"Ginger ale is not Nebraska!" Judy mumbled in her bowling-ball-tonsils voice. Her words came out all mumbly-dumbly.

"Alaska?" said Mum.

"Ne-bras-ka!" said Judy.

"Just try," said Mum. "It will make you feel lots better."

Judy shut her eyes. She pinched her nose, put the pill in her mouth and gulped down a glass of water.

"That's better," said Mum. Judy stuck out her tongue. The pill was still there!

"Judy, how are you going to be a doctor if you can't take your own medicine?"

"When I'm a doctor, I'll invent a pill-swallowing machine," said Judy.

"OK. Never mind. I'll crush it up and you can drink it."

"Wang hoo," said Judy.

Judy felt lousy. Lousier than lice. Lumpier than mumps. Germier than worms.
A day without school was longer than a month. A day without school took a year. But at least she, Bozo the Clone, did not have to go to school and face her not-so-funny friends.

Still, if they made up, she could be passing notes to Rocky right now. Or telling jokes to Frank Pearl. Or making faces at Jessica Rodent-Fink Finch. But they were all at school, school, school. Learning fun, interesting, fascinating, not pain-in-the-brain stuff, like the smallest bone in your ear is an ossicle (not Popsicle). Or how to spell maxilla (a jawbone, not Godzilla).

Judy wished she could clone a friend to have right here, right now. Instead, she counted Band-Aids in her Band-Aid collection. Three hundred thirty-seven. Plus thirteen on Hedda-Get-Betta, her doctor doll. Plus a brand-new box of thirty bug Band-Aids she got from Mum this morning just for being ill!

$$337 + 13 + 30 = \text{too hard to figure out when you’re not at school.}$$

She practised her signature, fast and messy like real doctors.

She drew cartoons on her pillowcase with markers. Frank with a moustache. Rocky with Frankenstein hair. Jessica Finch with a rodent brain. A Stink spider’s web.
She made a list of all her stuffed animals.

There were more, but writing them all down gave her writer's cramp on top of bowling-ball tonsils.

She took her own temperature. With the fancy thermometer that beeped. It was not normal. It was not 98.6. Judy's temperature was 188.8! Judy's temperature was 00.0! Judy's temperature was beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep. She, Judy Moody, had the temperature of an outer-space alien!

She stared at cracks in the ceiling. The Big Dipper. A giant hot dog. A brain (without a pain in it).

Judy took her temperature again. Beeeeeep! Still 00.0.

"Mouse, stick out your tongue," she said. She held the thermometer under Mouse's tongue. Mouse's temperature was ... the letter M. She tried again. Mouse's temperature was ERR. Mouse's temperature was not even numbers. Mouse's temperature was not even human. Mouse
the cat was sicker than she, Dr Judy Moody!

"Poor baby!" said Judy. She fed Mouse an ABC (Already Been Chewed) mashed-banana toast strip. Mouse loved mashed bananas.

She speed-read one of Stink's Megazoid books about evil ants from an asteroid between Mars and Jupiter that try to take over the universe.

She read two days of Dr Rex Morgan comics Dad had saved for her. She read three chapters of a Cherry Ames, Student Nurse, mystery till her eyes felt ker-flooeey.

Finally, after about a hundred years, Stink came home from school. After about a hundred more years, he came upstairs and walked right into her room.

"Stink! Worms! Worms are everywhere. You better get out of here."

"Worms?"

"Germs, Stink. Germs! Didn't you see the sign?" Judy pointed to the sign she had made on the door. "QUARANTINE! That means STAY AWAY!"

"Mum said to bring you your homework. Plus I brought other stuff."

"Like what?"

"A wooden nickel from Rocky. That he got from Suzie the Magic Lady. It has a picture of a rabbit coming out of a hat."

"I'm mad at him," said Judy. "In fact, I'm smad. And I'm not going to make up for a nickel. Wooden or not."
“Here’s a card from Jessica Finch, with a pretend spelling quiz. See?” The card said:

Get well soon
Get well soon
Get well soon

“And you have to look inside for the right answer.”
Judy opened the card. It said:

None of the above!
Get well soon!
Your pal, Jessica Finch

“I think she meant to put Your Un-pal, Jessica Finch.”

“Give me that,” said Judy.
“I made you something at school today too.” Stink took a mashed-up wad of paper out of his backpack.
“A mashed-up wad of paper?” said Judy. “Sank woo very much.”
“N-O! It’s a cootie catcher! I can catch germs with it. See?” Stink jumped up and down, grabbing at air.
“Stink!” said Judy. “Don’t make me waff.”
“OK, OK. I won’t make you waff. But look. It tells fortunes.” Stink held out the cootie catcher. “Pick a number.”
Judy looked at the cootie catcher. She could not find a number. All she could find were funny-looking words.
"It's French!" said Stink. "We learnt French colours and numbers today. Pick one."

Judy pointed to *quatre*.

"Four," said Stink. "*Un, deux, trois, quatre.* Now pick a colour."

"If you say so," said Judy. She pointed to *bleu*. It looked like *blue* with the letters mixed up.

"Blue. B-L-E-U," said Stink. "Pick one more colour."

Judy pointed to another one.

"Red. R-O-U-G-E," said Stink. He lifted up the flap.

"Here's your fortune," said Stink. "*Il y a un dragon dans mon lit.*"

"What's that mean?" asked Judy. "Your friends are a bunch of clone-y baloneys?"

"It means *There's a dragon in my bed,"* Stink told her.

"That's it? That's my fortune?"

"It's that or *My horse is dizzy,*" said Stink.

"Those are the only two sentences I learnt so far."

"I know one more," said Judy.

"You know French?" asked Stink.

"*Oui,*" said Judy. She took out her doctor pad. She wrote a prescription for Stink.
Most Definitely

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. A sick-of-being-sick mood. Even her bowling-ball pyjamas didn’t cheer her up. They made her think of tonsils. Judy put on her around-the-world postcard pyjamas.

Dr McCavity told Mum that Judy might not feel like herself again for about twelve days.

Twelve days! Her human temperature was rising just thinking about it! Her blood pressure was skyrocketing! Twelve days before she could stop talking like a cat underwater. Twelve days before she could learn any new bones or spell *scapula* or stay away from Antarctica.

Twelve more days to feel like Bozo the Clone.

Judy made up a song: “The Twelve Days of Tonsils”.

On the first day of tonsils
My brother gave to me
One cootie catcher
And a love note from Frank P.

That was as far as she got before falling asleep. Again. She slept all through the second day of tonsils.

Tonsils, Day 3: Judy drew an X-ray of her
hand; an X-ray of Mouse; an X-ray of Jaws, her Venus flytrap; and one of Ned Bear.

Tonsils, Day 4: Back to Dr McCavity.

Tonsils, Day 5: BOR-ing! Judy drew a map of her brain.

Tonsils, Day 6: When she became a doctor, she would find a cure for fire-engine tonsils so sick people did not have to make X-rays of cats and maps of their brains all day.

Tonsils, Day 7: Ding-dong! Maybe Stink was home from school. Judy crawled back under the covers, put her head under all her stuffed animals and pretended to be asleep.

“Knock, knock,” said Stink.

“I’m asleep,” said Judy.
“Knock, knock,” said Stink again.
“Stink, have you been eating the BRAT diet again?”
“Just say Who’s there,” said Stink.
“Who’s there?” asked Judy.
“US!” said Rocky, Frank and Jessica Finch. All three of her UN-best friends!
“What are YOU guys doing here?” Judy grumped. “You came to laugh at my chipmunk cheeks, didn’t you? You heard I have bowling-ball tonsils and came to tell me I look like Mumpty Dumpty.”
“No!” said Frank. “We—”
“We brought you something to make you feel better,” said Rocky.
“Nothing will make me feel better,” said Judy. “I feel lousy. As in licey. As in not-nicey.”
“But this really works,” said Frank.
“Is it a pill?” asked Judy. “I hope it’s not a pill the size of Nebraska.”
“No.”
“Is it a prune? I hope it’s not a goony old prune.”
“Nope.”
“Is it a Band-Aid? I hope it is a Band-Aid, with words.”
“No, no and nope,” said Jessica Finch.
“Does it squeak? I hear squeaking!”
“Yes!” said Jessica.
"Does it have fur, fins or fangs?"

"Yes!" said Stink.

Rocky held up a shirt with words.

"A shirt does not have fur or fins or fangs."

"Look," said Frank, turning the shirt over. "We made it for you at Rocky's house." The shirt said PAWS FOR HEALING. It had blue guinea-pig paw prints all over it.

"Hello! A shirt doesn't squeak!" said Judy.

"No," said Rocky. "But pets do. We brought you animals to pet!"

"Just like Paws for Healing," said Frank. "So you can lower your blood pressure and not feel sick," said Jessica.

Rocky had brought Houdini, his pet iguana. Frank had brought a red and purple fish in a jar, and Jessica Finch had brought Chester and all four of the baby guinea pigs – the (un-cloned) Spice Girls!

Stink went to his room and brought back Toady.

"You brought half the zoo!" said Judy.

"And I got you a real Paws for Healing badge," said Stink. "From the hospital gift shop." He held out a badge that said I'M IN CHARGE OF CRITTER-COOL CARE.

"Cool!" said Frank.

"Critter-cool!" said Judy. She put the Paws for Healing shirt on over her around-the-world postcard pyjamas. She pinned the badge to her shirt.

Rocky held out Houdini. "You hold him, while I clip his toe nails."
Snip, snip, snip.

“He has more toe nails than Stink!” Judy laughed.

Frank set his fish on Judy’s desk, next to her jelly bean collection. “My aunt got me this Siamese fighting fish when I was sick. I named her Judy.”

“Same-same!” said Judy.

“You can keep her till you get better. I know you can’t pet her, but it’s supposed to relax you and make you feel better just to watch her.”

“I promise I’ll watch her all the time,” said Judy.

“Look! Judy the Fighting Fish is blowing bubbles!” said Stink.

“Rare!” said the not-fish Judy.
"And you can play with Toady any time you want," said Stink. "As long as you don't operate on him."

"I won't," said Judy. "I promise."

Jessica brought special shampoo, and they each gave a guinea pig a bath. "Coco hates baths," said Jessica. "But guinea pigs have to be clean."

"Just like doctors!" Judy said.

When they were done, they each got to blow-dry their guinea pigs.

"Nutmeg's ready for a party!" said Judy, stroking the guinea pig's fur. Jessica got Cindy to roll over twice, and Coco twitched her whiskers at Cornflake, Judy's stuffed guinea pig.

"That means hello in guinea pig," said Jessica. "She's trying to make friends!" Everybody cracked up.

Nutmeg squirmed out of Judy's arms and ran in circles round her room.

"Uh-oh!" said Jessica. Nutmeg ran round Judy's floor pillow. She ran round Ned Bear, Ted Bear and Fred Bear, the rubbish bin and Judy's doctor kit. She ran round and round Judy's squiggle rug.

"Catch her!" said Stink.


"Phew! That was a close one, girl," said
Judy, rubbing the guinea pig’s tummy. “Hey, look! Nutmeg likes tummy rubs!”
“She likes you,” said Jessica.
“Aw. I wish I could keep her for ever and ever,” said Judy. “I promise not to clone her.”
“She’s still too young,” said Jessica. “But when the Spice Girls get older, my dad says we can take them to the hospital for Paws for Healing. You know, help some more kids feel better.”
“RARE!” said Judy.

When everybody had gone home, Judy climbed back under the covers and leant against all her stuffed animals. She was feeling not-so-sick-any-more. Her tonsils did not feel so lumpy. She, Judy Moody, did not feel so grumpy. Friends were better than prunes. Friends were better than medicine. Friends were better than all the ginger ale, ABC toast and TV in the world.

Her temperature was dropping. So was her blood pressure. Her tonsils were shrinking fast. Most definitely!


Mumpty Dumpty had a great case of lumps.
Mumpty Dumpty had a worse case of grumps.
All Judy’s brothers and all Judy’s friends helped put Mumpty back together again.

When everybody had gone home, Judy climbed back under the covers and leant against all her stuffed animals. She was feeling not-so-sick-any-more. Her tonsils did not feel so lumpy. She, Judy Moody, did not feel so grumpy. Friends were better than prunes. Friends were better than medicine. Friends were better than all the ginger ale, ABC toast and TV in the world.

Her temperature was dropping. So was her blood pressure. Her tonsils were shrinking fast. Most definitely!

Judy took out her doctor pad. She, Dr Judy Moody, wrote *herself* a prescription.

**PATIENT: Judy Moody**

Hold Houdini. Watch a fish. Pet a guinea pig. If THAT does not work—have fun with three friends and call me in the morning.

*Dr. Judy Moody*

Last but not least, Judy signed her name with a scribbly doctor signature.
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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 favourite candy is a tie between peanut-butter cups and chocolate-covered raisins (same as Megan McDonald!).
2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
Have you read them all?
The whole world’s in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to . . .

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 12 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book – anywhere, anytime – and get ready for your best mood ever!
DOUBLE RARE!
Judy Moody has her own interactive website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff, including:

⊙ The Official Judy Moody Fan Club
⊙ Interactive games and a Mood Meter
⊙ Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
⊙ Digital downloads, including emoticons and wallpapers
⊙ Sample chapters and downloadable reading logs
Judy and Stink are starring together!

Judy Moody and Stink
The Holly Joliday

Judy Moody and Stink
The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

In full colour!
Be sure to check out Stink's adventures too!
Stink Moody has his own website!
(One he doesn't have to share with his bossy older sister, Judy)

for the latest in all things Stink, visit
www.stinkmoody.com

where you can:

• Test your Stink knowledge with an I.Q. quiz
• Write and illustrate your own comic strip
• Create your own guinea pig: choose its colours, name it and e-mail it to a friend!
• Guess Stink's middle name
• Learn way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
• Read the Stink-y fact of the week!
In the mood for more Judy Moody? Then try these!
JUDY MOODY Declares Independence!

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Judy Moody's in the mood for LIBERTY and FREEDOM – freedom from her parents' rules and her pesky little brother, that is... Will Judy be able to prove, once and for all, that she's ready for a bit more independence?

No matter which side wins, readers will be cheering Huzzah! for Judy Moody.
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy’s stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we’re famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”. Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8 1/2 Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
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
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World's Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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Judy Moody
Judy Moodington

Mum
Kate Betsy-Ross Moody

Mom
Kate Betsy-Ross Moody

John Hancock
Fancy First Signer of the Declaration of Independence

Dad
Richard John-Hancock Moody

Tori
Not a Tory; fab collector of sugar packets

Paul Revere
Bellringer, false teeth maker, midnight rider

Stink
Town crier, fond of musical toilets

Frank
Partners in Crime: The Boston Tub Party

Rocky

Sybil Ludington
Sybil La-Dee-Da, Girl Paul Revere
Bean Town,
Moo-sa-chu-setts

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
She, Judy Moody, was in Boston! Bean Town! As in Mas-sa-chu-setts. As in the Cradle of Liberty, Birthplace of Ben Famous Franklin and Paul Revere. Land of the Boston Tea Party and the Declaration of Independence.

"Boston rules," said Judy.
Three best things about Boston so far were:

1. Freedom from two whole days of school (including one spelling test, two nights of homework and a three-page book report)
2. Freedom from riding in the car next to Stink for ten million hours
3. Freedom from brushing hair every day

She, Judy Moody, Rider of the First Subway in America, was finally on her way to the real-and-actual Freedom Trail! The place where her country started. Where it all began.

The American Revolution! The Declaration of Independence! Freedom! R A R E!

Judy and her family climbed up the stairs and out into the fresh air, heading for the information booth on Boston Common, where Dad bought a guide to the Freedom Trail.

“Did you know there used to be cows right here in this park?” asked Stink. “It says so on that sign.”

“Welcome to MOO-sa-chu-setts!” announced Judy. She cracked herself up. If Rocky or Frank Pearl were here, they’d crack up too.

“Just think,” Judy told Stink. “Right now, this very minute, while I am about to follow in the footsteps of freedom, Mr Todd is probably giving Class 3T a spelling test
back in Virginia. Nineteen number-two pencil erasers are being chewed right this very second."

"You’re lucky. I had to miss Backwards Shirt Day today."

"The trail starts right here at Boston Common," Dad said.

"Can we go and look at ducks?" asked Stink. "Or frogs? On the map there’s a frog pond."

"Stink, we’re going on the Freedom Trail. Not the Frog Trail."

"What should we do first?" asked Mum.

"Tea Party! Boston Tea Party Ship!" said Judy, jumping up and down.

"We came all the way to Boston for a tea party?" asked Stink.
“Not that kind of tea party,” Mum said.

“The people here first came over from England,” said Dad, “because they wanted to have freedom from the king telling them what to do.”

“Dad, is this another LBS? Long Boring Story?” asked Stink.

“It’s way NOT boring, Stink,” said Judy. “It’s the beginning of our whole country. This wouldn’t even be America if it weren’t for this giant tea party they had. See, the Americans wouldn’t drink tea from over there in England. No way.”

“Not just tea,” said Mum. “The British made them pay unfair taxes on lots of things, like stamps and sugar. They called it the Stamp Act and the Sugar Act. But the Americans didn’t have any say about what all the tax money would be used for.”

“I don’t get it,” said Stink.

“We didn’t want some grumpy old king to be boss of us,” said Judy.

“America wanted to be grown-up and independent,” said Mum. “Free from England. Free to make up its own rules and laws.”

“So Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence,” said Dad.

“And a lot of important people signed it real fancy,” said Judy, “like John Hancock, First Signer of the Declaration. Right, Mum?”

“Right,” said Mum.

“Before we hit the Freedom Trail, let’s go
and see the Liberty Tree,” said Dad. “That’s where people stood to make important speeches about freedom.”

“Like a town crier?” asked Judy.

“That’s right,” said Dad. “Here we are.”

“I don’t see any tree,” said Stink. “All I see is some old sign on some old building.”

“The British cut it down,” Dad said. “But that didn’t stop the Americans. They just called it the Liberty Stump and kept right on making speeches.”

“I don’t see any tree stump,” said Stink.

“Hello! Use your imagination, Stink,” said Judy.

“Kids, stand together in front of the sign so Dad can take your picture.”

“I still don’t see what’s so big about the American Revolution,” mumbled Stink.

“Some of us like the American Revolution, Stink,” said Judy. “Let freedom ring!” she shouted. Hair flew across her face.

“Judy, I thought I asked you to use a brush this morning,” Mum said.

“I did use it,” said Judy. “On that pink fuzzy pillow in our hotel room!” Mum poked at Judy’s hair, trying to smooth out the bumps. Judy squeezed her eyes shut, making an Ouch Face. Dad snapped the picture.

“Hear ye! Hear ye!” called Judy. “I, Judy Moody, hereby declare freedom from brushing my hair!”
“Then I declare it from brushing my teeth!” said Stink.

“P.U.,” said Judy, squinching up her nose.

Dad snapped another picture.

Three worst things about Boston so far were:

1. Stink
2. Stink
3. Stink

“Time to hit the Freedom Trail!” said Dad.

“Let’s head up Park Street,” Mum said, pointing to a line of red bricks in the pavement. “Follow the red brick road!”

“Look!” Judy cried, running up the hill.

“Look at that big fancy gold dome!”

“That’s the State House,” said Mum, “where the governor works.”
“Judy!” Dad called. “No running ahead. Stick close to us.”

“Aw,” said Judy. “No fair. This is supposed to be the Freedom Trail.”

“Stay where Dad and I can keep an eye on you,” said Mum.

“Roar!” said Judy.

After the State House, Mum and Dad led them to Park Street Church, where the song “My Country ‘Tis of Thee” was sung for the very first time.

Stink looked for famous-people initials carved into a tree outside. PLOP! Something hit Stink on the head. “YEE-UCK! Bird poo!” said Stink. Judy cracked up. Mum wiped it off with a tissue.

Stink sang: “My country pooed on me
Right near the Pigeon Tree.
Of thee I sing…”

“Mum! Dad!” said Judy, covering her ears. “Make him stop!”

Judy ran ahead. “Hurry up, you guys! The church has an old graveyard!”

Mum stopped to read the plaque on the gate at the entrance: “‘May the youth of today ... be inspired with the patriotism of Paul Revere.’”

“Paul Revere’s grave is here!” Judy shouted. “So is John Hancock’s, First Signer of the Declaration. For real!”

Judy saw gravestones with angel wings, skulls and bones, and a giant hand with one finger pointing to the sky.
“‘Here lies buried Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration of Independence,’” Dad read. “Did you know he also gave the secret signal at the Boston Tea Party?”

“‘Here lyes y body of Mary Goose,’” Stink read. “Boy, they sure did spell funny.”

“And I thought I was the world’s worst speller,” said Judy. She took out pencil and paper from her backpack and made a rubbing of Mother Goose’s grave. Stink made a rubbing of a skull and bones, a leaf and a crack in the pavement.

“Do we have to keep seeing stuff?” Stink asked when they got to the Ben Franklin statue. “So far it’s just a bunch of dead guys and some old stuff that isn’t even there any more.”
"But what about the Boston Tea Party?" asked Judy.

"AW!" Stink whined. "I have to go to the toilet."

"Stink, don’t be the town crier," said Judy. "I mean, the town crybaby!"

"Tell you what," said Mum. "Dad, why don’t you and Judy go and see the Paul Revere House? I’ll take Stink to the toilet, and we’ll meet back here."

"Great idea!" said Dad.

Judy and Dad walked and walked. At last they came to 19 North Square. "Did you know that Paul Revere made false teeth?" Dad asked. "And he made the first bells in America. He even drew cartoons."
“Wow!” said Judy. “All that on top of riding his horse lightning-fast and warning everybody that the British were coming!”

“That’s right,” Dad said. “A friend of Paul Revere’s climbed out of a window and over a rooftop to give the lantern signal from the Old North Church: one if by land, two if by sea…”

“Star-spangled bananas!” said Judy.

“And it says here he rode all the way to Philadelphia to tell them the news about the Boston Tea Party,” Dad said.

“Tea party? Did somebody say tea party?” asked Judy.

“OK, OK. Let’s head back to meet Mum and Stink.”

Judy ran up to Stink. “You missed it, Stink!” She told him all about the guy climbing out of the window and giving the secret signal.

“Who cares?” said Stink. “We saw something better!”

“What?” said Judy. “A two-hundred-year-old toilet?”

“No, a musical toilet!” said Stink. “You put a coin in—"

“You have to pay to go to the toilet?” Judy asked. “That stinks.”

“You go inside, and you’re in this round room, and it’s all white and clean – really, really clean – and it plays music!”

“I thought he’d never come out,” Mum said.
“C’mon. We can quick hop the subway over to the Tea Party Ship,” said Dad.

“Finally!” said Judy.

“More old stuff? I declare NO FAIR!” Stink shouted.

She, Judy Moody, declared independence from Stink. She ran up the planks ahead of him. She climbed aboard the Beaver, the Boston Tea Party Ship!

“Is this a real ship?” Stink asked.

“It’s a real ship,” said a guy wearing a wig and dressed like Paul Revere. “But it’s not old, like the real Beaver. We built it to show what the Tea Party ship looked like.”
"Finally! Something NOT old!" said Stink.

Judy climbed some ropes. So did Stink. She tried out a hammock. So did Stink. She went down the ladder into the dark cargo hold. So did Stink.

"Stink! How can I declare independence from you if you keep following me everywhere?"

Judy went back on deck. The Wig Guy was explaining about the men who wore disguises, sneaked aboard ship after dark and threw a million dollars worth of tea overboard.

"Who’d like to try throwing tea into Boston Harbour?"

Judy rushed to the front. Stink followed (of course!). They picked up bales tied with rope. Judy heaved a bale of tea over the side. "I won’t drink tea! Taxes are NO FAIR!"

"Take that, King George!" said Stink as he tossed a bale off the ship.

"Who else wants to try?" Wig Guy pointed to a girl wearing bunny ears and carrying a bag that said BONJOUR BUNNY.

"C’mon, now. Wouldn’t you like to give ’er the old heave-ho?"

"No," said the girl. "I quite like tea." She had a funny accent.

"From England, are you?" asked the man. The girl nodded.
“How exciting. This lass has come all the way from across the pond, as they say, just to see our ship!” The girl beamed.

“Glad to have you aboard, lassie!” Wig Guy shook her hand. “The Revolution was a long time ago. Let’s be mates!”

The girl with the freckles and the funny voice was from England! Where they drank tea and had a queen. Judy had never met a real-live person from a whole other country before. Rare!

“I’m going to talk to her,” Judy told Stink.

“You can’t! She’s a Redcoat! One of the Bad Guys!”

Judy looked around, but the Girl from
Across the Pond was nowhere in sight. Just then, Mum called for Judy and Stink to go to the gift shop.

Judy wandered up and down the aisles. Boxes of tea, bags of tea, tins of tea. Teapots and teacups and teaspoons. Stink followed her.

"Look! A tricorn hat!" She tried it on. "Stink, can I borrow some money? I want to get this hat."

"It's my money," said Stink. "From my allowance. Use your own."

"But I already spent mine at the Old North Church gift shop. On a Declaration of Independence and a Paul Revere's Ride flip book. I should get more allowance because I'm older than you. C'mon, Stink. You always have money."

"No way," said Stink.

"Redcoat!" Judy said.

"Yankee Doodle!" Stink said.

"Lobsterback!" said Judy.

"Chowder Head!" said Stink.

"Red Belly!" said Judy.

"Blue Belly!" said Stink.

"Kids! Keep it down," said Dad.

"Stink, stop following me around and stop getting me in trouble. Don't forget, I'm independent of you now." Judy walked away, past the drums and pennywhistles.

There she was! The tea drinker girl from England was not even looking at tea.
She was looking at snow globes. Of Boston. Judy liked snow globes too!

“Are you really a Red – I mean, from England?”

“Of course,” said the girl. Her voice sounded snooty, as if the queen herself made the girl’s bed.

“Does the queen make your bed?” asked Judy.

“WHAT?”

“Never mind. I was just wondering. What’s your name?” Judy asked.

“Victoria. But you can call me Tori.”

Stink popped up from behind a spinner rack. “Tory! Tories were the Bad Guys in the Revolution!” he said.

“Stink, stop spying on us!” said Judy.
She turned back to Tori. “Um ... what’s that rabbit on your bag?” she blurted.

“It’s Bonjour Bunny. I’m freaky for Bonjour Bunny! I have the backpack, jimjams and sleeping bag. I even have my own Bonjour Bunny alarm clock! I just got the phone for my birthday. And the flannel, I mean washcloth, for my bathroom in our flat.”

“Flat? You have a tyre in your house?”

“No, it’s our apartment. Mum has her bathroom and I have mine.”

PHONE! BATHROOM! WASHCLOTH! Judy’s mum and dad would never let her have a phone. Or her own bathroom. At home, Judy had to use any old washcloth. Even ones with Stink cooties.

“I collect stuff too,” said Judy. “Mostly Barbie-doll heads and pizza tables. My newest collection is ABC gum. I stick it on the lamp in my room.”

“ABC gum?” asked the girl.

“Already Been Chewed – I label each piece, like a rock collection.”

“Fab!” said Tori. “I’ve never heard of that.”

“And I collect pencils,” said Judy. “And Band-Aids.”

“Brilliant!” said Tori. “We call them plasters, not Band-Aids.”

“Do you collect tea?” asked Judy.

“No. But I do collect sugar packets with pictures on them.” Tori opened her purse. It was filled with sugar packets! She, Judy Moody, Collector of the World,
had never even thought of collecting sugar packets.

"I have American presidents and flags of the world," said Tori. "Famous paintings. Hotel names ... boring! Famous women, too. See? Here's one of Susan B. Anthony."

"Do you have Amelia Bloomer? She gave a speech on Boston Common in her undies," said Judy.

"In her knickers?" asked Tori.

"Really they were bloomers. Some people call them pant-a-loons. Because they're loons if they think girls can't wear pants," said Judy.

"At least it wasn't in her nuddy pants," Tori whispered. "That means bare naked!" Judy and Tori cracked up.

"I did get some at the cafe with Ben Franklin sayings!" Tori added. "See?"

Judy read the sugar packets. "'Don't cry over spilled milk.' 'If your head is made of wax, don't stand out in the sun.'" She cracked up some more. "Brilliant!" said Judy. "My little brother will be so jealous!" She looked around. She didn't see Stink anywhere.
"The short one? Been spying on us? Maybe he’s gone to the loo."

"The what?" Judy asked.

"You know." Tori pointed to the toilet.

"The loo! That’s cuckoo!" Judy didn’t see her mum and dad either. "Well, I’d better go and find my family," she said. "We’re supposed to eat lunch at the snack bar."

"Me too! I’ll go and fetch my mum."

"See you there," said Judy.

"Cheers!" said Tori. "Wait – what’s your name?"

"Judy. Judy Moody."

"Brilliant!" said Tori.

Judy found Mum, Dad and Stink at the checkout. Dad was getting a ship-in-a-bottle kit to make a model of the Beaver. Mum was buying stuff to sew a cross-stitch pillow of the Paul Revere statue with the Old North Church in the background. Stink was holding a tin of Boston Harbour tea and waving a flag with a snake on it that said, DON’T TREAD ON ME.
Judy paid for her hat (with Stink’s money), and they walked to the snack bar.

“You owe me four dollars and ninety-seven cents plus tax,” said Stink.

“Tax! Mum! Dad! Stink’s going all British on me. I need a raise in my allowance so I can pay him back.”

“We’ll talk about more allowance when we get home,” said Mum.

“Time for lunch,” said Dad. “I need a coffee.”

“Not tea?” asked Mum.

“Just being loyal to my country,” Dad said.

“Can I try coffee?” asked Judy. “I want to be loyal to my country too.”

“Dream on,” said Dad.

“How about tea?”

“How about chocolate milk?” said Dad.

“The Boston Chocolate Milk Party. How UN-Revolutionary.”

Judy ordered a Ben Franklin (cheese toastie with French fries). In the middle of bite three of her Ben Franklin, she said, “Hey, there’s Tori!”

“Tori the Tory,” said Stink.

Tori and her mum came over. While everybody met, Tori showed Judy all the new Bonjour Bunny stuff in her bag.

“You have all the luck!” said Judy. “I need more allowance. For sure and absolute positive.”

“Mum gives me two pounds a week,” said Tori.
“Star-spangled bananas!” said Judy. Tori got pounds of allowance! All Judy got was a few stinky ounces.

“C’mon,” said Tori. “Let’s collect more Ben Franklin sugar packets.” While the grown-ups talked and Stink blew bubbles in his un-Revolutionary chocolate milk, Judy and Tori sat at an empty table and spread out all the sugar packets.

A penny saved is a penny earned.
Don’t cry over spilled milk.
Fish and visitors stink after three days.

“Let’s make up our own!” said Judy. She wrote on the backs of the packets:

A penny saved is never as much as Stink has.
Fish and little brothers stink after three days.
"Crikey! That’s jolly good!” said Tori. She made one up too:

Don’t cry over spilled chocolate milk.

Judy taught Tori how to play Concentration with sugar packets. Tori showed Judy how to build a sugar-packet castle. When it was time to go, Judy did not want to leave her new friend.

“Mum? Dad? Can Tori come back to the hotel with us?” Judy asked.

“Or can Judy go swimming at our hotel with us?” Tori asked her mum.

“Can Tori come to Chinatown with us tonight?”

“Can Judy sleep over at our hotel? We can sleep on the floor like we do in our flat at home.”

Mum looked at Dad. Dad looked at Mum. “I don’t think so, honey.”

“AW! Why not?” asked Judy.

“We’ve only just met Tori,” said Mum.

“Yes, that’s right, girls,” said Tori’s mum.

“Please, Mum,” said Tori. “Judy’s so much fun.”

“Judy and her family have got their own plans,” said Tori’s mum. “And we have tickets for the Duck Tour later this afternoon.”

“Besides, we have to get an early start in the morning, Judy. It’s back home to Virginia tomorrow,” Dad said.
“Please-please-pretty-please with sugar packets on top?” Judy begged. “This is our one and only chance. We might never see each other again ever. Please? It would be brilliant!”

Mum shook her head no.

“Not even on account of the Revolution? I’m American and she’s British and it’s really good if we’re friends. We could change history!”

“We said no, honey,” Dad said.

“Well,” said Tori’s mum, “it’s been lovely meeting you and your family, Judy. Hasn’t it, Tori?”

“Crumb cakes!” said Tori. She hung her head. She kicked at a stone.

“No, don’t get in a nark,” said Tori’s mum.

“Who’s going in an ark?” asked Stink.

“A nark,” said Tori’s mum. “It means a bad mood.”

“Ohh. My sister has narks ALL the time,” said Stink.

“Maybe when Tori gets back to London and we get home,” said Mum, “you two can write to each other. Like pen pals!”

“That would be lovely,” said Tori’s mum. “Wouldn’t it, Tori?” Tori didn’t answer. “Well, we’d better be going,” said her mother.

“Here, you can have these,” Tori told Judy. “To remember me by.” She gave Judy her Bonjour Bunny ears.
Judy gave Tori a whole packet of gum. “You can start your own ABC collection,” said Judy.

Tori wrote down her address in London. Judy gave Tori her address in Virginia. “We can send each other sugar packets!” Tori whispered. “It’ll be the bee’s knees!”

Judy did not feel like the bee’s knees.

She, Judy Moody, was in a nark. Not a good nark. A bad nark.

Judy was in a nark for four hundred and forty-four miles. She was in a nark all the way through Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. (She slept through Maryland.) She was even in a nark through Home of the Presidents, Washington, DC.

Judy Moody was in a nark for seven hours and nineteen minutes. A Give-Me-Liberty nark.
“Mum! Judy won’t play car games with me.”

Stink wanted to count cows. Stink wanted to play the number plate game. Stink wanted to play Junior Scrabble.

“Judy,” said Mum. “Play Scrabble with your brother.”

“It’s baby Scrabble!” said Judy. “I know. Let’s play the silent game. Where you see how long you can go without talking.”

“Hardee-har-har,” said Stink.

“I win!” said Judy.

“Hey, you two,” said Mum.

“It’s her fault,” said Stink.

“Judy, you’re not still in a mood about Tori, are you?” asked Mum.

“You never let me do stuff,” said Judy. “You should hear all the stuff Tori gets to do in England! She has tons of sleepovers. She even has her own phone. And her own bathroom! And she gets pounds of allowance. You think I’m still a baby or something.”

“Or something,” said Stink.
“Judy, if you want us to treat you like you’re more grown-up, and if you want a raise in your allowance, then you’ll have to show us that you can be more responsible.”

“And not always get in a mood about everything,” said Dad.

“I’ve never even had a sleepover before!” said Judy.

“Maybe when we get home, you can have a sleepover with Jessica Finch,” said Mum.

“When cows read,” said Judy. She, Judy Moody, was moving to England. She chewed two pieces of ABC gum, loud as a cow. She blew bubbles. Pop! Pop! Pop-pop-pop!

“She’s still in a mood!” announced Stink.

In her mood journal, Judy made up nicknames for Stink all the rest of the way home.

Stinker
Stinko-lator
Stink-o-rama
The Stinkster

Stink Bug
The Stink Man
Stink McFink
Stink-a-vonji

When Judy got home, she dragged her tote bag upstairs to her room. Thwump, thwump, thwump. She dragged her backpack, her blanket, her pillow and her sock monkey. And her stuff from the gift shop. She shut the door and climbed up into her secret hideaway (her top bunk).

She, Judy Moody, was supposed to be writing her book report, as in not waiting
till the very, very last minute. Instead, she declared freedom from homework.

Then she, Judy Moody, had an idea. A freedom idea. A John Hancock idea. A Declaration of Independence idea.

She did not even stop to call Rocky and tell him about the Boston Tea Party Ship and the Giant Milk Bottle that sold star-spangled bananas. She did not even stop to call Frank and tell him about Mother Goose’s grave and the musical toilet.

That could wait till tomorrow.

But some things could not wait.

Judy gazed in awe at the copy of the Declaration of Independence she’d got in Boston. It was on old-timey brown paper with burned edges that looked like tea had been spilled on it. Judy squinted to try to read the fancy-schmancy handwriting.

When in the bones of human events ... blah, blah, blah ... we hold these truths ... more blah, blah ... alien rights ... Life, Liberty and the Purse of Happiness.

She, Judy Moody, would hereby, this day, make the Judy Moody Declaration of
Independence. With alien rights and her own Purse of Happiness and everything.

Judy pulled out the paper place mat she had saved from the Milk Street Cafe. The back was brown from chocolate-milk spills. Perfect! At last, Judy Moody knew what Ben Franklin meant when he said Don’t cry over spilled milk.

The real Declaration of Independence had been written with a quill pen. Luckily, she, Judy Moody, just happened to have a genuine-and-for-real quill pen from the gift shop.

Look out, world! Judy mixed some water into the black powder that came with the pen, dipped the feather pen into the ink and wrote:
She signed it in joined-up writing with fancy squiggles, just like Mr Revolution Himself, First Signer of the Declaration, John Hancock. And she made it big so Dad could see it without his reading glasses, just like they did for King George.

Judy ran downstairs wearing her tricorn hat. Where was Mouse? Judy found her curled up in the dirty-laundry pile. She jingled her cat like a bell. “Hear ye! Hear ye!” she called. Mum, Dad and Stink came into the family room.

“I will now hereby read my very own Judy Moody Declaration of Independence, made hereby on this day, the fourth of Judy. I hereby stand up for these alien rights – stuff like Life, Liberty and definitely the Purse of Happiness.” Judy cleared her throat. “Did I say hereby?”

“Only ten hundred times,” said Stink.

Judy read the list aloud, just like a town crier (not town crybaby). At the end, she took off her tricorn hat and said, “Give me liberty or give me death!”

“Very funny,” said Dad.

“Very clever,” said Mum.

“No way do you get to stay up later than me,” said Stink.

“So you agree?” Judy asked Mum and Dad. “I should get all these freedoms? And a load more allowance?”

“We didn’t say that,” said Dad.
"We’ll think it over, honey,” said Mum.

"Think it over?” said Judy. Thinking it over was worse than maybe. Thinking it over meant only one thing – N-O.

Then Dad started talking like a sugar packet. “Freedom doesn’t come without a price, you know,” he told Judy.

“Dad’s right,” said Mum. “If you want more freedom, you’re going to have to earn it – show us you can be more responsible.”

Judy looked over her list. “Can I at least have Alien Right Number One? If I didn’t have to brush my hair every day, I’d have more time to be responsible.”

“Nice try,” said Dad.

Parents! Mum and Dad were just like King George, making up Bad Laws all the time.

“You guys always tell me it’s good to stand up for stuff. Speak up for yourself and everything.” Judy held up her Declaration. “That’s what I just did. But I’m not even one teeny bit more free. That really stinks on ice!”

“Tell you what.” Mum looked over the list. “You can have your own washcloth.” Dad started to laugh but turned it into a cough.

“Tori has her own phone AND her own bathroom. And pounds of allowance. She can buy all the Bonjour Bunny stuff she wants, without even asking. And she
drinks tea. And wakes herself up with her own alarm clock. And she has sleepovers in her flat that's not a tyre."

"We're not talking about Tori," said Mum. "We're talking about you."

Crumb cakes! She, Judy Moody, did not have any new freedoms at all. Not one single alien right from her list. All she had was a lousy washcloth.

"ROAR!" said Judy.

"If you don't want the washcloth, I'll take it," said Stink.

Judy went to bed her same old un-free self. But the next morning, she decided Mum and Dad and the world would see a brand-new Judy Moody. A free and independent Judy. A more responsible Judy. Even on a school day.

Judy started by getting out of bed (without an alarm clock) before her mum had to shake her awake.

Next, she brushed her teeth without
complaining. Mum had set out a new blue washcloth – a plain old boring blue washcloth, but it was just for her. Judy wrote *Bonjour Bunny* on it, and made the capital Bs into funny bunny ears.

Then Judy did something she had not done for three days. She brushed her hair (and put on her Bonjour Bunny headband from Tori). A responsible person did not have bird’s-nest hair.

Then Judy did something she had not done for three weeks. She made her bed.

A grown-up, independent person did not have a bed that looked like a garage sale.

On the bus, Judy told Rocky about the star-spangled bananas at the Giant Milk Bottle and the Sugar Packet Girl named Tori and about throwing tea off the Tea Party Ship. She could not wait to tell her teacher and her whole class.

“What are you going to tell your class about Boston?” she asked Stink.

“The musical toilet,” said Stink. “What else?”

When Judy got to school, she told Mr Todd and the whole class all about Boston. “We went on the Freedom Trail and it was so NOT boring, and it’s OK I missed my
First, let’s take out our maths facts from yesterday.”

Judy multiplied 28 x 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 until she thought her eyes would pop. At last, Mr Todd announced it was reading-circle time.

“Today I’ll be reading a poem Judy brought to share with us from her trip to Boston, called *Paul Revere’s Ride*. This poem tells a story.”

“I saw his house and his real wallpaper and his false teeth and everything!” said Judy.

“This was my favourite poem when I was a boy,” Mr Todd continued. “In school, we had to memorize it and recite it by heart.

spelling test because I learned stuff there, too, like about Mr Ben Famous Franklin and Paul Revere and—”

“Judy! Take a breath!” said Mr Todd. “We’re glad to have you back.”

Judy showed them her *Paul Revere’s Ride* flip book and explained all about tea and taxes to the class.

“My mum drinks tea and she’s not a traitor,” said Rocky.

“I went to Boston once to visit my grandpa,” said Jessica Finch.

“Sounds like you had quite an educational trip, Judy,” said Mr Todd. “Thanks for sharing with us. Maybe I’ll read your book aloud in our reading circle today.
It's by a man named Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The poem is about three men and their famous midnight ride during the American Revolution. One of those men was Paul Revere."

Judy raised her hand. "And one was a doctor!" she told the class.

"Shh!" said Jessica Finch.

Mr Todd lowered his voice to a whisper. Class 3T got super quiet.

""Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere...""

The poem told all about how Paul Revere rode on horseback through the night to warn each farm and town that the British were coming.
Judy raised her hand again. "Mr Todd, Mr Todd! I saw Ye Olde Church where they hung the lanterns! For real! You know how it says, 'One if by land, two if by sea'? Paul Revere said to light one lantern if the British were sneaking in by land, two if they were coming across the water."

"Did that guy really ride his horse and do all that stuff?" asked Jessica Finch. "Because I never even heard about it the whole time I was in Boston."

"It's true," said Mr Todd. "Paul Revere warned two very important people, Sam Adams and John Hancock, to flee. But before he could warn everybody, he was stopped by the British and his horse was taken."

"But the doctor escaped and warned everybody!" said Judy.

"That's right," said Mr Todd. "You know, there's also a girl who had a famous ride just like Paul Revere. Her name was Sybil Ludington."

Star-spangled bananas! A Girl Paul Revere! Judy Moody could not believe her Bonjour Bunny ears.

"They don't often tell about her in the history books," said Mr Todd, "but we have a book about her in our classroom library."

"Huzzah!" said Judy Moody.

"Huh?" asked Frank.

"It's Revolutionary for YIPPEE!" Judy said.
She, Judy Moody, was the luckiest kid in Class 3T. Mr Todd let her take the Girl Paul Revere book home. Judy read it to Rocky on the bus. She read it to Mouse the cat. She read it to Jaws the Venus flytrap.

Sybil Ludington lived in New York, and her dad needed someone to ride a horse through the dark, scary forest to warn everybody that the British were burning down a nearby town. Sybil was brave and told her dad she could do it. She stayed up late past midnight and rode off into the dark all by herself. Sybil Ludington sure was grown-up and responsible. She showed tons of independence.

Judy would be just like Sybil Ludington. Responsible. Independent. All she had to do was prove it to Mum and Dad. There was only one problem.

She, Judy Moodington, did not have a horse.

And she would never in a million years be allowed to stay up past midnight.

Crumb cakes! She’d just have to be responsible right here in her very own
house, 117 Croaker Road. Starting N-O-W.

Judy went from room to room all over the upstairs. She picked stuff up, put stuff away, hid stuff in the closet. Downstairs, she picked up one cat-hair fur ball, two giant lint balls, her basketball, Stink’s soccer ball and Mouse’s jingle ball.

Being responsible sure made a person hungry.

Judy stopped to eat some peanut butter out of the jar with a spoon (not her finger!). She stopped to feed Mouse (not peanut butter) and empty out the litter box (P.U!). She stopped to do some homework (without one single peanut-butter fingerprint!).

Mum and Dad were always bugging her to be nice to Stink, so she went up to his room to be nice. She looked on his desk. She looked under his bed.

“What are you looking for?” asked Stink.

“I’m looking for something nice to say,” said Judy. “I like that ant farm poster on your wall.”

“You gave it to me,” said Stink.

