

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**](http://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**](http://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, Mood Martian
Judy Moody and the Bucket List
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 and the Freaky Frog Freakout
Stink and the Shark Sleepover
Stink-O-Pedia: Super Stinky-y Stuff from A to Zzzzz
Stink-O-Pedia 2: More Stinky-y Stuff from A to Z
Judy Moody & Stink: The Holly Joliday
Judy Moody & Stink: The Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Treasure Hunt
Judy Moody & Stink: The Big Bad Blackout
Judy Moody & Stink: The Wishbone Wish

Books by Megan McDonald

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 • Sky Colour

JUDY MOODY TWICE AS MOODY



Megan McDonald

illustrated by
Peter H. Reynolds



WALKER
BOOKS

The author extends special thanks to Hailey and Randi Reel

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously. All statements, activities, stunts, descriptions, information and material of any other kind contained herein are included for entertainment purposes only and should not be relied on for accuracy or replicated as they may result in injury.

First published in Great Britain 2017 by Walker Books Ltd
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text © 2000 Megan McDonald
Illustrations © 2000 Peter H. Reynolds
Judy Moody font © 2003 Peter H. Reynolds

The right of Megan McDonald and Peter H. Reynolds to be identified as author and illustrator respectively of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

Judy Moody TM. Judy Moody is a registered trademark
of Candlewick Press Inc., Somerville MA

This book has been typeset in Stone Informal

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording, without prior written permission from the publisher.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data:
a catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-4063-7741-5

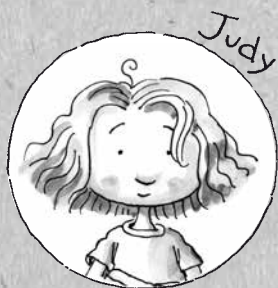
www.walker.co.uk

Judy
Moody



For my sisters, Susan, Deborah, Michele, Melissa
M. M.

For my daughter, Sarah, and her cat, Twinkles
P. H. R.



A Bad Mood...11



Roar!... 21

Two Heads Are
Better Than One...34



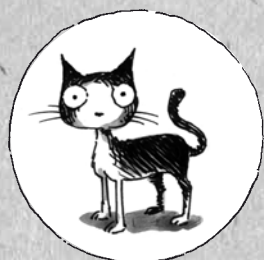
My Favourite Pet...50

My Smelly Pet...63



Doctor Judy Moody...70

The TP Club...82



Mouse

The Worst Thing Ever...96

Definitely the Worst
Thing Ever...114



Rocky

The Funniest
Thing Ever...121



Frank

The Me Collage...138

Band-Aids and
Ice Cream...151



Mr Todd

A Bad Mood

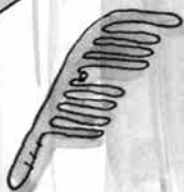
Judy Moody did not want to give up summer. She did not feel like brushing her hair every day. She did not feel like memorizing spelling words. And she did not want to sit next to Frank Pearl, who ate paste, in class.

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.



PLANET



“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.

