



**FiZZ
Ed**

Crackdown!

Smackdown!

Thwackdown!

Stink stared at the stack of super-secret sealed envelopes on Mrs D.'s desk. He could hardly wait.

Report Card Day!

Report Card Day was the best day ever in the whole entire school year. Right after Crazy Hat Day and Pyjama Day, that is.

At last it was time. Mrs D. handed

him an envelope. A brand-spanking-new envelope with a shiny little window that said: TO THE PARENTS OF JAMES E. MOODY.

Stink took a sniff. Stink took a whiff. He could almost smell the perfect ink used to write down all the good grades he was about to get.

“Remember,” said Mrs D., “no opening until you have a parent present.”

Just then, the bell rang. Stink put the envelope in his Wednesday folder. He put the folder in his backpack. He rushed out the door.



On the bus, Stink could not stand it one more minute. He took out the super-secret sealed envelope.

“You better not open it,” said his best friend Webster.

“You better not open it,” said his other best friend, Sophie of the Elves.

“I’m just looking,” said Stink.

“Stink, put that away,” said his sister, Judy. “You’re not allowed to open it till we get home.”

Stink held the envelope to the light. He pressed it against the bus window.

“O, O, O, O, O,” said Stink. “I see a lot of O’s for *Outstanding!*”



“Zeros,” said Judy, cracking up.
“You got all zeros.”

“Hardee-har-har,” said Stink.

Stink had ants in his pants all the way home. Bees in his knees. Flies in his eyes. Stink felt like a hopping popcorn kernel just about to p-o-p!

Stink raced into the house.

He took out his Wednesday folder and handed the envelope to Mum.
“Open it, open it, open it.”

“Let’s wait for Dad.”

“But the sooner you open it,” said Stink, “the sooner we can hang it on the fridge in the Moody Hall of Fame. I know I got all O’s.”

“O is for *oh, brother*,” Judy said.



Report card time!

Dad peered over Mum’s shoulder. They smiled proud smiles for all the big fat cheery O’s on his report card.

“Good for you, honey,” said Mum, putting an arm around him.

“Lots of *Outstandings*. You should be proud of yourself, Stink,” said Dad.

“Aren’t you going to hang it on the fridge now?” Stink asked. “In the Moody Hall of Fame? Above Judy’s?”

Mum and Dad didn’t answer. Mum and Dad stared at the report card. Mum and Dad read the comments at the bottom.

All of a sudden, their smiles turned into straight lines. The straight lines turned into upside-down smiles. Mum and Dad were frowning!

“What’s this?” asked Dad, pointing to the bottom of the report card.

“Seems to be a *U*,” said Mum.

U! U was for *Ucky*! U was for *U stink*!
U was for ... *Unless You’re an O, What Are You Doing on My Report Card?*



“Stink got a U?” Judy asked. “U is for *UN-satisfactory*! U is for *U flunked*!”

“In Phys Ed,” said Dad.

“Fizz Ed?” Stink asked. “Who’s Ed?”

“Phys Ed,” said Mum. “Physical Education.”

“Gym,” said Judy. “You know, like sports.”

“Sports? I like sports,” said Stink.

“Driving your race-car bed is not a sport,” said Judy.

“I like basketball.”

“Which you play in your room while sitting on your UN-sports race-car bed.”

“I like baseball too. And football.”

“You like collecting baseball cards and watching the Steelers on TV with Dad. Waving the Terrible Towel around? Also not a sport.”

“Can I help it if I’m short and can’t reach the basket? Can I help it if the bat’s bigger than me? Can I help it if I get crushed in American football? Do you want a brother who’s flat as a pancake?”

“Silver-dollar or blueberry?” Judy asked.

“Mum and I would still like you to take up a sport,” said Dad.

“Just because of one puny U, I have

to get crushed like a pancake?”

“There are plenty of sports you can play. I was short like you, but I was the fastest kid on the Roanoke Racerbacks.”

“All kids need exercise. And fresh air,” said Mum. “It’ll be fun.”

“What about Judy? Doesn’t she have to play a sport?”

“Hello! I play football. And softball. And I do swim team in the summer.”

“Playing a sport will really help you bring this grade up,” said Dad.

Stink’s lip quivered like wiggly spaghetti.

“In sports, you get to wear a cool uniform,” said Judy. “And bring home a shiny trophy. And go to a pizza party at the end of the season.”

Stink looked at Mum and Dad. Stink looked at Judy. But instead of eyes, all he could see were U’s.