“Well, um ... your hair looks good.”

“Did you put something in my hair?” Stink shook his head. “Eeww, get it out!”

“Stink! Nothing’s in your hair. Not even a spider.”

Stink plucked at his hair like a dog with fleas.

“I said not even! I was just trying to be nice.”
Judy never knew independent people had to be so nice. And so clean. But wouldn’t Mum and Dad be surprised when they saw all the stuff she could do on her own? Without anybody telling her she had to. She, Judy Moody, would be Independent-with-a-capital-I. Just like Sybil Ludington. For sure and absolute positive.

Judy traced her feet onto red paper. Snip, snip, snip! She made a trail of red footprints all through the house. Not a messy, drop-your-stuff-everywhere trail. An independent, show-how-responsible-you-are trail. She even made signs for each stop along the way, just like the real Freedom Trail.

Now all she had to do was find Mum and Dad and Stink.

“The trail starts here,” said Judy. She pointed to the sign in front of a wilted, half-dead plant: Ye Olde Liberty Tree.

“First I’ll make a speech at Ye Olde Liberty Tree. Hear ye! Hear ye!” called Judy, jingling Mouse again. “Give me liberty or give me more allowance!” Mum and Dad laughed. Stink snorted.

“Listen, ye olde trail people. I’m Judy. I’ll be your tour guide. Follow the red footprints to freedom!” Judy led her family from room to room.
On the dining room table, it said, **Judy Moody Did Homework Here.**

"I do my homework there every day," said Stink. Judy gave him ye olde hairy eyeball.

On the kitchen floor, Judy pointed to a sign that said, **Judy Moody Fed Mouse Here.**

"Isn’t that one of your chores already?" asked Dad.

"Yes," said Judy. "But nobody had to remind me to do it."

She pointed to the kitchen table: **Judy Moody Ate Peanut Butter Here.**

"I don’t get it," said Stink.

"I ate it with a spoon, not my fingers, and I didn’t eat any in my room or get it on stuff," said Judy.
Judy opened the door to the laundry room: Judy Moody Picked Up Lint Balls Here. She opened the door to the downstairs bathroom: Judy Moody Washed the Soap Here.

"I hate the dope who thought up soap," Stink recited, cracking himself up. "I wish he'd eat it. I repeat it. Eat it."

Stink was not helping on the trail to freedom one bit. "Stink, stop saying stuff," said Judy.

"It's a free country," said Stink.

They followed the red footprints up the stairs to Judy's room. A sign on the bottom bunk said, Judy Moody Made the Bed Here. One on the top bunk said, Private! Don't Look Up Here.

“What are all those lumps up there?” asked Stink.

“Next stop, Stink’s room,” said the tour guide. His door had a sign taped to it: Judy Moody Was Nice to Stink Here.

“Were not!” said Stink.

“Was too!” said Judy.

“Ha!” said Stink. “You told me I had a spider in my hair!”

“Last but not least, the big bathroom!” said Judy. Judy Moody Picked Up the P.U. Towels Here.

“So what do you think?” Judy asked. “Wasn’t I super-duper, Sybil-Ludington responsible?”

“This is great, honey. Everything looks
really good,” said Dad. “You’re starting to show us that you can be responsible and do things independently.”

“It’s nice when we don’t have to tell you all the time,” said Mum.

“So I can have more freedoms now? Like not brushing my hair all the time? And staying up later than Stink?”

“I want freedoms too!” said Stink.

“Chocolate milk for breakfast!”

“We’re proud of you, Judy,” Mum said. “But these are all things we want you to do anyway.”

“You already get an allowance for doing these things,” said Dad.

Tarnation! Judy was in a nark again. The narkiest.

The Freedom Trail was not free at all. The UN-Freedom Trail.

She, Judy Moody, picked up P.U. towels and washed soap and ate peanut-butter-not-with-her-fingers for nothing.

“It’s just plain ye olde not fair!” she cried.
The Boston Tub Party

When Judy got home from school the next day, there was a mysterious package waiting for her.

"It has queens on it!" said Stink.

"It’s from Tori!" Judy tore off the tape. "Sugar packets! For my collection!" There were clipper ships and castles, knights and queens. Even famous London stuff like Big Ben and the World’s Largest Ferris Wheel, the London Eye.
"Rare!" said Judy. "Here's one in French. 'Je vois le chat.' Stink, can you read it?"

Stink squinted at the sugar packet. "I think it says, 'Your head is toast.'"

"Does not!" said Judy. "Give it!" She read the back. "It says, 'I see the cat.'"

Judy found some that Tori had made herself, with funny British sayings like nuddy pants and stuff.

Amazed = gobsmacked
Throw up = pavement pizza
Crazy = barmy, off your trolley

"Can I have the pavement pizza one?" asked Stink.

"You're off your trolley, Stink."

"When was I on my trolley?" he asked.

Judy read the Bonjour Bunny postcard.

"There's a bunch of tea bags here too. Real English tea, like at the Boston Tea Party," Judy said. "Tori's barmy if she thinks I'm even allowed to drink all this tea."

"Only traitors drink tea from England," said Stink.
“I’ll be a traitor,” said Mum. “I’d love to try some English tea.” She selected one in shiny blue foil and headed for the kitchen.

Wait just a Yankee-Doodle minute! Judy had a not-so-barmy, off-your-trolley idea. She was gobsmacked that she hadn’t thought of it before.

Since Mum and Dad would not let her have more freedoms, she would rise up and protest. Brilliant!

The next day at school, Judy passed notes to Rocky and Frank:

Special TP Club Meeting
Saturday 12:00 noon MY HOUSE
Be there or be pavement pizza!

On Saturday, Rocky and Frank rang the Moodys’ doorbell at exactly two minutes past twelve. Judy and Stink both ran for the door. Stink got there first. “It’s not a Toad Pee Club meeting!” he blurted. “Judy lied. It’s a Tea Party Club!”

“No way,” said Frank.

“I’m not drinking any old tea with a bunch of dolls,” said Rocky.

“Not that kind of tea party,” said Judy, dragging them up to the bathroom. “C’m on. It’ll be fun. Ben Franklin’s honour!”

“I see tea bags,” said Frank. “And a teapot.”

“This is boring,” said Rocky.

“Look! It’s the talking teapot!” said
Stink. “From when Judy was little.” He pressed a button.

“I’m a little teapot,” the teapot sang, “short ... like ... Stink.”

“Did it just say ‘short like Stink’?” Frank asked. He cracked up.

“No – it said ‘short and stout’,” said Stink. “The batteries are running out!”

“Forget about the teapot,” said Judy. “This is a Boston Tea Party.” Judy explained about the real Boston Tea Party. “It’s a protest! Right here. In the bathtub!”

“What’s a protest?” asked Frank.

“You get to yell about stuff that’s not fair,” said Judy.

“Then I protest having a tea party,” said Rocky.

“And you get to dump tea in the bathtub,” said Stink.

“The Boston Tub Party!” said Judy.

“The Wig Guy said everybody dressed up and painted their faces so nobody would know who they were,” said Stink.

“Way cool,” said Frank.

Stink got a bunch of funny hats from his room. “I call the tricorn hat!” said Rocky.

“I have face paints,” said Judy.

Frank painted a not-cracked Liberty Bell on her cheek.

“Did you know they rang the Liberty Bell when they first read the Declaration of Independence?” Judy told Frank.

Stink got a moustache. Rocky got a beard. And Frank got a Frankenstein scar.
Judy filled the tub with hot water. "OK, everybody think about stuff that's not fair. Ready? Now, on the count of three, throw your tea into the tub. One, two ... WAIT!"

"What's wrong?" asked Frank.

"It has to be dark. The real Tea Party was after dark." She turned out the big light, and the night-light flickered on.

"We can pretend it's the moon," said Rocky. "At midnight."

"THREE!" called Frank. He took the lid off the pot and dumped the tea into the tub. Rocky and Judy ripped open boxes of tea and tea-bag wrappers.

"Hey, let me!" said Stink. "You guys are hogging."

"Stink, you be on the lookout. Blink the light if you hear Dad coming. One if by stairs, two if by hallway."

Stink stood by the door. "You forgot to hoot and holler and yell not-fair stuff," said Stink.

Everybody started yelling and throwing tea bags into the bathtub.

"No more homework!" said Rocky.

"More allowance!" said Judy.

"More chocolate milk!" said Stink.

"No baby-sitting! No litter patrol!" said Frank.

Stink took off his shoes and socks, hopped right into the tub and started acting like a teapot. He made one arm into a handle and one into a spout.
“I’m a little teapot, short and stout,” he sang. “When I get all steamed up, hear me shout, ‘Give me chocolate milk or give me death!’” He sprayed water out of his mouth.

“Ooh, you spat on me,” said Rocky.

“You’re getting us all wet!” cried Frank.

Judy thought she heard footsteps on the stairs. “The British are coming! The British are coming!” she warned.

A voice, a deep voice, a Dad voice, said, “Hey, what’s all the—”

“Abandon ship! Abandon ship!” Judy cried.

“What in the world is going on up here?” asked Dad, opening the bathroom door. “Sounds like an elephant in the bathtub.” He turned on the lights.

Water dripped from the walls like a rainforest. The floor was flooded with giant brown puddles. Stink drip-drip-dripped like a short and stout wet mop.

The tub water was a brown sea of murky, ucky, yucky tea. Tea bags bobbed up and down on the tiny bathtub waves. The Boston Mud Party.

“Judy?” asked Dad. “Stink?”

Stink pointed to Judy. “It was her idea!”

“We were having a Boston Tea Party,” said Judy.

“Judy,” said Dad. “Just a few days ago, you were showing off this clean bathroom.”
“But Dad! It’s a protest! For more freedoms.”

“A mess this size sure isn’t going to get you more allowance ... or your own bathroom.”

“Pretend this is Boston Harbour. We were just making history come alive. Like homework.”

“Sorry. This harbour’s closed. Rocky, Frank, it’s time for you boys to go home. Judy, no more friends over for one week. And you’d better get this mess cleaned up before Mum gets home. You too, Stink.”

“But I don’t even want independence!” said Stink. “Just more chocolate milk.”

“The Patriots swept up after they threw tea in the harbour,” Dad said.

No friends for one week! This was just like what the British did to the Americans – one of those Bad Laws they called the In-tol-er-able Acts. Dad was closing down the tub just like the Big Meanies closed down the harbour after the real Tea Party!
Judy felt like stamping her feet (the Stamp Act). She felt like throwing sugar packets (the Sugar Act). She felt like declaring independence on the wall (in permanent marker)!

But just like all the Bad Laws in the world did not stop the Patriots, the Clean-the-Bathroom-Again Law and No-Friends-for-One-Week Law would not stop her. And they would not, could not, put her in a nark. They were just bumps in the road on the Judy Moody March to Freedom.

She, Judy Moody, would live by a Not-Bad Law, the Law of the Sugar Packet: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

When Judy got out of bed on Monday morning, she did not stamp one foot. She did not throw one sugar packet. Instead, she quietly-and-to-herself declared independence from brushing her teeth and taking a shower. She did not want to mess up the bathroom again. EVER.

Her book report from when she was in Boston was due today. A book report was NOT going to put her in a bad mood. Even
if she had waited till the last minute. Judy decided right then and there to make this her best-ever book report. That’s what a responsible person would do.

She dressed up in her pilgrim costume—the one Grandma Lou had made for Halloween. *Ye olde pilgrimme costoom* had an apron and made Judy look just like a girl from the American Revolution. Judy wore regular-not-loony pants underneath the skirt for bloomers. And she made thirteen curls in her hair—one for each of the thirteen colonies.

“Who are you? Heidi?” Stink asked at breakfast.

“None of your beeswax,” said Judy.

“Are you a nurse?”

“N-O!” said Judy.

“Hey, I know. You’re Priscilla Somebody! Like a pilgrim?”

“No, I’m Revolutionary. The Girl Paul Revere. For my book report today.”

“Oh. So you’re that Sybil La-Dee-Da?”

It sure was hard to declare independence from bad moods when Stink was around.

“Bye, Mum. Bye, Dad,” Judy called on her way out the door.

“Hey, wait for me!” Stink yelled.

“Sorry! I’m riding my faster-than-lightning bike to the bus stop!” Judy yelled back. And she was off.
Right before the end of the school day, it was time for Judy's book report. She asked Frank Pearl to help her. They stood up in front of the class.

"Mr Todd? I have a different kind of book report. It's acted out. Like a play."

"Cool!" said Rocky.

"The book I read is called Sybil: The Female Paul Revere," Judy told her class. "It's about the Girl Paul Revere. And this," she said, pointing to Frank, "is the Boy Paul Revere. Frank — I mean Paul — is helping me, Sybil Ludington."

Judy started with a poem: "'Listen, my children, and you shall hear / Of a girl who rode way further than Paul Revere.'"
SYBIL: Hey, Paul Revere? Why are you so famous?
PAUL: Because, Sybil Ludington, I rode my horse all night. I warned everybody the British were coming.
SYBIL: I did too. My horse is named Star.
   It was dark. I was scared. It rained all night. I was brave. It was muddy.
PAUL: It wasn’t muddy when I rode.
SYBIL: Well, la-dee-da.

“No fair! It doesn’t say that here!” said Frank.
“I just added it,” said Judy. “Keep reading.”

PAUL: I’m forty years old and I rode sixteen miles.
SYBIL: I’m only sixteen and I rode almost forty miles.

PAUL: I made it to Lexington to warn Sam Adams and John Hancock.
SYBIL: Hey, Paul? Weren’t you caught by the British?
PAUL: At first I wasn’t. Then I was.
SYBIL: Didn’t Mr Todd say they took your horse?
PAUL: Yes.
SYBIL: Aha! So you got caught and didn’t finish warning everybody. I, Sybil Ludington, DIDN’T get caught, and I warned everybody. I yelled, ‘Stop the British. Mustard at Ludingtons!’ All the British had to go back on their ships. Then everybody came to my house for hot dogs (with mustard). Even Mr George Famous Washington. The end.
“Did Sybil What’s-Her-Face really eat hot dogs?” asked Jessica Finch.

“She ate mustard,” said Judy. “Ketchup wasn’t invented yet.”

Mr Todd chuckled. “Actually, the word is muster, not mustard. When Sybil rode her horse to warn everybody, she called them to muster, which means to get together.”

“The other parts were all true,” said Judy. “I give this book five reallys. As in really, really, really, really, really good. It was so good, I stayed inside at break to read it. It was so good, I read it to my cat and my Venus flytrap!”

“Thank you, Judy,” said Mr Todd. “Sounds like Sybil Ludington really inspired you.”

“Everybody should know about the Girl Paul Revere. Most people have never heard of her, because for some barmy reason they forgot to put girls in history books. I wouldn’t even know about her if you hadn’t told me.”

“Maybe some others will want to read the book now,” said Mr Todd.

“Sybil Ludington should be in our social studies book for everybody to read about. Girls should get to be in history books too, you know. Especially girls who did independent stuff, don’t you think?”

“Yes, yes, I do,” said Mr Todd.

“Girls rule!” all the girls shouted.

“Huzzah!” said Judy.
On the bus ride home, Rocky told Judy how much he liked her book report. “When I first saw you looking like a pilgrim, I was sure it would be boring. But it was WAY not boring.”

“Thanks,” said Judy. “I hope I get a way good grade and it shows my Mum and Dad how grown-up and responsible I am.”

“Just think,” Rocky said, “how super scary it must have been when Sybil rode through the woods ... and it was dark and robbers were all around.”

“But she had to stop the British from burning down the whole town of Danbury!”

“Yeah. But if she got caught, the bad guys might think she was a spy!” Rocky said.

Judy and Rocky talked about Sybil all the way home.
When they got off the bus, Judy started walking, then said, “Oops, I almost forgot. I rode my bike to the bus stop today.”

“OK. See ya!” called Rocky as he loped off towards his house. Judy unlocked her bike. Behind her, the doors of the bus hissed and closed, and the brakes squeaked as it pulled away from the kerb.

Wait ... something was not right.

Stink?

STINK!

Stink did not get off the bus! Stink had never NOT got off the bus before.

Judy could not think. She was sure she’d seen him get ON the bus. Should she yell for help? Race home and get Mum?

“HEY!” yelled Judy. “Mr Bus Driver! HEY!” she shouted. The bus was already driving off down the street.

WWBFD? What would Ben Franklin do? Go to bed early? Save a penny? Judy did not think sugar packet sayings could help her now.

There was only one thing to do. Chase the bus!

Mum would worry if she didn’t come right home, but there was no time to go and tell her. Not when her brother was being kidnapped by a runaway bus.

She, Judy Moody, had to get her brother back. No matter how stinky he was, he was still her brother.

Judy hitched up her pilgrim skirt and
hopped on her bike. She pedalled hard. She pedalled fast. She rode like the wind. She rode like Sybil on Star. She chased that bus down the street and around the corner and up the hill and down the hill.

Cars whizzed by. *Whoosh!* Dirt flew in her face. She swerved to miss a big hole in the road. What if she fell off her bike and broke her head?

Judy kept riding. She rang her bell. She yelled, "HEY! Mr Bus! My brother's on there. GIVE! ME! BACK! MY! BROTHER!"

The bus kept going.

A dog barked at her. What if a big meany dog got loose and chased her? What if she got bitten by a wild dog? A wild dog with RABIES?

Judy pedalled faster. Wind flapped her skirt and whipped her thirteen curls every which way. A big green dustcart screamed by, way too close. Judy's wheels wobbled. Her handlebars shook. The truck honked at her, *woomp*, deep like a foghorn. Her heart pounded.

What if she got run over by a P.U. dustcart?

She rode her bike all the way to Bacon Avenue. Traffic! Cars! Trucks! Red lights!

Then she saw it. The bus! The school bus, bright as a big cheese in the middle of the road. It had crossed the intersection and was heading up the hill on the other side of Third Street.
Mum and Dad would FREAK if she crossed the busy street in the middle of traffic by herself. But they might freak more if she came home late ... without Stink!


Judy hopped off and wheeled her bike to the crossing. She waited for the red man on the sign to change to the green man. "Hurry up!" Judy yelled at the light. "The bus is getting away!"

Finally, the light changed. She looked both ways, took a deep breath and crossed the street safely.

Judy hopped back on her bike and zoomed up the hill. *Puff, puff, puff.*

Judy huffed and puffed until she caught up with the bus. "Stink!" she shouted, cycling on the pavement, right alongside the bus. The bus driver looked over. Judy pointed to the back of the bus. "My brother!"

At last! The bus stopped to let some kids off. The door rattled open. "My little brother ... puff, puff ... is ... puff, puff ... on that bus!" Judy yelled.

Stink was already rushing up to the front of the bus. "I fell asleep!" he told Judy. "And then I woke up and you were gone and I didn’t know where I was! I was so scared."
"It's OK," said Judy. "I chased you and I found you and you're safe now." Stink clutched her shirtsleeve and wouldn't let go.

"Thank you," she said to the driver. "Thanks for stopping. C'mon, Stinker. Let's go home."

When Judy and Stink got home – over an hour late – Mum was Mad-with-a-capital-M. "I thought I asked you to come straight home after school," Mum said. "You scared me half to death!" She said she was scared and worried sick, but she did not look sick. Just M-A-D.

She did not even give Judy a chance to explain. "Judy, you know better than this. Go to your room. Now!"
“Stink should go to his room too. He’s the one who fell asleep and—”

Mum’s lips turned into a thin white line. “I don’t want to hear it!” said Mum. She pointed upstairs.

Judy slunk up to her room, crawled into bed and got under her baby quilt. She, Judy Moody, Friend of Sybil in History, was in trouble again. Trouble with a capital T. Worse than the Boston Tub Party.

Grown-ups! They acted like they wanted you to be all independent, but as soon as you were, they went and changed their minds. Independence. HA! All it did was get her in trouble.

Maybe if Judy just declared UN-independence, everything would go back to the way it was. At least she wouldn’t have to clean up so much. And get run over by P.U. dustcarts while chasing runaway buses.

Judy tried to do her homework, but all the spelling words looked like scrambled eggs. She tried chewing gum for her ABC collection, but all it did was stick to her
teeth. She tried starting a scrapbook of her trip to Boston, but even the Declaration of Independence looked sad.

To cheer herself up, Judy wrote a postcard to Tori:

Dear Tori,
Thanks for the tea and sugar packets. They’re my fave!
I had a tea party and got in big trouble! I chased the school bus to get my brother and got in BIGGER trouble. I have a question: how do you stay out of trouble?
1) Get to do all that grown-up stuff? I’m going barmy! I’m going barmy!
2) Stay out of trouble.

Cheerios! YNPFA (Your new pen pal from America),
Judy Moody

Judy tiptoed to the top of the stairs to see if she could hear anything. Mum was talking to Stink. Traitor! He was probably blaming the whole thing on her. Redcoat!

Judy climbed back up to her top bunk. “Here, Mouse,” called Judy. At least her cat wasn’t angry with her. At least her cat was not a traitor.

Mouse hid under the bottom bunk. “Here, Mousie, Mousie.” Mouse still did not budge. Even her cat was declaring independence.

Judy’s whole room was in a mood. For sure and absolute positive.

After about a hundred years, Stink rattled the doorknob. “Open up!”
“Go away, Stink,” Judy told him.


“We just want to talk to you, Judy.” That sounded like Dad. Kind Dad, not You-Are-in-Big-Trouble Dad.

“Am I in big trouble?” Judy asked the door. “Because if I am, then I declare UN-independence. I promise I will NOT make my bed or do my homework or be nice to Stink. And I will definitely NOT rescue him any more. EVER!”

“Judy, open the door so we can talk about this,” said Dad.

Judy opened the door. Mum rushed to hug her. Dad ruffled Judy’s hair and kissed the top of her head.

“Stink told us what happened,” said Dad. “That was a very brave thing you did.”

“It was?”

“I’m sorry, honey,” said Mum. “It gave me quite a scare when you two didn’t come straight home, so I didn’t even stop to listen. You had a hard choice to make and you really used some good, independent thinking.”

“I did?”

“You sure did,” said Dad.

“I was scared too,” said Judy. “I thought a big meany dog might bite me or a
dustcart might run me over or I’d fall and break my head or something. I just kept thinking about Sybil Ludington and how she was scared too.”

“We’re very proud of you, Sybil,” Dad said. “I mean Judy.”

“Proud enough to give me more allowance and stuff?”

“Dad and I will talk things over,” said Mum. “Maybe you are ready for a little more independence.”

She, Judy Moodington, was not in big-or-little-T trouble. And she showed independent thinking. Just like Sybil Ludington.

Star-spangled bananas!
Yankee Doodle Dandy

After all the excitement, Judy was feeling much too independent to do homework. She got out her Judy Moody Declaration of Independence. This was going straight into her scrapbook.

Judy climbed up to her top bunk. She spread out all the stuff from her trip to Boston. In her scrapbook, she pasted, taped, glue-sticked or Band-Aided all her souvenirs from Boston.
Mother Goose died here

Amelia Bloomer stood here

Duck Tour

Paul Revere House

Paul Revere made false teeth and rang bells here (for real!)

Stink's country pooped on him here

Stink acted like a baby here
Last but not least, she turned the page and glued sugar packets with Ben Franklin sayings onto the page. And she made up a new one:

If at first your brother falls asleep on the bus, ride, ride like Sybil and chase after him.

The next day, the story of the not-so-midnight ride of Judy Moody was all over Virginia Dare School.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
How Judy Moody rode like Sybil and Paul Revere.

Every time Stink told the story, it got a little wilder. Some heard she was chased by wild wolves. Some heard she was kidnapped by a dustcart. Some heard she fell and broke her leg but kept on riding.

Stink even made Judy a gold medal with a blue ribbon.

After dinner that night, Judy climbed up to her top bunk to glue the ribbon into her scrapbook.

The scrapbook was not there! As in G-O-N-E, gone!

She looked under her reading pillow. She looked under lumps of covers and heaps of stuffed animals. She looked under Mouse.

Judy looked all around her room.
The scrapbook was missing. The scrapbook was stolen! By Number One Scrapbook Thief, right here in the Moody house.

“Stink!” Judy ran into his room. “I did not say you could take my scrapbook. Give it!”

“I didn’t take your scrapbook,” said Stink.

“After I saved your life and everything!” said Judy. “Robber! Stealer! Scrapbook-napper!”

“Am not! I swear on Toady’s life I didn’t take it.”

“If you didn’t take it, and I didn’t lose it, that leaves Mouse. And Mouse can’t read!”

“Maybe Mum and Dad took it,” Stink said. “Let’s go and ask.”

“Let’s go and spy,” said Judy.

Judy and Stink tiptoed down the stairs without too many creaks. They slid across the floor without too many squeaks. They slunk past the living-room, past the kitchen, to Mum’s office.

“Stink, you hold the torch. I’ll look around.” She pawed through the rubbish. She searched on top of the filing cabinet and in the bookshelves.

“Uh-oh!” Stink said. “Check it out!”

A message was flashing across Mum’s computer screen. It said:

**JUDY AND STINK,**
**IF YOU ARE READING THIS,**
**I KNOW YOU’RE IN HERE.**
**READ THIS NOTE:**
**XLOW UVUG ZIV MLG HDVVG.**
“How can we read it? It’s in Russian,” Stink said, shining the light on the screen.

“It’s not Russian,” said Judy. “It’s secret code. SPY code. It looks just like Dr Church’s secret code in Dad’s Freedom Trail book from Boston. Rare!”

“The spy guy? Sweet! We can be code busters, just like him.”

“Yep.” Judy ran and got her book. She looked it up in the back. “The code is A=Z, B=Y and C=X. All you have to do is use the alphabet backwards.”

They looked at the letters again: XLOW UVVG ZIV MLG HDVVG. Judy worked it out. “COLD FEET ARE NOT SWEET. Hmm. It’s some sort of clue. Not sweet ... not sweet.”
“How about the cookie jar?” Stink asked.
“It says NOT sweet, Stink.”
“How about socks? Socks aren’t sweet. And they help cold feet.”
“Brilliant!” Judy and Stink dashed upstairs, where Judy rummaged through her sock drawer. Sure enough, there was another clue sticking out of her Screamin’ Mimi’s ice-cream socks.

“It’s like a treasure hunt.” She opened the note and it read: QFWB GRNVH GDL, YLGS ZIV BLF. She took out her pencil and worked it out in her notebook. “This one says, JUDY TIMES TWO, BOTH ARE YOU.”

They thought about it for a long time. They were both stumped. Then Judy got a brainstorm! “There’s only one me,” said Judy.

“You can say that again,” said Stink.
“Unless … I look in a mirror!” Judy and Stink raced for the bathroom. On the bathroom mirror, a message was written in soap crayons: Z SLFHV ULI NLFHV

Stink helped Judy work out the code. “A HOUSE FOR MOUSE!” yelled Judy.
“That doesn’t make sense,” said Stink.
“Think,” said Judy. “What else could be a house for Mouse?”
“Under your bed?” asked Stink. “Or your top bunk?”
“I looked there,” said Judy. “Wait! I got it! Where is Mouse whenever we can’t find her?”

“The dirty-laundry basket!” said Stink. He ran downstairs after his sister. Judy raced over to the pile of laundry on the washing machine and dug around. “Found it!” she said, holding up her scrapbook.

They flipped through pages of pictures and pebbles, pressed leaves and pencil rubbings, tea bags and sugar packets and Band-Aids, her Declaration of Independence, the postcard from Tori.

She flipped to the last page. She, Judy Moody, was gobsmacked! Glued to the page was a fancy certificate on old-timey paper that looked like parchment.
Hear ye! Hear ye! Judy Moody has hereby . . .

Made her bed every day
Brushed her hair (almost) every day
Done her homework without being asked
Been nice to Stink
Inspired others with her bravery and courage on her famous ride

. . . which demonstrates independent thinking.

We, the undersigned (Mum and Dad), hereby grant Judy Moody a 25¢ raise in her allowance, effective now.

Signed,
Kate Betsy-Ross Moody (aka Mum)
Richard John-Hancock Moody (aka Dad)

Taped to the same page was a shiny new quarter.

"Holy macaroni!" said Judy. "Look! A Maine quarter with a lighthouse! Now I have liberty AND the purse of happiness."

"And with more allowance, you can pay me back a lot faster!" said Stink.

"Wait till I write to Tori and tell her. My Declaration of Independence really worked!"

"Except for the getting your own bathroom thing."

Judy Moody hugged her scrapbook, then Stink. She found Mum and Dad and hugged them too. She even kissed Mouse on her wet pink nose.

"Independence doesn't end here," said Mum. "We're going to expect you to keep being responsible."

"And, of course, you still always have to do your homework," Dad told her.
“And be nice to me!” said Stink.

“Maybe I could also stay up a teeny-weeny bit late? Just for tonight?” asked Judy. “On account of how independent I am now and how I’m not going to be treated like a baby any more and stuff.”

“Fifteen minutes,” said Dad.

“And just for tonight,” said Mum.

Fifteen whole minutes!

“No fair!” said Stink. “Then I’m declaring independence from brushing my teeth! Give me liberty or give me bad breath!”

“One independent kid is enough for now,” said Mum. Dad laughed.

That night, in those fifteen minutes, Judy ate a snack of grapes and goldfish (the crackers!). She brushed her teeth with red, white and blue toothpaste and washed her face with her very own (Bonjour Bunny) washcloth. She read a whole chapter of her Ramona the Brave library book. After only twelve and a half minutes, she couldn’t even stay awake any more. She climbed the ladder to her top bunk.

“Lights out!” said Mum. “Goodnight, sweetie.” Dad blew her a kiss.

After Mum and Dad pulled the door almost-shut, Judy lay on her top bunk and gazed up at the night-sky ceiling full of glow-in-the-dark stars.
Star-spangled bananas! She, Judy Moody, was Independent-with-a-capital-I. As independent as Ben Franklin. John Hancock. Paul Revere. As independent as Sybil Ludington on her midnight ride.

Being independent was brilliant! The bee’s knees. And staying up late was Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Judy was getting sleepy. So sleepy. But just before she drifted off, she took out her torch pen and wrote something on the wall, in permanent marker, right next to her pillow:

Judy Moody Slept Here.
The whole world’s in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to...

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)
or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)
or Hania Humorek (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 **12 million books** in print worldwide.

Open up a book – anywhere, anytime – and get ready for your best mood ever!
10 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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 favourite candy is a tie between peanut-butter cups and chocolate-covered raisins (same as Megan McDonald!).
2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!

10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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!
Be sure to check out Stink’s adventures too!

In the mood for more Judy Moody? Then try these!
Magnifico! Bravissimo!

The new girl at school is so similar to Judy, they are practically clones! Will Amy Same-Samey turn out to be Judy’s worst enemy or her best-ever friend? And with all the excitement, will Judy ever finish her Around-the-World class project?

Bravo for the fantastico Judy Moody!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy's stories "grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters". She confesses, "I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we're famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated." Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net.

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because "having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl". Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com.
Books by Megan McDonald
   and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
   Judy Moody Gets Famous!
   Judy Moody Saves the World!
   Judy Moody Predicts the Future
   Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
   Judy Moody Declares Independence!
   Judy Moody: Around the World in 8½ Days
   Judy Moody Goes to College
   Judy Moody, Girl Detective
   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
   Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
   Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
   Stink and the World's Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
   Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
   Stink: Solar System Superhero
   Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
   Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stink-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
   Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
   Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
   Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
   The Sisters Club
   The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
   The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
   The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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Who's

Judy Moody
Way-official card-carrying member of the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club

Dad
One-of-a-kind Dad

Mum
One-and-only Mum

Daredevil reporter. Raced around the world in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes, 14 seconds

Who

Stink
Stink McFink, fratellino, bratellino

Frank
Frank the Prank, aka Earl the Pearl

Amy Namey
Amy Same-Samey, gum-chewing girl reporter

Rocky
Rocky No-Talky
The girl had a notebook and a clipboard. The girl wore a blue plaid skirt, like a school uniform, and not one but TWO watches. The girl had a pencil behind her ear. The girl was very noticeable in her blue-green glasses.

The girl came over to Judy Moody’s lunch table and plopped herself down in between Judy’s friends Rocky and Frank.
She, NOT Judy Moody, looked like she was in a reporter mood.

Who was this important-looking, glasses-wearing girl anyway, Judy wondered.

“Amy Namey, Girl Reporter,” said the girl. “What’s the scoop?”

“Um ... Screamin’ Mimi’s chocolate mud?” asked Judy.

“Not the ice cream kind of scoop,” said the girl. “The story kind of scoop. I’m a reporter,” she said. “Like Nellie Bly, Daredevil Reporter.”

She, Judy Moody, could not believe her ears.

Frank asked, “Is that like Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor?”
Judy leaned in closer.

“Check!” said the girl. She wrote something on her clipboard. “I’m from Ms Valentine’s class, 3V. Can I ask you a few questions? For my newspaper?”

“You’ve got your own paper?” asked Frank Pearl.

“Sure!” said the girl. Just then, Super-Important Girl Reporter held out a ketchup-bottle microphone.

“What’s your favourite school lunch?” she asked. “Hawaiian pizza, southern fried chicken, or French toast?”

“French toast is breakfast,” said Judy.

“Pizza!” screamed Rocky and Frank at the same time.

“Check!” said the girl. She ticked the list on her clipboard.

“I bring packed lunch,” said Judy.

“How many times a week should the canteen have pizza?” she asked.

“Three,” said Frank.

“Five!” said Rocky. “Every day! With extra cheese!”

“Check!” said the girl.

Who was this list-ticking, clipboard-carrying Pizza Reporter, anyway? And why were Rocky and Frank, Judy’s best-ever friends, talking to her?

“You can’t really get us pizza for lunch every day,” said Judy.

“Why not?” asked the girl. “My mum
knows the dinner ladies. Besides, it's a free country.

"Hey! That's what you always say!" Frank said to Judy.

"Do not!"

"Do too!" said Rocky and Frank at the same time.

"Question Number Three," said the girl. "What else would you like to change about Virginia Dare School?"

"Snack machines!" said Frank.

"A swimming pool!" said Rocky.

"A skate park!" said Frank.

"No School Photo Day!" said Rocky. Girl Reporter was writing as fast as they could talk.

“No Pizza Reporters bugging us at lunchtime," said Judy. The girl stopped writing. The girl did not say “Check!”.

In spite of herself, Judy got caught up in the moment. “OK. I have an idea! For real!” said Judy. “Chewing gum in school!”

“Yep,” said Rocky.

“Yes!” said Frank.

“Check!” said the girl.

“I could work on my ABC gum collection at school," said Judy. “Start one under my desk. Not just at home on the lamp by my bed.”

Girl Reporter was writing again.

“ABC stands for Already Been Chewed,” said Judy.
“I know that,” said the girl. “I collect gum too. I’ve been to see the world’s best-ever collection of ABC gum. The biggest in the world.”

“Huh?” asked Judy.

“Sure!” said the girl. “Bubblegum Alley. It’s in California.”

“I went to Boston,” said Judy.

“I went there during the summer holidays. You walk down this alley between two buildings and there’s a Wall of Gum on each side. Chewed-up gum that people stuck there. Some people have even made pictures and stuff out of gum. I chewed five black gumballs from the machine they have there and added it to the wall.”

“No way!” said Rocky.

“Way!” said the girl. “It’s like a Gum Hall of Fame. Or a Gum Wall of Fame.” The girl cracked herself up.

“Double cool!” said Frank.

“I sent away for a Make-Your-Own-Gum Kit,” said Judy. Nobody said a word.

“I’d really like to see a Wall of Gum!” said Frank.

“I have a picture of me standing in front of it,” said the girl. “It was in the last issue of my paper. See?” She pulled out a page from the back of the clipboard.
“Whoa!” said Rocky. “Weird. Look at all that chewed-up gum!”

“Wow,” said Frank. “You really were there!”

“I had my picture in the real newspaper once,” said Judy.

“Yeah, your elbow,” said Rocky. Frank and Rocky cracked up.

“Thanks for your ideas,” said the girl. “I’ve got to go and talk to Mr Todd.”

“Mr Todd? That’s our teacher,” said Judy.

“I know. He has a big scoop for me.”

“We already know he’s getting married,” said Judy.

“She tries to predict the future,” Rocky explained.

“And once she predicted Mr Todd was getting married. And he is!” Frank announced.

“Wow!” said the girl. “That’s a good scoop!” Judy sat up taller.

“Do real reporters wear pencils behind their ears?” asked Frank.

“Check!” said the girl. She looked at both of her watches. “Later, alligators!” she called, tucking the pencil behind her ear.

“Wow!” said Frank. “That girl is just like you, Judy!”

“Nah-uh,” said Judy.

“Yah-huh!” said Rocky and Frank together.

“You’re like twins or something,” said Frank.
"Two of a kind," said Rocky.
"Name one thing the same," said Judy.


"So? She has long, not-messy hair and dimples. And she wears glasses," said Judy. "I don't wear glasses."

"She dresses up like Some Lady, First Woman Reporter," said Rocky.
"I only dressed up like Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor, once."

"And she collects ABC gum and likes getting her picture in the paper," said Frank.
"And don't forget she gets scoops," said Rocky, "which is like trying to predict the future."
"She probably likes Band-Aids and pizza tables, too," said Frank. "We should ask her."
“And she says weird stuff like ‘check’ all the time,” Rocky added.

“I do not say weird stuff all the time,” Judy protested.

“It’s like they took a machine and made a copy,” said Rocky.

“Maybe she’s your clone!” said Frank.

“ROAR!” said Judy.

She, Judy Moody, liked being one of a kind. An original. Her mum said she was unique. Her dad said she was an individual. Mr Todd said she was in a class of her own (even though there were twenty other kids in Class 3T!).

Being unique made Judy feel special. That’s the way it is, was, and always would be. Should be.
Judy was helping Stink with his homework, quizzing him for a science test.

"Name the four seasons," said Judy.

"Easy. Salt, pepper, ketchup and mustard," said Stink.

"Seasons of the YEAR, Stink," said Judy.

"Never mind. How about this one. What makes dew form?"

"When leaves sweat?" asked Stink.
“N-O!” said Judy. “Here’s one. You have to know *this*. What is a fibula?”

“Oh, I know. That’s like when you tell a lie, but not a really big one. A little one.”

“No, Stink. It’s a bone! In your leg! Between your knee and your ankle. I think you’d better study some more. Now, can I ask you a question?”

“I thought that’s what you were doing.”

“Not a science test question. What would you do if you thought there was just one Stink, then you found out there was somebody else out there just like you? Like another Stink?”

“I’d bug you TWICE as much.”

“Never mind. I’ll ask Mum and Dad.”

Judy asked her mum. Mum just hugged her and said, “You’re the one and only Judy Moody in my book.”

“Is this for science? Or social studies?” asked Dad.

“You don’t understand,” Judy told her dad. “There’s only ONE of you and ONE of Mum and ONE of Stink. But, well, I mean, what if you met somebody and they were just like you? And you didn’t feel special any more?”

“At least I’d have a new best friend,” said Dad.

Hmmm. Judy thought about that one. Best friend? Or best enemy?
The next day, Best-Enemy Girl Reporter came up to Judy at breaktime. “Hi! Remember me?”

“Check,” said Judy, frowning.

“You do remember! Your name’s Judy.

Right? What’s your last name? I want to put your chewing-gum-at-school idea in my paper.”


“Judy Moody? For real? Hey, you rhyme! Just like me!”

“Same-same,” said Judy excitedly.

“So, do kids always try to rhyme stuff with you? Like ‘Amy Namey, how’s Jamie? Want to play a game-y? You’re so lame-y’. Stuff like that?”

“I’ve heard ‘Howdy Doody, Judy Moody’ and ‘Judy Moody has cooties’ about ten hundred million times!”

“Exactly! It’s so cool we both have the rhyming name thing. You could be in my club.”
"I'm already in a club. The Toad Pee Club. With my friends."

"But this is a real club. It's not for just anybody. It's for people all over the world with names that rhyme. It's called the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club."

"For real?" asked Judy.

"How real is this?" Amy reached into her pocket and pulled out a card. A way-official, real-and-true membership card.

"RARE!" said Judy. "You mean I could be a member? Of a club that has people in it from all over the whole world?"

"Sure! I can sign you up!"

"You mean I'd get a card like this? A real membership card with my name on it and everything?"

"Check!" said Amy.

"Wow," said Judy. "How come I never knew about you before?"

"Oh, I've been around," said Amy. "Around the world!" She cracked up.

"What stuff do you do in your club?" Judy asked.

"Mostly you just carry this card around. But you can write to anybody in the club.
And sometimes they write back and send you a postcard. With a cool stamp from another country and everything."

"Whoa!"

"I know! I get postcards from people around the world, like, let’s see … Nancy Clancy, Newton Hooton, and Sing Ling. Even Mark Clark van Ark from Newark! That’s in this country. In New Jersey."

"No way!"

"Uh-huh. I even got one from somebody named Heebie Jeebie."

"That gives me the heebie-jeebies."

"I think that one was a joke, for sure. But my favourite is the one I got from Chip Dippe."

"Like potato chips and dip?"

"Exactly.” Judy and Amy cracked up. 

“I want to do it!” said Judy. “I want to be in the club!”

“Great!” said Amy. “Why don’t you come over to my house on Saturday morning? I’ll get you a membership card and everything.”

“I’ll ask. Do I have to pay any money?” Judy asked.

“Nope. It’s a freebie,” said Amy.

“So I won’t have to get the heebie-jeebies,” said Judy.

“Nopey-dopey!” said Amy.

“Okey-dokey!” said Judy. They fell on the floor laughing.

Amy Namey was so clever. And funny. And important-looking in her glasses, with
two watches, and a pencil behind her ear.

AND her name rhymed. AND she was a member of a way-cool, around-the-world club. AND she knew a top-secret scoop from Mr Todd.

Amy Namey had all the things that made a New Best Enemy into a New Best Friend.

The next day, before going to school, Judy rummaged through her top drawer, looking for her old purple watch. It still worked! She wore it right next to her new red striped one.

She looked around for a clipboard, but she couldn’t find one. So she stuck a Grouchy pencil behind her ear and went to school.
“There’s a pencil in your hair,” said Rocky.

“I know,” Judy said. “Amy Namey says I can help her with her newspaper. A good reporter should have a pencil ready at all times."

“How come you’re wearing two watches?” asked Frank.

“All the better to tell the time with,” said Judy in a Little-Red-Riding-Hood-and-the-Wolf voice.

“No, really,” said Frank.

“Amy Namey has one watch that tells normal time, and one that tells France time. Just like Nellie Bly, Daredevil Reporter. Amy says Nellie Bly always had one watch set to the time it was at home in
New York. The other watch she changed to the time in England or Italy or France – wherever she was.”

“How do you know?” Rocky asked.

“No. She just has a big fat secret to tell us.”

“How do you know?” Rocky asked.

“I know,” said Judy. “Or ... maybe I can ask her when I go over to her house to have a meeting of our new club.”

“What new club?” asked Rocky.

“What new club?” asked Frank.

“The My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club,” said Judy.

“Can we be in the club?” asked Frank.

“It’s for people all over the world who have names that rhyme. Like Judy Moody. Amy Namey. Hello! Frank does not rhyme with
Pearl. Rocky does not rhyme with Zang.”

“That’s not fair,” said Rocky. “We can’t help it if our names don’t rhyme.”

“I didn’t make the rules,” said Judy.

“What if I change my name to Earl? Earl the Pearl rhymes.” Judy and Rocky cracked up.

“Then we’d have to call you Earl,” said Rocky. “That would be weird.”

“OK. So keep calling me Frank and come to the Toad Pee Club meeting on Saturday morning. Don’t go to that rhyming girl’s house.”

“What do you mean?” asked Judy.

“Didn’t Stink tell you? We’re having a really big, important meeting of the Toad Pee Club,” said Frank.

“How come?”

“We want to enter Toady in a race they’re having at the pet shop that morning. Fur & Fangs. You can win a tarantula.”

“Stink told you about it?” asked Judy.

“Uh-huh.”

“It’s a girl tarantula named Trudy,” added Frank. “It’s a painted tarantula and it has orange stripes.”

“And it has eight eyes, and fangs, and it keeps away robbers,” said Rocky.

“Robbers!” said Judy. “There aren’t any robbers around here.”
“Yeah, and yesterday you didn’t like her,” said Rocky.

“Just because she rhymes,” said Frank. “We were friends with you FIRST. Before Suzy New-Club came along.”

“Yeah, along comes Amy Rhymey and you forget about us,” Rocky said.

“I bet any money a toad never peed on her,” said Frank. “So she can’t be in OUR club. No way.”

“Shh! Here she comes!” said Judy.


“Whatever,” said Rocky.

“Hey, can we ask you a question?” asked Frank.
“OK, shoot,” said Amy. “But hurry up. I have to give a report to your class.”

