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.

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"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

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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!"

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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.

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"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

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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."

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"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.



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