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.

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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!

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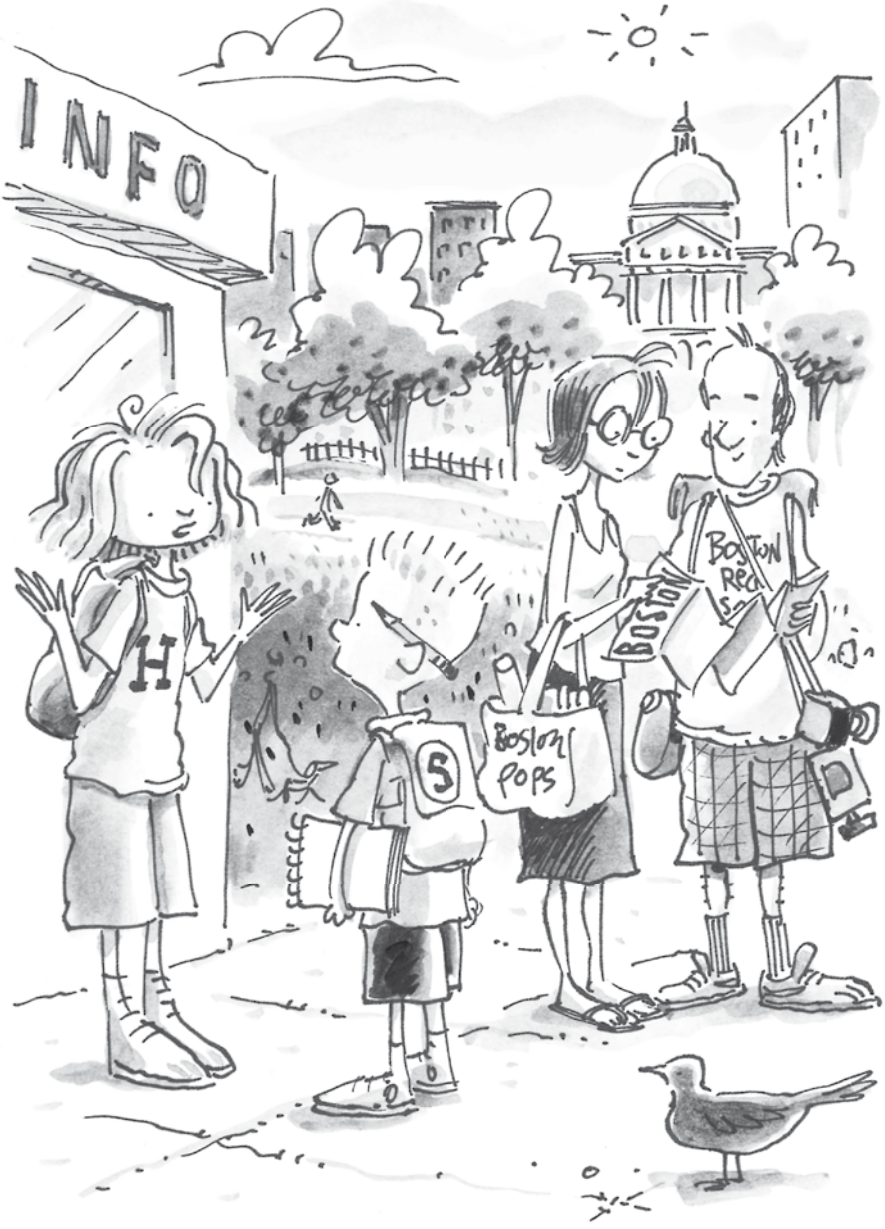
Judy and her family climbed up the stairs and out into the fresh air, heading for the information booth on Boston Common, where Dad bought a guide to the Freedom Trail.

"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

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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.

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"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

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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

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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."

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"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!"

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"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



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