“Has a toad ever peed on you?” asked Rocky.

“What? NO!” said Amy.

“See?” Rocky and Frank said to Judy.

“Class!” said Mr Todd, flicking the lights on and off. “Breaktime is over. Everybody find a seat. We have a special visitor today. And she has some interesting information to share with us.”

“Is it the Crayon Lady?” somebody asked.

“Is that the visitor?” asked Bradley, pointing to Amy Namey. “She’s just a kid. From Ms Valentine’s class.”
“Class, I’d like you to meet Amy Namey,” said Mr Todd. Some kids giggled when he said her name.

Judy practically jumped out of her seat. “I already know her!” she said. “And we have three connections. One, her name rhymes, just like Judy Moody. Two, she likes Nellie Bly, Daredevil Reporter, the way I like Elizabeth Blackwell, First Woman Doctor. Three, she collects ABC gum.”

“Thank you, Judy. I was about to say that some of you may know Amy from 3V, Ms Valentine’s class.”

“She lives on my street,” Alison S. told Mr Todd.
“I noticed your colourful glasses earlier,” said Jessica Finch.

“Were you on our field trip to the hospital?” asked Samantha.

“Why are you always wearing that blue checked skirt?” asked Rocky.

“Why do you have that plastic bread bag full of stuff?” asked Frank.

“Let’s give Amy a chance,” said Mr Todd. “She’s here to tell us about Nellie Bly, the daredevil reporter who went all the way around the world in seventy-two days.”

“Did anybody ever see the movie Around the World in Eighty Days?” Amy asked. Only a few hands went up.

“Nellie Bly was a woman reporter,”

Amy continued. “She wrote stuff for newspapers. She read this book about Mr Fogg. He was a made-up person who went around the world in eighty days. Nellie thought it would be cool for a real person to try to beat his record. So her newspaper sent her around the world. Another reporter found out and tried to beat her. But Nellie won the race. She went around the world in seventy-two days, six hours, eleven minutes and fourteen seconds.”

Amy Namey looked over at Mr Todd.

“You’re doing really well!” said Mr Todd.

“Someday I want to be a reporter and travel around the world like Nellie Bly,” said Amy.

“Why don’t you tell us how Nellie Bly
got ready for her trip?” said Mr Todd.

“She only had three days to get ready to go around the whole entire world. And she could only take one small bag, the size of a loaf of bread.” Amy held up her loaf-of-bread bag.

“Just think, class,” said Mr Todd. “What if you had to go all the way around the world and you could only take what fits in this bag? What are some of the things you would take? Jessica?”

“A camera.”

“Judy?”

“A Grouchy pencil.”

“Bradley?”

“Clean underwear.” Everybody cracked up.
“Jessica again?”
“My stuffed pig called Snuffles.”
“Frank?”
“A burger. And my pillow.”
“Your pillow’s bigger than a loaf of bread,” said Bradley.
“Rocky?”
“I’d fill that whole bag with money!”
“Amy, would you like to show us what’s in your bag?”
“These are some things Nellie Bly had in her bag. Soap. Needle and thread. Pyjamas. Slippers.”
“No pillow?” asked Frank.
“Underwear,” said Amy.
“Told ya!” said Bradley.

“Ink and pens and pencils.”
“I said that!” said Judy.
“Three hats, a cup, a raincoat —”
“No way!” everybody exclaimed. Amy unfolded a tiny pouch and it turned into a raincoat.
“Whoa!” Everybody oohed and aahed.
“And ... her lucky thumb ring.”
Holy macaroni! thought Judy. Lucky thumb ring! A lucky thumb ring was almost as good as a mood ring.
“What about money?” asked Rocky.
“She tied it in a little bag around her neck.”
“What about clothes and stuff?” asked Jessica Finch.
"She only wore one dress. It was blue plaid, like this skirt." Amy Namey pointed to the skirt she was wearing.

"What's the stick for?" somebody asked. "Why'd she take a stick?"

"When she got to a country called Yemen, she had to brush her teeth with a stick."

"I can’t believe there’s a country called Yemen!" said Frank.

"And she saw camels and people riding elephants, and when she was halfway around the world, she got a pet monkey called McGinty!"

"Amy, why don’t you show us Nellie Bly’s around-the-world route on your globe?" said Mr Todd.

"OK. I made a globe this morning. It's still a bit wet." She held up a big gloopy papier-mâché ball. "Here's where she started, in Hoboken."

"She started in Hobo Land?"

"Hoboken is in the United States," said Amy. "And she went to England, France, Italy. Then Egypt, in Africa." The route was marked in black marker pen. Amy traced it with her finger.

"Can somebody help me hold this?" asked Amy.

"I will!" said Frank.

"Me too," said Rocky.

Judy could not believe her ears. Ten minutes ago, Rocky and Frank were calling Amy a robber. A big fat friend-stealer.
Now they were helping her!

Frank held the papier-mâché globe. "Where's that Yeah Man place?" he asked.

"I can see it," said Rocky. He went over to the noticeboard and pulled out a drawing pin. "It's right down here, on the Red Sea." As he said it, he stuck the pin into the globe to mark the spot.

POW! A loud pop made everybody jump. Frank leaped backwards. It was the balloon inside the papier-mâché globe! All the air went out of the globe with a whoosh, and it collapsed in on itself.

Frank looked at Rocky. Rocky looked at Frank. "Globe explode!" Rocky said, cracking up.

Amy Namey stood in front of the whole entire Class 3T, holding a mushy, gushy mess of wet newspaper. A slobby-lobby, ooey-gluey globe of gloop.

"Nellie Bly says goodbye!" said Amy, and she rushed out of the room.
Judy was about to pass another note when Mr Todd told the class it was time for the big scoop. She sat up straight as a pencil.

Mr Todd was drawing a map on the board. Judy hoped a map was not the big surprise.

"Class, we're about to start a whole new way of learning geography," Mr Todd announced. "Class 3T is going to go around the world in eight days!"

"What? Huh?" everybody asked.

"We're going to work with Ms Valentine's class—"

"Yippee!" said Judy. "That's Amy Namey's class." Rocky and Frank frowned at her.
“We’ll make a big map like the one on the board and put it up in the corridor between our classrooms. Then we’ll trace the journey of First Around-the-World Woman Reporter Nellie Bly. We’ll learn about all the countries she visited.”

“Did she go to Italy?” asked Rocky. “My grandma’s from there.”

“Yes,” said Mr Todd.

“Did she go to Disneyland?” asked Bradley.

Mr Todd chuckled. “I’m afraid not.” He wrote the names of eleven countries on the board.

“We’ll get into small groups, and each group will take a country. Here are some
things you might try to find out about for each country.”

Mr Todd pointed at the board:

A) WHAT THE FLAG LOOKS LIKE
B) TRADITIONAL FOOD FOR YOUR COUNTRY
C) HOW TO SAY HELLO AND GOODBYE OR COUNT TO TEN IN YOUR COUNTRY’S LANGUAGE
D) ANY GAMES THAT STARTED IN YOUR COUNTRY

“We only have eight days to get all the way around the world, so we’re going to have to work fast. There’s a lot to learn, a lot to do.”

“Can we bring in something real from that country?” asked Jessica Finch. “I have a set of dolls from Russia.”

“I’m sorry. That’s not one of the countries we’re studying,” said Mr Todd.

“I have money from Italy,” said Rocky. “And some carbone dolce. It’s a black sweet that looks like coal.”

“Ooh, I have tea from London,” said Judy. “That’s in England. And I have a cuckoo clock in my bedroom that my grandma Lou brought me all the way from Germany.”

“Tell you what,” said Mr Todd. “These are all good ideas, but let’s wait until you know what country you’ll be working on.”

“Is this the big scoop?” asked Frank. “Geography?”

“Yes,” said Mr Todd. “I’m afraid it is. But I haven’t told you the best part. We
are going to kick off our Around-the-World tour with - a movie.”

“Movie! What movie?” somebody asked.

“You mean we get to watch a movie at school?” asked Frank.

“Do we get to turn out the lights and eat popcorn?” asked Jessica Finch.

“We’ll see,” said Mr Todd. “The movie is Around the World in Eighty Days!”

“Yippee!” everybody yelled.

That afternoon, the whole class got to go to Ms Valentine’s room and watch the movie. Judy sat on the floor next to Amy Namey. They ate blue popcorn (made from blue corn!) and laughed at this inventor called Mr Fogg, who was trying to fly and flew right through a painting! And he was trying to race around the world in eighty days and some old men kept calling him a nincompoop!

After the movie, Judy went back to class and got into her small group with Rocky and Frank and Jessica Finch. They chose Italy for their project. They went to the library to look up some books on Italy.

“What’s red, white and green all over?” asked Rocky.

“A Christmas elf?” asked Jessica.

“A pizza with green peppers?” asked Frank.
"No! The flag of Italy," said Rocky.

"Hey, that's funny!" said Judy. "We could start off with a joke like that."

"We could dress up in red, white and green," said Jessica.

"Yeah!" said Judy. "I love dressing up in crazy outfits!"

"OK," said Rocky and Frank.

"Let's definitely have pizza," said Rocky.

"Yeah, pizza!" said Frank.

"Let's think of something different," said Judy. "Everybody already knows about pizza."

"So? Pizza's the best!" said Rocky. "Italy without the pizza is like Judy without the Moody!"
“How about a pizza spelling test?” asked Jessica Finch. “We could spell words that are on pizza, like P-E-P-E-R-O-N-I.”

“No way!” said Judy. “I’m not letting you go all glue-crazy on my whole collection. Stick to eating paste.”

“Not you too,” said Judy.

“We could spell other stuff besides just pizza words,” said Jessica. “Like spaghetti, Parmesan and P-I-N-O-C-C-H-I-O.”

“Not even grown-ups can spell the word Pinocchio,” said Rocky. “Everybody would flunk.”

“We could make a Leaning Tower of Pizza!” said Frank.

“Out of what?” asked Judy.

“Pizza tables! You collect them,” said Frank.

“Yeah, we could glue them all together into a tower,” said Rocky.

“No way!” said Judy. “I’m not letting you go all glue-crazy on my whole collection. Stick to eating paste.”

“Nobody’s eating paste,” said Rocky. “Just pizza.”

“You guys have pizza on the brain,” said Judy.

“Then let’s hear your un-pizza brainy ideas,” said Rocky.

Judy pointed to a picture in the book showing people dancing in a circle. “We could do this. Dance the tar-an-tell-a.”

“I don’t know how to dance,” said Rocky.

“Especially the tarantula,” said Frank.

Mr Todd passed by their table and saw the picture. “A dance from Italy is a very
good idea," said Mr Todd. "Bella Tarantella."

"See?" Judy grinned. "It's a very good idea."

"It'll take some practice," said Mr Todd. "But you'll get the hang of it."

"My grandma has an old record of that dance," said Rocky.

"Let's all go to Rocky's to practise," said Judy. "How about Saturday?"

"Can't!" said Rocky. "Frank and I will be at Fur & Fangs. Not like some people." He gave Judy the hairy eyeball.

"I meant Saturday afternoon," said Judy. "I'll be back from Amy Namey's by then."

"I'd love to go to Rocky's on Saturday," said Jessica. "Sounds like fun."

"I don't know," said Frank. "The only time I tried to dance was around the Maypole in the first year. I tripped and got all tangled up in streamers and ended up looking like a human candy cane."

"No human candy canes. We promise," said Judy.

"OK then, everybody. How about we meet at my house on Saturday at two o'clock?" Rocky said.

"C'mon, it'll be fun!" Judy elbowed Frank.

"Yeah, maybe if you're an eight-legged spider," said Frank.
On Saturday morning, Dad agreed to take Judy to Amy Namey’s house. Judy checked to make sure she had on BOTH of her watches. Her purple watch was set to normal time in Virginia. Her red striped watch was set to Italy time. And she wore her mood ring on her thumb so she could have a lucky thumb ring, just like Nellie Bly, Daredevil Reporter. “Ciao, Mamma! Ciao, Stink!”

“Why do you keep saying chow?” asked Stink. “Like it’s time to eat or something.”

“Or something! Don’t have a cow, Stink. It’s Italian,” said Judy. “I’m learning words from Italy for our Around-the-World-in-Eight-Days project at school.”

“You mean your Drive-Your-Family-
Crazy-in-Eight-Days project, don’t you?”
asked Stink. Mum and Dad laughed.
“N-O!” said Judy.
“Does chow mean ‘hello’ or ‘goodbye’?”
asked Stink.
“BOTH!” said Judy.
“ Weird,” said Stink. “‘Hello’ means ‘goodbye’ in Italy? What a country!”
“Ciao, bambino,” Judy said to Stink.
“Bambino? Isn’t that a baby?” asked Stink. “I am not a baby!”
“OK, then, ciao, fratellino.”
“What’s that?”
“‘Little brother’. Wait, no. I’m wrong. Oh, yeah, I remember now. It’s BRAtellino!”
“Is not.”
“Yah-huh! I mean, sì,” said Judy.

“How come you’re wearing two watches?” asked Stink.
“You know how two heads are better than one?”
“Yeah. And two cuckoo clocks make you twice as cuckoo?”
“No,” said Judy. “Two watches are better than one, too.”
“Oh,” said Stink. “Where are you going, anyway?”
“To Amy Namey’s house.”
“But what about the Toad Pee Club? This morning we’re racing Toady at Fur & Fangs. I might win a tarantula.”
“Buona fortuna,” Judy said.
“What’s tuna fish got to do with anything?” asked Stink.
"Nothing. It means 'good luck'," said Judy. "I don't know how to say 'buzz off' in Italian."

"But you're the one who always says Toady belongs to the whole Toad Pee Club, not just me. So we should all go. Together. That's what makes it a club."

"Stink, don't you get it? I'm in a new club now. And today I'm going to get my own way-official, real-and-true membership card. For sure and absolute positive."

"What club? Can I be in it? I want a way-official membership card too."

"It's the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club, Stink. Sorry. It's only for people who have a name that rhymes. So unless you changed your name to Stink McFink —"
Addresses and Messes

“Ciao!” Judy said to Amy.

“Bonjour!” Amy said to Judy. Amy’s group was doing France for their Around-the-World-in-Eight-Days project. “I like your lucky thumb ring! I have one too.” She held out her hand.

“Same-same!” said Judy.

“Want to see my ABC gum collection?” Amy asked.

“Check!” said Judy.

“C’mon upstairs.” Amy opened a funny-shaped door at the back of her room. It went to a small room under the stairs. “You have to duck or you’ll bump your head,” said Amy.


“It’s my secret place,” said Amy. She pointed to the wall. Chewed-up gum was stuck all over the wall behind the staircase, where nobody could see.

“WHOA!” said Judy. “You’ve started your own Wall of Gum! Just like the one in California.”

“Shh!” said Amy. “I don’t want my mum to find out.”

Judy pretended to zip her lips. “Zipper Lips!” said Amy, and they cracked up.
“Lipper Zipper!” said Judy, and they cracked up some more.

“Do you want your membership card?” asked Amy. “I sent away for it.”

Amy handed the card to Judy. It looked way official. And it was signed by Hugh Blue, just like Amy’s.

“Rare!” said Judy. “How did you get yours covered in plastic like that?”

“Sellotape!” said Amy. They taped up Judy’s card to make it look even more official.

“It also comes with this stuff,” said Amy. Judy took the stuff out of the bag. There was a HI, MY NAME IS nametag, a My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club bike sticker, a list of members with rhyming names, from
all over the world, and a game called the Name Game.

Judy and Amy played the Name Game. Judy made up rhyming names for Rocky, Frank and Jessica Finch. She made up eight names for Stink.

Stink McFink  Stinky Pinky
Stink LeWink  Stinky Blinky
Stinky Dinky  Stink the Shrink
Stink's a Jinx  Stink-a-Link

"Stink McFink is still the best," said Judy, laughing.

"Hey, I know," said Amy. "Let’s write to some real people who rhyme."

"RARE!" said Judy. She took out her list.

"Just think," she said. "Now my name will be on the list one day. Judy Moody."

Amy got out a big plastic tub with all kinds of writing paper and smelly markers, coloured pencils, stickers, rubber stamps and glitter-glue pens.

"Blue glue!" said Judy.

"We can make our own postcards," said Amy. "I can even print some out on the computer. Then we can send them to other people in the club."

"OK," said Judy. "I’ll send one to Larry Derry Berry, Viola Gazola, Yankee Pankee and Herman Sherman Berman. Can you believe there’s a person in the club named T. Hee? No lie."

"T. Hee. That’s funny," said Amy.
“Tee-hee-hee!” shouted Judy and Amy. They both cracked up.

Amy looked at the list. “I’ll write to Lance France, Roos Van Goos, Pinky Dinky and Wong Fong from Hong Kong.”

“You made that up,” said Judy.

“Nope. It says so right here!” Judy and Amy fell on the floor, laughing some more.

Judy and Amy made postcards all morning. Judy wrote addresses on all her postcards till her hand almost fell off. “Finished!” she said.

“I’ve not finished yet,” said Amy. “Why don’t you do one more?”


“Let me see that!” said Amy. She looked at the list. “That’s where Bubblegum Alley is. The real Wall of Gum. No lie.”

“No way!” said Judy. “Let’s send him some gum and see if he’ll stick it on the wall for me. Then we can BOTH be on the Wall of Gum.”

“Okey-dokey!” said Amy.
“Let’s break open the Make-Your-Own-Gum Kit I sent away for,” said Judy. “I’m so glad I brought it. I’ve been dying to try it out. Now we can make our own gum to send him. Will it be OK with your mum?”

“Sure,” said Amy. “As long as we clean up afterwards.”

Judy and Amy went downstairs to the kitchen. “Let’s have some lunch first,” said Amy. “Mum left us ham and cheese sandwiches. I like to cut them up, like this.” She took out some cookie cutters and the girls made sandwiches into stars, hearts, footballs, pumpkins and rabbits. Judy even made one of the United States (except Florida broke off).

Amy took the plate over to the table. “We’ll never eat all these in a million years,” said Judy.

“They’re way more fun to make than to eat,” said Amy, grinning at Judy with a milk moustache.

After lunch, Judy looked at her red watch. She looked at her purple watch. Which was which again? Wearing two watches could really get a person all mixed-up. But it was still early on BOTH watches.

“Do you have to go?” asked Amy.

“Nope. I have loads of time before I have to go to Rocky’s to practise the tarantella dance,” said Judy. “Let’s get started!” She opened up the Make-Your-Own-Gum
kit and pulled out a bag. “This must be the gum base. It’s called chicle. It comes from the rainforest.”

They poured bags of powder stuff and sticky stuff into a bowl. Then they melted it in the microwave.

“I need the mixing tool,” said Judy.
They took turns mixing and stirring, mixing and stirring. Powder stuff flew up into the air and went everywhere. Sticky stuff stuck to the spoon and the chair and the table.

“Now for the fun part!” said Judy. They plopped a big sticky blob down onto some baking paper.

“It says to knead it like bread,” said Amy.

“Dive in!” said Judy. They each took a big blob.

“Wait! We’d better take off all our watches,” said Amy. “It’s so sticky!”

“Icky, yicky, sticky!” said Judy.

“Ooey, gooey, chewy,” said Amy.

Judy pushed back her hair. Judy scratched her nose. Judy dropped some on her knee.

“You’ve got gum all over you!” said Amy.

“So have you,” said Judy. “Double bubble trouble!” They cracked up.

“Now for the best part,” said Judy.

“Flavours. They only give you two. Peppermint and tutti-frutti.”
“We can make our own,” said Amy.
“Like what?”
Amy looked in the cupboard. “Peanut-butter gum? Tuna-fish gum?”
“I don’t think so!” said Judy.
“Sure!” said Judy. “Why not!”
“That’s it!” said Judy.
“Ketchup gum? Yick!”
“No!” said Judy. “Pickle gum.” She poured some pickle from the jar and kneaded it into one of the blobs. “I can take some home to play a trick on Stink. He’ll never know. I’ll call it Pickle Chicle.”
“A Pickle Chicle trick?” asked Amy.
“Exactly!” said Judy. “A Pickle Chicle trickle!”
They rolled and pressed and squeezed and stretched the gum until it was flat. Then they dusted it with icing sugar and cut it into pieces.
“Let’s taste some,” said Judy.
“Not the pickle gum, though,” said Amy.
Judy popped one, two, three pieces of gum in her mouth. The gum stuck to her teeth. The gum stuck to her tongue. The gum stuck to the roof of her mouth.
“Is so sicky,” said Judy.
“Sicky?” asked Amy.

“Stick-y!” said Judy. “My mouth feels like a hippo eating a jar of peanut butter!”

Amy popped one, two, three pieces in her mouth. Judy Moody and Amy Namey chewed and cracked and blew and popped gum until Judy’s dad came and it was time to go.

She, Judy Moody, chewed her Peppermint Rainbow-Sprinkle Tutti-Frutti NOT Pickle-Chicle gum all the way home.

“Ciao! I’m home!” called Judy as she walked through the door. Stink came pounding downstairs. When he saw Judy, his mouth dropped open.

“Stink? Are you trying to catch flies?” said Judy. “Your mouth’s wide open.”

He laughed and pointed. There was gum in her hair, gum on her nose, gum on her trousers, gum on her coat.
"What happened to you?" asked Stink.
"Attack of the Killer Gumball?"
"Hardee-har-har, Stink. I was making gum at Amy Namey's with my Make-Your-Own-Gum Kit. It was way fun."
"Oh, you didn’t wait for me?"
"No, but I made some special gum just for you. My own secret recipe." Judy opened up the wrapper and held out the gum for Stink to see.

He saw pink gum, brown gum, grey gum, green gum. And gum with lumps.
"Eeuww! I’m not eating that lumpy, bumpy gum!"
"Yours is the green one," said Judy.
Stink picked up the green gum like he was picking up a worm.

"Just try it!" said Judy. "You’ll like it!"
She blew a bubble and popped her own gum.
Stink put the gum in his mouth. He rolled it around on his tongue. He chewed it. Once, twice.
“BLUCK!” said Stink, sticking out his tongue. “It’s really sour. Worse than sour-balls. What is this, anyway? Salt gum?”

“It’s Pickle Chicle!” said Judy. “Get it? Pickle-flavoured gum! I made it with real pickle!”

“BLAH!” went Stink, spitting the gum across the room. Mouse pounced on it.

“Gross!” said Judy.

“Stink,” said Dad, “pick that up and put it in the bin.”

“Isn’t Judy even in trouble? She tricked me with pickle gum!” said Stink.

“I think you’ll live,” said Dad.

“It probably had spider eggs in it!”

“Spiders eggs?” said Judy.

“That’s my fault,” said Dad. “I was telling Stink how when we were kids, there were all these rumours that gum had spider’s eggs in it,” said Dad. “We were actually afraid to chew gum.”

“Weird!” said Judy.

“Speaking of spiders, guess what I got at Fur & Fangs!” said Stink.

“You mean Toady won the race?” asked Judy.

“Not exactly,” said Stink. He held out a sandwich bag with a gross-looking spider skin in it. “It’s a moulted spider.”

“A melted spider?” asked Judy. “Gross!”

“Moul-ted. It’s just the skin. Spiders have their skeleton on the outside, and they shed their skin to grow a new one.”

“Rare,” said Judy, peering into the bag.
“Toady wouldn’t even hop once when it was time for the race. So the kid who won the tarantula gave it to me. I think he felt sorry for me.”

“Tarantula!” cried Judy. “Holy macaroni! I was so busy at Amy’s house, getting the scoop on the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club and tricking you with pickle gum, that I forgot I was supposed to go to Rocky’s! To practise the tarantula. I mean, the tarantella. Now I’m saying it.”

“Here’s a scoop for you,” said Stink.

“Your friends aren’t talking to you. I was supposed to tell you. Rocky called. And Frank called. Then Rocky called again. And that Jessica Finch person.”

“Stink! Why didn’t you tell me? What did they say?”

“They said to tell you that they’re really mad you didn’t show up and they are not doing the spider dance with you even if you pay them one million dollars.”

“Judy, this sounds like a real mix-up,” said Mum. “You were supposed to be working on a school project with Rocky and your other friends, but you were with Amy?”

“I didn’t do it on purpose, Mum, and now they’re mad and they’ll never talk to me again.”
“It’ll work out, honey. Everybody makes mistakes,” said Mum.

“We know you’re excited about your new friend Amy,” said Dad. “All we’re saying is you need to take care not to forget about your old friends, too.”

“I can’t help it if they’re mad,” said Judy. “What can I say?”

“Just be honest,” said Mum. “Tell them you lost track of time.”

“Or tell them the Pickle Gum Monster took over your brain,” said Stink.

“Yipes stripes!” Judy said. “I just can’t believe this happened. I was getting all mixed up wearing two watches. Then I took off BOTH watches to wash my hands at Amy Namey’s... I must have looked at the wrong one or something.”

“So I guess you could say TWO watches AREN’T better than one!” said Stink.
Judy called Rocky. "I'm sorry I'm late, but my two watches got me all mixed up and then I got attacked by a giant gumball and—"

"I'm not talking to you," said Rocky.

"You just did!" said Judy. "So you're NOT not talking to me!" She laughed. But Rocky did not crack up one teensy bit.

"I mean it," he told her. "Frank's mad too. He's already gone home. And Jessica Finch doesn't even want to be in the group. She's making up her own Pizza Spelling Test."

"But we have to practise the dance! I'm coming over right now."

"Don't!" said Rocky. "I told you - I'm not talking to you."

"But I - we have to. You can't just—"

"Hmm-hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm hmm hmm...", Rocky would not listen. He just hummed "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" into the phone.

Judy hung up the phone and went to find Stink. "You've got to come over to Rocky's with me," she said. "Now!"

"How come?"

"Because he's not talking to me."
“So?”

“So, he’s NOT not talking to you.”

Judy ran across the street and rang the bell. She made Stink stand in front of her. Rocky opened the door.

ROCKY: Stink, tell Judy I said I'm not talking to her.

JUDY: Stink, please tell Rocky that we have to practise our dance.

STINK: Judy says you have to practise your dance.

ROCKY: Tell Judy that she's the one who didn't show up to practise. I don't want to dance like a spider anyway. I quit.

STINK: He quits.

JUDY: I heard. Please tell Rocky I had a really good excuse. Tell him about Attack of the Giant Gumball and everything.

STINK: She did get gum all over her. See? Look at her gummy hair.

ROCKY: Tell Judy too bad. It's too late. We waited till after three o'clock and Frank and Jessica Finch went home. And tell her we Q-U-I-T quit.

STINK: He Q-U-I-T quits.

JUDY: Stink, please tell Rocky he can’t quit because if we don’t do our project, we won’t make it around the world in eight days.
Does he want to ruin it for everybody? For Class 3V too?
Does he want us to F-L-U-N-K?

STINK: Do you want to flunk and ruin it for everybody?

ROCKY: You’ve already ruined it. I mean, tell Judy she’s already ruined it. If we flunk, it will be all her fault.

STINK: Rocky says—

JUDY: Tell him I’m super, super sorry. I got all mixed up with my two watches because one was on Italy time, but I’m here now, aren’t I?

ROCKY: Tell Judy it’s not just about forgetting the practice today.
She quit us, her best friends, for Amy Rhymey. Tell her we can rhyme too.

Rocky handed a piece of notebook paper to Stink.

ROCKY: Here, read this.

JUDY: Read it, Stink. Let's hear it.
STINK: I think you should pay me if I have to read stuff too.
JUDY: Just read it!
STINK: My name is Frank.
You can call me Frank the Tank.
When Judy didn't show up for practice,
It really stank.
ROCKY: Not that one. This one.
STINK: My name is Rocky.
I like hockey.
Really it's the only thing
That rhymes with Rocky.
I don't feel too talky.
Don't mean to be rudey –
I'm just mad at my friend
Judy Snooty.
STINK: Judy Snooty! That's a good one.

JUDY: Hardee-har-har.

STINK: Wait! There's one more:

*My name is Stink.*

*I'm not a fink,*

*If that's what you think.*

*I just want some money—*

JUDY: Stink! You just made that up.

ROCKY: Tell her Frank and I are quitting her.

JUDY: Fine.

ROCKY: Fine.

STINK: Judy's not doing the dance all by herself!

JUDY: Stink, tell Rocky I did not say that. I'll do the dance by myself.

STINK: You can't! How are you going to do a spider dance by yourself?

A spider has eight legs! You need four people.

JUDY: Stink! Just tell him.

STINK: She'll do the dance by herself.

ROCKY: Stink, ask her why doesn't she just get her New Best Friend, Amy Same-Samey, to do the dance with her?

STINK: Ha! That's a good one! Judy, did you hear—

JUDY: Ha, ha – so funny I forgot to laugh. Stink, please tell Rocky I can't do the dance by myself because he has the old record of the tarantella from his grandma. And tell him he has the old record player too.
ROCKY: Ha! So now you want to be friends again, huh? Because you need something.

STINK: Rocky says—

JUDY: Stink, ask Rocky, will he at least bring the stuff to school?

ROCKY: Um...

STINK: He said um.

JUDY: Um, he'll bring it? Or, um, he's thinking about it?

STINK: Rocky, what does um mean?

ROCKY: Um thinking! Get it?

STINK: I think he's thinking.

JUDY: Tell him I'm looking at BOTH my watches, and he has ten seconds. Nine, eight, seven—

ROCKY: Tell her I'll bring the record player, but I won't do the dance.

JUDY: Fine.

STINK: She said fine.

ROCKY: Fine.

STINK: He said fine.

JUDY: Fine.

STINK: I can't believe I'm not getting paid for this!
First thing on Monday morning, when Judy got to school, she went to talk to Mr Todd.

"Mr Todd," said Judy, "you know how we're going around the world in eight days?"

"Yes," said Mr Todd.

"And you know how my group is supposed to be doing Italy?"

"Is there a problem?" asked Mr Todd.

"Sort of. I mean, yes. We can't do Italy. Or any country."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr Todd. "Because not just our class, but Class 3V, too, is counting on going around the world in eight days. And we can't go around the world without Italy."

"It's sort of my fault," said Judy. "I missed a practice for the tarantella and Rocky and Frank and Jessica got mad and—"

"I'd like you to try to work this out yourselves," said Mr Todd. "Just do your best, OK?"

"I'll try," said Judy. "Jessica came up with something she'll do herself, but I
know Rocky and Frank, and they can stay mad way longer than eight days.”

“Well,” said Mr Todd, “tell you what. How about if we visit Italy last? We can wait till Day Eight and do it at the very end.”

“Well…” said Judy. “Thank you, Mr Todd. I’ll work it out. Or something.”

All week, Class 3T, along with Class 3V, had a blast going around the world. Judy tried to forget all about Rocky and Frank being mad at her. In England, Judy and Amy got to say “brilliant!” And they got to eat chips (aka French fries) with vinegar.

In France, Amy Namey led the two classes in singing “Frère Jacques” in a round.

In Yeah Man (aka Yemen), they got to eat spicy beans and rice with their fingers! Then they got to try brushing their teeth with a stick, like Nellie Bly!

In Egypt, they built a giant sugar-cube pyramid. And in Japan, Judy got to try on a kimono and learn kirigami, the Japanese art of paper cutting. In China, they made brush paintings and ate fortune cookies (that were really from the Happy Garden Chinese Restaurant, not China!).

“What does your fortune say?” Judy asked Amy Namey.

You will find new friends soon.
“Nice!” said Judy.

“How about yours?” asked Amy. “What does it say?”

“Nothing,” said Judy.

“It’s blank? It has to say something. Let me see.” Amy plucked the fortune right out of Judy’s hand.

You will
dance the
tarantella
ALONE.

“Don’t worry!” said Amy. “It’s not a real fortune! It’s written on a sticky note. In kid handwriting.”

“Something tells me it might just come true anyway,” said Judy.
By the next Tuesday, Classes 3T and 3V had travelled the world for seven days. The next day was the last day. The next day was Day Eight. There was only one problem. Rocky and Frank were still M-A-D mad. Madder than a spider bite. Madder than a tarantula dancing the tarantella.

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. She had a bad case of the DIY Blues. The Do-It-Yourself Blues. Judy always heard Mum and Dad saying “If you want to get something done, do it yourself”. Maybe she could do the dance without Rocky and Frank. Jessica Finch, too. When Rocky and Frank saw how hard she’d worked on their Around-the-World project, she would save them from flunking and they wouldn’t be mad any more.

So she, Judy Moody, official card-carrying member of the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club, would make sure Classes 3T and 3V went around the world in eight days. She, Judy Moody, would DIH. Do. It. Herself.

Judy stayed up past bedtime reading about Italy and gluing pizza tables together and making up a game for everyone to play. She even made Stink practise the tarantella with her, but he just kept stomping on her feet.

When she woke up the next morning, Judy dressed in a red skirt and a green-and-white striped T-shirt. She even drew Italian
flags on her white tights and wore her red shoes from the time she was Dorothy for Halloween.

"Who are you?" asked Stink. "One of Santa’s elves?"

"Elf schmelf," said Judy. "Don’t you know what’s red, white and green all over?"

"Permanent markers that got on Mum’s new white carpet?" asked Stink.

"I hope you’re kidding," said Mum. "Hmm, let’s see. Red, white and green. How about that strange spaghetti Dad makes?"

"I thought you liked my tri-colour pasta," said Dad. "You said it was creative!"
“It’s creative all right,” said Mum, making a funny face.

“Well, I hope we’re not having that tonight,” said Judy. “Because I borrowed lots of pasta for my Pasta Shapes Game.”

“OK, so tell me,” said Dad. “What’s red, white and green all over? A Christmas zebra?”

“No-o!” said Judy. “It has nothing to do with Christmas.”

“I know!” said Stink. “How about the flag of Bulgaria, Hungary, Mexico or Madagascar?”

“Mad-at-what-car? Hello! How about It-a-ly, Stink? The flag of Italy is red, white and green.”

“I can’t help it. I haven’t read the I volume of the encyclopedia yet,” said Stink. “Besides, you don’t look like a flag. And I should know. I was a human flag once...”

“Wow, this must be quite a project,” said Dad.

“It is,” said Judy. “It took Nellie Bly seventy-two days to go around the world, and she beat the record. Try going around the whole world in just eight days!”

“So, have you patched things up with your friends now?” asked Mum.

“It’s still a little rocky,” said Judy. “But after today—”

“A little Rocky? Get it?” asked Stink.
“Ha, ha,” said Judy. “Stink, can I borrow your tarantula skeleton to take to school? And your tambourine?”

“I don’t know,” said Stink. “I’ll think about it.”

“Stink, don’t be a bratellino. Not today. Please.”

“Do they have a lot of tarantulas and tambourines in Italy or something?” asked Stink.

“Or something,” said Judy.

“No, I mean it,” said Stink.

“Stink, for a kid who reads the encyclopedia, you don’t really know much.”

“I haven’t read the T volume yet either!” said Stink.

“Well, you’d better get cracking!” said Judy. “Didn’t you know? In the country of Italy, tarantulas play the tambourine while eating tortellini!”
When Judy got to school that morning, she bumped into Amy Namey in the corridor. “I can’t wait to hear about Italy!” said Amy. “We get to come over to your class again. I can’t wait to see your group do that spider dance!” “I’m my group,” said Judy. She stepped into Class 3T and stood the Leaning Tower of Pizza Tables on the shelf by the window. She covered it with an upside-down box so nobody would see till later.

“Rocky, did you bring the record? And the record player?” asked Judy.

“Frank,” said Rocky, “tell Judy I brought the record player.”

“Yipes stripes! You’re still not talking to me?” asked Judy.

Rocky zipped his lips.

“Lipper Zipper,” said Judy, cracking herself up.

“Huh?” asked Frank.

“Never mind,” said Judy. “You had to be there. And I was. With Amy Namey. Not you two!”
As soon as the bell rang, it was time for Judy's group to talk about Italy. Judy and Jessica stood up in front of Class 3T and Class 3V.

“Judy,” asked Mr Todd, “what about the rest of your group?”

“C’mon, you guys,” Judy whispered.

Rocky and Frank came and stood at the front. “Um, Rocky’s having trouble with his voice or something,” said Judy. “So I’ll be talking for my group. Frank will hold up the flag of Italy.” Judy handed the flag to Frank.

“Ciao, everybody,” said Judy. “First, Jessica Finch will hand out a Pizza Spelling Test.”

“Test!?” everybody complained.
“It’s just for fun,” said Jessica. “And you can do it whenever you want. It’s not like it’s H-O-M-E-W-O-R-K or anything.”

“Now,” said Judy Moody, “first I’ll tell you a little about Italy. Then we’ll play a game and I’ll show you a dance. So, Italy has some really funny-sounding cities. Like Baloney, Italy. And Pizza, Italy.”

“It’s Ba-LON-ya,” said Mr Todd. “And PEE-za, Italy.”

“Bravo!” said Judy. “In the town of Pizza, there’s this tower, but it’s crooked. So it’s called the Leaning Tower of Pizza.”

“And guess what?” said Jessica Finch. “If you mess up the letters in THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA, you get WHAT

A FOREIGN STONE PILE. It’s called an anagram.”

“Anyway,” said Judy, “I made a leaning tower to show you what it looks like.”

“That was our idea!” said Rocky.

“Rocky, I see you’ve found your voice,” said Mr Todd.

“This was Rocky and Frank’s idea,” said Judy. “Voilà!”

“Voilà is French,” said Jessica Finch. “We learned that last week.”

“May I present,” said Judy, “the Leaning Tower of Pizza Tables.” She yanked off the box.

Something wasn’t right! The Leaning Tower of Pizza Tables wasn’t leaning at all.
It was melted. What used to be a leaning stack of glued-together pizza tables was now just a great big globby blob of melty plastic.

"Ahhh!" Everybody pointed and cracked up.

"I'm melting!" said Rocky in a Wicked-Witch-of-the-West voice.

"Oh, no!" said Judy. "My Leaning Tower of Pizza Tables. I put it on the shelf ... above the radiator!"

"The heat melted them," said Rocky.

"We'll just have to call it the Melted Tower of Pizza," said Frank.

"Don't feel bad," said Amy Namey. "That's like what happened to my papier-mâché globe. Globe explode! Remember?"

"OK, folks, the show must go on!" said Mr Todd.

Judy took out the supplies for the Pasta Shapes Game.

"Everybody gets their own board and a little bag with pasta in it," said Judy, holding up a bag and rattling it. "You match the different kinds of pasta in the bag with the shapes on your board."

"Great idea," said Mr Todd.

"That sounds like lots of fun," said Ms Valentine.
“Then write the name of the pasta under it. If you don’t know the name, you can look at my chart.” Judy held up a piece of cardboard that had pasta shapes glued onto it. Above each kind of pasta was its name.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASTAS FROM ITALY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cappellini</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farfalle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaghetti</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vermicelli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ravioli</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Everybody cracked up. “Ha, ha!” Bradley pointed.

“You’re missing some,” said a kid from the other class.

“Where’s the elbow macaroni?” somebody asked.

“And the vermicelli? And the cappellini?” asked Jessica.

Judy stared at her cardboard. How could she have missed any? She had even stayed up late making sure she had every single last one glued into place.

She marched over to Rocky and Frank. “Which one of you stole them? Give them here.” She held out her hand.

“I didn’t do anything! Honest!” said Rocky.
Frank was chewing away on something. And the something was not gum. The something was pasta shapes from her game.

"You ate them!?" cried Judy.

"I got hungry just standing here being a flag," mumbled Frank.

"Eeuw! Use your noodle, Frank," she said, pointing to her head. "Those pasta shapes were not even cooked!"

"So?" said Frank. "They still taste good."

"Yuck!" said Judy. "They had GLUE on them. I'm going to tell the whole world that you, Frank Pearl, ate glue."

"So? Everybody thinks I eat paste anyway."

"ROAR-a-lini!" said Judy.

The Leaning Tower of Pizza Tables had melted. The Pasta Shapes Game had been eaten. Getting around the world in eight days was definitely not easy.

But nothing would wreck the tarantella. Nothing. It had to be perfect. If only she hadn't forgotten about the practice that day. Now she, Judy Moody, would dance the tarantella alone. Just like her fortune had said.

Rocky would play the record. Frank would shake the tambourine. And Jessica Finch would clap along.

She could not mess this up, or half the class would be mad that they hadn't made it around the world in eight days.
While everyone finished the Pasta Shapes Game, Mr Todd pushed desks and stuff into the corner so Judy would have plenty of room.

"Okey-dokey," said Judy. "This morning I am going to dance the tarantella."

"The tarantula?" somebody asked.

"No, not the tarantula," said Frank. "Well, actually, you’re never going to believe it, but I looked it up. Did you know tarantella means ‘tarantula’. For real and absolute positive. My dad told me the dance started a long time ago, before he was even born, around the Middle Ages." Mr Todd and Ms Valentine cracked up.

Judy held up the tarantula skin in a bag. Everybody squirmed. "EEUW!"

"Don’t worry, it’s not a real spider. Just the skin or the skeleton of a tarantula. Anyway, this dance is called the Spider Dance. Some people say it started because if you got bitten by a tarantula, then you’d act like a loon and dance to get all the spider-bite stuff out of your system. A doctor even wrote about it and said this dance was a cure for spider bites."

"Interesting," Mr Todd said, raising his eyebrows.

"A spider has eight legs, so usually you need four people," said Judy, glancing over at Rocky, Frank and Jessica.

"Judy," said Mr Todd, "why don’t you show us? Then we’ll call on some others to come up and try it with you."
“Fantastico!” said Judy. Rocky started the record. Judy faced the class. She stretched her hands in the air. Frank started to shake the tambourine. Jessica Finch clapped. Judy took a deep breath. “Nice and easy,” she told herself.

_Da da da, duh da da da,_
_Da da da-da-da-da-duh_


“One, two, three and four,” Judy counted to herself. She tried to remember all the steps she’d practised. She tried to remember to reverse direction when the music changed. She tried to keep up with the music as it got faster.

Stephopslide. StepHopslide. Change!
Step! Hop! Skip! Slapknee! Repeat!
_Da da da, duh da da da da,_
_Da da da-da-da-da-duh_

Something wasn’t right! The music was too fast!

Judy made her feet go faster and faster until her head was dizzy and her hair was in her mouth.

“Too – puff puff – fast!” she panted.
“Slow – puff puff – down!” Huff puff puff.

But nobody seemed to hear. The music kept getting faster and faster. Frank shook the tambourine faster than an earthquake. Judy whirled and twirled, a dizzy dancing dervish. Her feet were moving so fast, she felt like a spider with eight legs.
The class was clapping and shouting and laughing and pointing. Mr Todd flicked the lights on and off. Judy spun like a top out of control – a dizzy, dancing, red-white-and-green machine!

Suddenly, she banged into a desk, tripped over her own foot and fell in a red-white-and-green heap on the floor.

"Oops. Was it too fast?" Rocky asked innocently.

"Stupido!" Judy mumbled.

She, Judy Moody, knew that Rocky and Frank had revved up the tarantella music on purpose.

It was just plain red, white and mean.
Eatsa Pizza

The tarantella had turned out to be a big fat flop. Nobody with two legs could dance as fast as a spider with eight legs. Now they would never make it around the world in eight days. And everybody would blame her, even though she had danced her legs off!

She, Judy Moody, had flunked.

It was all Rocky and Frank’s fault. Rocky No-Talky and Frank the Prank. The My-Name-Is-NOT-a-Poem Club.

After Class 3V left the room, Mr Todd had a private talk with Judy, Rocky, Frank and Jessica. He talked to them about what it means to work together as a group. He wanted them to work out their differences, to give each other a second chance. He wanted them to be friends again. But most of all, he wanted to give them a second chance.

“Do I have to have a second chance?” asked Jessica. “Because I think I tried to be a T-E-A-M P-L-A-Y-E-R.”

“You know,” said Mr Todd, “in Italy there’s a saying, ‘You can’t make an omelette without breaking eggs.’”

“For real?” said Judy.

“Absolutely,” said Mr Todd. “Things
often go wrong before they go right. It happens all the time."

"I've heard of 'break a leg' but never 'break an egg'," said Jessica.

"Boys, how about I give you until tomorrow morning to do your part for our Around-the-World project?" Mr Todd said.

"You mean we can still think up our own Italy project and bring it in tomorrow morning?" asked Rocky.

"And then we'd still get to go around the world, even though it took eight and a half days?" asked Frank.

"I don't see why not," said Mr Todd. "Even Nellie Bly had a lot of things go wrong on her trip around the world."

"Yeah, like there was a bad storm and she almost didn't make it back to America on time," said Jessica.

"And McGinty, her monkey, got scared and jumped on a lady's back!" said Judy. "Everybody said he was bad luck and wanted Nellie to throw him overboard!"
“That’s right,” said Mr Todd. “So, what do you say? Does it sound like a plan?”

