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Opening extract from

Going, Going, Gone

Written by

Judy Blume

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The Pain and the Great One

Going, Going, Gone!



Judy Blume

Illustrated by

Kate Pankhurst

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

To Kamu and Miranda
Who Go, Go, Go!



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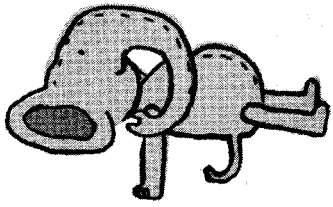
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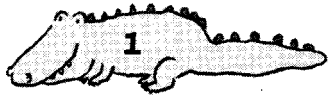
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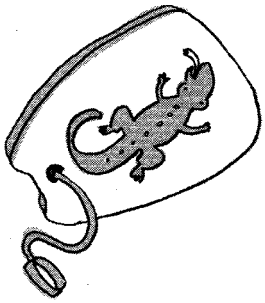
Meet the Pain



My sister's name is Abigail. I call her *The Great One* because she thinks she's so great. She says, "I don't think it, I know it!" When she says that I laugh like crazy. Then she gets mad. It's fun to make her mad. Who cares if she's in third grade and I'm just in first? That doesn't make her faster. Or stronger. Or even smarter. I don't get why Mom and Dad act like she's so special. Sometimes I think they love her more than me.



Meet the Great One



My brother's name is Jacob but everyone calls him Jake. Everyone but me. I call him *The Pain* because that's what he is. He's a first-grade pain. And he will always be a pain – even if he lives to be a hundred. Even then, I'll be two years older than him. I'll still know more about everything. And I'll always know exactly what he's thinking. That's just the way it is. I don't get why Mom and Dad act like he's so special. Sometimes I think they love him more than me.



The Lizard and the Wolf



The Pain

Grandma rented a house at the beach. Yesterday we drove there. I got carsick. I almost always get carsick if the ride takes more than an hour. Under an hour, I'm OK. The Great One doesn't get it. She says, "That doesn't make any sense."

"It makes sense to me," I told her.

"A person either gets carsick or he doesn't," she said. "Look at me – I don't get carsick, which makes me a good traveller."



"Does not!" I shouted.

"Does too!" she shouted back. "Mom, aren't I a good traveller?" Mom was driving. Dad was snoozing in the seat next to her.

"You're both good travellers," Mom said.

