A Moody Day

PLIP! Judy Moody woke up. *Drip, drip, drip* went rain on the roof. *Blip, blip, blip* went drops on the window. Not again! It had been raining for seven days straight. Bor-ing!

She, Judy Moody, was sick and tired of rain.

Judy put her head under the pillow. If only she was sick. Being sick was the greatest. You got to stay home and drink pop for

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breakfast and eat toast cut in special strips and watch TV in your room. You got to read Cherry Ames, Student Nurse, mysteries all day. And you got to eat yummy cherry cough drops. Hey! Maybe Cherry Ames was named after a cough drop!

Judy took out her mum's old Cherry Ames book and popped a cough drop in her mouth anyway.

"Get up, Lazybones!" said Stink, knocking on her door.

"Can't," said Judy. "Too much rain."

"What?"

"Never mind. Just go to school without me."

"Mum, Judy's skipping school!" Stink yelled.

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Mum came into Judy's room. "Judy, honey. What's wrong?"

"I'm sick. Of *rain*," she whispered to Mouse.

"Sick? What's wrong? What hurts?" asked Mum.

"My head, for one thing. From all that noisy rain."

"You have a headache?"

"Yes. And a sore throat. And a fever. And a stiff neck."

"That's from sleeping with the dictionary under your pillow," said Stink. "To ace your spelling test."

"Is not."

"Is too!"

"See, look. My tongue's all red." Judy

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stuck out her Cherry-Ames-cough-drop tongue at Stink.

Mum felt Judy's forehead. "You don't seem to have a fever."

"Faker," said Stink.

"Come back in five minutes," said Judy. "I'll have a fever by then."

"Faker, faker, faker," said Stink.

If only she had measles. Or chicken-pox. Or … MUMPS! Mumps gave you a headache. Mumps gave you a stiff neck and a sore throat. Mumps made your cheeks stick out like Humpty Dumpty. Judy pushed the cough drop into her cheek and made it stick out, Humpty-Dumpty style.

"Mumps!" said Dr Judy. "I think I have the mumps! For real!"

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"Mumps!" said Stink. "No way. You got a shot for that. A no-mumps shot. We both did. Didn't we, Mum?"

"Yes," said Mum. "Stink's right."

"Maybe one mump got through."

"Sounds like somebody doesn't want to go to school today," said Mum.

"Can I? Can I stay home, Mum? I promise I'll be sick. All day."

"Let's take your temperature," said Mum. She took the thermometer out of the case.

"Cat hair?" said Mum. "Is this cat hair on the thermometer?"

"She's always making Mouse stick out her tongue and taking the cat's temperature," said Stink.

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Mum shook her head and went to wash off the thermometer. When she came back, she took Judy's temperature. "It's 98.6," said Mum. "Normal!"

"Faker, fakey, not-sick, big fat faker," said Stink.

"At least my temperature's normal," said Judy. "Even if my brother isn't."

"Better get dressed," said Mum. "Don't want to be late."

"Stink? You're a rat fink. Stink Rat-Fink Moody. That's what I'll call you from now on."

"Well, you'll have to call me it at school, cos you don't get to stay home."

Judy stuck out her cherry-red, no-mumps tongue at Stink.

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She was down in the dumps. She had a bad case of the grumps. The no-mumps Moody Monday blues. She, Judy Moody, felt like Mumpty Dumpty! Mumpty Dumpty without a temperature, that is.



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