“It’s a plan,” said Rocky and Frank.

Rocky turned to Judy. “We’re sorry you did all the work and for messing up your dance,” said Rocky. “You were REALLY fast! So fast it looked like you had eight legs!”

“And we’re sorry for eating your Pasta Shapes Game and for getting mad,” said Frank. “We really messed up.”

“I messed up, too,” said Judy. “I’m the one who missed our practice. All I could think about was the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club, and I guess I forgot my old friends.” She held out a hand. Rocky and Frank piled their hands on top of hers.

“Don’t forget me!” said Jessica, adding her hand to the top of the pile.

Magnifico! Fantastico! Judy could not wait to tell Amy Namey that Classes 3T and 3V were going to go around the world in eight (and a half) days after all!

Rocky and Frank had to think up a project. Fast. And Judy and Jessica did not even have to help. Mr Todd said the boys needed to work it out all by themselves.

“So what are you going to do?” Judy asked them.

“It’s a surprise,” said Frank.

“It’s a really big scoop,” said Rocky.

“Well, it’d better not be the Leaning
Tower of Pizza Tables again, because half my collection has melted.”

“It’ll be better,” said Frank.

“It’ll be big,” said Rocky.

“It’ll be red, white and green!” said Rocky and Frank, cracking themselves up.

“Is it ... the Grinch ... on a fire engine?” Jessica guessed.

“You’ll see,” said Rocky.

“You’ll see,” said Frank.

“Break an egg!” said Judy.

The next morning, Rocky was not on the bus. And Judy was dying to show him the letter and photo she’d received from Nathaniel Daniel in California.

When Judy got to school, she ran straight to Amy’s class.

“Look what I’ve got!” she told Amy Namey.

“It’s Bubblegum Alley!” said Amy.

“Look closer,” Judy said.

Amy peered at the photo and found the initials JM made out of chewed-up gum.

“JM for Judy Moody! I’m on the Wall of Gum!” said Judy. “In the Bubblegum Hall of Fame.”

“Double check!” said Amy.
“Hey, have you seen Rocky? Or Frank?” Judy asked Jessica Finch when she got to class.

“Didn’t you hear? The two of them got here super early and they’ve been down in the canteen all morning. I can’t wait to find out what they’re up to.” The whole class was buzzing about the big scoop. Rocky and Frank even got to miss Spelling.

Finally, Rocky and Frank came back upstairs. They told Mr Todd and Ms Valentine to bring everybody down to the canteen in five minutes.

“What IS it?” asked Judy, rushing up to Rocky and Frank.

“We’re not telling!” they said.

Class 3T and Class 3V walked single file along the corridor and down the stairs to the canteen. They could smell it before they saw it. Everybody had a seat at one of the lunch tables.

The project was so big, it would not fit through the door, so the dinner ladies had to help them slide it through the hatch from the kitchen. In came a dinner lady, then Rocky, then Frank, then another dinner lady. They were holding their hands over their heads and carrying the biggest, roundest circle of cardboard Judy had ever seen.

“YUM!” said Jessica Finch.

“Smells good!” said Judy.

“What is it?” everybody asked.
It took six pushed-together tables just to hold it. They set the cardboard down. On it was the biggest, bubbliest, yummiest, cheesiest pizza in the world.

“What’s red, white and green all over?” asked Frank.

“The World’s Biggest Pizza!” Rocky announced. “Red sauce and white cheese with green-pepper topping!”

“No way!” everybody said.

“Yah-huh,” said Rocky. “At least, it’s Virginia Dare School’s Biggest-Ever Pizza. It’s two metres wide, and we used fourteen kilos of dough and sixteen kilos of cheese.”

“That pizza weighs more than me!” shouted Judy.
“Actually,” said Frank, “the real World’s Biggest Pizza is about the size of a car park.”

“But this is the World’s Biggest Pizza Map!” said Rocky.

“What? Huh?”

Everybody gathered around the pizza and took a closer look. It was as big and round as the world, and the cheese was piled in seven funny shapes. One for each continent. Like a map! Green peppers made a trail from North America to the tip of Asia.

“I get it! It’s a map!”

“It’s the world!”

“I see North America!”

“I see Italy! It’s the shape of a boot,” said Judy.

“Look!” said Amy Namey. “The pizza map follows Nellie Bly’s trip around the world.”

“Right – it’s all the places we went around the world in eight and a half days,” said Judy.

Amy Namey took out her clipboard. “I’m going to be first to get the big scoop,” she told Judy. “I’ll write this up for my newspaper! WORLD’S BIGGEST PIZZA MAP AT VIRGINIA DARE SCHOOL.”

“Don’t forget CLASS 3T AND 3V GO AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT AND A HALF DAYS!” said Judy.

“Eight and a half days, two hours, thirteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds,” said Amy, looking at both her watches.
“Check!” said Rocky and Frank, sounding like Amy Namey.

“Fantastico!” said Judy.

“Dig in!” said a dinner lady. “There’s more than enough for everybody.”

“There’s more than enough to have pizza for lunch every day for a week!” said Rocky.

“Pizza for lunch every day? Told you that could happen,” said Amy Namey.

Magnifico!

Judy and Rocky and Frank and Amy each picked up a slice. A string of ooey-gooey cheese stretched from Rocky’s to Frank’s to Judy’s to Amy’s slice of pizza.

“Hey! We’re all connected!” said Judy.

“The Eatsa Pizza Club!” said Frank.

“Double cool,” said Rocky.

“Triple yum,” said Frank.

“Quadruple check!” said Amy Namey.

And the four friends laughed themselves red, white and green all over. Then they sat down and ate the biggest, cheesiest, most delizioso pizza in the world.

For sure and absolute positivo!
The whole world’s in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to . . .

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 12 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book – anywhere, anytime – and get ready for your best mood ever!

Have you read them all?
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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 favourite candy is a tie between peanut-butter cups and chocolate-covered raisins (same as Megan McDonald!).
2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
DOUBLE RARE!

Judy Moody has her own interactive website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff, including:

- The Official Judy Moody Fan Club
- Interactive games and a Mood Meter
- Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Digital downloads, including emoticons and wallpapers
- Sample chapters and downloadable reading logs

Be sure to check out Stink’s adventures too!
JUDY MOODY Goes To College

Crucial! Rad! Rare-squared!

Judy is in a bad mood – an I-Hate-Maths Mood – until she meets her new maths tutor. Chloe is a crucial college student with an uber-funky sense of style. Soon Judy’s bad math-i-tude turns into a radical glad-i-tude.

Say goodbye to bad mood, Judy, and welcome to college!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy's stories "grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters". She confesses, "I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we're famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated." Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because "having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl". Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
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*Judy Moody’s Not-Webster’s New World College Dictionary, First Edition* .................................................... 142
Who's

Judy Moody
Tutor tot.
Rare to the power of ten.

Dad
aka Richard.
Old skool.

Mum
aka Kate.
One-half of the 'rents.

Mouse
Yoga (not yoghurt) Cat.

Who

Stink
The original geck = annoying person.

Frank
The peeps.

Rocky

Chloe
Sick-awesome college student. Judy's uber-rare tutor.
When Judy Moody got to school on Monday, she had a new teacher. Her new teacher was called a sub (not the sandwich). Her new teacher was called Mrs Grossman. Exactly three things were wrong with that. (1) Mrs Grossman was NOT gross. (2) Mrs Grossman was NOT a man. (3) Mrs Grossman was NOT Mr Todd.

Judy was the first to raise her hand. “Where’s Mr Todd?”
“I’m sure Mr Todd told everyone on Friday that he was going to a special teachers’ conference.”

“I wasn’t here on Friday,” said Judy.

“He’s going to learn to be a better teacher,” said Jessica Finch.

“But Mr Todd’s already a great teacher,” said Judy.

“Maybe he’s getting a special teacher’s award,” said Rocky.

“Where did he go?” Judy asked. “And when will he be back?”

The others joined in. “Are you going to read us Catwings? Mr Todd always reads us Catwings. And Catwings Return.”

“Are you going to take us on school trips? Mr Todd always takes us on school trips.”
“Are we still Class 3T? Or are we Class 3G now?”

“Mr Todd is in Bologna in Italy,” said Mrs Grossman.

Sheesh. Life was no fair. Judy liked baloney (in her sandwiches). Judy liked Italy. She even knew a special dance from Italy – the tarantella. Mr Todd was probably in the Land of Baloney right now, dancing like a tarantula, while they were stuck in the Land of Multiplication, learning boring old times tables.

She, Judy Moody, did not like third grade, Class 3T-that-was-now-3G, without Mr Todd.

Judy Moody’s new teacher came from New England. She did not talk like Mr Todd. She talked funny, with a lot of extras. Judy Moody’s new teacher did not wear cool glasses like Mr Todd. She wore glasses hanging from a chain round her neck. She did not even smell like Mr Todd. She smelled like she took a bath in P.U. perfume.

Judy Moody’s new teacher put up a tent at the back of the room with a sign that said ATTITUDE TENT. Judy wondered what attitude they had to be in to get to go camping.

And ... Judy Moody's new teacher was screwy for sweets. She gave out sweets for good behaviour to everybody (minus Judy,
because she was in a mood). She even gave out sweets for the right answers in maths. Pretty soon, the whole class was going to have maths cavities. Except for Judy.

Today, Mrs Grossman was talking about measurements. Litres and millilitres and barrels and hogsheads. She tried to make it sound like maths was a barrel of fun. But Judy, for one, did not give a pig's ear about hogsheads.

_Mrs Grossman wore ten gallons of perfume._

_Mrs Grossman gave out twenty hogsheads of sweets._

Instead of listening, Judy played with her watch. Her brand-new, fancy-dancy, duck-egg-blue, glow-in-the-dark Ask-a-Question Watch 5000, complete with predict-the-future answers and screen saver.

_Blah, blah, blah_, said Mrs Grossman. Rounding numbers up, rounding numbers down. Judy _estimated_ that _rounding_ did not make maths one bit easier.

Judy pressed some buttons. A night light blinked. A dual-time button gave the time in TWO countries so a person did not have to wear two different watches.

Judy pressed the big green question-mark button.

Rare! It was just like the Magic 8 Ball. Ask the watch a question, press the glow-in-the-dark green button and it gave you mystery answers.

*Is Mrs Grossman cuckoo for maths?*

YOU BET.

*Is Mrs Grossman ever going to give me a sweet?*

CAN'T TELL.

*Am I going to college someday?*

LOOKS GOOD.

*Is Mr Todd ever coming back?*

HAZY.

“Judy? Did you hear the question?”

Judy did not hear the question. So Judy did not know the answer.


Judy blurted the only answer that sprang to mind.

“Hazy!” she called out.
She, Judy Moody, had to take a note home. A note from the teacher. A note that said she needed extra-special help. A note that said she was hazy-not-crazy about maths.

The top half of the note was just *blah-blah*, so Judy tore it in half and gave the good half to her parents. Not the bad half. Mum and Dad looked at the note.

“Judy’s in trouble? Sweet!” said Stink.

“Only half trouble,” said Judy.

“Judy, where’s the rest of this note?” asked Dad.


“Quick! What’s twelve times eight?” asked Stink.

“None of your beeswax,” said Judy.

“Try ninety-six,” said Stink.

“Judy, the note?” Mum said. “Dad and I need to see it. The *whole* thing.”

Judy reached into her pocket and pulled out the crumpled-up bottom half of the note. She handed it over.
Mum and Dad read it. They read it times two. It took them about one thousand years to read the fraction of a note.

They talked to Judy. They talked to each other. They talked to people on the phone for a hundred years. They came up with a plan.

Not a Listen-to-Your-New-Teacher plan.


Not a We’ll-Help-You-with-Your-Homework plan.


“Tutor?” said Judy. “Can’t you and Dad help me?”

“We will,” said Mum.
"We will," said Dad.  
"What’s six times seven?" said Stink.  
"A tutor will be extra help," said Mum.  
"A tutor will be special help," said Dad.  
"Just like your teacher suggested."

"For your information," said Judy, “Mrs Grossman is NOT my teacher.”  
"What’s five times eleven?" asked Stink.  
"I’ll listen, I promise," said Judy. "I won’t wear my new watch to school any more. I’ll count to gross and great gross.”  
"You’re gross," said Stink.  
Judy had to prove she was good at maths. She started rattling off times tables.  
"Four times two is eight. Eight times two is sixteen. Sixteen times two is something I haven’t learned yet. But I will. I swear.”  

"Having a tutor could be fun,” said Dad. “You’ll see.”  

"Tutors have flash cards," said Stink. “Baby flash cards. What’s two times five?”  

"The number of toenails I’m going to paint while you’re asleep," said Judy. Stink curled his toes under.  
Judy looked from Mum to Dad, from Dad to Mum. “Do I have to?”  

“It’s already settled,” said Mum. “You start tomorrow.”  

"Hogsheads!” said Judy.
Dad picked Judy up from school the next day. Judy closed her eyes and slumped in the back seat of the car on the way to the tutor's. All she could see behind her closed eyes were flash cards. Baby flash cards. She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. Not a maths mood. And definitely NOT a flash card mood.

Fact of Life: She, Judy Moody, was a Tutor Tot.

"Am I going to have to count beads and glue macaroni? Stink says I am going to have to count beads and glue macaroni."

"I don't know," said Dad.

"Am I going to have to play with jelly beans in jars? Stink says I'm going to have to play with jelly beans in jars," said Judy.

"I don't know," said Dad.

"Am I going to have to make a cat out of a triangle? Stink says I'm going to have to make a cat out of a triangle."

"Let's wait and see," said Dad. "Maybe you'll get to play maths games – like tic-tac-toe."

_Tic-tac-toe-nails!_ Judy made a mad face and slumped down in the seat some more. Dad didn't get it. He didn't have to spend his afternoon doing macaroni maths and making geometry cats.
“We’re here!” Dad called cheerfully.
“Where’s here?” Judy asked in a moody tone.
“Colonial College,” said Dad.
“College?” asked Judy.
“That’s where you’re getting help with your maths,” said Dad. “Your tutor is a college student.”
Judy bolted upright and threw her arms in the air. “I’m going to college!”

Judy followed Dad down the tree-lined streets of the Colonial College campus, stepping on every crack she could find on purpose. They went past a duck pond with a fountain, a serious library with a clock tower and a way-cool giant sculpture of bacon and eggs. Finally, they came to a four-storey brick building with pointy towers that looked like a castle covered in ivy.
"This is it," said Dad. "Grace Brewster Murray Hopper Hall."

They wound their way upstairs and down long corridors to a door that said MATHS DEPARTMENT.

"Here we are!" said Dad.

A girl with green eyes and a messy ponytail greeted them. "You must be the Moodys."

"I’m Richard Moody, and this is my daughter, Judy," said Dad.

"Hi, I’m Chloe. Chloe Canfield. My friends call me C-squared, since my name has two Cs and I go to CC. You know, C to the power of two, ’cos I’m into maths?"

"That’s funny," said Dad, shaking her hand.
"I don't get it," said Judy.

"It's algebra," Chloe said.

"Algebra? Didn't anybody tell you? I'm only in third grade."

Chloe laughed. "It just means when you multiply something by itself, you say it's squared, or to the power of two."

"Oh, yeah. If I'm in a mood, like a double bad mood, then it's called a bad mood squared, right?"


"Rounding off, squaring stuff and big powers – yikes!" said Judy.

"That's what I'm here for," said Chloe. "Maths is everywhere. Maths is a fact of life. You'll see. It'll be fun."

"I don't know." Judy saw flash cards on the table. Where there were flash cards, triangle cats and macaroni could not be far behind.

"You'll be fine," said Dad, smoothing the top of Judy's hair. But Judy wasn't so sure. "I'll be back in an hour to pick you up."

"That's sixty whole minutes!" Judy cried.
“Yep. Three thousand six hundred seconds.” Chloe led Judy over to an area where a table was piled high with sponge blocks, coloured tiles and (oh, no!) jars of counting beads. For a split second, Judy had thought college was going to be cool. But this was *baby* college.

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. Not a good mood. A bad mood squared. Moody to the power of ten million.

“This is the Investigation Station,” said Chloe.

Investigation Station was probably just another name for *Homework* Station.

“What looks good?” Chloe asked, pointing to shelves against the walls stuffed with games.

“You mean we get to play a game and I get to pick and we don’t have to count jelly beans in a jar?”

“I knew if I made you paper – you know, fill out work sheets – you’d freak. I thought you’d be all over playing a game. Then we’d be crucial.”

“Kru-shul?”

“You know, good. Awesome.”

“Oh, you mean *rare*. Let’s play the Game of Life. It has a way-cool spinner.”

“Rad,” said Chloe. She tucked the box under her arm. “Let’s go.”

“Go where? Aren’t we already there? At the Investigation Station?”

“I know a better place to study maths. It’s called Coffee Catz.”
Judy followed Chloe into the college coffee shop. Yum! It smelled like just-baked cookies and was packed with college kids reading, studying and madly typing on laptops.

Chloe ordered a tall, skinny, non-fat, wet, extra-foam, no-whip latte with a double shot of vanilla (aka fancy-schmancy coffee drink), and Judy ordered a hot chocolate in a bowl. Chloe gave Judy a ten-dollar bill, and Judy got to pay like a grown-up and count the change. There was enough change to buy a chocolate mobile phone at the counter.

At a window seat, Chloe spread out the board and Judy helped her snap in the mountains, bridges and buildings.

Chloe gave Judy a car to drive (round the board, that is). "I love this game, because it's like life. You get to go to college and make money and buy a house."

"Rare," said Judy. "I already know I want to be a doctor."

"For serious?" Chloe asked. "In the game or in life?"
“Both,” said Judy.

“So, you’re pre-med. That’s what they call it before you go to medical school. Or in your case, pre-pre-med.”

“Pre-med squared,” said Judy.

“One of my peeps wants to be a doctor,” said Chloe.

“Peeps?”

“One of my friends. You know, if you’re going to go to college, you’re gonna have to learn to talk college.”

“For serious?” Judy asked.

“Zing! You got me there,” said Chloe, laughing.

In the Game of Life, Judy got to be the banker. “My little brother, Stink, ALWAYS gets to be banker,” she told Chloe. She, Judy-Moody-not-Stink, was in charge of piles and piles of money and got to dish out the big bucks. AND Chloe let her be a doctor, even though it was against the rules to peek at the Career Cards.

Judy got to make a mountain of money and get married and buy a house and a high-definition TV and learn sign language and find buried treasure and go to the Grand Canyon and help the homeless, and not once did a tree fall on her; not even a mid-life crisis.

“I love Life!” said Judy.

“You beat the socks off me,” said Chloe.

“Speaking of socks,” said Judy, “can I ask you a question? Why are you wearing a dress and jeans and no socks?”
“It’s my thing,” said Chloe. “It’s the artist in me.”

“Is that why you wear flip-flops and have holes in your jeans and a flower tattoo and dyed-red hair and seven piercings?” Judy asked.

“Um, I guess so,” said Chloe.

“Crucial!” said Judy.

On the way back to the Maths Department, Chloe and Judy cut through the car park. “Look at all the VW Beetles!” said Judy. “One green, two red, blue, yellow. My brother would go punch-buggy crazy!”

“So you like VW bugs?” Chloe asked. “Mine’s the green one, right over there.

They call that colour Gecko Green. I call her June Bug, because I got her last June.”

“For serious? Sweet! It even has a vase on the dashboard. Hey, did you know you’re growing a toothbrush in your vase?” Judy cracked up.

“Tell you what,” said Chloe. “Let’s count all the Beetles in the car park and write down how many we can find of each colour. Then we’ll go back to the department and I’ll show you how to draw a graph.”

Judy raced around the car park, counting lots of red, yellow and green bugs. Only two silver beetles, one blue and one grey. “The grey one looks like a robot!” said Judy.
Back in the Maths Department, Judy drew a graph and coloured in squares for each kind of Beetle. Salsa Red, Laser Blue, Sunflower Yellow... Judy forgot all about the time.

“Richard’s here,” said Chloe, nodding towards the door.

“Who’s Richard?” Judy looked up and saw her dad standing in the doorway. “Is an hour up already?” she asked. “You were only gone for like a giga-flip-flop-second. Can’t you stay away a little longer?”

“Having fun with maths, huh?”

“I’m learning to draw a graph, and when we’ve finished, Chloe says I can hang it on the wall. It’ll be graph-iti!”
Judy could not wait to go back to college – three times a week! Having a tutor was crucial. Rare squared!

In just two short weeks, Judy had found a brand-new lease of life.

She, Judy Moody, sashayed into the kitchen one morning before school. She was wearing a dress over jeans ripped at the knee, a teeny tiny hoodie, monkey flip-flops, a crazy scarf, skinny glasses, half a ton of bracelets and tattoo Band-Aids.

“She must be in a play,” said Stink.

“That’s ridonkulus,” said Judy. “Unless you mean the play of life.”

“How many tops are you wearing?” Stink asked.

“Is that my scarf?” Mum asked.

“I’m dressing for college,” said Judy. “I’m going to my tutor after school today, Kate.” Chloe called grown-ups by their first names, so Judy tried it.

“It’s too cold for flip-flops,” Mum said, frowning.

“And you’ll need a coat,” Dad added.

*Parents. Parental Units. The 'Rents. Kate
and Richard were so old skool. "College kids don't wear coats!" said Judy.

"What do they wear?" asked Stink.

"They wear whatever's their thing," said Judy.

"So your thing is to dress like a clown?" Stink asked.

Eesh! What an NCP. Nincompoop.

"How's it going with Chloe, by the way?" Mum asked.

"Chloe is the bomb! She drives a green gecko Beetle called June Bug and has fake red hair, a toe ring and seven piercings."

"Nobody needs that many extra holes in their head," said Dad.

"What a Swiss Cheese Head!" said Stink. "I already have seven holes in my head."
Two eyes plus two ears plus two nostrils plus one mouth equals seven."

"Does this Chloe know any maths?" Mum asked.

"Does this Chloe have any flash cards?" asked Stink.

"For your information, we don't use flash cards," said Judy. "But we do play Multiplication Bingo and Tic-Tac-Cookie with Oreos. We even made a giant Sponge-Block Triangle Pants, and Chloe named him Nerd Ferguson." Judy snorted. "It was so money."

"I don't see what a sponge named Nerd Ferguson has to do with maths," said Stink. "Right, Mum? Right, Dad?"

Fact of Life: Stink = annoying!

"Stink, it's sponge blocks. They were invented by a kid. See, you add up all the lines and angles, and it makes a polygon. You can use triangles, rectangles and squares too." Mum raised her eyebrows at Dad. Dad raised his eyebrows at Mum.

"Aw," said Stink. "Can I go to college too?"

Judy ignored him. "Chloe says you can't be afraid of maths," she told Kate and Richard. "You just have to practise, like piano, or football. And you can't give up. And you have to remember to have fun."

"Well, I like your attitude," said Mum.

"You mean my math-i-tude," said Judy, cracking herself up. "Chloe says maths is everywhere. Maths is life."
“Then you’d better get going,” said Mum. “Don’t want to be late for life.”

On the way to school, Judy asked a question of her Ask-a-Question Watch 5000.

Will Mr Todd be back today? She pressed the green button.

Don’t know.

She tried again. Will Mr Todd be back today?

Can’t tell.

She tried a third time. Will Mr Todd be back today?

No way!

When she got to school, she raced down the corridor to her classroom. No Mr Todd. No fair.

Mrs Not-So-Great Grossman did not seem to appreciate Judy’s new maths-is-everywhere take on life. To make things even worse, she told the class that Mr Todd had broken his foot in Italy. (Probably from dancing the tarantella.) Mr Todd would not be coming back for two more weeks.

As for the peeps, well, her friends were so UN-college. When they saw Judy’s new outfit, they thought she was a scarecrow.

“What happened to your knees?” asked Rocky.

“Did you fall off your bike and rip your trousers?” Frank asked.

“It must have hurt a lot – look at all those Band-Aids,” said Amy Namey.

“Tattoos,” Judy muttered.
"It’s just a phase," said Rocky. "Like when she wore her pyjamas to school."
"And her doctor's coat," said Frank.
"And her pilgrim outfit," said Jessica Finch.
"For your information," Judy pointed out, "kids in college wear pyjamas to class all the time. It’s rad."
"It’s red?" Rocky asked.
"It’s rude?" Frank asked.
Sometimes third-graders were such NCPs.
"What stuff do you do with your tutor?" Amy asked.
"College stuff," said Judy. "We talk about algebra and—"
“Actually, it’s hot chocolate. But I do get to drink it in a coffee shop and order it and pay for it myself and count the change.”

“Wow!” said Frank.

“No way did you drive a car,” said Rocky.

“Yah-huh,” said Judy. “No lie.”

“You’d have to sit on like three phone books,” said Frank.

“And get a licence,” said Jessica Finch.

“I got to drive a car in the Game of Life,” said Judy.

“Oh,” said Rocky. Amy and Jessica rolled their eyes.

“Judy does know how to drive,” said Frank. “She’s driving … us crazy!” Everybody cracked up.

At morning break, Judy made a fake call on her chocolate mobile phone. During Science, Judy drew a cartoon of Mrs Grossman using polygons.

At lunchtime, Judy said, “Let’s food!” and waited in the lunch queue with her peeps. When it was her turn, she stepped up to the counter and said to the dinner lady, “I’ll have a small-tall upside-down
backwards non-fat capp, extra whip. And make it wet.”

“Aren’t all drinks wet?” asked Frank.

“We don’t have coffee,” said the dinner lady.

“Hot chocolate?” Judy asked. But all they had was chocolate milk. *Bor-ing.* “At college, you can get hot chocolate with a heart design in the foam on top. And you can get sprinkles.”

“Oh, really?” said the dinner lady.

“How many kinds of cereal do you have here?” Judy asked.

“None. We don’t have any cereal. It’s lunch.”

“At college, you can have breakfast all
day. Even if it’s midnight.” Rocky, Frank and Jessica pushed past Judy.

“Do you have a salad bar?” Judy asked.

“The salad bar is only for teachers.”

“At college, anybody can eat at the salad bar. Even kids. What kind of cafeteria is this? They should call it cafeterrible.”

“Hey, College!” yelled a fifth-grader at the back of the queue. “Move it along. Some of us want to eat lunch today.”

Judy took her not-wet, no-whip, heartless chocolate milk and went to sit with her peeps.

“Shh, here she comes.”

“What’s she going to brag about now?”

“Yeah, she thinks she’s so college.”

Soon she, Judy Moody, was eating alone at the lunch table. Fact of Life: Judy minus Rocky minus Frank minus Jessica Finch minus Amy Namey equals a big fat zero. Not a peep.

Judy stared at her lunch tray. Her peanut butter and jam sandwich looked so … babyish.

At breaktime, nobody wanted to play Judy’s game — finding polygons hidden in the playground. Judy found a triangle in a tree branch, an octagon where the fence was ripped and six rectangles on the ladder going up to the slide.

All by herself.
For the first time ever, Judy could not wait for her maths lesson. She, Judy Moody, owned the times tables. Look out. Here comes the Multiplication Maniac. The Polygon Princess. The Graph Guru. The Fraction Freak. Just wait till they see me score sweets for all the right answers.

At last it was time. Mrs Grossman started writing on the board. Judy sat up straight. She pricked up her best-ever listening ears, the ones she usually saved for Mr Todd. She squinted at the board.

Words? Why was Mrs Grossman writing so many words? What did words have to do with maths? Hello? Where were all the numbers?

And the fractions and the plus signs and the equal signs?

Judy raised her hand. “Excuse me,” she said. “I thought this was a maths lesson. What’s with all the sentences?”

“We’re starting something new today,” said Mrs Grossman. “Multistep word problems. You have to read the problem first, and then do the maths one step at a time. That’s why we call them word problems.”

Judy had a word problem, all right. A problem with words that were pretending to be maths.

Mrs Grossman pointed to the board. “Jill had twenty-four valentines. She gave
half of her valentines to her friends at school—"

Judy raised her hand again. "Who’s Jill?"

"Jill isn’t a real person. She’s just somebody in a word problem."

"So her name could be Chloe," said Judy. "And her school could be a college."

Mrs Grossman shut her eyes and took a deep breath. "Judy, please let me finish. Then Jill gave the other half of her valentines to friends who live in her block, except for—"

Judy raised her hand again. "Block? Like maybe a dorm?"

"It doesn’t matter. It’s just an example."

"Will we get to draw a graph for this word problem? With hearts for valentines?" asked Judy. "Because in college we get to draw graphs."

"Judy, I’m going to have to ask you again to stop interrupting."

"I was just saying…” said Judy.

Mrs Grossman let out a big breath, but her face looked all pinched up. "Jill had enough valentines left over to give one each to her mum, her dad and her little sister."

"Jill sounds like an NCP,” said Judy.

"Judy, that’s it,” said Mrs Grossman. She pointed to the tent at the back of the room.

"You mean I have to go in that tent?"

"That’s why we call it the Attitude Tent," said Mrs Grossman.
"But I'm not really in a camping attitude," said Judy.

"Go and sit in the tent. Don't come out until you can show me an attitude adjustment. And not another word about college, Judy."

_Eesh!_ Mrs Grossman was the reason she went to college in the first place. She wished Mrs Grossman would go back to where she came from. New England. Probably _Math-a-chu-setts._

Judy hung her head and slunk to the back of the room. She crawled inside the tent. It was kind of like the Toad Pee Club clubhouse inside. Minus any peeing toads, of course. _Natch._

She, Judy Moody, did not even play
with her Ask-a-Question Watch 5000. She thought about what she’d done, but she could not for the life of her understand why Mrs Grossman didn’t like her attitude. Didn’t she know a positive math-i-tude when she saw one?

Now Judy’s math-i-tude had turned into a mad-i-tude.

Maths was no fair. Maths = life. Life was no fair.

See? A person could do multistep word problems even in an attitude tent. No biggie. You just had to have the right math-i-tude.

Judy Moody was down in the dumps. She had an attitude that was in the lower latitudes. A bad-i-tude.

“What’s wrong?” Chloe asked her during tutoring that afternoon. “You hardly ate any of your pizza fractions.”

“I have an attitude,” said Judy.

“Everybody has an attitude,” said Chloe. “It just means the way you think, the way you see things.”
"The way I see things, Mrs Grossman doesn’t like my attitude. Mrs Grossman says I need an attitude adjustment. So I went in the Attitude Tent, but all I got was a spider bite. All that did was adjust my attitude from bad to itchy."

"I know something that might help your attitude," said Chloe.

"Don’t say algebra," said Judy. "How would you like to come to college on Saturday?"

"Oh, no. You mean now I have to do maths at the weekend too?"

"Not for maths, silly. I mean, how would you like to come and spend the day with me at college? For fun."

Suddenly, she, Judy Moody, knew what an attitude adjustment felt like. It felt like when you went from a bad mood to a good mood. It felt like when your spider bite stopped itching. It felt like when you got to spend a whole, entire fun-not-maths day at college.

Judy could not wait for Saturday.
By mistake Judy woke up at six o’clock on Saturday morning, a not-school day. Chloe had told her that college kids like to sleep late, so Judy tried to think like a college kid and go back to sleep. But it was no use.

“I don’t see what the big-whoop deal is about college,” said Stink. “All they do is carry heavy books around and listen to headphones. And if you go to college, you have to sleep over without Mum and Dad for like three or four years. And you have to wash your own clothes!”

For a kid who read the encyclopedia, Stink sure didn’t know a lot. “Stink, you don’t have the right attitude for college. Just wait till you’re older and wiser, like me.”

“When I’m older and wiser, will I eat cereal with a fork too?”

“Oops,” said Judy, opening the dishwasher to look for a spoon. By the time she got back to her bowl of cereal, her Mood Flakes had turned the milk pink.

Sweet! Pink milk (in Mood Flakes) was for happy. That was the first sign that she, Judy Moody, was about to have the time of her life.
Then Judy checked the Ask-a-Question Watch 5000 just to be sure.

*Is today going to be the best day ever at college?*

**YUP!**

She asked it again just to make sure and absolutely positive.

**NO DOUBT!**

It was a sign, all right. A sign to the power of three.

@ @ @

Judy followed Chloe up to her third-floor dorm. The tiny room was chock-full of beds and desks and computers and books. Between bunk beds was an orange hairy rug, and on the beds were furry zebra-and-leopard-skin bedspreads. Posters covered the walls, even the ceiling.

There was a pink mini fridge and a mini TV and a mini microwave. Even a Bonjour Bunny alarm clock.

"Rare!" said Judy. "Your room is so orange and furry. Everything's cool-mini. You have a bunk bed like me, only yours has a desk under it. And you have the Bonjour Bunny alarm clock radio night light. Does it have a snooze button that lights up?"

A tall girl wearing pyjamas (same-same as Judy) came in and plopped down on a giant rubber-ball chair.

"Hey, roomie," Chloe said. "This is my
friend, Judy Moody. Judy, this is my roommate Bethany Wigmore."

Bethany Wigmore had long, dark hair and large, dark eyes. Bethany Wigmore wore headphones and lots of necklaces. Bethany Wigmore had flip-flops with jewels on them!

"I like your flip-flops," Judy told her.
"Thanks. I made them."
"For serious?"
"It’s easy," said Bethany Wigmore. "All you need are fake jewels and beads and a mini glue gun. C’mon, I’ll show you."

Bethany Wigmore showed Judy Moody how to make fancified flip-flops. Then she said, "Now let’s paint our toenails!"
“No, thanks,” said Judy.
“We have mood nail polish,” said Chloe. “It changes with your mood.”
“I’m in!” said Judy. In no time, she, Judy Moody, had red-glitter toenails that turned purple. It was more impressive than rad, more powerful than rare. It was sick-awesome. Mad-nasty!
Who knew that having a roomie made life so way-not-boring?
“Let’s food,” said Chloe. “I’ll take you to the dining room, Judy. Then you can come to class with me.”
“Class?” Judy asked. Class sounded semi-boring, even though college class sounded like something she could brag about later.

“Painting class,” said Chloe. “It’ll be fun. I promise.”
Bethany Wigmore called after them, “Hit me up later!”

On the way to lunch, they passed a big green patch of grass in the middle of the campus called the Quad. Every inch of it was filled with tents. Judy had never seen so many attitude tents. Was everybody at college in a bad mood?
“Did all the kids in these tents get in to trouble and get sent to an attitude tent?” Judy asked.
“These aren’t attitude tents,” said Chloe. “This is a peace rally. Only instead of marching, people slept out in tents on the
Quad last night to make a statement saying that they’re for peace.”

“I guess you could say they rested in peace,” said Judy, grinning.

“Good one,” said Chloe. “C’mon, let’s go and see my friend Paul.”

There were drummers drumming and dancers dancing and people waving signs – all for peace. Chloe’s friend Paul was one of the drummers. He let Judy make loads of noise on a bongo drum, and she got to hula hoop for peace and even tie-dye a T-shirt. On the front she drew a peace sign and wrote PEACE IS CRUCIAL.

They waited for Judy’s T-shirt to dry, but Chloe finally said, “This is as much fun as
watching paint dry, huh? Let’s check out the yoga tent.”

The yoga tent had a very peace-full attitude. Judy learned to make shapes with her arms and legs. She got to pretend to be a cat, a mountain, a chair and a not-maths triangle.

“Who knew peace could be so much fun?” said Judy, wriggling her PEACE IS CRUCIAL T-shirt over her I ATE A SHARK T-shirt.

Next stop: cafeteria. Judy ate one pancake with three colours of syrup, a salad from the NOT-for-teachers-only salad bar and half of Chloe’s burger, which was made of vegetables (minus aubergine). No lie!

She did not have to wait in line, she did not have to get bossed by bossy fifth-graders, and she did not have to eat boring old peanut butter and jam sandwiches that were so babyish, like at the cafeterrible. Who knew that veggies (smushed up on a bun with ketchup) could taste so rad?
"Oops, we'd better not be late for class," said Chloe. They raced across campus to the art block. Judy followed Chloe down a long corridor lined with colourful lockers. They passed a pottery class where people were spinning clay on wheels, a sculpture class where students were making buildings out of bubble wrap, and a ... naked lady class!

Judy squeezed her eyes shut. "Please
tell me we are NOT going to Naked Lady Class."

Chloe almost spat out her coffee. "It's Life Drawing. To be an artist, you have to learn to draw real life."

"When I draw Real Life, it is NOT going to be bare-naked," said Judy.

In painting class, Judy got to sit next to Chloe in a dark room and watch a slide show of paintings. There were paintings of bones and giant sunflowers and swirly-twirly night skies. Even soup cans. There were paintings of paper leaves and moons, and paintings that looked like spilled cans of paint, even though the teacher (who everybody had to call
professor) said it was a masterpiece. There were black-and-white paintings of birds that hurt your eyes if you stared at them too much.

“These paintings are psycho!” Judy said, cracking herself up. Chloe put her finger to her lips.

“In third grade, you’re not allowed to talk when the teacher is talking either,” Judy whispered. “Same-same!”

The teacher, Mr Professor-Who-Likes-Psycho-Paintings, was yacking on for ever about shadows in every picture. Shadows this and shadows that. Shadows here and shadows there. Shadows seemed to be very-way-important in art.

When the slide show and the yacking were over, everybody got to make paintings of their own. (Finally!)

Judy got to stand next to Chloe at a tall table and make a big giant mess. At college, it did not matter if paper scraps went all over the table. At college, it did not matter if paint dripped all over the floor. And at college, it did not matter how many supplies you used, even a whole entire bottle of sparkly-blue glitter glue.

Chloe said worrying about rules was old skool. Chloe said art is life and life is messy, so art should be messy.

At college, all that mattered was that you: (1) use your imagination (which Judy had loads and loads of) and (2) be yourself. Who else would she, Judy Moody, be?
Judy was so busy using her imagination and being herself that she made seven artworks in no time, including a monster Venus flytrap, a self-portrait cut into cubes and a bad-mood painting that looked a little like the spilled-can-of-paint-guy's masterpiece, with a dollop of Judy Moody thrown in.

Chloe was painting a bowl of cherries that were sitting on a stool.

"Are you still working on the same painting?" Judy asked.

"It takes a long time to paint a still life," said Chloe.

"Yeah, but you might want to try finishing it while you are still in this life."
It's only cherries.” Judy turned her head sideways. “Or is it goldfish?”

“Thanks a lot,” said Chloe.

“You should put some polka dots in the background,” said Judy. “And it needs a cat or something.”

Chloe said she liked Judy’s ideas, but Judy did not see her painting any polka dots. Or cats. Just the same old cherries-not-goldfish bowl.

Judy picked up the squishy foam tray from underneath Chloe’s real-life cherries. “Can I use this to make a pop-art painting like that Soup Can Guy?”

“Go for it,” said Chloe.

A pop-art painting, Judy had just learned, was a painting of an everyday object, something that you see all the time, like a can of soup, and don’t even think about. Then when you paint it shocking pink or lemon yellow, all of a sudden it shocks you, and you think about it.

Judy pressed her pencil point into the foam tray to make the outline of a Band-Aid. Then she smeared the tray with paint and pressed it over and over nine times on to one big piece of paper in lots of different neon-bright colours.

“My pop art really pops!” Judy told Chloe.

“You did that?” said Chloe. “It looks fantastic! I mean it.”
Chloe still had not painted one single polka dot. Not even a cat hair. “Haven’t you finished yet?” Judy asked. “You are going to get an S for Slow or a T for Turtle in this class.”

Chloe laughed. “OK, let’s go. I can finish this later.”

Judy gathered up all her paintings. “I’m going to hang them up in my bedroom, like an art show. I think this one’s my best.” She pointed at her pop-art painting. “I call it Portrait of a Band-Aid-Not-Soup-Can without Shadows, Deluxe Edition.”

“I like how you signed it just Jude,” said Chloe.

“That’s my artist name.”
As far as Judy could tell, there were only three bad things about college: (1) going to school on Saturday, (2) Naked Lady Class, and (3) yacking for a year and a day about shadows.

Other than that, college had hardly any rules, and you got to make a lot of noise about being peaceful. You got to have sleepovers every night with roomies like Bethany Wigmore and play drums with peeps like Paul and hang out in tents that did not have attitude and eat burgers made of veggies all day and change boring old ordinary stuff into art.

College was uber-rare. Sick-awesome!
First, Judy piled tons of pillows on the floor. Next, she drew zebra stripes all over her duvet with a marker pen. Then Judy hung her paintings on the walls and even on the ceiling using Band-Aids for tape. She saved a place of honour over her bunk bed for *Portrait of a Band-Aid-Not-Soup-Can without Shadows, Deluxe Edition*.

*Rad!* All she needed now was a fuzzy, shaggy, hairy rug like Chloe’s. But how to make a boring old un-fuzzy rug look like a beastly animal with jungle vibes?

She tried dust bunnies from under her bunk bed. She tried lint. She even tried getting Mouse to roll around on her rug to make it nice and cat-hairy.

As soon as Judy got home from college, she asked Kate and Richard if she could have a pink mini fridge for her room. They said N-O. Judy called Chloe (for serious) on Kate’s not-chocolate mobile phone.

“They actually think a fridge belongs in the *kitchen,*” she told Chloe. *Old skool.*

The very next day, Judy took a long look around her room. It was *wearing sadface.* Time for a change. She would give her room a makeover – really *college* it up!
Judy stood back to admire her new rug. It did not look like a tiger. It did not have jungle vibes. It looked like a giant hair ball. And to make matters worse, Kate made Judy vacuum it for no allowance.

Judy sat on her bottom bunk to think. Mouse was chasing a ball of wool. A ball of orange wool. A ball of fuzzy, hairy wool. "Mouse, give me that!" said Judy, chasing her around the room on hands and knees, knocking over piles of pillows and books and the rubbish bin.

"What's going on?" Stink asked. "What are you doing?"

"What's it look like I'm doing?" said Judy.

"Chasing the cat," said Stink. "But why are you chasing the cat?"

"To get the wool," said Judy.

"But why do you want the wool?" asked Stink.

"To cut it into a million little pieces."

"But why are you going to cut it into a million pieces?" Stink asked.

"To make a fuzzy orange rug. What do you think? I'm giving my room a hairy-rug makeover."

"Mu-um!" Stink yelled. "Judy's chasing the cat to get the wool to cut it into a million pieces to make a fuzzy rug to give her room a hairy-rug makeover!"

*What an NCP.*
After the hairy-rug makeover experiment, Judy went looking for a peaceful mood. “Peace out!” she called to anybody who was listening. “I’m going outside to the tent!”

The Toad Pee Club Tent was like the Attitude Tent without the attitude. Judy climbed inside, where it was secret and quiet, like the peace tents at college. She got down on her hands and knees. Mouse stood still on all fours, watching. Judy arched her back. Mouse arched her back. Judy breathed in and out. Mouse breathed in and out.

Judy gazed at her belly button. She tried to fill herself up with peace.

“What in the world...?” said Stink, barging into the tent.
“Stink, you’re wrecking my peace.”
“I’m wrecking your what?”
“It’s yoga,” said Judy. “Mouse and I are doing the cat pose.”
“Mouse looks like a cat,” said Stink, “but you just look like someone staring at her belly button upside down.”

“Try it,” Judy said. “I learned it at college.”

“I can stare at my belly button sitting up,” said Stink, “without going to college. Besides, staring at your belly button is about as much fun as watching paint dry.”

“They do that at college too,” said Judy.

“Bor-ing,” said Stink.

“Hey, what’s up?” asked Rocky and Frank, also barging into the tent with their big boy-feet.

“Oh, yeah,” said Stink. “I came to tell you that Rocky and Frank are coming over.”

“Is this an upside-down meeting of the Toad Pee Club?”

“It’s yoghurt,” said Stink. “She learned it at college.”

“Yo-ga,” said Judy. “Not yoghurt. It’s like an exercise, not a snack food.” Clearly Stink had never read the Y-for-Yoga encyclopedia.

“Show us,” said Frank.

Judy showed them how to arch like a cat. She showed them how to bend in half like a chair, reach to the sky like a warrior and stand on one leg like a tree. “Now close your eyes, but don’t think.”

“I can’t not think,” said Frank. “I keep thinking how wacky it is to stand on one
leg and pretend to be a tree and try not to think.”

“I feel like a flamingo,” said Stink. “Or a dorky stork.”

“No talking,” said Judy. She squeezed her eyes tighter.

**CRASH!** When Judy opened her eyes, the boys were a jumble of arms and legs on the ground, and they were laughing their heads off.

“Octopus pose!” said Stink, his legs sticking in the air.

“For your information, there’s no such thing as an octopus pose.”

Judy closed her eyes again and tried to hear quiet, but all she could hear was
more thrashing and crashing. She opened her eyes again.

