

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.

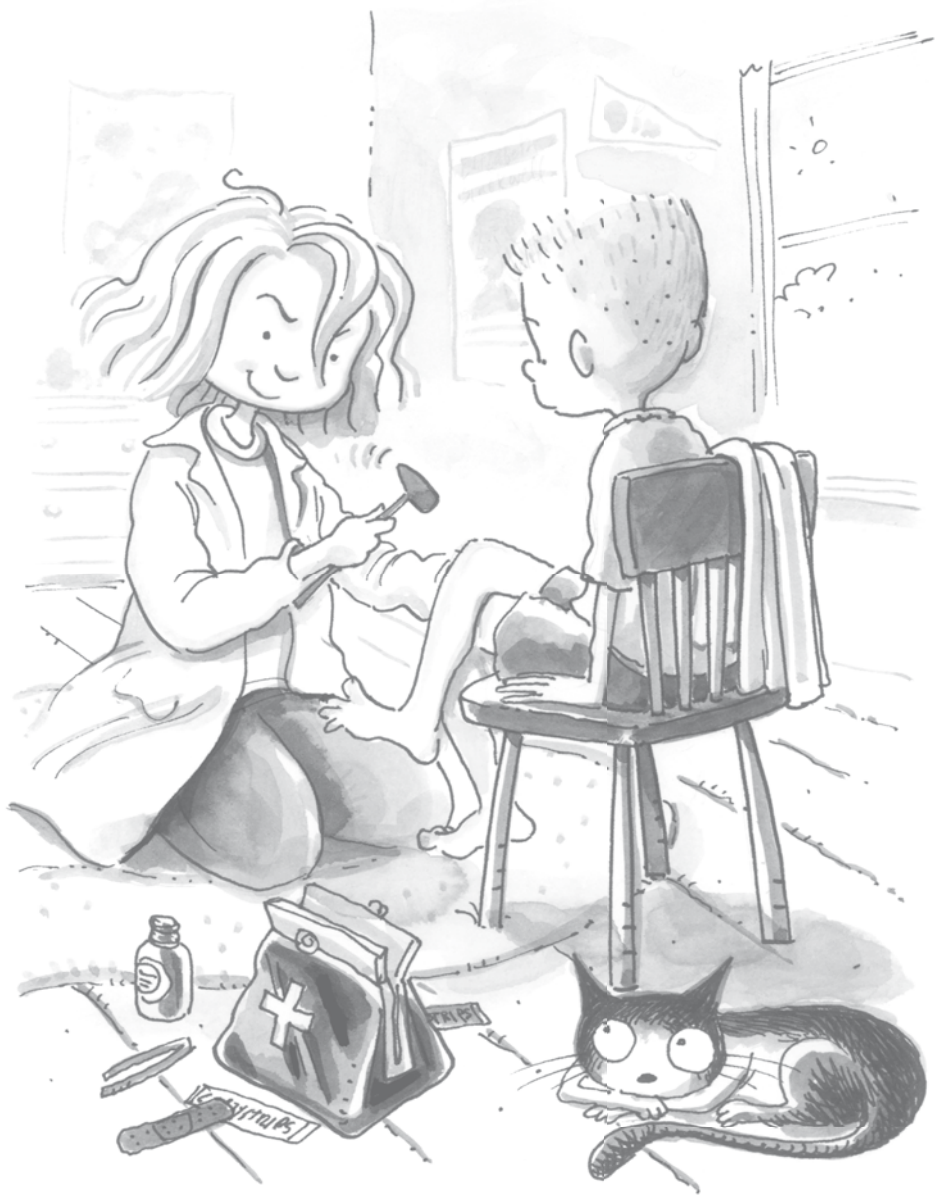
“Never mind who?” asked Stink.

“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



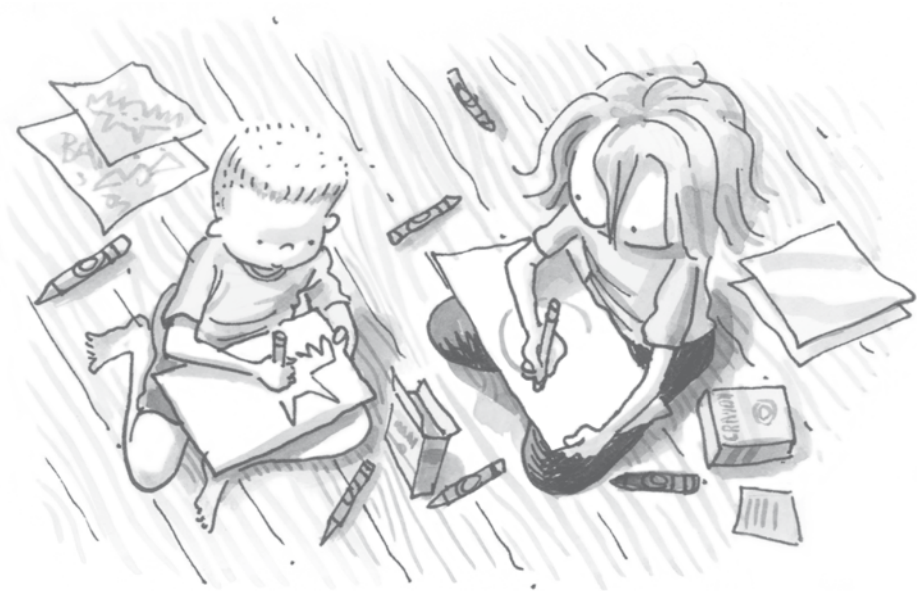
want him thinking he was a genius or anything. She had to dream up a good-as-Picasso idea. Better than ucky old bats. Better than a teenager. She wanted her Judy Moody Crazy Strip to be seen all across the USA. The world. The universe.

“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.