Rocky had his neck stretched up to the ceiling. Frank had bendy knees and arms out like a monster. And Stink was all in a twisty ball.

"Giraffe pose," said Rocky.

"Superhero pose," said Frank.

"Human Pretzel pose," said Stink, cracking up.

"P.U.I." said Rocky, waving his hand in front of his face. "You should call that Passing Wind pose." The boys went wild.

"Oh, brother," said Judy. Boys were just plain no good at peace-full yoga.

When Judy got to Class 3T-now-3G the next morning, there was no teacher in the room. No teacher? No maths sweets on the desk? No Attitude Tent? Something was up. Way up!

The whole room was buzzing about what might have happened to Mrs Grossman. She went camping in her Attitude Tent? She ate too many good-behaviour sweets?
She ran away to Italy to be a better teacher?

Soon the bell rang. Still no teacher.

"Somebody has to be the teacher," said Jessica Finch, "and I think it should be me, since I'm brainiest."

"But Judy Moody's been to college!" yelled Frank.

"And she learned cool stuff," said Rocky, "like how to make yourself into a cat or a chair or a tree."

"Ju-dy Moo-dy! Ju-dy Moo-dy!" The class started yelling and stomping their feet.

She, Professor Judy Moody, stood in front of the whole class and told them all about college. She told about dorms and drums, veggie burgers and vending machines. She told about pancakes and pop art and peace tents. She led the whole class in a tree pose.

"And they learn Floss-O-Fee. It's not about cleaning your teeth. It's about thinking stuff till your head hurts, kind of like a brainteaser but more like a major head-scratcher."

"Like what?" asked Frank.

"Like ... if a tree falls in the forest, OK, but nobody is around for miles and miles to hear it, does it still make a sound?"

The whole class went quiet. Peace-full quiet. Yoga-not-yoghurt quiet. The whole class was lost in a head-scratching attitude of thinking.

Just then, Judy caught a glimpse of
something in the corridor. Something like a shadow. The shadow moved. The shadow was...

“MR TODD!” Judy yelled, breaking the head-scratching silence. “Look, everybody! Professor Todd is back!”

“Mr Todd! Mr Todd!”

“Can I try your crutches?”

“Where’s Mrs Grossman?”

“She gave us sweets.”

“Except Judy, who had to sit in a tent all by herself.”

When Class 3T-not-3G had settled down, Mr Todd told them about his broken foot and going to the doctor’s and being late for school. He showed them his plaster cast, and all the kids got to sign it.
"I’m very proud of you, class, for the way you took over until I got here. And, Judy, you’ll have to let me in on your secret,” said Mr Todd. “I don’t know how you got this class to be so quiet.”

“It’s college thinking!” said Frank. “Judy Moody goes to college AND third grade now.”

They told Mr Todd everything about Mrs Grossman and the tutor and going to college. They told him about multistep word problems and maths sweets and the Attitude Tent.

Mr Todd smiled and frowned and raised his eyebrows and pushed up his glasses. “I sure missed a lot these last few weeks. Tell you what.” He glanced at his watch.

“Looks like we’ve missed Spelling for today. So let’s take a short break, and when we come back, it’ll be time for maths. I’m going to pass out a quick quiz—”

“Not a test!”

“Don’t worry. You won’t be graded. I just want to see where everybody is in maths.”

“Aww,” everybody groaned. Everybody except Judy. She wanted to take the quiz. She wanted to show Mr Todd all the stuff she’d been learning with her tutor—graphs and fractions and algebra. For once, she’d be the one to win lots and lots and lots of maths sweets.

After break, Mr Todd passed out the tests. Judy got out her college-not-grouchy pencil for good luck. Third-grade pencils
were *old skool*. Judy’s college pencil flew. She only rubbed out twice. She even drew a graph for extra points. She did not look at her Ask-a-Question Watch 5000 once.

Judy busted that pop quiz. She owned that maths test. Mr Todd was going to be amazed at Judy’s new math-i-tude. Soon she would be the proud owner of buckets of maths sweets.

Done! Judy looked up. She could not believe her eyes. She, Judy Maths-Genius Moody was not done first. She was *dead last*.

“Time’s up!” said Mr Todd. “Let’s have fifteen minutes of silent reading while I look over your papers.”

For fifteen silent minutes, Judy read on in the *Catwings* book. She read with her eyes, but not with her brain. All her brain could think was how super-duper great she was going to be in maths.

Mr Todd was frowning. He looked up. He looked back down. Mr Todd scratched his head. Mr Todd frowned some more.

He wrote and wrote with his red pencil.
Judy could not help noticing he hardly even touched his green-for-good-work pencil.

"Class," said Mr Todd, looking up at last. "We have a problem."

Problem? Of course there was a problem. There were ten problems. Everybody knew maths was full of problems.

"I've corrected the papers, and the top score goes to Judy Moody."

"Woo-hoo!" said Judy. But she could not see how being top-of-her-class, best-ever in maths was a problem.

"The problem is ... everybody else failed."

What?! The whole, entire class flunked!

As in messed it up big time. As in got a big fat F.

"Most of you did not even finish your tests. And many of you did not even seem to try. Can anybody tell me what's going on here?"

The whole class looked down, staring at their desks, the floor, their shoes. Except for Judy.

"Professor Todd," said Judy, raising her hand. "I know what happened. I got to go to college and become an uber-genius in maths, and everybody else fell behind."

"Hmm," said Mr Todd. "Any other ideas? Jessica Finch?"

Jessica cleared her throat. "Well, um,
Rocky and Frank thought it would be way-cool to go to college, and they said—"

"It's our fault," said Rocky. "We thought if we all flunked, we would need a tutor and we would get to go to college too."

"Like Judy," said Frank.

"You mean you messed up on purpose?" Judy asked.

"Yeah, we just thought it up - during morning break," said Frank.

"Professor Todd!" said Judy. "I think I should get all the maths sweets, since I'm the only one who took the test for serious. And they should all go to the Attitude Tent."

"Let's get something straight," said Mr Todd. "I realize Mrs Grossman may have had different rules over the last few weeks. But in my class, we do our work to learn, not to earn sweets. As for the tent, well, it seems we have an attitude problem bigger than any tent."

Class 3T was silent. Not peace-full quiet. Itchy-scratchy quiet.

"We're sorry," said Frank.

"We'll take it again," said Rocky. "For real this time."

Mr Todd nodded.

"Professor Todd?" Judy asked. "I have a question. I mean, I was wondering - if you yelled at our class, but nobody was here to hear it, would it still mean you're angry with us?"
“Mum! Dad!” Judy said at dinner that night. “I mean, Kate! Richard! Guess what! Professor Todd gave us a pop quiz in maths today, and I owned it. I only got one wrong, and I did the best of all my peeps and my whole entire class.”

“Yeah, but everybody else flunked on purpose,” said Stink, “because they all want to go to college too.”

*Eesh!* Word sure travelled fast around Virginia Dare School.

“Who cares? It was *sooooo* money!” Judy said.

“She doesn’t get money, does she?” asked Stink. “’Cos I’m good at maths, so if she gets money, I should get money too!”

“Stink, you’re such a geck. And don’t say, ‘What’s a geck?’ Because that would make you more of a geck.” Fact of Life: Stink = Geck. Geck = annoying person!

“Nobody’s getting any money,” said Dad.

“And nobody’s a geck,” said Mum.

“Yeah, you’re not at college now,” Stink said.
“Good news, though,” said Mum. “You won’t have to have a tutor any more.”
“Yeah, no more yoghurt!” said Stink.
“Huh?” Judy loved college. She liked having a tutor.
“You knew this was just for a short time,” Dad said. “To get extra help for a few weeks. But now Mr Todd’s back, and we’re proud of how well you’re doing.”
“You’ll still see Chloe, honey,” Mum said. “Maybe she’ll come to your class to help Mr Todd. And she said she’d be happy to babysit any time.”
“Does she know Stink lives here too?”
“And that’s not even the best news,” said Mum. “When Chloe called today—”

“Chloe called? You talked to Chloe? When? Where was I?”
“You were at school—” said Mum.
“No fair.” Judy couldn’t help it if her mobile phone was made of chocolate.
“Let Mum finish,” said Dad.
“Anyway, remember a painting you made when you went to college for a day with Chloe?”
“Yes! *Portrait of a Band-Aid-Not-Soup-Can without Shadows, Deluxe Edition.*”
“What’s that?” Stink asked.
“It’s a pop-art painting like that guy who paints cans of soup, Andy Warthog.”
Stink snorted like a warthog.
“Is anybody going to let me finish?” Mum asked.

“Peace!” said Judy, holding up two fingers.

“As I was saying, I guess you left it there to dry, and the professor thought the painting had been done by one of his college students. He chose your painting to hang in an art show at the college. They have a small gallery in the library there.”

She, Judy Moody, could not believe her ears. “Painting? College? Art show? Me?” she asked.

Dad laughed. “We thought you’d be pleased.”

Pleased? Pleased was a teeny-tiny fraction of what she felt. This was *uber*-exciting.
This was ridonkulus-rare. She, Judy Moody Warthog, aka Just Jude, was going to be in an art show at college! For serious!

"I have to call Chloe," Judy said.

"On your chocolate mobile phone?" Stink asked.

"Stink. I take it back. You’re not just a geck. You’re a geck squared. Geck to the power of three."

"Gecko-gecko, click-click, cheep-cheep-cheep," sang Stink, bobbing his head and making gecko noises all around the living room.

What a warthog.

The next morning at school, Judy flip-flopped down the corridor to Room 3T.

"Professor Todd?" Judy asked. "Did you tell Kate and Richard that I don’t need a tutor any more? Because I really learned a lot at college and I’d like to keep going. And besides, my painting is in an art show there, and I’d really like to see—"

"You know, Judy, you’re not the only one who wants to go to college," said Mr Todd.

"What do you mean? Didn’t you already go to college, like a long time ago, I mean, to be a teacher and everything?"

"Not me – the class. Class 3T is going to college."

"You mean the whole class needs a
One whole week had to go by before Judy Moody got to go to college with her class. The week took about a year. At last it was time.

When Class 3T got to college, their first stop was the Maths Department. Judy took everyone over to the Investigation Station and showed them how to build with sponge blocks and draw graphs and play Tic-Tac-Cookie. They even got a taste of
Chloe's special pizza fractions (minus the pizza tables, which Judy got to collect).

Then Chloe passed out poster boards. Everyone got to spread out all over the floor and make their very own board games. Judy Moody drew lots of different tents on her board and a twisty-turny path that connected them.

Chloe peeked over her shoulder. "What are these?" she asked.

"See, you start out in the Attitude Tent," said Judy. "The object of the game is to try not to land in the Bad-i-tude Tent. To win, you have to get all the way to the Glad-i-tude Tent."

Next, she made a spinner. Then she made up Attitude Cards.
“See, bad stuff can happen to you along the way,” said Judy. “But it all depends on your attitude. If you pick a bad Attitude Card, you have to go to the Bad-i-tude Tent. If you pick a good Attitude Card, you get to skip way ahead. Three good Attitude Cards, and you win the Peace Prize.”

“Rad!” said Chloe.

“See,” said Judy, “in the Judy Moody game of life, it’s all about attitude.”

“Time for lunch!” Chloe called. Chloe and Mr Todd carried big boxes over to the picnic tables by the duck pond. Class 3T counted twelve shiny green-headed ducks, twenty-seven Canadian geese, three regular duck bottoms and eleven turtles.

“We could draw a graph!” said Judy. 

“Let’s eat first,” said Mr Todd. Chloe passed round lunch boxes. Inside each box was ... a veggie burger. Soon, Class 3T was yoga-quiet as they vegged out on veggie burgers and smoothies. And the ducks vegged out on all the breadcrumbs they dropped.

“Yum! Bet you didn’t know that healthy food actually tasted good,” said Judy.

“And for dessert,” said Chloe, “everybody gets a cone of Screamin’ Mimi’s Rain Forest Mist ice cream.”

“Blue ice cream!”

“YAY!”

“It’s my favourite!”

“Is it made of vegetables too?”
When everybody had finished licking the last drops of ice cream, Frank asked Chloe, “Do you have break at college?”

“Sure,” said Chloe. “At college, you can make your own breaks, any time you want. Just about.”

“Whoa,” said Judy and Rocky and Frank.

Across the field, Judy saw two college kids walking towards them. They were carrying Frisbees and hula hoops and ... drums!

“Hey,” said Judy, pointing, “it’s Bethany Wigmore and Paul the drummer guy.”

Class 3T had the best break ever – break squared, college style. When they had finished hula-hooping and drumming and chasing after Frisbees, it was time to go and see the art show.

Judy Moody and Class 3T walked across the Quad, round Coffee Catz and past the art block to the library. Quietly, they filed up the stairs to the second-floor art gallery.

Mum was there, and Dad, and Stink with a camera!

“What are you guys doing here?” Judy whispered.

“We didn’t want to miss your big show,” said Dad.

“And I got out of learning about commas!” said Stink.

Judy stepped inside the quiet room, where paintings lined the white walls.
There were still lifes of fruit and landscapes of trees. There were paintings of blobs and cut-out paper collages of cats. Then she saw it. *Portrait of a Band-Aid-Not-Soup-Can without Shadows, Deluxe Edition.*

"Guess which one's mine," said Judy.

"The Band-Aids!" Stink shouted, running up to the painting.

"It certainly is colourful," said Dad.

"Creative," said Mum.

"Very college," said Mr Todd, winking.

"Look!" said Stink. "You got a ribbon."

"Me? Best in Show?" Judy asked.

Stink peered closer at the ribbon. "Never mind," he said, blocking it with his big head so Judy couldn’t see.

"What?" Judy asked. "Let me see."

"You don’t want to see," said Stink. "It says you got horrible mention. That really stinks."

"Horrible Mention?" She, Judy Moody, won the prize for the most horrible painting in the art show? "Why even mention it if it's horrible?" she wailed.
Mr Todd laughed. So did Mum and Dad. So did Chloe.

"Why is everybody laughing?" Judy asked. "Horrible Mention means they think my painting is horrible."

"It's an Honourable Mention," Chloe explained.

Honourable Mention sounded way better than Horrible Mention. "That's good, right?" Judy said. Stink moved over so Judy could see.

"Wicked good," said Chloe. "It means your painting was so rad, they thought they should honour it with a big fat ribbon."

Sick-awesome!

"Let's stand next to your painting so we can take a picture," said Mum. Everybody crowded around Judy, and the library lady snapped a picture on Stink's camera.

"Let me see!" said Judy.

She peered at the image on the camera. Next to her and all around her were Kate and Richard and Stink; Rocky, Frank, Jessica Finch and the rest of Class 3T; Professor Todd and Chloe; even Paul the Drummer.

In the very centre, right in front of her Not-Horrible-Mention painting, stood Judy herself, smiling from ear to ear.

If that picture were a painting, she, Judy Moody, would give it a name. Portrait of the Artist with the 'Rents, the Professor, the College Tutor, a Few Peeps and the Geck, with Shadows, Deluxe Edition.
It was only a split-second, one-sixtieth-of-a-minute, a giga-flip-flop moment in Judy Moody’s own personal game of life, but it felt big. She, Judy Moody, was filled with glad-i-tude.

Rad-i-tude!
Judy Moody's Not-Webster's First

the bomb = the best
busted = did well; owned
crucial = Rare! Excellent! Awesome!
for serious = for real
geck = annoying person = Stink
hit me up later = call me later; see you later
let's food = let's eat
mad-nasty = see sick-awesome
natch = of course; naturally
NCP = nincompoop; a silly or foolish person
old skool = old-fashioned; out of date
owned = ruled
paper (verb) = write a report

New World College Dictionary Edition

peace out = goodbye; I'm leaving
peeps = friends
rad = radical; crucial
'rents; 'rentals = parents
ridonkulus = ridiculous
roomie = roommate
sick-awesome = more impressive than rad;
so money = excellent
uber = way-cool; over-the-top awesome
wearing sadface = sadly lacking;
wicked good = better than good
In the mood for more Judy Moody? Then try these!

PEACE out!
Judy Moody is in an honest-to-jeepers, Nancy Drew mystery-solving mood.

Judy Moody turns Judy Drewdy when she finds herself smack-dab in the middle of a real-life whodunit when Mr Chips, a crime-dog-in-training, goes missing. Was Mr Chips stolen by evil dognappers?!

Agent Judy Drewdy is on the case!
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy’s stories “grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters”. She confesses, “I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we’re famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated.” Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because “having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl”. Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
Books by Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds

Judy Moody
Judy Moody Gets Famous!
Judy Moody Saves the World!
Judy Moody Predicts the Future
Judy Moody: The Doctor Is In!
Judy Moody Declares Independence!
Judy Moody: Around the World in 8 1/2 Days
Judy Moody Goes to College
Judy Moody, Girl Detective
Judy Moody and the NOT Bummer Summer
Judy Moody and the Bad Luck Charm
Judy Moody’s Way Wacky Uber Awesome Book of More Fun Stuff to Do
Stink: The Incredible Shrinking Kid
Stink and the Incredible Super-Galactic Jawbreaker
Stink and the World’s Worst Super-Stinky Sneakers
Stink and the Great Guinea Pig Express
Stink: Solar System Superhero
Stink and the Ultimate Thumb-Wrestling Smackdown
Stink and the Midnight Zombie Walk
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stinky Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Stink-O-Pedia 2: More Stinky Stuff from A to Z
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

Books by Megan McDonald
Ant and Honey Bee: What a Pair!
The Sisters Club
The Sisters Club: Rule of Three
The Sisters Club: Cloudy with a Chance of Boys

Books by Peter H. Reynolds
The Dot • Ish • So Few of Me
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Who's

Judy Moody
Agent Liz Inkwell, aka Judy Drewdy, World's Best Mystery Solver (WBMS)

Mum
Mother of WBMS

Dad
Father of WBMS

Stink
Agent James Madagascar

Who

Rocky
Agent Spuds Houdini

Frank
Agent Dills Pickle

Mr. Chips
K-9 Detective-in-Training

Officer Kopp
Crime Prevention Guru
It was a dark and stormy night. Rain slashed the window. Lightning flashed and thunder crashed. Spooky shadows like giant teeth danced across the walls.

Tick-tock, tick-tock went the old clock, thumping like a scary heartbeat. Quiet as a ghost, she climbed the dark, dark stairs. In her bare feet, she tiptoed down the dark, dark hallway to the dark, dark door.
She tapped one, two, three times, signalling in Morse code. Just then, the door creaked open.

Knock-knock.

"AAHHH!" screamed Judy from under the covers of her top bunk bed. She let go of the Mood Libs notepad she’d been writing in. It sailed through the air, hitting Stink on the head.

"Ouch!" yelled Stink, rubbing his head. "Watch the brains! You’re gonna give me an egg on my head."

"You already are an egghead, Stink," Judy teased.

"Well, you didn’t have to throw the book at me."

"At least it wasn’t the encyclopedia."
That’s what you get for scaring me silly while I was writing a spooky Mood Libs story.”

“Why are you under the covers? It’s the middle of the day.”

“Nancy Drew says a person should never be afraid of the dark. So I was practising.”

“Why do you have a torch?”

“A good detective always keeps a torch under her pillow.”

“Does Nancy Drew do that?”

“Hel-lo! Haven’t you read The Message in the Hollow Oak?”

“I’m not a Nancy Drew cuckoo-head like some people!”

“Can I help it if I’m trying to read all fifty-six original Nancy Drew classics?”

Stink waved the Mood Libs book at her. “Does Nancy Drew throw stuff at her brother, too?”

“Nancy Drew doesn’t have a brother. But if she did, I’m sure she’d throw stuff if he scared the jeepers out of her.”

“Jeepers?”

“That’s Nancy Drew talk, Stink. Get a clue.”

“Do Nancy Drew mysteries have any stuff that blows up? Good mysteries have stuff that blows up. Like boats or cakes or maybe exploding motorcycles?”

“No, Stink. Nancy Drew mysteries have old clocks and hidden diaries and squeaky steps and stuff.”
“Oh,” said Stink. He did not sound one teeny bit scared. He sounded a teeny bit bored.

“But Nancy Drew mysteries do have stuff like exploding oranges and flaming rockets and spooky old mansions. Lots of mansions. And they are all haunted, and once Nancy Drew almost gets crushed when the ceiling falls on her. Another time she’s chased by a phantom horse. She even gets strangled by a giant python. No lie.”

“Exploding pythons are cool,” said

Stink, getting mixed up. “Can I look at one of your Nancy Drews?”

“Over there.” Judy pointed to a pile of stuff on her desk. “Under my sock monkey.”

Stink lifted up the sock monkey. “Under your sock monkey is a pillow.”

“Under the pillow,” Judy told him.

Stink lifted the pillow. “Under your pillow is nothing but a big fat dictionary.”

“Under the dictionary.”

Stink lifted up the dictionary. “It’s a mystery just trying to find your Nancy Drew book.” Under the dictionary was Nancy Drew book No.43: *The Mystery of the 99 Steps.* “Why’s it under all this stuff?”

“Well, um … don’t laugh, but—”
“See, Nancy’s friend has this weird dream about these creepy ninety-nine steps, so Nancy goes to France to try to find them and solve the mystery of her friend’s dream. It’s spine-chilling. Says so right on the back. Books don’t lie, Stink.”

“Maybe you’ll have a bad dream from reading the book. Then I can go to France to solve the mystery of your bad dream ... and see the Eiffel Tower.”

“The Eiffel Tower is so beside the point, Stink. But you just gave me a genius idea. I’m going to solve a mystery. A real-life, Nancy-Drew, scare-yourself-silly mystery. For sure and absolute positive.”

“What’s the mystery?”

“Ha! Ju-dy is scare-dy!” Stink chimed. “You hid it under here because it’s scary. You’re scared of a Nancy Drew nightmare!”

“Can I help it if I have an over-achieving imagination?” asked Judy. “I double-dare you to read it. In the dark.”

Stink shivered.
“I don’t know yet. I have to find one first.”

“Do you have to go to France to find it?”

“Stink, you don’t have to leave the country to find a mystery. There could be one right in your own back garden.”

Stink looked out the window into the garden. “All I see out there is your purple skipping rope, a pink-and-white football, your bike with the flat tyre and the blue tent we use for the Toad Pee Club. The only mystery is why Mum and Dad don’t make you pick up your stuff.”

“Ha, ha. Very funny. A mystery is out there, Stink. Maybe not in the back garden exactly. But it could be right under our noses. All we have to do is pay attention.”

Just like that, she, Judy Moody, went looking for a mystery.
If a person were going to solve a big fat mystery, she had to have a way-official Nancy Drew detective kit.

Torch? Check.
Notebook? Check.
Grouchy pencil? Check.
Pocket magnifying glass? Check.
Duck tape? Check.
Zip-top bag? Check.

“Let’s see,” Judy said out loud to herself. “All I need now is a disguise, some money and a French dictionary.”

She went into the upstairs bathroom and came back with Mum’s make-up bag. Judy pulled out a red lipstick, a compact, an eyebrow pencil, nail polish, tweezers and a kirby grip.

“Ooh, cool,” said Stink, coming into her room. “Is all this stuff for a disguise?”

“Stink, don’t you know anything about detective work? Everybody knows lipstick is for writing SOS messages."

“Oh, I get it. Like if something explodes and your leg is pinned under a piece of metal, and you go to yell ‘help’ in French, but you lost your French dictionary, you
write SOS in red lipstick or something?”

“Or something,” said Judy. “Lipstick is good for fake blood, too. Like once, Nancy Drew smeared lipstick on herself and pretended she was bleeding to trick the bad guys so she could escape. There are tons of bad guys, like Snorky, Stumpy, Sniggs and Grumper.”

Stink snorted. “They sound like dwarves, not bad guys.”

“And in The Phantom of Pine Hill, there’s an evil fortune-teller named Madame Tarantella.”


“It’s only for emergencies, Stink,” said Judy.

“What about all that other junk?”

“The powder in the compact can be used to dust for fingerprints, and the little mirror is for spying on somebody. The eyebrow pencil is for this.” Judy drew a quick moustache on Stink.

“Hey!” said Stink, but instead of wiping his lip, he looked in the mirror. Judy held up a little black metal hair clip. “Rule Number One: never leave home without a kirby grip.”

“What’s a kirby grip?” Stink asked.

“This baby is for picking locks.”

“Can I try?”

“Knock yourself out,” Judy said, handing him a kirby grip. Judy loaded all the detective stuff into her backpack.
Stink picked up Judy’s secret diary, stuck the kirby grip in the keyhole and turned it.

The diary popped open.

“Sweet!” said Stink. “It really works.”

Judy looked up. “Give it!” she said, grabbing the diary back.

“Are you sure Nancy Drew doesn’t have a little brother? Little brothers make good detectives, too.”

“I’m sure. Just a dad named Mr Drew; her two best chums, George and Bess; her dog, Togo; her cat, Snowball; and a shiny blue, way-cool convertible!”

“Nancy Drew is old enough to drive a real car?”

“Tell me about it. Who wouldn’t want
to ride around in a convertible solving mysteries all day?” Judy said. “Make-up? Check. There. I’m done!”

“What about the money? Where’s the money? You forgot the money!”

“N-no, I didn’t.”

Stink peered into Judy’s backpack and pulled out a plastic bag full of coins.

“Not my state quarters. And my president dollars! I’ve collected these forever.”

“C’mon, Stinker. If I get locked in an attic or a cupboard or the boot of a car, I’ve got to have some money to bribe the bad guys to let me out.”

“Just pick the lock with your kirby grip thingie,” said Stink.

Judy shot him a sourball stare.

“Fine!” Stink sorted through his coins.

“Here. You can have my American Samoa quarter. Because I don’t know where that is.”

“One lousy quarter? That’s not going to get me un-kidnapped.”

“OK! My Martin Van Buren president dollar. But only because he’s not James
Madison. And because I don’t know who he is.”

“Gee, thanks, Stinkerbell.”

“Is it time to go and find the mystery now?” asked Stink.

“Almost,” said Judy. “I’m hungry. I need a snack. Rule Number One of being a good detective is never solve a mystery on an empty stomach.”

“I thought Rule Number One was the kirby grip thing.”

“Do you have to listen to everything I say? Stink, turn around so you can’t see where I hide my sweets.” Stink had found the sweets hidden in her sock drawer. Stink had found the sweets hidden in her double-secret, triple-tricky hiding place.

Stink turned around. He covered his eyes.

“Cover your ears, too,” said Judy.

“I only have two hands.”

“Try not to listen, then.” Judy took out her Build-a-Moose that she had made at the shopping centre with Grandma Lou last Christmas. Judy had filled his tummy with a bag of gummy sweets instead of stuffing. She reached inside and pulled out ... an old striped sock?

“Stink!” said Judy. “You’ll never believe what I found.”
Stink turned back around and looked. “A sock?” He tried to sound fake-surprised.

“Not just a sock,” said Judy. “A sock and a mystery. Right here in our own back garden.”

Stink did not say a word. Stink stared at the floor.

“A real-life, honest-to-jeepers, Nancy-Drew-who-doesn’t-have-any-brothers mystery.” Judy waved the sock in the air.

“The Mystery of the Missing Sock?” Stink asked.

“More like the Case of the Stolen Sweets,” said Judy. “I hid a bag of gummy sweets in my moose’s tummy. But now the sweets are not there. Presto-change-o-gonzo, just like that.”

Stink scratched his head. He snapped his fingers. “I bet Mouse got into your moose and ate your mice!”

“Interesting,” said Judy. “How did you know they were gummy mice, Stink? I said gummy sweets. I never said gummy mice.”

“Stink, take off your shoes.”

“Huh? Why? But—”

“Just do it.”

Stink took off his trainers.

“Aha! Just as I thought! You have odd socks on. And one of the socks you’re wearing matches this sock.” She held up the striped sock. “The Case of the One-Striped-Sock-Wearing Sweets Stealer is solved. Stink Moody, what do you have to say for yourself?”

“I could really use that lipstick now,” said Stink.

“What for?”

“For writing SOS. You said that when a person is in trouble, he can use the lipstick for writing SOS.”
The next morning, Judy went to Virginia Dare School, third grade, Class 3T, like always. She sat in the second row, like always. Mr Todd started telling Class 3T about the day ahead, like always. Except something was different.

Mr Todd held some paper at arm’s length and squinted at it. “We have a special guest coming to school this afternoon,” he told them.

Rocky raised his hand. “Mr Todd,” he said, “something about you is different today.”

Judy turned to look at Rocky and tapped her head as if to say, ESP. You read my mind!

“Are you growing a beard?” Rocky asked.

“I’m afraid not,” said Mr Todd, scratching his chin.

“You got taller?” said Jordan.

“I don’t think so,” said Mr Todd.

“You’re growing grey hair!” said Bradley.

“You kids are giving me a few grey hairs,” Mr Todd teased.

Judy looked at Mr Todd. Something was different. And she would use her
best Nancy Drew super-sleuth amazing detective powers to figure out the Case of the Different Mr Todd.

Judy Moody studied him up, down and sideways, like he was a shiny, wrapped Christmas present. Mr Todd did not have a new tie or a new haircut or new shoes.

Mr Todd leaned on his desk and told the class about the special guest: a policeman named Officer So-and-So and his dog So-and-So, who were coming to school that afternoon to talk about Such and Such. Mr Todd squinted at his paper again.

That’s when it hit her. Judy’s super-amazing, mystery-solving powers figured out that Mr Todd looked different because he was not wearing his glasses.

“Mr Todd got contacts!” Judy called out.

“I did not get contact lenses,” said Mr Todd, squinting at Judy. Crumbs! Judy had thought she’d cracked the case.

“But I seem to have misplaced my glasses.” Misplaced? Maybe. Lost? Hardly. Mr Todd never took his glasses off. Judy looked around Class 3T. Which kid

Rare! A mini-mystery, on a school day, right here in Class 3T: the Mystery of the Teacher’s Missing Glasses.

She, Judy Drewdy, was on the case.

During morning break, Judy stayed inside so she could investigate. She took out her torch and magnifying glass and searched on desks and under chairs. She searched in cubbies and in plastic tubbies. She searched behind the computer and the fish tank and the class guinea-pig cages.

All Detective Judy found were a sheet of wizard stickers (Rocky’s), a glue stick (Frank’s) and a pink pig paper clip that could only belong to one person – Jessica Finch, Pig Lover. Judy put the stickers in Rocky’s folder, the glue stick in Frank’s desk and the piggy paper clip on—

*Wait just a Nancy Drew minute!* Eagle Eye Moody spotted a clue on Jessica Finch’s desk. Right on top of the spelling homework was Jessica’s pink piggy lunch box. Peeking out from an unzipped corner was what looked like one stolen pair of grown-up teacher glasses.

Judy unzipped the lunch box the rest
of the way. She got out her magnifying glass and turned on her torch.
    Well, lookee here. Scoo-bee-doo! Mr Todd’s missing glasses!
    She, Judy Drewdy, had solved the crime, just like Nancy Drew. She would save the day and give the gift of sight back to Mr Todd.

Just then, Jessica Finch came back into the classroom. “Hey! What are you doing with my lunch box?” she asked.
    “Nothing,” said Judy, hiding the glasses behind her back.
    “Mr Todd!” Jessica tattled. “I think Judy Moody is stealing my lunch. She’s trying to take my pink chocolate cupcake!”
    All eyes were on Judy Moody, Lunch Stealer, as the other third-graders filed back in. Fudge-a-roni! “I’m not the stealer. You are,” said Judy.
    “Oh, yeah? Then let’s see what’s behind your back.”
    “Girls? What seems to be the problem?” Mr Todd asked. “Judy, do you have something you’d like to show us?”
Judy Moody brought her hands out from behind her back. They were not holding a pink chocolate cupcake. They were holding ... Mr Todd’s glasses.

“Uh!” the whole class gasped.

“I didn’t steal them! Honest!” said Judy. “I found them in Jessica Finch’s lunch box. She stole them. And I know why – so you wouldn’t be able to see that she didn’t finish writing her spelling words five times.”

“I did, too!” Jessica flipped her paper over to show the words on the back.

“Nobody stole anything,” said Mr Todd. “Jessica was showing me all the clever compartments inside her new lunch box this morning. I must have taken off my glasses to get a closer look.”
"And they ended up inside my lunch box!" said Jessica.

"Judy, you know better than to go through someone else's personal things."

"But I was on a case! And I did find your glasses."

"That's no excuse. You wouldn't like Jessica going through your lunch box, would you? You need to apologize."

"Sorry," Judy mumbled.

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. A why-do-I-always-get-in-trouble mood.

"OK, show's over. Take your seats. Mystery solved." Mr Todd put his glasses back on. "Except for the mystery of why I can't see through my glasses."

Jessica Finch pointed and laughed.

"Pink icing! From my cupcake."

Mr Todd wiped off the icing and licked his finger. He raised his eyebrows. He rubbed his glasses with a hankie. "Good as new," he said.
Judy Moody, Frank and Rocky sat in the second-to-front row, waiting for the all-school assembly to start.

"Why did you bring your backpack?" asked Frank.

“It’s not my backpack. It’s my detective kit,” Judy told her friends. “You never know when a mystery might pop up, just needing to be solved.”

“In the main hall?” asked Rocky.

Judy frowned.

“I can’t wait to meet Officer Mr Chips,” said Frank.

“That’s a funny name,” said Judy.

“Not if you’re a dog,” Frank said, laughing.

“A police dog is coming here? To school?” Judy asked.

“Earth to Judy. Come in, Judy. Didn’t you listen to anything Mr Todd told us this morning?” Rocky asked.

“Sorry,” said Judy. “I was on a case.”

“It’s a police puppy,” said Frank.

“Girls and boys,” the head teacher announced, “as you know, October is Crime Prevention Month. We are very
pleased to have with us today two crime fighters: Officer Kopp and his partner, Mr Chips."

A policeman in a dark blue uniform with patches on his sleeves came onstage. He was leading a brown puppy on a lead. The puppy had blue eyes, floppy ears and a shiny, wet nose. He was all legs, with huge puppy paws.

"Aw! So cute!" kids from the audience said all at once.

"I’m Officer Kopp, and this is Mr Chips," said the policeman. "Mr Chips is a chocolate Labrador. Labs are smart, friendly, dependable and good-natured. He likes to run, fetch and play ball. And he really likes kids."
Officer Kopp showed the kids how Mr Chips could chase after a ball and bring it back. Next, Mr Chips carried an egg in his mouth all the way across the stage without breaking it! The crowd went wild.

"Mr Chips is my best friend and my partner and the newest member of our K-9 team at the police department." Officer Kopp scratched the dog’s head and patted him on the back.

"This little guy is learning to be a police dog. He’s being trained to help us sniff out bad guys, search buildings and even locate stuff that’s been stolen. This guy’s sense of smell is so great that one day, Mr Chips might help us catch a bank robber or he could find a missing child."

"Mr Chips lives near my house," Jessica Finch bragged. "He wore a fancy collar in the Fourth of July parade, and I got to feed him dog treats!" It didn’t take a super-sleuth to figure out that Jessica Finch was Miss Know-It-All.

The audience clapped like crazy for Mr Chips.

"Does he eat bones?" a first-grader asked.

"Mr Chips eats mostly puppy food. And he likes doggie treats."

"Does he live at the police station?" a fourth-grader asked.

"Nope. I’m his handler, so he lives at home with me and my family."

"On my street!" Jessica Finch blurted.
Office Kopp called on Stink. "Does he ride in your police car?" Stink asked.

"Mr Chips likes riding in cars more than anything. Every morning, he barks at me, begging to go for a ride. It's like he's saying, 'Car! Car! Car! Car! Car!'"

 Officer Kopp stroked Mr Chips's ears. "Who's a car dog? You are. Oh yes, you are." Mr Chips gave Officer Kopp a giant slurp with his cherry-pink tongue.

The audience laughed. "And now I need some help from the audience," said Officer Kopp. "Anybody have an object they can bring up onstage? How about you, the young lady with the backpack?"

"Who? Me?" Judy asked, jumping up with a big smile.

"Yes. Bring your backpack up here, and let's give Mr Chips a whiff. Since he's at school today, we'll give him a test. A super-sniffing IQ test."

Judy climbed the steps to the stage. "This is my detective kit," she told Officer Kopp. "For solving mysteries."

"I like a person who's prepared for anything," said Officer Kopp, smiling. "Let's see if Mr Chips can solve a mystery, too. C'mon over and pet him. Then we'll let him sniff your backpack to pick up the scent."

Mr Chips sniffed Judy from head to toe, then he licked Judy's face all over with his pink slobbery tongue. Slurp, slurp.
"I hope you don't mind dog kisses," said Officer Kopp.

"Nope," said Judy. "They tickle!"

Next, Mr Chips sniffed Judy's backpack all over. Finally, Officer Kopp held the backpack up to Mr Chips's nose and gave him a voice command. "Find."

"OK, I'll take Mr Chips backstage now. That will give you a chance to hide your backpack. It's like a game of hide-and-seek. Ready?"

"Ready," said Judy.

Officer Kopp took Mr Chips behind the thick velvet curtain. "No peeking, Mr Chips!" Judy called over her shoulder.

Judy walked down the centre aisle, snaking through the first-graders. She cut through the row in front of the second-graders and hopped right over Stink's legs. Then she walked backwards all the way to the centre aisle.

"Hide it under Mr Todd's chair," yelled some third-graders. But Judy only walked around Mr Todd's chair, then zigzagged through the fourth- and fifth-graders.

"Behind the stands!" kids yelled.

"Hide it in the basketball hoop!"

"Rubbish bin! Rubbish bin!"

Finally, she stopped in front of the cupboard where the PE teacher kept all the gym balls, skipping ropes and orange cones. Judy checked to make sure Mr Chips wasn't watching. Quietly, she opened the door.
“Ooh-ee!” The cupboard was dusty and smelled like feet – Stink’s smelly trainers times ten. Judy pinched her nose. “This smells so bad it’s giving me a nose wedgie.”

The audience laughed like crazy.

In the cupboard sat a big wire basket loaded with footballs and basketballs, volleyballs and kickballs. Judy buried her backpack deep down in the middle of the pile of dusty, dirty balls. Judy shut the door silently behind her and returned to the stage.

Everybody hushed when Mr Chips came out from behind the curtain. The puppy led Officer Kopp down the side steps. Then he padded down the centre aisle, following Judy’s trail. He sniffed his way through the second grade, trotting up to Stink. He hopped over Stink’s legs and sped up the centre aisle.

When he got to Mr Todd’s chair, he ran in circles like crazy.

“He’s chasing his tail!” yelled Frank.

“Give him a chance,” somebody else yelled.

“C’mon, Mr Chips,” Judy coaxed. “You can do it.”

But Mr Chips had stopped in his tracks. He looked confused.

“Give him a minute,” said Officer Kopp. “It’s not over yet.”

Suddenly, Mr Chips raised his nose in the air. He sniffed left. He sniffed right.
Zoom! He shot off again, zigzagging his way through the fourth- and fifth-graders. At last, he came to the door of the cupboard.

"Arf! Arf! Arf-arf-arf," Mr Chips barked at the door. Officer Kopp opened the door. Mr Chips bounded in and knocked over the wire basket full of balls. Boing! Boing! Mr Chips pawed his way through the bouncing balls. In no time, he was trotting up to Officer Kopp, Judy's backpack hanging from his mouth.

The whole audience went cuckoo, clapping and cheering. "Good boy!" said Officer Kopp.

Mr Chips wagged his tail like crazy.

"Whoa." The crowd buzzed.

"How'd he do that?"

"Wow."

"It's magic."

Officer Kopp went back onstage with Mr Chips and took a bow. "Sergeant Super-Sniffer! The best partner a guy could have. Thanks, Virginia Dare School. You've been a great audience!"

Mr Chips hung out his tongue and wagged his windscreen-wiper tail. From where Judy sat, it almost looked as if Mr Chips was smiling.
The next day, and the day after that, all anybody could talk about at Virginia Dare School was Sergeant Super-Sniffer, aka Mr Chips.

Then, late Friday afternoon, something happened. Something big. Judy was smack-dab in the middle of an important case – Nancy Drew book No.15: The Haunted Bridge, that is – when the loudspeaker crackled. Judy jumped two metres and yelled “Yurp,” wrecking the silent in silent reading.

“Teachers and students,” said the head teacher over the intercom. “I have an important announcement to make. Officer Kopp called to alert us that Mr Chips has gone missing!” This was terrible news. Awful news. No-good, way-bad news. “The dog was last seen in the Bird Neck neighbourhood on Abigail Lane at seven this morning.”

“That’s close to where I live,” said Judy.

“That’s my street,” said Jessica Finch, pointing at herself.

“Since we all met Mr Chips just a few days ago and know what he looks like, Officer Kopp is asking us to please be on
the lookout. If any of you super-sleuths out there spot Mr Chips, call 1-800-MR-CHIPS right away. Thank you.”

Mr Chips was missing! Escaped! Lost! This was just about probably the worst announcement in the history of announcements at Virginia Dare School.

Wait just a Nancy Drew minute. She, Judy Moody, was smack-dab in the middle of a real-life, not-book mystery! A missing-persons case. A missing-puppy case, that is. For sure and absolute positive! In fact, this was almost like the time in Nancy Drew: Girl Detective, graphic novel No.6, when a chimp named Mr Cheeters, who was wearing a diamond necklace, went missing.

Maybe Mr Chips didn’t escape or get lost. Maybe, just maybe, Mr Chips was stolen! As in kidnapped. As in dognapped. Maybe, just maybe, Mr Chips had been wearing a fancy-schmancy diamond doggy collar and some bad guy with an eye patch or a tattoo or a snaggle tooth had wanted it!
While Judy hoped nothing bad had happened to Mr Chips, she couldn't help wishing for a mystery. A real-life Nancy Drew mystery. This was a case for Judy Moody, Girl Detective. Judy Drewdy!

**WWNDD? What Would Nancy Drew Do?**
She would take a deep breath and use her detective thinking, that's what. Judy wrote a note to all three members of the Toad Pee Club – Rocky, Frank and Stink.

When they got to the Toad Pee Clubhouse after school, it wasn’t the Toad Pee Clubhouse any more. It was the Judy Moody Detective Agency. That’s what the crooked sign duck-taped to the front tent flap said. Inside were a chair, a lamp and a poster that said **WANTED: STUMPY, SNIGGS AND SNORKY.**
"I brought binoculars," said Rocky.
"I brought snoopware," said Frank.
"You know, spy stuff. Telescope, sunglasses, fake noses and walkie-talkies."

"I brought ... my ... super-sniffer nose. For sniffing out clues," said Stink. "So what's the big mystery?"

"I think Mr Chips was stolen," said Judy. "Fact: Jessica Finch lives across the street from Mr Chips, and she told me at lunch that no way would he ever run away from Officer Kopp. Fact: Jessica Finch said that Mr Chips has a fancy collar. He wore it in the Fourth of July parade. Fact: Bad-guy burglars could have taken him to get their hands on his diamond doggy collar."

"Jessica Finch doesn't know everything," said Stink.
"Ya-huh. Why do you think we call her Miss Know-It-All?" said Frank.
"We should start at Officer Kopp's house. Scene of the crime," said Judy.
"But wait! First I have to swear you in."
"I'm not allowed to use swear words," said Stink.
"Stink, in Detective Land, that means you take a super-serious oath and promise to be a good assistant detective and help solve the mystery."

Judy handed a name-tag sticker to each boy. "Here, wear these on your shirts. Agent Stink. Agent Pearl. Agent Rock."
"I want to be Agent 714," said Stink.
"And can I be Agent Dragnet?" asked Frank.

"How come mine says Agent Rock, not Rocky?" asked Rocky.

"It sounds cooler," said Judy. She took out a set of dino-bug pins.

"Hey, those are my paleo-insect pins!" said Stink.

"Why do we have to wear these?" asked Agent Rock.

"Quit bugging me," said Judy, passing out the pins. "All detectives wear badges. These are your official badges."

"Can I be the stinkbug?" asked Stink. Judy handed Stink a yucky millipede.

"I said Agent Dragnet, not Agent Dragonfly," said Frank.

Rocky/Agent Rock pinned on the Jurassic beetle.

"Fine," said Judy. "I’ll be the cockroach."

"I know how we can make real badges," said Stink. "I saw it on television. First you take cardboard and cut out the shape of a shield. Then you glue silver foil—"

"Stink. This is no time for arts-and-crafts class."

"Fine," said Stink. "I’ll be the ladybird. But I’m going to pretend it’s a prehistoric stinkbug, and you can’t stop me."

"Raise your right hands and repeat after me," said Judy. "I, Agent Stink, Pearl or Rock..."

"I, Agent Stink, Pearl or Rock..."
"Do solemnly swear..."
"Do solemnly swear..."
"Even though I'm not allowed to swear," said Stink.
"That I will obey all detective laws..."
"That I will obey all detective laws..."
"And listen to Judy..."
"And listen to Judy..."

"Because she is the WBMS – World’s Best Mystery Solver..."
"Because she is the—"
"You said BM," said Stink. "You can't make me say BM."

Judy grinned. "Never mind." She put on her own cockroach badge and pointed down the street. "To the crime scene!"
Before you could say *Password to Larkspur Lane*, Judy and her two assistants (plus one stinky brother) were *knock-knocking* on Officer Kopp’s front door.

“I’ll do the talking,” said Judy, elbowing her way to the front. Officer Kopp came to the door in his blue jeans and sock feet. He was holding his phone in one hand and a stack of flyers in the other.

Judy started her speech. “Hi, we’re from Virginia Dare School—”

“These aren’t bug pins,” Stink interrupted. “They’re badges.”

Judy turned on Stink and gave him her best Hercules-beetle stare. “We heard about Mr Chips and we’re detectives and—”

“Detectives, huh?” said Officer Kopp.

“Where’s your uniform?” Frank asked, staring at Officer Kopp’s socks.

“We rushed right over as soon as we heard that Mr Chips had been stolen,” Rocky added.

“We don’t know that he’s been stolen,” said Officer Kopp. “Most likely he just escaped, though for the life of me, I can’t see how. But I sure am glad to see you guys.”

Judy stood up straighter. “You are?”

“Sure. I was hoping you kids might help put up flyers around town.” He held up flyers that said *LOST* in big letters and showed a cute picture of Mr Chips.
“We’ll put them up at Fur and Fangs,” said Rocky.

“And Speedy Market,” said Frank.

“And all over the whole entire town,” said Stink.

“Great!” said Officer Kopp.

Judy took out her notebook. “So Mr Chips was last seen where?”

“In the back garden this morning,” said Officer Kopp.


“When was this?”

“My wife let him out at around six thirty, I think. Then I filled his dish and put him in the kennel around seven. At seven forty-five, I went out to get him, and he was gone. And the food was still in his dish.”


“Poor Mr Chips,” said Frank.

“Can we see the kennel?” Judy asked. A good detective always took a look at the scene of the crime.

“Sure. Come around to the back,” said Officer Kopp. In his sock feet, he led them back to a tidy, fenced-in back garden. Along the side was a kennel, much bigger than a doghouse, made out of chain-link fencing.

Officer Kopp scratched the back of his head. “He’s never done anything like this before. The whole garden’s fenced, and the kennel is supposed to be escape-proof.”
The kennel door was latched with a U-shaped hook. “Was the latch open when you came out at seven forty-five?” Judy asked.

“That’s just it. The latch was still closed, and the door wasn’t open.”

Scribble. “Have you seen any suspicious characters lurking around?”

“Anybody with a name like Grumpy or Scurvy?” Stink asked.

“Not that I know of. This is a quiet neighbourhood.” Just then the phone rang from inside. “They’re patching calls through, and the phone’s been ringing off the wall. Maybe it’s a lead. ’Scuse me.” Officer Kopp trotted towards the house.
Judy tapped her pencil on her pad. "Fact: door is closed, latch down. Fact: dog food still in dish. If you were going to run away, wouldn't you finish your breakfast first?"

The boys nodded.

"Brilliant idea number sixty-seven," said Judy. "Get in the cage, Stink. We'll latch the door and see if you can break out."

"Is this a trick? Are you going to lock me in the kennel and run away?"

"This is not a trick. It's a real detective thing to act stuff out so you can figure out what happened. C'mon, Stinker, you took the oath."

Stink dragged his feet into the kennel, and Judy flipped the latch down. "Now act like a dog."

"I'm not gonna crawl around on all fours and pretend I'm a dog!"

"Dogs can't talk, Stink."

"Arf!" Stink got down on all fours and pawed at the air.

"Now bump up against the door of the kennel. Don't use your hands."
Stink bumped against the chain-link door. "Ow!" He rubbed his shoulder.

"See?" said Judy. "He can't open it. And he's much bigger than Mr Chips." She bent to the ground, looking for more clues with her pocket magnifying glass.

"Aha!" she shrieked so loudly that all three boys jumped.

"Did you see a bad guy?"

"Did you see a burglar?"

"Did you see a bear?"

"No, but I saw bad-guy-burglar boot prints the size of a bear. Look." She pointed to a patch of mud in front of the kennel door.

"They're probably just Officer Kopp's footprints," said Rocky.

"Or a bad guy like Stumpy or Snorky," said Judy.

"But they're gi-normous," said Stink. "As big as four footprints put together. Give me your ruler so I can measure them."

"I don't have a ruler," said Judy.

"That whole detective kit and no ruler?"

"In The Witch Tree Symbol, Nancy Drew used her skirt as a ruler."

"Then give me your skirt."

"Hardee-har-har, Stink."

"No way are these footprints human," said Frank.
“Maybe Mr Chips got eaten by a bear!” said Rocky.

“Or a yeti!” said Stink.

“The Abominable Snowman,” said Frank.

“Get real,” said Judy.

“There are more footprints over here,” said Stink. “These look more like trainers.”

“Stink, get a clue. Those are your prints,” said Judy.

Frank pointed at something caught on the fence. “Judy. Over here!”

“What have we here?” Judy asked.

“A clump of fur!”

“Could be from the dog,” said Agent Rock.

“Or a yeti,” said Agent Pearl.

“Move over. Let the Nose take a whiff.” Stink sniffed it and turned up his nose.

“It’s dog hair, all right. P.U.! Smells worse than a yeti.”

“When’s the last time you smelled a yeti?” Judy took out her tweezers and collected the dog-hair evidence in a plastic zip-top bag.

“So do you think Mr Chips brushed up against the fence when he was being dragged out by bad guys?” Frank asked.

“Dognappers!” Judy whispered.

“You think somebody stole Mr Chips? For real?” asked Rocky.

“Hello! Read the clues,” said Detective Judy. “One, Mr Chips didn’t even get
to finish his breakfast. Two, he can't open the latch on the door himself. And three, bad-guy big-foot boot prints are everywhere.”

"Burglars!" said Rocky.

"Thieves!" said Frank.

"Dog stealers!" said Stink.
She, Eagle-Eye-Moody, had found one clue after another, just like Nancy Drew. She had read the evidence. She was on her way to cracking the big case. All she had to do now was track down a couple of downright dirty dognappers with size sixteen stompers!

The next morning, Judy was already hard at work on the case by the time Stink woke up. She was sprawled on the floor with a rainbow of marker pens all around her.

“What’re you doing to Officer Kopp’s flyers?” Stink asked.

“Fixing them," said Judy, colouring in blue eyes on the picture of Mr Chips.

Stink tilted his head, reading upside
down. He was trying to figure out the words Judy had just added. "Have you seen this goo?"

"Have you seen this dog?"

"Oh. Your D looks like an O."

"Stink, a good detective can read backwards and upside down." Judy coloured in a black letter R.

"Drawer?" Stink asked, squinching up his face.

"Reward!" said Judy. "We have to offer big bucks so that anyone who has seen Mr Chips or has any information on his whereabouts will call the police. Rule Number One of being a good detective is don't be afraid to ask for help."
“You mean Rule Number One Gazillion!” said Stink. “So, whoever finds Mr Chips gets a reward, not a drawer?”

“Yep.”

“So if I find him,” Stink asked, “I get the money?”

Judy ignored him. She wrote $23.80.

“Whoa,” said Stink. “Twenty-three dollars and eighty cents. That’s a lot of money. How’d you come up with $23.80?”

“That’s all you had in your piggy bank, Stink.”

“You broke my bank?” Stink ran into his room and grabbed his piggy bank. “That’s weird. My bank’s not broken... And the lock is still on,” he said. He put the piggy bank up to his ear and shook it. Empty.

“The Mystery of the Missing Money,” said Judy.

“You picked the lock! With one of those Nancy Drew kirby grip thingies.”

“You can’t prove it, Stink.”

“No fair! You can’t just keep taking my stuff. First it was my president dollars, then my dino-bug pins. Now this. That’s called stealing. It makes you just as bad as Snarky, Snuffy and Stingy – those Nancy Drew bad guys.”

“For your information, it’s Snorky, Sniggs and Stumpy.”

“Whatever. It’s still my money.”

“Well, you stole a whole bag of my
gummy mice. Just think, Stink. If you find Mr Chips, you can win back your money."

"But that money's already mine! I shouldn't have to win it back."

"It's for a good cause," Judy reminded him. "If you ask me, that lock was just asking to be picked."

"Give it!" said Stink, holding out his hand.

"ROAR," said Judy, handing over the money. Now she had to think of something else to offer as a reward. Something good. Something anybody would want a whole big bunch. She looked around her room at her collections. At last she had an idea.

Before you could say *Sign of the Twisted Candles*, Judy and Stink, with tyres full of air, were speeding their way to Speedy
Market to put up flyers. Judy’s old turquoise bike wasn’t exactly a Nancy Drew blue roadster convertible. But the wind did whip her messy hair around, and the October sun warmed her cheeks.

Judy and Stink met Rocky and Frank outside the supermarket.

“We already hit Fur and Fangs and Screamin’ Mimi’s,” said Frank.

“And the bakery, the bowling alley and the birthday party store,” said Rocky.

“Rare!” said Judy.

Inside Speedy Market, tons of people and a reporter and lights and cameras were crowded around, and the store manager was talking to a cop. Not just any cop. Officer Kopp!

“I’m not kidding you,” Mr Keene, the manager, told Officer Kopp. “That little guy headed straight for the pet food aisle like nobody’s business. Crazy pup grabbed a bone worth $2.79. I yelled, ‘Drop it!’ Did he drop it? No, sirree. He ran straight out of the front door before anybody could catch him.”

“Sorry about the bone, Mike,” said Officer Kopp. “I’ll pay you back.”

“That’s one smart pup. How he knew which aisle had the dog treats…”

“Is that all the suspect seems to have taken?” asked a lady reporter.

“Suspect? He’s a dog, for crying out loud,” said Mr Keene.

“Did you get a look at the shoplifter?”
“Yeah,” said Mr Keene. “Brown and hairy.” He turned to Officer Kopp. “I guess you could say instead of taking a bite out of crime, he took a bite into crime.”

The reporter turned to the camera and spoke into her puffy microphone. “A thief remains at large after a daring heist in the pet food aisle of the local Speedy Market,” she said. “You might say the four-legged man’s best friend was too speedy for this market manager.” She fake-smiled at the camera. “Cut!”

Judy followed Officer Kopp out of the store. “Do they think it was Mr Chips?” she asked.

“All anybody saw was a streak of brown and a tail, but it must have been him. Keep looking!” Officer Kopp called as he hopped into his police car and headed out of the car park, lights flashing.

Judy and her best chums (the Nancy Drew word for friends) searched all over the car park of Speedy Market – under cars, behind a tree, in the bins. They asked every shopper they saw, “Did you happen to see a little brown puppy with big paws?” But the answer was always no. Until ... a lady with funny glasses pointed to the back corner of the car park. “Those men in that van had a dog.”

“Where? What van?” asked Judy, snapping her head around.

“Was he brown?”
"Was he cute?"
"Was he Mr Chips?"

Just then, a dark green van peeled out, tearing through the car park, tyres squealing. Judy and her friends jumped out of the way. The van swerved out of the car park without stopping.

"Stop! Thief!" Judy yelled, but the van sped off down the street before she could make out the letters on the number plate.

"Did you see that? It has to be them—the bad-guy dognappers!" Judy was breathing fast and pointing down the street. "This is SO just like Nancy Drew mystery No.1: The Secret of the Old Clock."

"How is this like some old clock?" Rocky asked.

"C'mon, guys. You read the book."

"No, we didn’t," all three boys said at the same time.

"First of all, there’s a dark van. Second of all, there’s this girl named Judy. She’s trying to cross the street and she almost
gets hit by a moving van and she falls off a bridge and Nancy Drew has to rescue her and it turns out the bad-guy jewel thieves stole an old clock and stuff."

"I thought you said the jewel thieves were in The Mystery of the Brass Bound Trunk," said Stink.

"And The Mystery at Lilac Inn and The Ghost of Blackwood Hall and—"

"Wow, Nancy Drew must have more jewels than the Queen of England!"

"She doesn’t get to keep them, Stink." Judy took out her notebook. "So, did anybody see anything? Like a number plate?"

"The first three letters were K-G-B," said Rocky.

"K-F-C," said Frank.

"K-L-F," said Stink. "Or E-L-F."

"Great," said Judy, putting her pencil behind her ear. "So we know who took Mr Chips. Some secret bad guys who eat chicken and look like elves."

"I think one guy did have pointy ears," said Stink.

"ROAR," said Judy. "What about the van? Did it say anything on it?"

"Flush 'n' Flo?" said Stink.

"Push and Go," said Rocky.

"Flash and Glo," said Frank.

"Toilet emergency!" said Stink.

"Stink, not now."

"It had the words Toilet Emergency on the side. I saw. For real. No lie."
“Stink’s right,” said Frank.
Judy chewed on the end of her pencil.
“Toilet emergency. Flush ’n’ Flo. So they must be like those guys that fix toilets and stuff. RARE!”
“The super-bad guys are plumbers?” Frank asked.
“That’s just their cover,” Judy explained. “Everybody knows that international jewel thieves can’t ride around in a van that says Jewel Thieves.”
“The phone number was like 1-800-UN-DOG,” said Rocky.
“‘UN-DOG?’” said Judy. “Are you sure it didn’t say ‘UN-CLOG?’”
“1-800-UNDER-DOG!” said Stink.
“Great,” said Judy. “Let’s all take an Underdog Super Energy Pill and find a phone box and change into super-heroes. Then we’ll find Mr Chips.”
“Hip, hip, hip and away we go!” yelled Stink.
“I know,” said Frank. “Let’s stake out the supermarket till they come back.”
“Yeah, we know Mr Chips is hungry, right?”
“Yeah, ’cos why else would a cop dog steal a dog bone?” Frank said.
“I can’t believe Mr Chips is a shop-lifter,” said Rocky.
“I don’t think Mr Chips is the thief,” said Judy. “I bet these guys are so bad, they’re not even feeding him, so poor Mr Chips has to steal his own food!”
"He’s still gonna have to arrest himself for breaking the law.” Frank cracked himself up. Rocky and Stink cracked up, too.

“This isn’t helping us find Mr Chips,” said Judy.

“Rule Number One,” said Stink. “A good detective always keeps a sense of humour.”

The rest of Saturday, and all day Sunday, Judy and her fellow junior detectives biked all over the neighbourhood in search of a dark green van. They saw black vans, blue vans, brown vans, maroon vans, but not one single green van with Toilet Emergency written on its side and driven by chicken-eating guys with pointy ears.

On Monday morning, she, Judy
Moody, was in a mood. A why-can’t-I-solve-a-mystery mood. Then came a clue, when she least expected it.

Judy was doodling paw prints with her Grouchy pencil through Mr Todd’s talk about Healthy Habits when out of the blue, the head teacher came on the loud-speaker and said three magic words.

“Girls and boys, I’m afraid we have a bit of toilet trouble in the third-fourth wing. We had an emergency this morning when a pipe burst and flooded the girls’ bathroom. The plumbers are here to fix the problem, but we ask that you use the bathrooms by the library until further notice.”

Toilet! Emergency! Plumbers! Those three words were music to Judy’s ears.

She craned her neck to look out into the car park. That’s when she saw it: a dark green van, parked right across from the entrance to the school!

Judy took out her notebook and wrote SOS in red lipstick. She held it up for Frank and Rocky to see. Her hand shot up. “Mr Todd, I have to go. Badly. And Rocky and Frank have to go, too.” The whole class cracked up. Frank turned beetroot-red. “To the bathroom, I mean.”

Jessica Finch raised her hand. “Mayday! Mayday! I have to go, too.” Jessica Finch was just being a big fat copycat. What a Fink-Face.

“Tell you what,” said Mr Todd. “Let’s all take a quick toilet break.”
Eagle-Eye Moody was back on the case.

Judy, Rocky and Frank rushed out the door and down the hall. They did not head for the bathroom by the library. They headed straight for the girls' room with the busted toilet. On their way, they ran smack-dab into Agent Stink.

"Stink, the girls' bathroom is broken and the bad-guy plumbers are here fixing it. No lie!" Judy told him.

"Judy saw the van parked outside," said Frank. "It's green, just like the one at Speedy Market."

"Mr Chips could be right here right now!" said Rocky.

"This is big, Stink. And we only have five minutes. Be our lookout while we check out the bathroom."

"What? You can't go in there. There might be exploding toilets! Or bad guys! They could tie you up. Or give you a major flushie or something."

"A flushie?" asked Judy.

"That's when they stick your head in the toilet ... and flush!" Frank whispered.

"Rule Number One, Stink: don't be afraid of flushies." Judy reached in her pocket and pulled out her SOS lipstick. "If anything happens, I'll write SOS on the mirror. Besides, I've got backup. Agent Rock and Agent Pearl are going in with me."

"I'm not going in the girls' room,"
Rocky and Frank said at the same time.

"We've got to," said Judy. "For Mr Chips!"

"Hurry up," said Stink, glancing up and down the hall. "Just yell 'Toilet paper' if you get into trouble."

Judy ducked under the yellow DO NOT CROSS tape. Her heart was beating in her throat as she tiptoed inside. Rocky and Frank followed close behind.

"Hey, it's pink!" Rocky whispered.

"And the girls have soap," said Frank.

"Shh!" said Judy. The place was quiet. Too quiet. A door from one of the stalls leaned against the sink. "Who's there?" she asked, holding her breath. She held out her Grouchy pencil for protection.
She inched closer to the far end of the bathroom and poked her head around the corner of the last stall.

“AAAGH!” screamed Judy. Rocky and Frank jumped back.

“What! Nobody’s in here,” said Rocky.
“I know. But I had a scream in me, all ready to come out.”

“Toilet paper! Toilet paper!” Stink yelled, rushing into the girls’ room.

“False alarm, Stink,” said Frank. “They’re not even here.”

“No, but they were here,” said Judy, pointing to tools left on the floor.

“Maybe they flushed themselves down the toilet!” said Stink.

“Stink, you have flushies on the brain.”

Frank picked up a piece of old pipe. “The plumber did it, with the pipe, in the pink room. It’s like that game, Cluedo.”

“Maybe they’re phantom plumbers,” said Stink. “Like that phantom horse in Nancy Drew No.5: The Secret of Shadow Ranch.”

Judy blinked. “Nice work, Agent Stinkbug. How’d you know that?”

“Um, you told me.” Judy shook her head. “I, um, might have seen it on Sophie of the Elves’s desk, and I might have just happened to take a peek.”

“Phantom or not, they were here,” said Rocky. “And where there are fake plumbers with a green van, Mr Chips can’t be far behind.”
“For sure and absolute positive,” said Judy.

“Check this out,” said Frank. He held up a piece of old rope. One end was tied in a knot, and the other was frayed. “Evidence!”

Stink sniffed the rope. “It smells doggy, all right. The Nose knows.”

“Poor Mr Chips,” said Frank.

“We’re getting warmer. I can feel it,” said Judy. “I’d bet my mood ring they keep Mr Chips tied up with this rope while they fake like they’re fixing toilets.”

“But where are they now?” Rocky asked.

Judy twisted the SOS lipstick, her detective brain spinning round and round. “I’ve got it.” She snapped her fingers. “They left in a big fat hurry because they know we know.”

“How do you know they know we know?” asked Frank.

“I don’t know. Call it a Nancy Drew hunch. I just know they know we know.”

“I know my head hurts,” said Stink.

“We’d better hurry up and get out of here,” said Frank.

“Before Fink-Face tattles on us,” said Judy.

“It’s early dismissal today,” said Rocky, checking his watch. “Only twelve minutes before school’s out.”

“Hey, you guys have soap in your
bathroom? Pink soap?” Stink asked.

“Since when is everyone I know such a clean freak?” Judy asked.

All four kids made a beeline for the door. They passed Ms Tuxedo in the hall. “Did you see which way the plumbers went?” Judy and her fellow detectives asked at the same time. “Did they have pointy ears? Did you hear a dog barking?”

“You kids had better get back to class,” said Ms Tuxedo. “The bell’s about to ring any minute now.”

For the last twelve minutes of the school day, Judy Moody had ants in her pants. Bees in her knees. Bug eggs in her legs. Who could sit still when the green van might be back any minute?

Scoo-bee-doo, Nancy Drew! An international ring of thieves, right here at Virginia Dare School! With Judy Drewdy and her crack detectives on the case, those thieves’ dognapping days were numbered.

At last the bell rang. Judy raced to the car park. Still no green van in sight. “All aboard,” yelled the bus driver. Judy waited till the last possible second. Still no van. She hopped on the bus. The doors whooshed shut as the bus pulled out of the car park. Judy pressed her nose to the window of Bus 211.

There it was! A green van! A green van that said WE FIX TOILETS AND OTHER PLUMBING EMERGENCIES. A green van
that said call 1-555-UNCLOG-U on the side.

That was it! It was them! Stink and Rocky saw it, too.

“STOP!” cried Judy. “Stop the bus!”

The bus driver could not stop for one kid with a not-toilet emergency. The bus driver would not stop for a solve-a-mystery emergency. The bus driver had a way-big important schedule to keep.

Judy took out her Nancy Drew lipstick and wrote SOS on the back window of the school bus.

The bus driver still would not let Judy off the bus. The bus driver told Judy to sit down. The bus driver did not know that in that van might be Mr Chips.
From the back of the bus, Judy watched the green van disappear until it was no bigger than a bug. The wheels on the bus went round and round. Judy’s detective heart went pound, pound, pound. What if Mr Chips was never, ever, ever found?

“I’ll find you, Mr Chips. Don’t you worry,” she whispered to nobody but herself and the universe.

The Secret of the Suspicious Sandwich

After school, Judy was sitting on her bed, chewing a pencil, trying to think of a plan. A green van plan. All of a sudden, she heard strange sounds coming from the bathroom. Splishing sounds. Splashing sounds. Flushing sounds. Gushing sounds.

Was Stink giving Astro, his guinea pig, a bubble bath? Taking Toady surfing in the tub? She climbed down from her top
bunk to investigate. Mouse followed her.

“Stink, who’s in the ba—?” But Stink wasn’t in the bath. Stink was stuffing stuff down the toilet! The Hulk, Iron Man, a rubber ducky and Mouse’s squeaky toy. He poked it with his plastic lightsaber. *Wheek! Wheek! Wheek-wheek-wheek!* Mouse jumped up on the toilet to see.

Judy peered into the toilet bowl. It was swimming with dead goldfish. The cracker kind, that is. “Stink, what are you doing? Playing Superhero Tsunami in the toilet?”

“Duh,” said Stink. “What’s it look like? I’m overflowing the toilet. Then we’ll have a toilet emergency, and we’ll have to call a plumber. The bad guys in the green van will come right to our house. We’ll flush ’em out and rescue Mr Chips! Get it?”

“Genius!” said Judy. Just then, Stink flushed the toilet. *Spew!* Water sprayed up out of the toilet in a geyser and gushed all over the floor. Judy leaped out of the way. Mouse sprang on to the rim of the bath.

“Toilet emergency! Toilet emergency!” Stink yelled.

Mum and Dad came running up the stairs. “Judy,” said Mum, “if this is another one of your Boston Tub Parties—”

“Stink did it!” said Judy, pointing at her brother.
“Mouse did it!” said Stink, pointing at the cat.

“Out of the way, Stink, so I can turn off the water,” said Dad, reaching behind the toilet.

“We have to call a plumber!” said Stink.

Judy tried to help. “We should call those guys Flush and Flo, or Push and Go, or Flash and Glo. The guys in the green van.”

Mum put on rubber gloves. She pulled Darth Vader out of the toilet. “We’re not calling a plumber. Plumbers are very expensive.”

Dad plunged the toilet until the water went down.
“I don’t know what you two were up to,” said Dad, “but you kids are going to clean up this mess.”

Mum handed her rubber gloves to Judy.

“Grab a bucket, Suds,” said Judy. “I’ll get the mop, and we’ll clean up the scene of the crime.” So much for the Judy Moody Detective Agency. It was more like the Mop and Bucket Brigade.

As soon as the bathroom was sparkling clean, Judy and Stink ran outside to meet Rocky and Frank at the old manhole. “Somebody in this neighbourhood has got to have a broken toilet for real,” said Stink.

“Let’s knock on doors and ask,” said Judy. “But if anybody wants your name, use a fake one, just in case. In The Thirteenth Pearl, Nancy Drew uses the alias Nan Drewry.”

“I’ll be James Madison. Judy, you be Elizabeth Blackwell.”

“Duh. Everybody knows we’re not them,” said Judy.

“OK, then I’ll be James Madagascar,” said Stink.

“I’ll be Liz Inkwell.”

“Spuds Houdini,” said Rocky.

“Dills Pickle,” said Frank.

Liz Inkwell rang bells. Dills Pickle knocked on doors. They asked, “Is your toilet broken?” But not one single house
in the whole entire state of Virginia, it seemed, had a broken toilet. Not even a stopped-up sink or a semi-flooded basement.

“We’ll never find Mr Chips,” said Liz Inkwell. “Nancy Drew would have found him three days ago. First, she would have been kidnapped, bound and gagged, and thrown in a river. But by now she’d be at the River Heights Police Station collecting a big, fat medal.”


“You’re right, Stink. A good detective always keeps her spirits up.”

Judy shook herself to shake off her bad mood. “Eureka! I’ve got it! If those thieves know we’re on to them, maybe they’re not pretending to be plumbers any more.”

“A dognapper could pretend to look like anybody,” said Rocky.


“How about a postman?” asked Frank, pointing across the street.

“Hey, it’s Jack Frost!” said Stink as they ran towards his post van. “Is your toilet broken, by any chance?”

“Have you seen a green van around here?” Frank asked.

“How about any cute, brown and hairy dogs?” Judy asked.
“Who answer to the name of Mr Chips?” asked Stink.

“Or any sneaky bad guys who look like plumbers?” Frank asked.

“Or any old ladies or clowns who look like sneaky bad guys?” Rocky asked.

“One question at a time! Let’s see...” Jack Frost scratched his beard. “I did see Mildred Benson’s Chihuahua. But he’s not cute. And he’s not hairy. I haven’t seen any green vans, just two white cable TV trucks. No suspicious old ladies today. And not one single clown.”

“Roar,” said Judy.

“But there is one thing that’s strange. Might be a mystery.”

“What? What?” they all said at once.

“What is it? Tell us!”

Jack Frost held up an empty sandwich bag. “I packed a lunch this morning and put it in the van. But when I got back to the van at lunchtime after walking my route, my food was missing.”

“Strange,” said Stink.

“Weird,” said Rocky and Frank.

“Interesting,” said Judy. She peered closely at the plastic bag. She held it up to the light. “Was it a corned beef sandwich?”

“Yes. Yes, it was.”

“Did your corned beef sandwich have mustard?”

“Yes. Yes, it did,” said Jack Frost.

“How did you know that?” asked Rocky.
She pointed with her Grouchy pencil. “There’s a mustard fingerprint right here. And I can smell the corned beef.”

“So it was Colonel Mustard, with the corned beef sandwich, in the post van!”

“Or,” said Stink, “maybe a koala ate the corned beef sandwich.”


“Fact,” said Stink. “Koalas are one of the only animals with fingerprints. And a koala’s fingerprint looks almost exactly like a human’s.”

“I didn’t see a single koala in the kitchen while I was making the sandwich, so I guess that mustard print is mine,” said Jack Frost.
“So the fingerprint is just a red herring,” Judy said.

“What’s a red herring?” asked Stink.

“A P.U. stinky fish,” said Rocky.

“No, a false clue,” Judy told them. “To throw us off. That means... Hypers! The missing corned beef sandwich is the clue, not the mustard fingerprint. We’re lucky we stumbled on it, just like Nancy Drew in *The Clue in the Crumbling Wall*.”

“But how is the corned beef sandwich a clue if it’s missing?”

“Don’t you get it? The bad guys are training Mr Chips to steal stuff. You saw how smart he was at school that day. First it was my backpack. Then it was a dog bone; now it’s people food. Think what could be next. Diamonds? Jewels? Or will they train him to rob a bank?”

“Oh no,” said Frank. “Mr Chips is turning into a jewel thief.”

“Or a bank robber,” said Rocky.

“Or a clock stealer,” said Stink. “Like in Judy’s book.”

“Sounds like your Mr Chips has gone over to the dark side,” said Jack Frost, opening up the back of his post van. It was heaped with bags full of post.

“Yeah, we’ll have to call him Mr Darth Vader Chips,” said Frank.

Suddenly, she, Judy Moody, could not believe her eagle eyes! In the back of the post van, she spied a bunch of magazines tied up with rope. Rope exactly like the
rope the plumbers had. Rope that could be used to tie up Mr Chips! Jack Frost, fake postman, with the rope, in the post van!

"Who is this Mr Chips, anyway?" asked Jack Frost. "Some kind of canine criminal?"

"Like you don't know," Judy muttered. Then, louder, "Where'd you get this rope? Do you like dogs? Did you really lose your corned beef sandwich? You say that was your fingerprint? Are all those post bags really for post?" Pow. Pow. Pow. Judy fired detective questions at her new suspect.

Stink yanked on her arm and pulled her to the other side of the street. "Are you cuckoo?" he whispered. "Why are you being such a meanie to Jack Frost?"

"Rule Number One, Stink: everyone's a suspect. Didn't you see that rope he had in the back of his post van? It's just like the rope used to tie up Mr Chips. Admit it, Stinker, Jack Frost could be working with the dognappers. He could be part of a ring of international jewel thieves!"

"Hel-lo! Jack Frost is not a thief," said Stink. "He's a postman. And he's my friend. Look at him – he looks like Santa Claus."

"That's just it," said Judy. "Anybody can be a bad guy. Even Santa Claus. Think about it, Stink. One – a postman always carries dog treats. He could be helping the
bad guys train Mr Chips to sniff out the loot for stealing. Two – he knows when people go on holiday, so he could case the neighbourhood and tip off the bad guys when people aren’t home. And three – what’s the perfect place to hide loot like diamonds? A postbag. Pretty soon, nobody will get any post, and there won’t be any jewels left in the whole state of Virginia. I rest my case.”


“Before you quit,” said Judy, “go and ask Jack Frost where he got that rope.”

Stink crossed his arms. He uncrossed his arms. He walked over to Jack Frost. Judy came along behind him. He asked about the magazines tied up with rope.

“Oh, I’m just helping out Mrs Stratemeyer down the street. She’s old and can’t get out, so she bundles up her used magazines and I recycle them for her.”

“Aha! So you did see an old lady today,” said Judy. *Liar, liar, pants on fire.*

“Sure,” said Jack Frost. “Well, the post won’t deliver itself.” Jack Frost hopped
back into the van and started it up. “Let me know if you find that sandwich!” he called.

“See?” said Stink. “The rope is just one of those stinky red fish.”

“Red herring,” said Rocky and Frank at the same time.

“Herring, schmerring. I rest my case,” said Judy. Just then she realized that the post van had started off down the street. “Wait! What was that old lady’s name? How do you spell it? And what street does she live on?”

But it was too late. Jack Frost’s rear lights were already turning the corner.

The next day, she, Judy Moody, was in a mood. An UN-detective mood. A bummed-out, not-Nancy-Drew mood. Not one clue so far had led to finding Mr Chips. Nancy Drew made it all look so easy-peasy even if she was in an avalanche or being strangled by a python. But what if Judy Moody, Girl Detective, never cracked the case? What if Mr Chips never made it home?
Mystery UNsolved. Judy wondered if Nancy Drew ever had an unsolved case. She didn’t think so. Rule Number One: never give up!

Judy sat at the third-grade lunch table. In between bites of peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich, she made a list of suspects in her detective notebook:

Plumbers in green van
Jack Frost?
Jessica Finch (HA, HA, [I WISH!])
Old Lady, begins with an S

The trail had gone cold. The green van had been at school again this morning, but it was gone by lunch. The toilet in the girls’ bathroom was fixed. And Jack Frost was just delivering post, like he did every day. Even old Mrs S was probably just some nice old lady like Mrs Abby Rowen in Nancy Drew No.1: The Secret of the Old Clock. Some nice lady who liked to recycle.

Judy was miles away when she heard Jessica Finch bark from across the table, “Hey, my lunch! Somebody … Judy Moody stole my lunch for real this time!”

“Me too!” said Matthew.

“Me three!” said Jordan. The whole third-grade lunch table stared at Judy with goggly eyes.
Judy popped up out of her chair and peered into Jessica's pink piggy lunch box. "Was it a corned beef sandwich?" she asked.

"Fail. Guess again," said Jessica.

"Did you have a corned beef sandwich?" Judy asked Matthew.

"Nope."

"Did you have a corned beef sandwich?" Judy asked Jordan.

Jordan shook her head no. "But somebody spilled my salad everywhere."

"Somebody smushed my hummus sandwich," said Matthew.

"And somebody spilled all the apples out of my Apple Curry Turkey Pita!" Jessica Finch squeaked.
“What are you guys? The Health-Nut Lunch Club or something?”

Jessica looked at Matthew and Jordan. “We’re the Tofu Triplets.” Jessica was so not kidding.

Judy laughed, and milk sprayed out her nose.

“We bring healthy stuff for our lunches and share. Today I brought an organic chocolate-chip cookie for everybody,” said Jessica. “And now mine is G-O-N-E, gone! All that’s left are a few lousy crumbs.”

“That’s the way the cookie crumbles,” Judy teased.

“Mine’s gone, too,” said Matthew.

“Me three,” said Jordan.

“And we know who stole them.” All three of the Tofu Triplets pointed at Judy Moody. “Give us back our cookies, you crummy cookie crook!”

“Crumbs to that. Why would I steal a chocolate-chip cookie when I have my own right he—” She lifted up her sandwich. She searched under her napkin. “Aye-crumba! Somebody stole my cookie, too.” Something strange was going on at Virginia Dare School. And getting stranger by the minute.

“Jessica, did you have your lunch box with you at all times today?”

“Some detective,” said Jessica. “Mr Todd told us to drop our lunches out here before going to the library, remember?
"Jeepers! I think I've got it!" Judy cried. All she needed now was one more clue. One more piece to solve the puzzle and crack this case wide open. And that clue could only come from one person—postman Jack Frost.

The rest of the day, Judy Moody was on double-triple pins and needles. As soon as the bus dropped her off, she raced down the street to find Jack Frost.

"Hi, Jack Frost!" Judy called.

"So we're friends again?" Jack Frost teased.

"Chums," said Judy, nodding. "One question."

"Shoot," said Jack Frost.

"OK, think back to yesterday. Was

Anybody could have got into them."

"I bet it was a fifth-grader," said Jordan.

*Wait just a Nancy Drew minute.* Was the green van back at school again? Were the bad guys training Mr Chips to steal chocolate-chip cookies now? But why? Maybe the cookies were just practice. Part of Mr Chips's training. Today they were teaching him to sniff out chocolate-chip cookies. Tomorrow—diamonds and jewels and stuff?

Nancy Drew was always vexed by her cases. Judy Moody was vexed and perplexed. Which was just a fancy-Nancy way of saying *stumped*.

Or was she?
there anything else, anything in your lunch besides a corned beef sandwich?" Judy had her pad and pencil ready.

Jack Frost scratched his head. Jack Frost stroked his beard. "Well, let's see. There was a carrot..."

"Uh-huh, uh-huh. What else? What else?"

"A box of raisins..."

"AND?"

"Oh, yes. A super-scrumptious, ooey-gooey chocolate-chip cookie. I had my heart set on it, but all that was left were crumbs."

"Holy jeepers!" Judy screeched. At last, she, Judy Moody, had a break in the case. She knew just how Nancy Drew felt when she cracked the secret code, "Blue bells will be singing horses," in *Password to Larkspur Lane*. 

![Image of food items]
Judy raced home to bake cookies. Before you could say I-spy-with-my-little-eye, flour was flying and butter was becoming batter.

"Do I smell chocolate-chip cookie dough?" Stink asked, peering into the bowl. "Sweet! Can I help?"

"Yeah, you can help by not eating all the chocolate chips. These are super-important detective cookies."
"Then the bad guys will come running after Mr Chips to catch him?"

"Right into Officer Kopp's arms," said Judy.

"Genius!" Stink said. Stink turned on the fan.

In no time, Judy and Stink heard a noise outside. They went running to the front door. It was Rocky and Frank.

"We thought you were Mr Chips!" said Judy. She explained her Master Catch-a-Thief Cookie Plan.

"How do you know it'll work?" asked Rocky.

"It worked on you, didn't it?" Judy said with a grin. "Time to call 1-800-MR-CHIPS and tell Officer Kopp to come quick if he
wants to catch some bad guys."

"And tell him to bring backup," said Agent Pearl. "Just in case."

Phase Two: Judy piled a mountain of hot-out-of-the-oven cookies on a plate. Rocky and Frank took some and made a trail of cookie crumbs leading down the pavement, around the corner, across the driveway and right up to the tent.

"If we don't catch Mr Chips, at least we'll catch a bunch of ants," said Stink. Stink always had ant farms on the brain.

"Stink, we'll hide in the tent with the rest of the cookies and wait for Mr Chips. You take Frank's walkie-talkie and hide in the bushes at the front. If you see the green van, call us and say 'Chips ahoy!' That's the secret code."

"Cool beans," said Stink. "Wait a sec. Not fair. How come you guys get to be in the tent with cookies, and I have to be in the bushes all by myself without cookies?"

Judy held up the other walkie-talkie.
"You can talkie to us any time you feel lonely."

Stink grabbed two cookies.
"Hey!" Judy barked. "Give those back."

"Rule Number One: never solve a crime on an empty stomach."
The Master Catch-a-Thief Cookie Trap was set. Now all they had to do was wait.

"Breaker, breaker, this is Adam-12," said Stink. "Do you copy me? We’ve got a possible Beetle Bailey."

"Huh?"

"It’s a green VW Bug," said Stink.

"A Bug is not a van, Stink."

They watched and waited, waited and watched some more.

"Breaker, breaker," said Stink. "Come in, breaker. You read me?"

"Roger that," said Judy.

"Rocky’s mum is taking out the rubbish. Over."

"Oops, I was supposed to do that," said Rocky.

"A what?" Frank asked Judy.

"S-Q-U-I-R-E-L. I think he might mean squirrel. Learn to spell, Stink."

They waited some more.


"Repeat. Did you say burglar?"

"It's just a cat."

"No green van?"

"Negative on the van. Just a crow picking at some leftover pizza on the road."

"So we just sit here?" asked Frank.

"My butt's asleep," said Rocky.

"Stakeouts are boring," Stink said over the walkie-talkie.

"NOT," said Judy. "This is as exciting as one time in The Mystery of the Moss-Covered Mansion when Nancy Drew chased a wild leopard and trapped him in the garage with a calm-down pill hidden inside a piece of meat."

"Chips ahoy! Chips ahoy!" crackled Stink. "Movement in bushes across the street. I think I see something furry."

Judy sat up, on alert. Frank and Rocky peered out of the tent flap.

"Negative. Scratch that. Just the cat burglar again."

Still more waiting.
“Chips ahoy!” Stink called again.
“Got your ears on? I think I see a tail.”
“A doggy tail?”
Q-as-in—”

“Stink, you have the right to remain silent,” said Judy.
“Chips ahoy!” hissed Stink. “CHIPS AHOY!”
“He’s like the boy who cried chips ahoy,” said Frank.

“No way are we falling for that again.” Just then, Judy heard a new sound. A sniffing, snuffling sound. A panting, pawing sound.

Is it? Was it? Could it be?
All three faces peered out of the front tent flap.

Holy jeepers! MR CHIPS!
Judy held out a cookie. “Good boy!
Come here, Mr Chips.”

In one leap, Mr Chips jumped right into the tent and on top of Judy, knocking her over. Cookies went flying. Mr Chips’s tail was wagging five miles a minute. Judy hugged that wiggling ball of fur and kissed that puppy on his wet nose.
“Mr Chips!” said Rocky and Frank. “Who’s a good boy? You are. Oh yes, you are!” Mr Chips rolled over, paws in the air. They tickled his tummy.

“Chips ahoy! Chips ahoy!” Stink was still yelling. “Come in, breaker. Do you read?” Finally, he came rushing into the tent, where the little brown furball was licking Judy, Rocky and Frank from head to toe.

“Told you!” Stink cried.

“Where’d you go, boy?” Rocky asked in between doggy kisses. “I wish you could tell us where you’ve been.”

“You’re safe from the bad guys now, Mr Chips,” said Frank. “You didn’t see the green van, did you, Stink?”
“Nope. Not even a piece of rope or a bite of corned beef sandwich.”

“How’d you break away from those bad guys?” Judy asked. “Who’s a smart doggy? You are.”

“Breaker 1-9. We’ve got a bear coming. With a gumball machine.”

“Stakeout’s over, Stink. You can talk normally now,” said Judy. Just then, she saw the black-and-white car that had pulled into the driveway, lights flashing.

“Officer Kopp!” she cried as he crossed the garden. “Look who we found!”

“Where did you get off to, boy?” Officer Kopp asked, snapping a lead on the puppy. Mr Chips leaped into Officer Kopp’s arms, wagging his tail and licking him like he hadn’t seen him in a year.

After all the How-Did-You’s and Where-Have-You-Been’s and Don’t-Ever’s, Officer Kopp asked, “So, how’d you find this guy?”

“Easy-peasy, lemon-squeezy,” said Judy. “We set a chocolate-chip cookie trap.”

“Good idea,” said Officer Kopp.

“So did you bring backup?” Stink asked. “To catch the bad guys in the green van?”

“Yeah, we were on to them the day Mr Chips stole the dog bone from Speedy Market,” said Frank.

“At first, we thought they were dog-nappers,” said Judy.

“Yeah, like they took Mr Chips for reward money,” Stink added.
“Then a Nancy Drew lightbulb went off in my head, and we followed a ton of clues all over town and figured out that they’ve been training Mr Chips to steal stuff. They’re teaching him by making him sniff out chocolate-chip cookies.”

“First it’s cookies, then diamonds,” said Stink.

Officer Kopp chuckled. “Hmm. That’s some mighty interesting detective work, and you sure cracked the case. But I’m afraid there haven’t been any reports at the police station about any diamonds going missing.”

“See?” said Judy, turning to her fellow detectives. “Not only did we rescue Mr Chips; we also stopped those bad guys in the nick of time.”

“Yeah, looks to me like you caught the thief all right. The chocolate-chip cookie thief – our own Mr Chips.”

Judy wasn’t so sure. She, Eagle-Eye-Moody, was going to keep one eye peeled, just in case.

“We’ll never know for sure, but I think Mr Chips is an escape artist – a regular Houdini. The best we can work out is that he pushed the bottom of the fencing just enough and squeezed out through a tiny opening. Then he ran all over town looking for food, he got so hungry.”

“So that’s why he stole a dog bone from Speedy Market?” asked Frank.
"And Jack Frost's corned beef sandwich!" said Stink.

"Then he got into the lunches at school and ate the chocolate-chip cookies," said Judy. "That's how he got the name Mr Chips. Because he loves chocolate-chip cookies. Am I right?"

"Not quite," said Officer Kopp. "Mr Chips doesn't eat chocolate-chip cookies. He buries them."

"Huh?" everybody asked.

"Most dogs have a sweet tooth. And they have a nose for chocolate. When Mr Chips first came home with me, my wife was baking chocolate-chip cookies. He went right for the chips and ate a handful before we could stop him."

"Oh no," said Frank. "Dogs aren't allowed to eat chocolate. It's like poison. It makes them sick."

"That's right," said Officer Kopp. "Poor guy was throwing up. We took him to the vet, and she told us that chocolate makes dogs sick. So before he even got any police-dog training, he was trained not to eat chocolate."

"Then why would he steal all those cookies?" Judy asked.

"Go ahead and give him a cookie," said Officer Kopp. "Watch what he does."

Judy held a cookie up to Mr Chips. He sniffed it, then ran with it between his teeth, the way he'd carried the egg across the stage at school that day.
He started digging under a tree.

"He's going to bury it!" Judy said. They ran after Mr Chips. Judy peered into the hole he had dug in the soft earth.

"Hey, there are loads of cookies in there," said Stink.

"Where'd he get those?" Rocky asked.

"He has a whole stash," Frank said, pointing and laughing.

"Thin Mints," said Judy. "Mum bought Girl Scout cookies from Jessica Finch, and I left some in the tent."

"What did I tell you?" said Officer Kopp. He scooped up Mr Chips. "Well, now that these super-detectives have found you, I'd better get you home, huh?"
He rubbed noses with Mr Chips. “I was worried I’d never see this guy again. I thank you, and Mr Chips thanks you.”

“RARE!” said Judy. “I finally got to solve a mystery. The Mystery of the Missing Doggy Detective. This is just like the time Nancy Drew rescued a police-dog puppy in book No.1: The Secret of the Old Clock. No lie.” She felt as shiny as the penny in Nancy Drew’s penny loafers.

“Is there a reward?” Stink asked.

“Are you gonna arrest Mr Chips for stealing that dog bone?” Frank asked.

“Will Mr Chips still get to be a police dog?” Rocky asked.

“No, no, and yes,” said Officer Kopp.

“But it’ll be a while – he still has a lot to learn. A lot more training to do. Back to Doggy Detective School for you.”

“Aw, I wish I could keep him,” said Stink.

“Stink, he’s not a pet,” said Judy. “He’s a crime buster. Aren’t you, Mr Chips?” She rubbed noses with the puppy, too.

“Looks like this mystery’s solved,” said Officer Kopp. “No more cookie stealing for you, little fella. Case closed.”

Case closed? If Judy Moody had learned one thing from Nancy Drew (besides Never Leave Home Without a Kirby Grip), it was that a detective’s work was never done. Haunted houses. Secret diaries. Stolen diamonds. Around every
corner was a mystery, just waiting to be solved. And where there was mystery, there would be Judy.

The kids waved to Officer Kopp and Mr Chips. "If any diamonds go missing," said Judy, "you know who to call."

"Who?" asked Stink.

"Judy Moody, Girl Detective," she said, grinning from ear to ear.

* CASE CLOSED *
In the mood for more Judy Moody?

Then try these!
Judy Moody

Get in the Judy Moody mood!

Bad moods, good moods, even back-to-school moods – Judy has them all! But when her new teacher gives the class a “Me” collage project, Judy has so much fun she nearly forgets to be moody!

Meet Judy, her little “bother” Stink, her best friend Rocky and her “pest” friend Frank Pearl. They’re sure to put you in a very Judy Moody mood!

Judy Moody’s in the mood for fame!

Good moods, bad moods, can’t-stand-Jessica-Finch moods – Judy has a mood for every occasion!

Right now she’s in a jealous mood – jealous of Jessica Finch, who has got her picture on the front page of the newspaper. So Judy sets off in pursuit of her own fame and fortune. But all her efforts could just end up making her more infamous than ever!

Judy Moody’s search for fame is sure to put you in a very Judy Moody mood!
Judy Moody
Saves the World!

Where would the world be
without Judy Moody?

Her class is learning about the
environment, and Judy is startled to learn
about the destruction of the rainforest and
the endangered species in her own back
yard – not to mention her own family’s
crummy recycling habits. So, never one to
take things lying down, Judy Moody gets
on the case!

The adventures of Judy Moody are sure to
put you in a very Judy Moody mood!

Judy Moody
Predicts the Future

Judy Moody has a mood for every occasion,
and now she has a mood ring to prove it!

Judy’s mood ring has Extra Special Powers,
which have put Judy in a predicting mood.
According to “Madame M” (for Moody),
the Toad Pee Club’s long-lost mascot will
reappear, Judy will earn a coveted tricorn-
hat sticker for getting 110% in her spelling
test, and love may be the real reason behind
her teacher’s new glasses!

Will Judy’s predictions put you in a very
Judy Moody mood? The signs point to yes.
Judy Moody’s in a medical mood!

Judy Moody has got the Moody Monday blues – until she gets to school and finds out that her new class project is on the Amazing Human Body. That means skeletons and skulls, a trip to the hospital to see a real-life doctor and a cloning experiment that could just create some double trouble for Judy and her friends!

Doctor Judy Moody is sure to tickle your funny bone and put you in a very Judy Moody mood!

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

After learning about the American Revolution, Judy Moody’s in the mood for LIBERTY and FREEDOM – freedom from her parents’ rules and her pesky little brother, that is. But Judy’s plans to declare independence wind up getting her into hot water, for sure and absolute positive.

Will Judy be able to prove, once and for all, that she’s ready for a bit more independence? No matter which side wins, readers will be cheering Huzzah! for Judy Moody.
Judy Moody
Around The World in 8½ Days

Magnifico! Bravissimo!

Judy and her best-ever friends Rocky and Frank Pearl are busy with their Around-the-World class project. They are learning about Italy. Enter Amy Namey, Girl Reporter and member of the My-Name-Is-a-Poem Club. She’s so much like Judy that they’re practically clones! Will Amy Same-Samey turn out to be Judy’s new best-ever friend? And with so much time spent thinking about Amy, will Judy remember her old best friends?

Bravo for the fantastico Judy Moody!

Judy Moody
Goes To College

Crucial! Rad! Rare-squared!

Judy’s maths skills need improving (not to mention her attitude!) so she has to see a private tutor. Does this mean flash cards? Does this mean baby games? Does this mean school on Saturday? But when Judy meets her tutor – a crucial college student with an uber-funky sense of style – and gets a glimpse of college life, her bad math-i-tude turns into a radical glad-i-tude.

Say goodbye to Judy Moody, and hello to Ms College.
DOUBLE RARE!
Judy Moody has her own website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff to do, including:

- All you need to know about the best-ever Judy Moody Fan Club
- Answers to all your VIQ's (very important questions) about Judy
- Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Double-cool activities that will be sure to put you in a mood – and not a bad mood, a good mood!
- Totally awesome T.P. Club info!

Psssst! Go to www.stinkmoody.com to find books that are all about me, Stink!
JUDY MOODY and the NOT Bummer Summer

Prepare for the Judy Moodiest summer ever!

It’s bad enough that Mum and Dad are going away without Judy and Stink and leaving them in the care of Aunt Awful (er, Opal). Now Judy’s friends are abandoning her too!

Just when it looks like her summer is going to be boring-with-a-capital-B, Judy concocts a THRILL-a-delic plan.

Check out my website: www.judymoody.com

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Adapted from the original screenplay by Kathy Waugh and

MEGAN MCDONALD

No 10

JUDY MOODY

and the NOT Bummer Summer

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds
Megan McDonald is the award-winning author of the Judy Moody series. She says that most of Judy's stories "grew out of anecdotes about growing up with my four sisters". She confesses, "I am Judy Moody. Same-same! In my family of sisters, we're famous for exaggeration. Judy Moody is me ... exaggerated." Megan McDonald lives with her husband in northern California.

You can find out more about Megan McDonald and her books at www.meganmcdonald.net

Peter H. Reynolds says he felt an immediate connection to Judy Moody because "having a daughter, I have witnessed first-hand the adventures of a very independent-minded girl". Peter H. Reynolds lives in Massachusetts, just down the road from his twin brother.

You can find out more about Peter H. Reynolds and his art at www.fablevision.com
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Who's Who

Judy Moody
Thrill seeker

Frank
Frankenscreamr

Stink
Bigfoot on the brain

Rocky
Great Zangzini, poop scooper

Aunt Opal
Guerrilla artist

Zeke
President of the BBA

Amy Namey
Rainforest explorer

Mr. Todd
Polar bear tamer (or is he?)

Mouse
High-fiving cat

Mr. Birnbaum
Member of the BBA
LDOS! Last Day of School!

The countdown: only 27 minutes, 17 seconds and 9 milliseconds until ... SUMMER!

No more S-for-Snoresville summers. She, Judy Moody, was going to have the best summer ever. RARE!

Judy passed a note to Rocky before Mr Todd came back.
Rocky flicked the note to Frank. Mr Todd came into the room carrying a pile of papers. He had his got music cap on—backwards! He blinked the lights to get everyone’s attention. Frank popped the note into his mouth.

“Pop quiz!” said Mr Todd. Class 3T groaned. “Just think: it’s your last test on the last day of school.”

“Aw! Nuh-uh! Bad one!” everybody moaned.

“No way,” said Frank. The note shot out of his mouth and landed smack-dab in the middle of Rocky’s desk. Slobber City!

“Gross!” yelled Rocky.

Mr Todd passed out the quizzes. Mr Todd cleared his throat. “Question number one: how many times did I wear a purple tie to school this year?”

Everybody shouted answers.

“Ten!”

“Twenty-seven!”

“One hundred!”

“Four!”

“Never!” called Jessica Finch.
“Never is correct!” said Mr Todd.
“Number two: how long did it take our class to go around the world?”
“Eight days!” said Frank.
“Eight and a half days,” said Judy.
“Too easy. Let’s skip ahead. Here’s one. This is big. Really big. We’re talking MUCHO GRANDE!”
“Tell us!” everybody shouted.
“Can anyone – that means YOU, Class 3T – guess what I, your teacher, Mr Todd, will be doing THIS SUMMER?”
“Working at the Pickle Barrel Deli?” asked Hunter. “I saw you there.”
“That was last summer,” said Mr Todd. “But this summer, if you find me, you win a prize.”

“We need a clue,” said Judy. “Give us a clue.”
“Clue! Clue! Clue! Clue! Clue!” yelled the class.
“OK, OK. Let me think. The clue is ... COLD.” Mr Todd hugged himself, pretending to shiver. “Brrr.”
Jackson waved his hand. “Refrigerator salesperson!”
“Snow-remover guy!” said Jordan.
“Polar bear tamer!” said Anya.
Judy thought and thought. Her eyes landed on the Antarctica poster pinned to the noticeboard.
“Ooh! Ooh! I’ve got it! You’re going to Antarctica. The real one.”
“No, no, nope and nope,” said Mr Todd.
Brring! Just then the final bell rang. Class 3T went wild.

“See you next year,” said Mr Todd.

“Unless we see you this summer!” some of the kids yelled.

“Bye, Mr Todd,” Judy called, zooming out of the door. “Stay warm.”

“Stay Judy!” Mr Todd called after her.
and Rocky stared at one another.

"We forgot!" said Rocky. "Amy's not even a member of our club."


"Me? You go catch a toad," said Frank.

"Why do we need a toad?" asked Amy.

Everybody cracked up.

"You'll see," said Frank.

"You'll see," said Rocky.

"What about Toady?" Frank asked.

Of course! Judy was back in a flash from Stink's room, holding Toady, the club mascot, in her hand. She passed it lightning-fast to Amy.

Amy peered at the toad in her hand.
“I don’t get it. What’s supposed to happen? If he jumps in my face, you guys are so dead.”

“Just wait,” said Judy.

“Just wait,” said Rocky.

“Do you feel anything?” asked Frank.

“Yeah. A big, fat, slimy—” All of a sudden, Amy made a face as something started to drip from her hands.

“EEUWW!” she said, peering at the teeny puddle of yellow. She gave Toady back to Judy.

“Toad pee!” yelled Rocky and Frank at the same time. Judy, Rocky and Frank fell over laughing.

“No way. OOH! Sick!” said Amy, wiping her hand on Judy’s legs.

“Sick-awesome,” said Judy.

“Now you’re a member of our club,” said Frank. “The TOAD PEE club.”

“That makes you TOADally cool!” said Rocky.

Judy popped the rubber band off her chart. “So, are you guys ready for my uber-awesome plan? Intro-DUCE-ing ... the one and only ... Judy Moody
Mega-Rare NOT-Bummer-Summer Dare.” Judy unrolled her chart. “Ta-da!” Stickers and glitter went flying. “See? Thrill Points, Bonus Points, Loser Points and Big Fat Total.”

“Huh?” said Rocky. “I don’t get it.”

“You know how summer’s always Boring-with-a-capital-B? Thrill points are going to save summer. I spent two days and sixteen erasers figuring it out.”

“Ride the Scream Monster? Surf a wave? Are these the dares?” Amy asked.

“Yep. See, a dare is something way fun that we’ve never done before and that we’re kind of scared to do. Cool beans, huh?”
“Oh, boy,” Rocky said. “I think I forgot to tell you some—”

Judy stuck her hand over his mouth. “As I was saying ... for each dare, we get ten thrill points. Plus bonus points if we do something crazy, like ride the Scream Monster with no hands. OR loser points if we chicken out.”

“Ooh! And at the end of summer, we add up all the points?” Frank asked.

“Yeah. If we reach one hundred then, presto-whammo, we just had the best summer ever. Is that thrill-a-delic or what?”

Rocky looked green around the edges. Amy looked like she had just swallowed a frog. “Rocky forgot to tell you ... he’s going away this summer. To circus camp.”

“What?”

“She’s going away too,” said Rocky. “To Borneo!”

Judy cracked up. “You guys! You got me. I thought you were serious. Borneo. That’s a good one. What even IS Borneo?”

“It’s an island. In Indonesia. And I am going, for real, with my mum. We leave next Friday.”

“Same here,” said Rocky. “I’m going to learn to walk a tightrope and do magic tricks and stuff.”
“That is SO not fair! How are we going to have the best summer EVER if you’re not even here?”

Frank looked up from the chart. “Hel-lo! I’m not going anywhere. We can still have fun.”

“Great. Just ... great.”

After her friends went home, Judy sat in the tent staring at her blank chart. Suddenly, it did not look one bit thrill-a-delic. It looked funk-a-delic. FLUNK-a-delic. “It’s just you and me now, Toady. Another long, hot, boring summer.”

Stink’s head popped into the tent. “Help! Toady’s gone. He escaped!”

“Chill out, Stinkerbell. He’s right here. We needed him so Amy could be in the Toad Pee Club.”

“Hey, no fair! You guys had a Toad Pee Club meeting without me?”

“Be glad you weren’t here. It was the worst Toad Pee Club of all time.”

“Somebody’s in a mood,” said Stink.

“You would be too if your best friends were going to circus camp and Borneo for the summer. Now I’m stuck here being Bored-e-o.”

“Not me! I have big plans for summer. Bigfoot plans. I’m going to catch Bigfoot!”

“Stink, the only big foot around here is your two big stinky feet!”

“Haven’t you heard? It’s all over the news. There are Bigfoot sightings
everywhere. He's way close. Yesterday, Riley Rottenberger told Webster and Webster told Sophie and Sophie told me that Riley saw Bigfoot at the mall!"

"Yeah, right. And you, Stink Moody, are going to catch him."

"Yep! You can help if you want."

Judy rolled her eyes. "I'd rather catch poison ivy."

This was going to be the boringest, snoringest summer ever. For sure and absolute positive.

A week later, even though Judy had promised herself she was never ever going to talk to Rocky again, she walked across the street with her bike to say goodbye. Rocky's mum and dad, aunts, uncles and tons of cousins were giving him a send-off party with a big goodbye cake and lots of singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

Judy helped Rocky lug a big suitcase to
the back seat of the car. Rocky gave it one final push with his butt.

"So you’re not NOT going to go to circus camp, huh? Sure you don’t want to change your mind?"

"Are you nuts?"

"But what if you hate circus camp?" Judy asked.

"What’s to hate? Tightrope walking, juggling, sword swallowing, lion taming—"

"Elephant-poop scooping all day? Elephant poop weighs like two hundred tons. Plus, it smells worse than a corpse flower."

Rocky’s mum tooted the horn. "Time to go, Rock."

"Bye! Don’t forget to write! We’ll miss you! Break a leg! Buon viaggio!" called his family.

Judy stepped back. Her smile started to quiver. "Bye."

"Bye," said Rocky.

She trotted alongside the car. "Remember, if camp is super-boring, you can always come home!"

Judy hopped on her bike and raced after the car. "Don’t say I didn’t warn you about the poooooop!"

Rocky waved from the back seat until the car disappeared.

Judy cycled straight to Amy Namey’s house. When she got upstairs, Amy was jamming the last Nancy Drew book into
her zebra-striped backpack. Judy flopped on Amy’s bed, blowing a huge bubble-gum bubble.

“So tell me again why you’re going to Bored-e-o?”

“Born-e-o. My mum’s going to write an article on this lost tribe called the Penan. They’ve lived in the rainforest since for ever, but all their land is getting wrecked because loggers are cutting down all the trees.”

“That sounds so way un-boring. I wish I could help save a lost tribe.”

“Go and ask your mum. Maybe she’ll let you come too!”

“I will! See ya,” Judy called, zooming out of the door. Two seconds later, she
popped back into Amy’s room. “But in case she says no, here’s something to remember me by.” Judy dug around in her pocket and came up with a red rubber band, a lucky stone and half a Grouchy pencil.

“Here,” she said, handing over the pencil. “Write to me.”

“Sweet,” said Amy. “Write back to me.”

Judy pedalled home as fast as she could, singing, “Oh, Borneo, I long-e-o to visit you-e-o...” She jumped off her bike, letting it crash to the ground.

“Mum!” she called, bursting through the door. “I have a great idea! Mummmmm! Guess what? I’ve figured out how to save summer.”

“Save summer?” Mum said, distracted. “I didn’t know it was in trouble.”

“Listen to this. Instead of going to Grandma Lou’s – bor-ing! – let’s go to UN-boring ... Borneo!”

“Borneo? Judy, that’s halfway around the world.”

“So? It’s got a rainforest. And lost tribes that need to get found!”

Stink came into the kitchen and headed for the fridge.

“Stink! Guess what-e-o! We’re going to Borneo! But we need money-o. Let’s have a garage sale! I’ll sell my pizza-table collection. You can sell your World’s Biggest Jawbreaker!”

Standing on his tiptoes, Stink pulled a
Then one day, on the Fourth of July to be exact, Mum had some news. Maybe it was super-duper GOOD news. Maybe she, Judy Moody, could declare independence from a BOR-ing summer! Judy ran down the stairs.

Mum put a hand on Judy’s shoulder. “Honey? I have something to tell you.” Judy plopped down at the kitchen table. “That was Nana on the phone. She and Gramps are moving to a retirement home, remember? But Gramps has hurt his back and they need some help. So we won’t be going to visit Grandma Lou.”

Judy bounced up in her seat. “You mean ... we’re going to visit Nana and Gramps in California instead? Woo-hoo!
That’s almost as good as Borneo!"

Dad stood in the doorway, holding a paintbrush in one hand. He had a smudge of green paint on his face. “Did you tell her?”

“Not quite,” Mum said, glancing at Judy.

Judy looked from one to the other, confused.

“Listen, Jelly Bean,” said Dad, sliding in next to Judy. “Your Mum and I have to fly out to California to help your grandparents. You and Stink –”

Judy stared at him, her heart in her throat.

“– are staying here.”

“What?” Judy gasped. “You’re going to leave me? To die of starvation and boredom and Stink-dom?”

“But the good news is … Aunt Opal’s coming!” Mum said cheerily.

“Aunt WHO?”

“My sister,” said Dad. “You know your aunt Opal.”

“I met her when I was, like, a baby. She could be a zombie, for all I know!”

Just then, Stink clomped into the room wearing an old green blanket with leaves, twigs and cranberries stuck all over it. “Do I look like a berry bush?”

“Ummm…” said Dad.

“You look like a beaver dam,” said moody Judy.

“I’m trying to fake out Bigfoot.”
“Oh, in that case, then definitely,” said Dad. “Absolutely.”

“Great!” Stink skipped out of the kitchen.

“So,” Judy said, ticking off on her fingers. “I’m not going to Borneo. I’m not going to California. And I’m not even going to Grandma Lou’s?”

Mum and Dad nodded.

“This is the way-worst, double-drat, down-in-the-dumps summer EVER!”

Judy ran up the stairs and into her room, slamming the door. She flung herself onto her lower bunk.

“ROAR!”

Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Outside, the happy tune of the ice cream van
drifted through the window.

Stink called up the stairs. “Ju-dy! It’s the ice cream van!”

Judy yelled back, “I am so NOT in the mood!” She rolled over and landed on something.

“Ow.” Pulling out the Magic 8 Ball, Judy asked a question, shaking it hard, “Dear Magic 8 Ball: Could this summer get any worse?”

The window cleared: Without a doubt.

A couple of days later, Judy was on her top bunk reading Nancy Drew mystery #44 when she heard a Honk! Honk! from outside in the driveway.

Dad called up the stairs. “Stink! Judy! Aunt Opal’s here!”

Judy scrambled down from her top bunk and ran to the window. Just like Nancy Drew, she cracked open the curtain to spy on this Aunt Opal person.
All she could see was a pair of short blue boots sticking out from under a giant suitcase. She dropped the curtain and ran to her computer.

Dear Amy,

Summer just got WAY worse. Aunt Awful has landed! Please come home ASAP. Or else send me a ticket to Borneo!

Judy paced around her room, talking to Mouse. “I bet she has warts, Mouse. And evil oogley eyes. And makes us eat fish guts for breakfast!” Mouse licked her lips.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Stink stuck his head in Judy’s room. “Mum wants us downstairs. Now. To meet Aunt Opal.”

Judy pointed to the sign on the door. “Can’t anybody read around here?”

Stink read aloud: “‘Do not disturb. Judy Moody is spending the summer in her room.’ Really? The whole summer? What about food?”

Judy pointed to her window. “I have a basket. And a long rope. You can put food inside and I’ll pull it up.”

“What about TV?”

Judy held up a contraption made out of tin cans, toilet-paper rolls, duct tape and mirrors. “What do you think this periscope is for?”

“Cool! What about going to the bathroom?”

Just then, a plume of black smoke
wafted up the stairs. Judy heard a shriek, then a loud clatter and Mum’s voice. “Oh no! Dinner’s on ... FIRE!”

BEEEEEEP! The smoke alarm blared through the house. Stink raced out of the room. Judy grabbed her dolphin water pistol and ran for the stairs.

“Fire! Where’s the fire? Help is on the way! Let me!”

Judy clattered down the stairs, her water pistol in one hand and a squirt toy in the other. Blazing into the smoky kitchen, she blasted water right, left and centre, hitting chairs, tables, Stink, Mouse, Jaws and the smoky casserole that Mum was putting on the worktop.

“Stop, Judy. It’s OK – STOP!” Mum said.

One final blast of the water pistol hit Aunt Opal, right between the eyes.

“Oops.”

Aunt Opal shook her long red hair and laughed. “Judy!” Judy was instantly squished into a big bear hug.

“You’ve been here five minutes, Opal, and already the house is on fire!” said Dad, opening a window. Mum flapped a dishcloth over the black casserole.

“Let me look at you,” Aunt Opal said to Judy. “How old are you now? Twelve?”

“Nine. And some quarters.”

Judy eyed her aunt up and down, from her hippie T-shirt to her bright blue boots to her arms jangling with bangles and bracelets. “Wow. You’ve got more
bracelets than Chloe, my maths tutor, and she’s in COLLEGE!”

Opal twisted a braided bracelet off her wrist and handed it to Judy. “Here you go. This one’s made from yak hair.”

“RARE!” said Judy.

“I bought it from a monkey in Nepal for five hundred rupees. I think I got ripped off!” Opal rummaged through a large bag. “Here’s your REAL present.” She handed a small box to Judy and a book to Stink.

“For me? Awesome!” said Stink.

Judy flipped open the box. Inside was the mother of all mood rings – a silver snake that curled around a glowing mood crystal.
“A mood ring! How did you know?”

Opal winked. Judy slipped the ring on her finger. It turned bright blue.

“Blue is for Happy, Glad,” said Judy.

Stink opened his book. “So You Want to Catch Bigfoot? Man, oh man, oh man, oh MANNN!”

“I think you’re a hit, Ope,” said Dad, putting an arm around her shoulders.

“I hate to interrupt, but what are we going to do for dinner?” Mum asked.

Judy and Stink didn’t miss a beat. “Pizza! Pizza!”

Before you could say pepperoni, Judy and Stink were racing past China (Speed Bump #1) and past Japan (Speed Bump #2) on their way to Gino’s Pizza.

“Let’s go to Fur and Fangs while we wait,” Stink said. “I’ve got to show Zeke, from my Bigfoot club, the new book. And prove to YOU that Bigfoot exists.”

“Righhhht.” Judy rolled her eyes as Stink ran next door into Fur & Fangs. He rushed up to a tall, skinny teenager with hair in his eyes, waving his book.

“Hey, Zeke! Check this out!”

Zeke blew hair out of his eyes and let out a whistle. “Whoa. Sweet. It’s a first edition!” said Zeke, admiring the book.
Stink smiled proudly. “This is Judy. My sister. She doesn’t believe in Bigfoot. Can you believe that?”

“What is this, a dubhouse for buts?” Judy asked.

“Welcome to the headquarters of the Bigfoot Believers Association!”

“Mega-total super-seriously,” said Judy. “Show her, Zeke. Show her the proof!”

“Do you think she can handle the Cave?” Zeke asked. Stink nodded.

“Follow me,” Zeke told Judy. He headed to the back of the shop, past a red macaw on a perch. “Bigfoot lives! Bigfoot lives!” said the macaw.

Judy jumped, then quickly followed Zeke and Stink through a beaded curtain, past piles of cages, pet food and pet supplies. Zeke’s head bumped a BIGFOOT BELIEVERS sign as he ducked into a large

“cave” made of old boxes and covered with spray-painted dog-food bags.

“What is this, a clubhouse for bats?” Judy asked.

“Welcome to the headquarters of the Bigfoot Believers Association!”
"Is this cool or WHAT?" Stink said proudly.

Zeke pointed to a map of Virginia studded with drawing-pins. "These are all sightings of Bigfoot around here. We've been tracking his every move and he is DEFINITELY headed our way."

Stink snatched up a clump of grey hair lying on the table. "Holy Pluto! Is this what I think it is? As in Bigfoot hair?"

"Nah. Chinchilla," Zeke said, laughing. "I had to brush one this morning. Never mind that. Let's get to the real proof. I keep it in cold storage." Zeke stepped over to a fridge in the corner.

"Wait... Did you say cold storage?"

Judy asked. "Do you by any chance know a Mr. Todd?"

"Nope. Never heard of him." Zeke opened the fridge. Very carefully, he took a photo out of a plastic pouch. "Here you go. A rare photo of Bigfoot. Look, but don't touch." He held the blurry black-and-white photo out to Judy.

Judy snorted. "Are you kidding? That's just some guy in a fuzzy jumper! He doesn't even have big feet!"

"You're cracked!" said Stink. "They've got to be size fifty-nine at least!"

Zeke slipped the photo back into the pouch. "If you need more proof, come to one of our meetings. Tuesdays at six."

Judy shook her head. "I'm busy on
Tuesdays. From now till for ever. C’mon, Stink. Pizza time.” Judy put her arm around Stink, dragging him out.

“Catch ya later, little dude,” Zeke called after him.

Stink turned and gave Zeke a happy thumbs up.

The Moodys ate pizza at the picnic table on their back deck, under twinkly white lights and paper lanterns that Opal had strung up everywhere.

“Nothing left but crusts,” said Stink.

“And some tuna fish for Mouse,” said Judy.

“Tuna fish pizza is the best!” said Stink.

“I hope you saved room for dessert!” Opal called.
Mum and Dad eyed each other. “Stink, it’s rude to read at the table,” Mum said.

“But check this out. Page eighty-seven. Bigfoot’s bed!” Stink held up his book.

Aunt Opal came back outside, carrying a plate of hot-dog chunks in one hand and a bowl of bubbly, burping, orange-coloured glop in the other.

“Ta-dal” said Aunt Opal.

“What is it?” Judy and Stink asked at the same time.

“Tangerine fondue!” said Opal.

“None for us, thanks!” said Dad. “We have to finish packing.”

“Hot dogs for dessert?” Judy asked, her mouth hanging open.

“It looks like Bigfoot barf,” said Stink. Judy cracked up.

Opal stabbed a chunk of hot dog with a fork, dipped it in the glop and popped it in her mouth. “Mmmm. I used to make this for your dad when we were kids.”

Stink peered into the bowl. “Are those Froot Loops?”

“Uh-huh. Dig in, guys!”

“You first,” Judy told her brother.

“But it’s so … oogley-boogley!”
“This? This is nothing. When I was in Bali, I ate grilled cockroaches.”

“GROSSSSS!” Judy and Stink yelled at the same time.

“Tell you what: if you BOTH take a bite, we can all be in the same club – the ‘I Ate Something Gross’ Club.”

Stink and Judy looked at each other, bug-eyed. “Just one bite? And we’re in the Gross Grub Club?” Stink asked. “For real?”

“For real.”

“Pass the hot dogs!” Judy said, grinning.

At bedtime, Aunt Opal sat next to Judy on the top bunk painting Judy’s toenails in a rainbow of colours. “So then, after the Peace Corps, I trekked across the Sahara and after that I moved to Bali. Where I lived until about a month ago.” Aunt Opal waved a fancy fan to dry Judy’s toes.

“MEGA-cool! Is that where belly dancing’s from?”

“Bah-li, not belly, silly.” She laughed. “It’s an island.” Judy wiggled her toes. “So what’s up for summer?” Aunt Opal asked. “Any exciting adventures I should know about?”

Judy twirled the new mood ring on her finger. “Well, I was going to have the best summer ever, but my friends wrecked it.”

Opal climbed under the covers of the bottom bunk. “I hate it when that happens.”

“Seriously! We were going to do all
these way-exciting dares and get thrill points. But Rocky's at circus camp and Amy went to Borneo.”

Opal turned off the light. Moonlight flooded the room. Judy snuggled down in bed with Mouse on her stomach.

“I LOVE dares,” Opal said between yawns. “In Kenya, someone once dared me to ride in an ostrich race.”

“Did you win?”

“My ostrich won – without me! I fell off at the starting line,” Opal said sleepily.

“You know what, Aunt Opal? You just gave me an idea.”

Konkkk-shu. A light snore drifted up from the bottom bunk.

“I mean, what if we STILL did the dare chart, but made it into a race? Me, Rocky, Amy and Frank?”


“We could each do our own dares and keep track of our points! First one to get to a hundred wi—”

KONKKKK-SHUUU!

Judy hung her head over the side of the bed. “Geez, Mouse, Aunt Opal snores louder than a blender.”

Just then, Judy leaned over too far and fell off the bed. “Aghhhhh!” She knocked into her desk chair, which tipped over a floor lamp, which crashed into a tower of all fifty-six classic Nancy Drews.

Stink came running. “What’s going on?”

“Shhhhh! You’ll wake Aunt Opal!”
They tiptoed over to the bottom bunk. Opal was sleeping like a baby. Judy gently pulled up her blanket.

“She slept through that?” Stink whispered. “Weird.”

“OK. Back to bed, Stink.”

“Hey, I was just reading... Did you know that Bigfoot is scared of just two things?”

“Enough already with the Big Feet!” Judy whispered as she pushed him out of the door.

“But don’t you want to know what they are? Guinea pigs and—

“—car horns!” he whispered as Judy shut the door on him.

She grabbed her computer and quietly
tucked herself into the wardrobe, plopping down on a heap of dirty laundry.

Dear Amy and Rocky (you too, Frank!),
UBER-RARE IDEA! Let’s do a dare race, starting right NOW! First one to get 100 points WINS! What do you say?
Judy

Judy waited. She peeled off a Band-Aid. She picked at a scab, hoping she could save it for her scab collection.

Ding! An e-mail. From Rocky!

A dare race? I am in. Check out what I did today!

Judy clicked on a photo of Rocky in a leotard, walking on a tightrope high up in the air, holding a long pole.

Ten thrill points, for sure, don’t you think?
Got to get some ZZZs now – tomorrow is sword swallowing! Byeee...!

Thrills and Spills

It was time. Time to say goodbye to Mum and Dad. The cab waited at the curb while everybody hugged a million and one times.

“Can you bring us back some California bubblegum?” Judy asked.

Dad ruffled Judy’s hair. “Better yet – how about I chew some and stick it on the official Wall of Gum in your honour?”

“RARE! Promise?”

“Cross my heart.” Judy’s parents climbed into the cab.

“Can we have sweets for breakfast?” Stink asked.

“No,” Mum said. “Bye! Be good!”

Judy and Stink ran after the cab. “Call us every day, OK?”

“Can we have sweets for lunch?”

“Bye! Byebyebyebyebye!”

The cab was gone. Stink’s lip started to tremble. Aunt Opal put an arm around him.

Just then, Frank came running up the pavement. “Is it time?”

“It’s time,” said Judy. “Synchronize watches. As of 2.12 p.m. on Thursday the seventh of July, the thrill race is ON.”
Frank bounced with excitement. “So what’s the first dare?”
Judy waved the picture of Rocky on a tightrope in Frank’s face. “This.”
“We’re going to dress in leotards?”
Judy grabbed the paper back. “NO. Don’t you see? He’s walking on a rope. A TIGHTrope? Above the ground? It’s DEATH-DEFYING!”
“Ohhhhhhh ... yahhhhhhh!”
In no time, Judy and Frank stretched a thick rope from a large tree in the back garden over the stream to a tree in the woods. Judy tied it tightly and gave it one more twang just to make sure. Perfecto!
Just then they heard a bang. Then a clatter, thunk and thud. Stink. He emptied a wheelbarrow load of boards by the base of the tree.
“What do you think you’re doing?” Judy asked.
“I’m building a trap for Bigfoot!” said Stink. “I’m going to lure him here with peanut butter. Bigfoot LOVES peanut butter – page fifty-two of my book – then boom! A net will fall out of the tree and land on his head!”
“Not out of this tree. It’s mine. I called it.”
“You can’t ‘call’ a tree,” Stink said.
“Oh yeah? Watch me. Mine.” Judy tapped the tree, smiling smugly.
Stink tapped the tree back. “Mine.”
“MINE!” Judy said, louder.
“MINE!” Stink wrapped his arms around the tree.

Judy wrapped her arms around Stink and tried to pry him off. “MINE!”

Frank tried to pry them both off. “Stop it, you guys!”

Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding! “Ice cream van!” yelled Stink.

Everyone tumbled to the ground. Stink raced out to the street. “I scream, you scream, we all scream for Old King Kold ice cream...”

Judy bear-hugged the tree. “Yay! It’s mine!”

Frank took off after Stink. “Frank, where are you going?” Judy called.

“To get ice cream!”

“But now’s our chance. Before Stink gets back! C’mon! What’s more important? Ice cream or thrill points?”

“Oh, all right.”

Judy stuck out her bare foot and Frank cupped his hands. She put her other foot on the rope, grabbed the tree trunk and...

“TA-DA!” said Judy. “Now the high-flying, death-defying Judy-a-Rini will
cross, um, Niagara Falls! One slip and she'll fall to her doom!”

Arms outstretched, Judy inched across the rope. “Check it out! I'm doing it. I'm crossing the Crashing Cataracts of Niagara!” She wibble-wobbled.

"Whoaaaa!” yelled Frank.

"Don’t worry! The great Judy-a-Rini will not fall — Aggh!”

Frank had stepped onto the rope. “Get off, Frank! One. At. A. Time!”

Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding! “Hurry up! I want to get ice cream!”

Judy picked up her pace. “Ten thrill points, if only I can finish—”

Just then, the rope jerked super hard. “Mosquitoes! Incoming!” yelled Frank.

Judy’s arms windmilled wildly as Frank flailed at the air around his head. “Stop WOBBLING me!”

“I can’t help it! There's a mosquito on my — Ahhhhh!”

Splash! Crash! Judy and Frank sat up, spitting water. Judy was dripping in mud and plastered with wet leaves. Frank pulled a salamander out of his hair.

Stink waved a large ice cream in front of them. “Ha ha, you missed it!”

Frank glared at Judy. “When we go to ride the Scream Monster, I am getting TEN ice creams!”
On Saturday, Judy was waiting for Frank. His older sister, Maddy, was going to take them to Scaredevil Island. Pieces of colourful old dishes, plates, bowls and cups were spread all over the back deck. Judy watched Aunt Opal smash an old teapot.

"Hey, can I smash something? I usually get in trouble when I break stuff! What are you making, anyway?"

"I'm not sure yet!"

HONK! HONK! BEEEEP! Frank and Maddy pulled up in a blue MINI Cooper with a racing stripe. "Hey, Judy!" Frank's sister called. "Ready to rock and rollercoaster?"

"Scream MONSTERRRRRRR!" yelled Judy. "I hate to smash and run, but ... bye, Aunt Opal."

"Scream a little scream for me!" Opal waved as Judy ran to the car.

Hopping inside, Judy got a mouthful of something poofy and pink. Pff! "What's with the clouds of pink stuff?" she asked, blowing it away from her face.

"It's my prom dress," said Maddy. "I have to take it to the cleaner's." Judy
wrestled the dress, pushing it to one side.

"No way would I be caught dead looking like a gigunda poof of pink candyfloss," said Judy.

"Speaking of candyfloss," said Frank, "what are we going to eat first?"

"FIRST we go on the Tilt-a-Whirl," said Judy.

"AFTER we get ice cream, right?" said Frank.

"Right. And snow cones."

"And corn dogs. And gobs of gum."

"RARE! We'll be ready for the Scream Monster, for sure."

The car drove past the Frog Neck Lake Swimming Club. Judy and Frank snapped their heads around.

"STOP!" they both shouted.

Maddy slammed on the brakes, screeching to a halt.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Frank asked.

"MR TODD!" they said at the exact same time. "Cold water!"

Judy and Frank zoomed inside. They searched in the pool, around the pool, under the lifeguard, at the food window, even inside the Little Loo Loo. P.U.!

Frank's head popped up from inside a giant bin of swimming noodles.

"Frog! I was SURE he'd be in here."

"Don't worry. We'll find him. We have ALLLLL summer."
Judy and Frank craned their necks, staring up, up, up at the twisting, turning rollercoaster. Screeches and screams filled the air.


Frank's blue tongue hung out. He was holding a blue raspberry snow cone in one hand and a funnel of puffy blue candyfloss in the other. Sticking out of his back pockets were a grape ice pop and a corn-dog-on-a-stick. "Geez LOUISE! How many thrill points is that?" said Frank.

"Ten. Plus bonus points for NO HANDS!"

The ride glided to a stop. People staggered out of their seats, eyes glazed, hair gone haywire. Judy handed twelve tickets to a guy with a Mohawk haircut and a T-shirt that said SURRENDER TO THE SCREAM.
“No food on the ride, kid,” said Mohawk Man, pointing to a bin.
“What? No way am I throwing this stuff out!”
“Then step out of line, mister.”
Frank stepped out of the line.
“Frank! We’ve been waiting for an hour!” said Judy, dragging him back.
“Surrender the snow cone!”
“Are you cracked?” Frank took a giant bite and crunched on the ice.
“Seriously! We’ve got to earn thrill points! So far we have a big fat ZERO.”
“OK, OK!” As Judy ran for her seat, Frank hurried up and stuffed his face with one last bite of everything. *Munch! Crunch! Slurp!*

“FRANK!”
Frank dumped the rest of his stuff and jumped into the lead car beside Judy. *CLANK.* A bar came down, locking them into their seats.
“This is it!” Judy said.
“Thrill points here we come!” Frank yelled.
With a loud *whirrr*, the train of cars lurched forward, inching up the track.
“Hands up!” Judy told Frank. “Every second counts!”
Frank lifted his hands. He started to look a little woozy.
“I’m not so sure about this,” he told Judy.
“Too late now,” Judy yelled. The
car slowed as it reached the tippy-top of the first big hill. "Because here we goooooO000000!"

Whee! The coaster zoomed down the hill at lightning speed. Just before hitting the ground, it shot back up in the air, twisting and turning in a sickening somersault of spirals.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Judy screamed.

"AAAHHHHHHHHHH!" Frank screamed louder, clutching his stomach.

Judy's hair whooshed straight up in the air. She laughed and turned to Frank. Her smile disappeared in a blink. Frank's face looked like a cartoon. It had turned green – as green as Shrek. Greener than the Hulk!
“No no no NO! Frank Pearl, don’t you ... DAREEEEEEEE!”

All of a sudden, Frank gagged, then BLUCK! He spewed a spurting stream of chunky blue upchuck. Before you could say Scream Monster, she, Judy Moody, was covered in blue.

The Scream Monster had just become ... the Puke Monster.

† † †

Judy slogged up the pavement to the front door. The screen door was locked. The TV blasted news about more local Bigfoot sightings. “Reporting live from the Fur and Fangs car park, this is Jess Higginbottom Clark, WH20.”

Ding ding ding ding ding! Judy pressed the doorbell with her elbow. “Stink, I can see you in there watching TV. Open the door!”

Stink dragged himself away from the TV. “Did you hear that? That was Herb and Rose Birnbaum, from my Bigfoot club. They saw him! They really—”

He flipped the latch and opened the door. His mouth dropped open. Judy was wearing a giant, frothy, pink prom dress. She held a piece of the dress in one hand and a messy-looking plastic bag in the other.

“Judy!” Opal called from the kitchen. “Did you have fun?”

“She went to the PROM with Frank Pearl!” said Stink. He turned to Judy.
“What’s with the weirdo dress? Did you go to the prom with Frank Pearl?” Stink teased. “Ooh! I thought you were going to Scaredevil Island.”

“Knock it off, Stinkbug. I’m NOT In. The. Mood.”

“Oof. What’s in the bag? Dead skunks? P.U.-ee!” He pinched his nose. “Smells worse than elephant poop.”

“You smell worse than elephant poop.” Judy pushed past him.

“Wait! What happened? For real?”

“Don’t ask. Seriously. DON’T ASK!”

“Where’s Judy?” Opal asked, coming down the hall.

“Don’t ask,” said Stink.

“What’s that smell?” Opal said, sniffing the air.

“Double don’t ask,” said Stink.

Minutes later, just as Judy slid down into the bubbles in the bathtub, there was a knock on the door.

“Stink, I told you not to ask!” she yelled through the door.

“I’m not asking. I’m TELLING. I mean, I’m just saying – you’ve got a postcard from Rocky.”

Judy perked up. “That’s different.
Why didn’t you say so? What’s it say? Can you read it?”

“Sure.” Stink cleared his throat. He started to read in a fake deep voice.

‘‘Dear Judy. How are you? I am fi—’’

“Knock it off, Stinkerbell. Just read it like a normal person.”

“You don’t want me to sound like Rocky?”

“I don’t want you to sound like Darth Vader trapped in a vacuum cleaner.”


Judy sat up, splashing water everywhere. “No fair! I want to saw someone in half. Like Frank Pukehead Pearl.”

Stink kept reading. “‘It was super way cool! We even get to be in a real circus — you have to come, OK? August the seventh. JSYK (Just So You Know). I’m up to thirty-seven thrill points! How many do you have?’”

Judy sank further and further into the suds. “I’d like to saw YOU in half, Rocky Zang.”

Blub, blub.

“And I haven’t forgotten you, Frank Pearl.”

Blub.

“Are you done scrubbing off Frank Pearl prom cooties yet? Because I’m going to an emergency Bigfoot meeting. Want to come? It starts in fourteen minutes
and thirty-seven seconds."

"Stink, you have Bigfoot on the brain."

"OK. But don’t be asking for my autograph when I capture Bigfoot and get all famous!"

Judy stared at her thrill-point chart. It was already the middle of July and her chart looked Baresville. As in half naked. No frills. No thrills. She picked up a strawberry-scented smelly marker. "Ten points for riding the Scream Monster, Mouse. Minus five for blue throw-up and five for the prom dress equals—"

Mouse meowed. "You’re right, Mouse. A big fat doughnut." Judy was tracing and
retracing a zero in the total points column when KA-BOOM—she heard a huge crash. She flew down the stairs and skidded to a stop just inside the living-room.

"What happened? Did the roof fall in or something?"

"I just dropped this." Aunt Opal held up a shiny bin lid as if it was an Egyptian treasure. "I can't decide if this is a shield, a hat or a wheel."

"Um, I hate to tell you, but I think it's the lid to the rubbish bin."

"Well, sure, but what is it really? I mean, what does it want to become?"

"Maybe it wants to grow up and become a Dumpster." Judy cracked herself up. She went over to a giant trunk full of art supplies. "What's IN here, anyway?"

"It's my travelling art studio," Opal told Judy. "With all my tools and supplies, I can make anything from mobiles to murals."

"You're an artist?"

Opal chose a piece of fabric, Goliath Glue, ribbons and a hammer and dropped them onto the couch beside the lid.

"A guerrilla artist, actually."

"Gorilla? As in monkey?"

Opal shook her head. "As in secret. Under the radar. A guerrilla artist makes art out of everything and puts it everywhere."

"Cool beans. But why?"
Aunt Opal smiled. "It's fun. And creative. And daring. See, here's what I'm thinking..." Opal whispered to Judy. A big grin spread over Judy's face.

For the next hour, Judy cut, glued and painted paper insects. Aunt Opal hummed, twisted, shaped and shined her bin lid.

"It's way cool making such a mess!" said Judy.

"That's what art is all about," said Opal.

Judy swirled a huge glob of Goliath Glue onto the bin lid with her hand, then stuck a butterfly, dragonfly and her favourite insect, the north-east beach tiger beetle, onto the lid.
“Ta-da!” Leaning on the table with one hand, she struck a pose, showing off her hat. *Boing!* Bugs sprang up and down on metal Slinkies.

“Fantastic! I TOLD you it was a hat.” Opal held up her own hat, which was decked out with pottery shards, ribbons, coloured glass and sparkly gems.

“Now all we have to do is sneak over to the library and put these on the library lions. But it has to be late at night, after dark, so nobody sees.”

“That’s ten thrill points, for sure!” Judy said.

The door banged and Stink burst into the room, excited. “Guess what! Zeke gave me homework. I have to look for Bigfoot poo!” He proudly held up tongs, plastic bags and a small shovel.

“Homework stinks,” said Judy. She cracked herself up.

“Zeke says you have to sniff for a really bad smell, which I’m super good at by the way and look for dark stuff that looks like potting soil on flat rocks. Then you poke it to see if it has any leaves or berries in it. Which is why you never leave home without—”

*Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding! “Ice cream van!”* Stink dropped his stuff like a hot potato and zoomed out of the door. Aunt Opal ran after him.

“Wait for me!” Judy started to run, but the whole table came with her. *Help!*
Her hand was stuck fast to the table! She pulled. She pulled harder. "Hey! Somebody! My hand! It's stuck! I'M GOLIATH-GLUED TO THE TABLE!"

Aunt Opal rushed back in. "What! You're kidding, right?" Judy tried again to pry her hand off, but all it did was lift the table. Opal dashed into the kitchen.

"STINKER! BUY ME AN ICE CREAM!" Judy yelled out of the front door.

Opal came back with olive oil, mayo and a spatula.

"This is no time to make a sandwich," said Judy.

"Trust me," said Opal. She poured olive oil and glopped mayonnaise all over Judy's hand. Stink came back, slurping a rainbow-coloured Popsicle.

"Where's mine?"

"I thought you were coming out. How was I supposed to know you glued yourself to a table? Want some?" Stink asked, holding out his Popsicle.

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“I thought you were coming out. How was I supposed to know you glued yourself to a table? Want some?” Stink asked, holding out his Popsicle.

“This won’t take much longer. I promise,” said Aunt Opal.

“Famous last words,” Judy said. Forty-seven tries later, she slumped over.

“Well, we’ve tried warm water, a chisel, hand soap, laundry soap, dish soap and Goo-B-Gone.”

Aunt Opal jiggled Judy’s arm. Judy wiggled one, two, three fingers.

“Almost, almost ... there!” Aunt Opal cried.

At last, Judy’s hand flew up off the table.

“Free at last! In just under” – Stink checked the clock – “one hour and forty-seven minutes!”

“I had no idea that glue was so strong,” said Opal. “How’s your hand?”

“Better, now that there’s no table stuck to it. I’m going to need some Band-Aids for sure. But my mood ring’s in a bad mood. I think it’s going to be stuck on black for ever. Ugh. This. Was the worst day. Of my life.”

“Worse than the time I got to dress up as a human flag and go to the White House?” Stink asked. “And you had to go to school and dress up as a cavity?” Judy chased Stink around the table with the Goliath Glue bottle.

“Sorry, Judy,” Aunt Opal said. “I’ll make it up to you. Anything you want.”

Judy looked at her. “Really? You mean it? Anything?”
Aunt Opal nodded. Judy slid the newspaper over. "While I was stuck, I saw this ad in the paper. Next Saturday there's a Cemetery Creep 'n' Crawl after dark. Can we go?"

"Is it worth thrill points?" Aunt Opal asked.

"A midnight zombie walk? Through a graveyard? Did I say midnight?"

"Then totally. AbsoLUTEly."

Poop Picnic

Judy could hardly wait for the Creep 'n' Crawl! At last, it was Saturday. Aunt Opal was – slap-dash – making sandwiches and jamming them into plastic bags. Wearing rubber gloves, Stink was cramming poo samples into plastic bags. Judy sat in the corner, tapping out a one-handed e-mail with the UN-Band-Aided, NOT Goliath-Glued hand.
“So. We’ll leave in a few minutes and eat our picnic at the cemetery, OK?” said Aunt Opal.

“RARE! Extra thrill points for eating with skeletons! I need ’em because – guess what? – Amy just went swimming with a shark!”

“Lemme see, lemme see, lemme see!” said Stink, throwing his poo bags on the worktop.

Judy angled the computer so he could take a look. Stink read aloud.

“‘Dear Judy Most Moody, Yesterday I did the most sick-awesomest thing – I SWAM with a SHARK! That’s like twenty thrill points, at LEAST!’” Stink whistled. “Whoa! You’re going to lose this race SO bad. Hey, look. Your ring is GREEN! Green with ENVY!”

Judy looked down at her mood ring. Sure enough, it was pulsing green.

“Time to go!” Opal grabbed the picnic basket. Judy and Stink followed her.

“Your ring is green like POND SCUM! Green like BOGEYS!”

“Stink, you’re a super-galactic bogey.” Judy and Stink stopped at the car. “Hey, Aunt Opal! Where are you going?” Judy called.
“To the cemetery! Aren’t we walking?” Judy and Stink burst out laughing.
“No way. It’s a million miles from here. We have to take Humphrey.”
“Who’s Humphrey?”
“That’s what Dad calls our car. He says it looks like a Humphrey.”
Aunt Opal smiled. “Your dad used to have a bike named Humphrey. Hey, I know! Let’s ride bikes!”
Stink shook his head. “Not allowed. Not after dark.”
Aunt Opal chewed her lip. “Bummer. OK, then – here we go, I guess.”
Judy and Stink buckled up in the back seat. Opal put the car in gear, turned to look out of the back window and lurched forward. She slammed on the brakes.
“Hey! Watch out!” Judy yelled.
“Um, you do know how to drive, right?” Stink asked.
“Of course! I drove across the Horn of Africa ... about ten years ago.” She shifted the car into reverse this time, then hit the gas. The car swerved wildly into the street, screeching and jerking to a stop.
“You call that driving?” Stink yelled.
“Sorry. No worries. It’s all coming back to me.”
“Watch out! You’re going to hit the –” Humphrey bumped up onto the pavement.
“– post box.”
“Holy ... armadillo!” shouted Aunt
Opal. Judy and Stink cracked up.

"Is there a map in this car? I have NO idea where I’m going."

Stink and Judy looked at each other with dread. Judy rustled around on the floor and found a map.

"Can you get a ticket for driving too slow?" Stink asked.

Aunt Opal hit the gas again. The map went flying – right out of the window.

@  @  @

After driving around and around for what felt like hours, Judy pointed to the rusty old Ferris wheel at a boarded-up amusement park. "Hey, we’ve already passed this place like three times," Judy said.

*Splutter, splutter, splunk.* Aunt Opal drifted into the cracked and grassy car park. "Uh-oh. We are Out. Of. Petrol."

"Not to mention ... Way. Super. Lost," said Stink.

Judy looked around. "Are we still even in Virginia?"

"Of course we’re in Virginia. See that sign?" A dusty old sign dangled from a single chain: **LARKSPUR PIER. VIRGINIA’S #1 TOURIST ATTRACTION.**

"Can we eat? I’m starving," said Stink.

"I’m Judy," said Judy. "Pleased to meet you, Starving."

"Hardee-har-har," said Stink.

@  @  @
Flap! Down came the beach blanket onto a rickety round table. Judy and Stink squished into the giant cup from the old teacup ride.

“Look at that,” said Opal. “We’re eating in the Fun Zone!”

“You mean the UN-Zone,” said Judy. “It’s missing a letter.”

“This has got to be worth some thrill points,” said Opal, too cheerily.

“Not as much as a cemetery Creep ‘n’ Crawl.”

Aunt Opal opened the picnic basket. “I know. Sorry ’bout that. Let’s see, baloney for you ... and turkey for Stink.”

“But no mayo, right?” said Stink. “Mayo is gross-o.”

Judy pulled out her sandwich and raised it to her mouth. JUST as she was about to chomp down, she sniffed her sandwich. “Something smells weird.”

Stink took a whiff of his sandwich. “Mine smells funny too. Almost like—”

Her teeth touched the bread. She was about to take a bite, when—

“YUCK!” Stink swatted the sandwich out of Judy’s hand. He flipped it over. Stink jumped up and pointed. “Oogley-boogley, ugh, ugh, ugh!”

Judy stared at something brown and squishy on the bottom of her sandwich. “What IS that?”

“It’s poo! As in doo-doo! Dung! Manure! POOP!” He showed her his sandwich, smeared with brown goo.
Judy and Stink hopped up and leaped as far away as they could, falling off their giant teacup and screaming “AGHHHHH!”

Aunt Opal held up a poo-free bag. “I have grapes!”

“Grapes are good,” Stink said, smiling.

A week later, Judy took her new postcard from Rocky up to her room. She taped it to Jaws, next to her laptop.

Judy turned on her computer and started typing an e-mail.

Dear Rocky,

Sorry I haven’t written in soooo long. You won’t believe all the stuff that’s happened in the last couple of weeks. Have you ever been on a poop picnic? I have and it STINKS on ice! Hardee-har-har.

Judy heard loud laughter coming from Stink’s room. “Be quiet, you guys! I can’t hear myself write!” She popped her head into Stink’s room. He was giving Aunt Opal a driving lesson on his race-car
bed. "So the main thing is, you hold your hands on the steering-wheel at ten and two, like a clock."

"You guys are driving me crazy," said Judy. "Can't you play a quiet game like Sign Language or something?"

"Or something," said Stink. He hopped up and shut the door.

Judy went back to her letter.

We can NOT find Mr Todd anywhere! Frank and I looked — at the mall, at the park, at Speedy Market. We even found a guy with a got music cap just like Mr Todd's, but he turned out to be A STATUE!

Amy has a bazillion Borneo points. Get this: I'm almost out of dares and I still don't have ONE SINGLE thrill point! No lie! I tried to ride an elephant at the zoo. But Aunt Opal rammed the car into an elephant head statue and we got hauled away by a tow truck. Zero thrill points.

One night last week we tried to sneak out after dark and do gorilla art. (Long story.) Bad idea. Rained out.

Then there was the surfing lesson with Frank at the beach.

Really, really bad
idea. I ended up kissing a
dead jellyfish! Bluck!

So my thrill point
count is nada,
zip, zero, zilch,
thanks mostly
to SpongeFrank
SquareBottom! Please,
please, PUH-LEASE think up
some more dares for me because summer
is more than half over and I’m going to
be a no-point, dare-doing loser!

Frankenscreamer

About a week later, Judy was pulling a
torn and dirty wedding dress on over her
shorts when the doorbell rang. “Judy!
Frank’s here!” called Aunt Opal. “Or
should I say Frankenstein’s here?”

Judy gave one last tug to the bee-
hive fright wig on her head. “Coming!”
She grabbed her backpack and raced
downstairs.
"Hey, Judy! Ready for the Evil Creature Double Feature?"

"I love your square head," said Judy.
"Are those real bolts in your neck?"
"Who are YOU?" asked Stink.
"Bride of Frankenstein. Who else?" said Judy.
"And I'm Frankenstein!" said Frank proudly.

"Of corpse you are!" Stink cracked himself up. "Oo-oh. Frank and Ju-dy, sit-ting in a tree! K-I-S-S-I-N-G."

Frank turned beetroot red as Judy clamped a hand over Stink's mouth. "Take it back or I'll feed you to Jaws," said Judy.

When Judy and Frank got to the movie theatre that night, the sign said A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM SUMMER FESTIVAL! Creepy music piped over the loudspeakers. They handed their money to a vampire-faced ticket seller with blood-dripping fangs.

"I vant to take your money! Mu-wha, ha ha!"

"Since when do vampires wear ski jackets?" Judy asked. "It's summer."

"Since it's freezing in here! The air conditioner went psycho."

Judy looked at Frank. Frank looked at Judy. "Did he say 'freezing'? As in cold?" she asked.
“Mr TODD!”
Once inside, they raced around the lobby, searching here, there and everywhere. No Mr Todd.
“I’ll check the boys’ bathroom,” said Frank. He burst through the door. Judy busted in after him.
“Hey! GET OUT! No girls allowed!” Frank pushed Judy out of the door.
She waited. “Well? Is he in there? Did you find him?”
“Nope. Just Count Dracula and a mutant lobster,” Frank said. “I give up.”
“Me too. Mr Todd’s probably training penguins at the North Pole or something.”
“Or something,” said Frank.
Judy and Frank got buckets of popcorn and headed up the stairs. The small theatre was packed with popcorn-throwing, candy-chewing vampires and zombies. Judy and Frank sat in the front row, dead centre.
“Remember, this is a double feature. So no being a wimpburger, Frank. We have to stay till the very end if we want to get points.”
“Don’t look at me. You’re the one who’ll be screaming your pants off as soon as the lights go out.”
Judy glanced at her mood ring. Amber. Amber was for Nervous, Tense.
Just then, the lights went out. A blood-curdling scream filled the room. On the screen, a pack of zombies staggered
towards a woman. Her party dress got snagged in a car door. She let out a spine-chilling scream.

Frank grabbed Judy’s arm. “Alone, bad. Friend, good,” he said in a Frankenstein voice. He chewed his popcorn extra-fast.

“GRRrrrrrr,” the zombies moaned and groaned.

“AHHHHH!” the woman screamed again.

A zombie’s eye fell out and rolled down the street.

“Holy eyeball!” yelled Frank.

“Good thing he’s dead already,” said Judy.

“SHHH!” said a zombie cheerleader behind them.

“It’s true. The dead are among us,” said a spooky voice. “They’re taking over the town of Pittsylvania. Lock your doors. Bolt your windows.”

Zombies marched through town, punching through walls and knocking down doors. One zombie ate something that looked like a human leg.
Frank gasped, spraying Judy with soda. “I, um, just remembered ... I forgot to feed my goldfish.” He stood up to go, spilling soda everywhere.

Judy pulled him back. “Sit. Down. Don’t get all Franken-scared on me now. This is our absolute last chance to earn thrill points!”

A zombie staggered. His milky eyes and blood-streaked face filled the screen. “I COME FOR DINNER. I COME FOR YOU-U-U-U-U!”

“AGhhh!” Frank screamed. He jumped over Judy’s legs, toppling her bucket of popcorn. “I’m out of here.”

Judy grabbed his shirt. “You are so NOT leaving, Frankenstein!” Frank pulled away and RIPPPPP! She had Frank’s shirt-sleeve in her hands.

Frank ran up the aisle. Judy tore after him, catching up to him just outside the theatre.

“You are dead, Frank Pearl!”

“No. Zombies are dead. I’m going home!”

Judy threw up her hands. “Great. Just great. Rocky and Amy are having the Funniest Summer Ever and I’m stuck with Frankenscreamer!”

“Hey!” said Frank.

“Rocky and Amy wouldn’t bail after two seconds of Zombie! Rocky and Amy wouldn’t knock me off a tightrope! Rocky and Amy wouldn’t puke all over me!”
Frank glared at Judy. “Look who’s talking! All your stupid points and dares and charts – they suck the fun out of everything. You’re nothing but one big wet ... FUN SPONGE!” Frank stomped off down the street.

“Fun sponge?” Judy yelled after him. “Rocky and Amy wouldn’t call me a fun sponge!”

Frank kept walking. He didn’t look back. Judy cupped her hands to yell at him.

“Well, if I’m a fun sponge, then you, you’re a fun ... MOP!”

Frank turned a corner and disappeared. Judy kicked at the pavement. She turned back towards the theatre.

“Hold on there, Bridezilla. Where’s your ticket?” said the ticket taker.

“Inside. In my backpack. Honest! I already paid! Ask the vampire.” Judy pointed to the ticket booth, but it was empty. No vampire.

“Sorry. No ticket, no movie,” said the ticket taker.
Judy spun on her heel and stomped away. She kicked a leaf. She kicked a stick. She kicked a rock all the way home. "Fun. Sponge. My. Elbow!" The rock tumbled down the street and stopped in front of her house.

"What the...?"

In the middle of the front garden, a mountain of junk—tuna fish cans, burlap bags, old carpet remnants, chicken wire, ropes and pipes—had been made into a giant statue. BIGFOOT!

Aunt Opal was on a ladder, smearing plaster on Bigfoot's face. Stink was working on his two large feet. Aunt Opal waved.

"What. Is. THAT?" Judy asked.
“It’s Bigfoot, of course,” said Aunt Opal. “I guess I really am a ‘gorilla’ artist now.”

“Want to help?” Stink asked, grinning.

Judy trudged towards the front door. “I’d LOVE to. Only I can’t because I’m going to spend the rest of this bummer summer in my room! I mean it this time.”

“Look out. She’s in a mood,” Stink said to Aunt Opal.

“Am not!” She ran up the steps, letting the screen door slam behind her. Judy stepped on a postcard. She peeled it off her shoe. The postcard had a picture of Rocky making a lion jump through a hoop. It said 85 THRILL POINTS!

“ROAR!” Judy ran up the stairs and flung herself onto her bed. She couldn’t help noticing that her mood ring had turned dark blue. For Unhappy, Mad.

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Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding! Late the next morning, Judy woke up to the jangling of the ice cream van. She covered her head with a pillow.

“Hey, Judy!” called Aunt Opal. “It’s the ice cream van! Judyyyyyyy...!”

A few minutes later, Aunt Opal, with a blue Popsicle in hand, tapped lightly on Judy’s door.

“Come back when school starts!” Judy called.

Opal pushed the door open a crack. “Sorry, but this’ll be melted by then.”

Judy didn’t budge.
“You don’t REALLY want to spend the rest of the summer in your room, do you?” Opal gently lifted the pillow off Judy’s head.

“Why not? My summer is totally wrecked. For sure and absolute positive,” Judy griped. “But I will take the Popsicle. Don’t tell Mum.”

“That bad, huh?”

“Ye-ah! Frank Pearl, my used-to-be-second-best-friend-but-now-he’s-my-first-worst-enemy, called me a FUN SPONGE.”

Aunt Opal couldn’t help laughing a little. “That sounds BAD. Are you a fun sponge?”

Judy slurped her Popsicle. “No way!

HE’S the sponge. It’s HIS fault I can’t get any thrill points!”

“Righhhht. Thrill Points.”

“Well, they’re important. You can’t have a NOT bummer summer without them.”

“Oh, absolutely. Duh. That’s like the Number-One Rule of summer,” Aunt Opal agreed. “So, we just need to get you more thrill points. We still haven’t put hats on those lions!”

SLURP, SLURP, SLURP.

“The hats got all ruined, remember?”

“Well, let’s think of something else.”

“But I’ve already thought of everything. For sure and absolute positive.”

Just then, a loud voice bounced in
through the window. “Testing, testing...”

Judy and Aunt Opal looked at each other. They scrambled over to the window. A NewsBeat van was parked at the curb. A lady announcer stood in front of the Bigfoot sculpture, interviewing Stink.

“And your name is...?”

“James Moody. But everyone calls me Stink,” Stink said, beaming.

“So, Stink, Bigfoot fever is sweeping the county with twenty-seven recent sightings near by. Is that what inspired you to build a statue of Bigfoot?”

“Stink’s on TV!” Judy screeched.

“Last one downstairs is a fuzzy pickle!” said Opal. They pounded down the stairs and out of the door.

“People say Bigfoot isn’t real. How do you answer that, Stink Moody?”

“He is too real. And I’m going to catch him!”

“If you do catch him, Mr Stink Moody, you’ll be the most famous kid in—”

Judy jumped in front of the camera, sticking her arm around Stink. She grinned a big, wide, blue-Popsicle grin.

“Don’t forget me! I’m a Bigfooter too!”

“You are?” Stink asked, stunned.

“It’s Judy Moody, with a J. And a U-D-Y,” Judy told the reporter.

“Yes, uh-huh. Good luck, kids! We’ll check in with you later! This is Jess Higginbottom Clark, WH20, live for NewsBeat.”
“Hey, you two just might be on TV,” Opal told them. “We’ll have to watch the news tonight.”

Stink turned to Judy. “Since when are you a Bigfooter?”

“Since one minute ago. I just had the biggest brainstorm ever. Catching Bigfoot’s worth like a million thrill points. Summer’s almost over, Stink. This is my absolute last chance to get points. If we catch Bigfoot, I might even win the race!”

“Huh?” said Stink.


Judy and Stink sat in the Cave at the back of Fur & Fangs, waiting for the Bigfoot Believers meeting to begin. “One more thing,” Stink told Judy. “Dogs always howl whenever they see Bigfoot. Page thirty-seven.”

Just then, Zeke banged a gavel down on the table.

“OK, Bigfooters. The Tuesday night meeting is officially called to order.”
Zeke turned to a retired couple. They were both wearing BOWLING FOR BIGFOOT T-shirts and had cameras around their necks.

"Rose and Herb?"
"Present."
"Stink?"
"Present."
"New member?"
"Judy Moody. Present."
Judy whispered to Stink. "Where is everybody?"
"What do you mean? This is it. This is our club."
"Weirdness," said Judy.
"Rose? Do you have a report?" Zeke asked.

Rose stood and opened a large flowered notepad. "Three new sightings! It's the most we've had in one week."
"Excellent!" said Zeke. "Give me the coordinates."

"One woman saw Bigfoot taking laundry off her line at fifty-seven Ashberry Road, about a mile east of the mall. Someone else saw something large and furry at the dump." Zeke stuck pins in a map as Rose called out the locations. "The third SWEARS he saw Bigfoot last night at the corner of Croaker and Jefferson."

Judy gasped. Stink jumped to his feet, toppling his chair. "CROAKER and JEFFERSON? That's where we live!" Stink shouted. Herb snapped a picture.
“Whoa! You two could conduct an all-night surveillance!” said Zeke. “Are you up for it?”

“You mean like a stakeout?” Stink asked. “With a tent and binoculars and emergency sirens and whistles and stuff?” Zeke nodded.

Judy and Stink high-fived each other. “Yes! All right! Thrill-o-RAMA!”

“Excellent. Herb and Rose? You’re in charge of equipment.”

Herb saluted smartly. “We’ve got all the right stuff out in the van.”

Judy and Stink followed Herb and Rose out to their van in the car park.

“Do we get to use night-vision goggles?” Stink asked.
“Yes, sirree,” said Herb. He opened the back of the van. “Camouflage netting, night-vision goggles, camcorder, whistles, thermos for coffee...”

“Herb! They don’t drink coffee,” Rose chided.

“We did once when we were waiting for Santa,” Judy reported. “It was blucky.” She stuck out her tongue.

“OK, then,” said Zeke. “Looks like you’re all set.” He hopped onto a black Vespa and put on his helmet, ready to leave. Vroom! “Good luck, little dude. You too, Moody girl! Call me if you see anything. Day or night.”

“That’s the lot,” said Herb, handing over one last flashlight. “Remember, if you need backup, this van is at your service.”

“August the sixth, 8.13 p.m. The trap is set... and the Bigfoot stakeout has officially begun. This is Stink Moody, reporting live from the Moody back garden.”

“Stink!” said Judy. “Say that we hung up thirty-eight jars of peanut butter for Bigfoot bait. And that you’re pretending to be a berry bush.”

Stink panned the camera over to Judy, who was staggering around, wearing the night-vision
goggles. "Hey! You look like Owl Girl or something!"

Judy tripped and stumbled. "These don’t work. I can’t see a thing!"

"That’s because it’s not all-the-way dark yet, Owl Girl."

Aunt Opal came outside, holding a baby monitor. "Aunt Opal! Wave to the camera!" Stink called.

Aunt Opal waved. "Stink, you make a berry nice bush."

"Hardee-har-har," said Stink.

"OK, kids. Let’s go over our plans. You two will stay in the tent."

"Check," said Stink.

"If you see or hear ANYthing, call me immediately on the walkie-talkie."

"Check," said Stink.

"Hey, that’s Stink’s old baby monitor!"

Judy said.

"Whatev. Now, what’s our secret signal?"

Stink held the button on the monitor.

"Code red! Code red!" he yelled.

"Perfect. The minute I hear that, I’ll be down in a flash to help."

"Your mood ring’s orange!" said Stink.

"That means you’re scared."

"Nuh-uh," said Judy. "But, Aunt Opal, what happens if you fall asleep and Bigfoot attacks us and we’re half-eaten before you get downstairs?"

Stink scoffed. "He won’t attack us. I’ve been practising Bigfoot sign language."
Stink placed his hand over his heart. "This means 'I am your friend.'"

Judy rubbed her stomach. "This means 'Your head was delicious.'"

"Nobody's going to get eaten," said Aunt Opal. "Now, remember our vow." Aunt Opal, Judy and Stink crossed their hearts and fist-bumped.

"We will NOT. Fall. ASLEEP!" they said all together.

Half an hour later, the house was dark. The tent was dark. Judy and Stink were sprawled on top of their sleeping-bags, fast asleep.

All of a sudden, the rattle of a bin startled Judy awake. She, Judy Moody, heard creepy sounds. A cat screeched. Gravel crunched.

She tried to nudge Stink awake. "Stink! Wake up! Something's out there!"

"ZZZZZzzz!" Stink rolled over on his side.

"Code red. CODE RED!" Judy whispered into the baby monitor. She pressed the button to listen. But all she could hear was Aunt Opal snoring!

Judy grabbed a large butterfly net and unzipped the tent. She poked her head out of the tent flap and looked through her night-vision goggles. Spooky! The world was neon green and dark black. Sure enough, moving across the lawn was an oddly shaped, fuzzy, glow-in-the-dark creature.
“Holy macaroni! It’s ... it’s him! Code Bigfoot! CODE BIGFOOT!”

The fuzzy, green, luminous creature approached the tree, bumping into one peanut butter jar after another. “Hey! Ow! Ow! Ow!”

Judy leaped into action. Racing to the tree, she lunged forward and SWOOSH! She slammed the butterfly net down over the creature’s head!

“GOTCHA!”

“Aghhhhhhh!” All of a sudden, the hammock came down out of the tree, knocking Judy and the creature to the ground.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” Judy yelled. The creature yelled too.
“Bigfoot!” Stink called. Stink charged out of the tent, flashlight in one hand, monitor in the other. “CODE RED! CODE RED! CODE RED!” he called, rushing over to the tree in his bunny slippers.

Trapped under the net, beneath the tree, was a thrashing, kicking, yelling, two-headed monster. Stink flipped on the flashlight, grabbed a corner of the hammock and yanked it back.

“Hey! Get off me!” said the monster.

Judy yanked off the night goggles.

“Fraannnk?”

“Juuudy?”

“Bigfoot?” said Stink.

“What are you doing here, Frank?”

“I, um, my dad took me back to the theatre to pick up our backpacks and I saw the house was dark, so I thought I’d just drop it off in your tent or something so you’d find it, only I bumped into a jar and then you hair-netted me!”

“Sorry. I thought you were Bigfoot,” said Judy.

Stink bounced the beam back and forth between them. “Ha! You scared Judy’s pants off, Frank!”

“Not,” said Judy.

“Yah-huh! I HEARD you! You were screaming your HEAD off—”

All of a sudden, they heard a loud cracking noise, coming from the deep, dark woods. Stink looked at Judy, eyes wide. Judy looked at Stink.
“Bigfoot,” Stink dared to whisper.
“No way. That was an owl.”
Just then, an owl hooted. “THAT was an owl. Or Bigfoot pretending to BE an owl!” Stink said.
“Let’s go!”
Judy and Stink grabbed their gear and bolted for the woods. “Are you coming, Frank?” Judy asked. “It’s worth mega-mega-thrill points!”
“I, um, sure, I’d like to and everything, but, um...” A car honked. “That’s my dad. Got to go! Bye!”
Judy and Stink tiptoed across the back garden. They crept closer and closer to the tree line. At the edge of the woods, they stopped to listen.

“Maybe it was really WAS an owl, Stink.”
“Nuh-uh. That was HIM. I know it. Bigfoot is famous for his owl sounds. Page forty-two.” Judy and Stink craned their necks, peering into the darkness.
“You go first. I’ll hold the light,” said Judy.

“You go first. I’m filming,” said Stink, turning on the camcorder.

“OK, Scaredy-Pants. But stay close.”

Stink clung to the back of Judy’s PJs with one hand, filming with the other. They inched into the woods. Stink’s costume hooked onto a tree and ... SNAP!

“What was that?” Stink whispered.

“Shhhhh! You’ll scare Bigfoot!”

Judy and Stink tiptoed further and further into the gloom, taking shorter and shorter breaths. “Stop. Look. There!” Judy moved the light across a large patch of matted grass. “Is this some kind of bed or something?”

“Ye-ah. A Bigfoot bed. Page eighty-seven. This must be where he sleeps.”

Judy swallowed hard. “Then wh-where is he?”

“Maybe he heard us coming. He’s probably watching us right now.” Stink touched his hand to his heart. “Mr Bigfoot? We come in peace!”

The wind whistled through the trees.

“Hello? Can you hear me?” Stink tried again.

Suddenly, a furry creature swung from a tree branch, brushing Judy’s head and bumping the camera.

“AHHHHHHHHH!” Judy and Stink dropped everything and ran, screaming, out of the woods. They ran across the
stream, over the lawn, up the back steps, through the kitchen, up the stairs and straight into Judy's room.

SLAM! Their screaming didn’t stop until they were both huddled under the covers on Judy’s bottom bunk. Judy scooped up Mouse and held her tight.

And then,” Stink told Aunt Opal the next morning, “we got so scared, we ran out of the woods and all the way upstairs and I had a sleepover in Judy’s room.”

“Aunt Opal, you missed it! You slept through the whole thing.”

“Good thing I filmed it,” said Stink. “There! See? That’s his bed!”

“Are you sure?” asked Opal. “It looks like woods to me.”
“He was there – I know it! Ask Judy.”

“All I know is I got a possum hair-brush and ZERO thrill points.”

Aunt Opal smiled. “Well, don’t give up, you two. It can take years to catch a monster.”


Right there, before her very own eyes, in front of her very own house, a tall, furry gorilla creature with enormous feet dashed down the pavement! A pack of howling dogs nipped at his heels.

“Code Bigfoot!” yelled Stink. “After him!”

In a blur they all scrambled for the door. “After him! Go-go-go-go-go!” Judy yelled. Judy, Stink and Opal tore down the street after him.

Bigfoot and the dogs turned the corner. “We have to catch him before he gets to
Main Street! Cars will drive him cuckoo! Page twelve!” Stink shouted.

_Tingalinga, ding! Ding! Ding!_

Stink, Judy and Opal screeched to a stop. She, Judy Moody, could not believe her eyes. The ice cream van had stopped at a red light. Bigfoot was waving his arms, flagging it down. He hopped right onto the ice cream van, barely escaping the yowling, howling dogs.

“Did you see that? Bigfoot hijacked the ice cream van!” Stink yelled.

“We'll never catch him now,” said Judy as the van pulled away.

“Never say never,” said Opal as Jessica Finch rode by on her bike. Opal threw up her hand. “STOP!”

Jessica slammed on her brakes, squealing to a stop.

“I'm afraid we need this bike,” said Opal. “It's an emergency.”

“Who are YOU?” Jessica Finch asked.

“I'm, uh, Special Agent for the Apprehension of Large Unidentified Creatures. We need this bicycle for the chase.”

Stunned, Jessica stepped off her bike.

“Get on!” Opal yelled. Judy hopped on the handlebars; Stink jumped on the back. Pedalling madly, Opal steered the bike across the street, up over the pavement and into someone’s front garden, knocking over a garden gnome.

“Woo-hoo!” Judy yelled as they flew
through flapping laundry, swerved past a barking dog and tripped a sprinkler system. WHOOSH! A spray of water rained down on them.

“Awesome! No bath tonight!” Stink whooped. Just as they reached the street, they caught sight of the ice cream van again.

“We’ve got him now!” Opal yelled. She poured it on, but the road turned into a steep hill. Huffing and puffing, she stood up on the pedals, groaning with every push. The bike wobbled and swerved.

“Ditch!” Judy yelled and they all tumbled off the bike. All three of them ran, reaching out for a handhold, but the van passed them by.

“Back on the bike!” Judy yelled.

Honk. HONK, HONK, HONK! Crr-UNCH! Just then, a van screeched its brakes as its big tyres ran over Jessica’s bike. The Birnbaums!

“It’s Rose and Herb, from my Bigfoot club!” called Stink.

“We got a report! Bigfoot’s in –” Herb started.

“– the ice cream van. We know!” yelled Stink.

“Get in! Get in!” Herb urged. Opal piled in after Judy and Stink.

“Buckle up, everyone,” called Rose, taking off like a bat out of Transylvania. Herb squawked into his CB radio. “This is Herb Birnbaum, reporting a runaway
man-gorilla known as Bigfoot who just hijacked an ice cream van—"

"LEFT! Go left!" Judy and Stink yelled.

Rose screeched left. "I think I see the van!" said Opal, pointing.

"Faster!" Judy yelled.

Rose hit the gas. The needle ticked up, up, up. Forty, fifty, sixty...

"I have to tell you, this is my first official car chase," said Opal.

"Really? We get in two or three of these a week," said Rose.

"There it is. Right in front of us!" Stink yelled.

All of a sudden, a cloud of ice cream wrappers flew off the van, splatting all over the windshield.

"It's raining ice cream!" Stink called.

"It's a cloaking device!" Judy said.

"Just like in the movies!"

Rose hit the spray and wipers, then punched the gas. Out of nowhere, the WH2O van veered in front of them.

Rose hit the brakes.
"WHOAAAAAAAAA!" Judy said. "This is like the Scream Monster."

"Minus the puke," Stink teased.

"Follow that van!" Herb ordered.

Rose floored it. She tore down a side street after the news van, which was zooming after the ice cream van. "Short cut!" she yelled. Rose skidded and bumped crazy-fast across a football field.

*Ka-bump!* *Ka-bump!* She zoomed through a car park full of speed bumps. The van veered out of the car park. Rose zoomed off, still hot on the trail.

The ice cream van and news van turned into an old car park. The Birnbaums' van roared through a neatly clipped hedge and screeched to a stop.

When the cloud of dust settled, Judy looked around. "Hey, look! It's the Poop Picnic place!"

"Larkspur Pier?" asked Aunt Opal. "How'd that happen?"

Judy and Stink leaped out of the van and raced towards the ice cream van. Hot on their heels were the cameraman and the reporter. As they got closer, Judy put her finger to her lips. "SHHHHHHHH!"

They crept alongside the truck. Judy gasped. "Mr TODD?"

Mr Todd smiled a big smile when he saw her. "Judy Moody! Long time no see! I was hoping I'd see you—"

"Yeah, because we're saving you from—"
“BIGFOOT!” said Stink.

Bigfoot stepped out of the van! Everyone gasped. Bigfoot grabbed his head and popped it off.

“ZEKE!” Judy and Stink shrieked at the same time.

Aunt Opal and Rose came running over, all out of breath. Judy and Stink started talking at the same time.

“It’s my teacher!”

“It’s Zeke!”

“I can’t believe he’s the ice cream guy!”

“Since when are you Bigfoot?”

The reporter waved to the cameraman. “A madcap ride through town has led us to this old pier, where Bigfoot appears to be nothing more than a teenager, wearing
some kind of hairy costume!"

Mr Todd shook hands with Opal. "Hi. Mr Todd. I'm Judy's teacher, when I'm not being the ice cream man, that is."

"So you're the World’s Greatest Teacher," said Aunt Opal. "Nice to meet you finally. I'm Opal Moody. Judy's aunt. When I'm not in pursuit of runaway ice cream vans, that is." Everybody cracked up.

"And this is Bigfoot," said Mr Todd. "You all know Zeke. I thought with all the Bigfoot fever around here this summer, it would be fun to get in on the action. I heard about the Bigfoot Club and went and met Zeke. He came up with a costume and I hired him to help me sell ice cream today."

"Zeke, why didn't you tell me?" Stink asked.

"Chill, dude! I just got the job. I only met the Todd-ster this morning!"

Judy swatted Stink on the arm. "Stink, why didn't you tell me that Mr Todd was the ice cream man? I've been looking for him ALL SUMMER!"

Stink shrugged. "How was I supposed to know?"

The reporter spoke into the mike. "Today's sightings have been much ado about nothing, but two questions remain. Is the real Bigfoot still at large? And, will he show up for the circus?"

For the first time, she noticed a huge, striped tent beyond the old Ferris wheel. The pier was all dressed up with banners and balloons.

"Yup! It’s today, all right," said Mr Todd. “And you get a prize for finding me, remember? Front-row seats!”

Judy beamed. “Wow, thanks a million! Was I the first one to find you?”

Mr Todd’s eyes twinkled. “Not exactly…”

Opal, Stink and Judy took their seats in the VIP row, next to a bunch of kids from Judy’s class. Judy sat next to Frank Pearl.

“Hey, thanks for getting me a ticket to the circus,” Frank said to Judy.

“I owe you,” said Judy. “Sorry I was such a fun mop.”

“Sponge.”

“Mop. Sponge. Rag. Whatever. Want some?” Judy held out her candyfloss to Frank. He made a yuck face.

A hairy gorilla hand grabbed a chunk.

“Big-foot hun-gry,” said Zeke.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo! A trumpet blared. The ringmaster came onto the stage, leading circus stars atop horses and baby elephants. The kids from circus camp, dressed as clowns, were sweeping up behind the elephants.

“Hey, look – there he is! Rocky! And he’s sweeping ELEPHANT POOP! Ha! I knew it!” Judy said. “Hey, Rock! It’s me!”
Rocky was dressed in a funny tuxedo and top hat. He waved at Judy. While the clowns did handsprings on the mat, Rocky walked over to a fancy box.

"Do we have a volunteer from the audience?" the ringmaster bellowed. "Someone brave enough to get sawn in half?"

Judy was out of her seat in a flash, waggling her arm. Rocky whispered to the ringmaster. He pointed his whip at Judy.

"Yay!" She raced into the ring. Rocky opened the box, motioning her in.

"Hey, Judy!" he said, grinning.

"Hey, Rock. I missed you."

Rocky latched the door. Then he and the ringmaster lifted the box onto sawhorses. Rocky put his saw to the box and started sawing. ZZZzzzz-ZZZZzzz!

Abracadabra! She, Judy Moody, was sawn in half. Amazing! Then, presto change-o, she was put back together again in no time.

RARE times two!
On a perfect summer evening, a week before school started, when even the mosquitoes weren’t biting, Rocky put on a back garden circus for the Moodys. Rocky was wearing his I WENT TO CIRCUS CAMP T-shirt and Amy sported an I WENT TO BORNEO T-shirt. Frank had on a ZOMBIES ARE UNDEAD T-shirt.

For the umpteenth time in the last ten days, Rocky said, “And now, before your very eyes, the one and only Judy Moody will be sawn in half.”

Judy held up the hand with her mood ring. Blue-green. Relaxed, Calm.

“Can I be next?” asked Stink.

Rocky sawed through the middle of the magic box. Judy screamed, kicking her feet wildly. Rocky pushed the two pieces apart until it looked like Judy had been cut in two.

“Ta-da!” said Rocky. Everybody cheered, clapped and whistled.

“Make sure you put her back!” said Dad.

“Yes,” said Mum. “We’ve only just got home!”

“Wow, Rock. That is worth MEGA POINTS!” said Amy.
Rocky pushed the pieces back together. He opened the lid. Judy sat up, in one piece, revealing her handmade I WENT ON A POOP PICNIC! T-shirt.

She climbed out of the box. “Don’t rub it in, OK? Just ’cause YOU guys beat the pants off me and won the race…”

Opal smiled, motioning Judy over. She whispered to Mum and Dad, “Can I borrow Judy for a few minutes? I promise I’ll bring her back in ONE piece.”

Opal led Judy to the driveway, where she handed her a helmet. They hopped on Zeke’s black Vespa and she kick-started the engine with a loud vroom! Judy held on to Aunt Opal as they peeled out into the dark night.

“Are you sure you can drive one of these?” Judy asked.

“Duh! I drove one of these across the Sahara! How do you think I got Zeke to let me borrow it?”

Opal zipped through Judy’s neighbourhood, down Main Street and turned a corner. Pulling up alongside the Mary Louise Shipman Public Library, she cut the engine. “C’mon,” Aunt Opal whispered, stepping off the Vespa. She grabbed a package wrapped in newspaper strapped to the back. “We have to be quick.”

Two stern-looking stone lions flanked the front steps. “These guys are WAY too serious, don’t you think?” Opal asked. She unwrapped the newspaper and out
came the two rubbish bin hats, good as new.

"Wow! You fixed them!" Judy cried. She rushed over to place the hats on the lions.

"Yup! Which means you NOW have ... drum roll, please ... TEN thrill points for guerilla art!"

"I did it! FINALLY!" Judy held out her hand. "Look, Aunt Opal, my mood ring's purple."

"Don't tell me. Purple means Joyful, On Top of the World."

"You knew!"

"Yup. So," Opal said, "it's probably a good thing you didn't spend the summer in your room."
“For sure and absolute positive. I wouldn’t have walked on a tightrope, or ridden the Scream Monster, or gone on a scary midnight stakeout...”

“Or had a poop picnic,” Opal added. "Next summer, I’m thinking of wrapping the Eiffel Tower in ten thousand scarves. Want to help me?"

"You mean it? For real? That would be on-top-of-SPAGHETTI rare! Not to mention a gazillion..."

Suddenly, Judy's eyes grew wide. In a wing mirror of the Vespa, she could see a shaggy, shadowy figure step out of the woods and into a patch of light from a streetlamp. Was it? Could it be? Maybe it was just a tall guy with a jumper down to his knees?

"Or was it...?"

"Aunt Opal!” Judy whispered urgently. "In the mirror! Look! LOOK!"
Aunt Opal peered at the mirror. “I don’t see anything. Just the leaves of those bushes are shaking, like somebody just cut through there or something.”

“Exactly,” Judy half whispered.

The next morning, Judy heard a *toot toot* and looked out of the upstairs window. Dad was strapping an enormous suitcase to the top of a taxi.

Judy raced down the stairs as fast as she could. Everybody was hugging and laughing and crying and Stink was hanging on to Aunt Opal’s leg for dear life.

“I’m never letting go,” said Stink. Opal climbed into the cab. Stink ran over to the Bigfoot statue.

“Paris. Next summer. Be there!” she said to Judy. Opal leaned out the window, waving madly, as the cab moved down the street.

“Love you! Bye!” Aunt Opal called.

“Love you back! See you next summer!” Judy sighed and walked over to the
Bigfoot statue. Stink was taping a sign onto a card table: TOUCH BIGFOOT! 50 CENTS!

"Fifty cents to touch a piece of shaggy old carpet? Are you nuts?"

"Uh-humm." A throat cleared. "Do you have change for a dollar?"

Judy turned. It was Jessica Finch, on her half-pink bike. The other half was bent and stickers and glitter covered the scratches. She held out a dollar.

Stink grabbed it. "Sure!"

"Thanks for fixing my bike," said Jessica.

"Yeah, sure, no problem," said Judy.

Stink handed over the change. Jessica slowly stuck out a finger – and touched Bigfoot. "Ewww!" She laughed.
Judy watched as other kids from the neighbourhood came down the street. “Fifty cents to touch Bigfoot!” Judy yelled, waving them over.

“Hey! This was MY idea,” said Stink.

“Aunt Opal says art belongs to everyone. Besides, I have to earn money for the Eiffel Tower! Fifty cents a touch!” she called, even louder this time. “For a DOLLAR, Bigfoot will shake your hand!

“For a HUNDRED DOLLARS, we’ll move him to your garden!” said Dad.

“And for a THOUSAND,” said Judy, “I’ll show you where the REAL Bigfoot is!”
The whole world's in a Judy Moody mood!

Say hello to...

Fleur Humeur (Judy Moody in the Netherlands)

or Dada Nalada (Judy Moody in Slovakia)

or Hania Humorek (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 12 million books in print worldwide.

Open up a book — anywhere, anytime — and get ready for your best mood ever!
10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

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 favourite 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 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds

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. Peter has a son named Henry Rocket.

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

6. He made his first animated film at the age of twelve.

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

2. One of his favourite 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 favourite president!
Be sure to check out Stink's adventures too!
DOUBLE RARE!
Judy Moody has her own interactive website!

Visit www.judymoody.com for all things Judy Moody and lots of way-not-boring fun stuff, including:

- The Official Judy Moody Fan Club
- Interactive games and a Mood Meter
- Way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Digital downloads, including emoticons and wallpapers
- Sample chapters and downloadable reading logs

Visit www.judymoody.com for lots of way-not-boring things!

Stink Moody has his own website!
(One he doesn't have to share with his bossy older sister, Judy)

for the latest in all things Stink, visit www.stinkmoody.com

where you can:

- Test your Stink knowledge with an IQ quiz
- Write and illustrate your own comic strip
- Create your own guinea pig: choose its colours, name it and e-mail it to a friend!
- Guess Stink's middle name
- Learn way-not-boring stuff about Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds
- Read the Stink-y fact of the week!
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The Holly Joliday

Judy Moody & Stink
The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt

In the mood for more Judy Moody? Then try these!