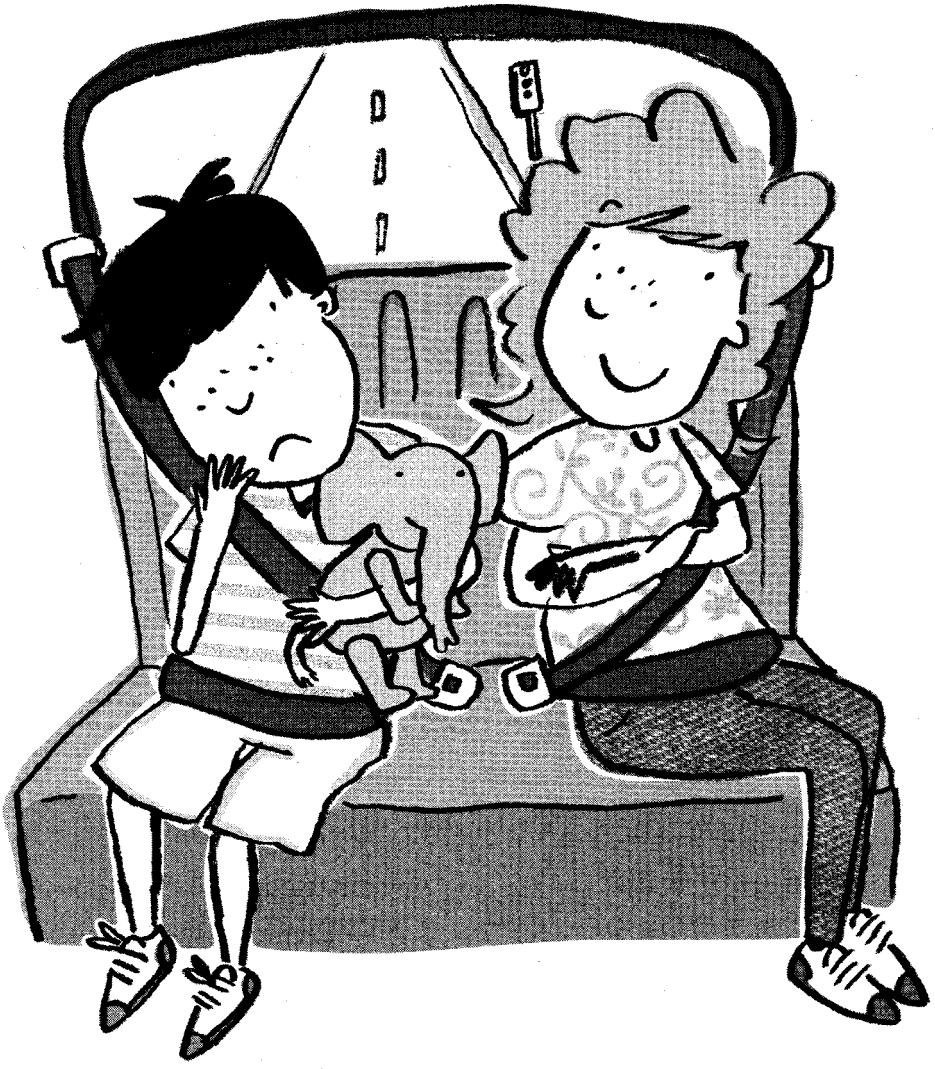
"But if you had to choose one of us to take on a trip, wouldn't you rather take the one who doesn't puke every time he gets in the car?" the Great One asked.

"No fair!" I called. "I don't puke *every* time."

"Children," Mom said, "I'm trying to concentrate on the road."

When we got to the beach Grandma took us shopping while Mom and Dad unpacked. We're staying for a week. A week is a long time. Long enough to choose your favourite breakfast cereal. Mine is Cream of Wheat because it's white. I only





like white foods. The Great One doesn't care what colour her food is. She chose Cheerios.

At the supermarket we followed Grandma down the Fun-in-the-Sun aisle. She tossed a tube of sunscreen into our cart. The Great One ran ahead to a display of boogie boards. "I've always wanted a boogie board," she told Grandma. "I could have so much fun in the ocean if only I had one." She looked through the stack of boards. "Oh, this one is so cool!" She held up a purple board. "Isn't this one cool, Grandma?" It had a picture of a lizard on it.

"You think it will be OK with your mom and dad?" Grandma asked.

"Oh yes!" the Great One said. "I'm a good swimmer. You know what a good swimmer I am."

"Well, then – let's get it," Grandma said.

The Great One threw her arms around





Grandma. "You're the best grandma in the history of the world!"

Grandma laughed. "Let's hope you think so the next time I say *no*." Then she looked at me. "Would you like a boogie board, Jake?"



"Don't waste your money," the Great One said. "He won't use it."

"Yes, I will!" I said. I chose a yellow board with a wolf's face on it.

The next day, before we headed for the beach, the Great One said, "I hope the waves are big today." Then she looked right at me and said, "I take that back. I hope they're huge!"

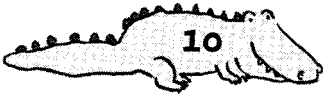
At the beach Dad set up the umbrella and opened the chairs. Grandma spread out the blanket while Mom reached into her bag for the new sunscreen. "You first, Abigail," she said to the Great One.

"Why do I have to get sunscreened first?" the Great One asked.

"I thought you *like* to go first," I said.

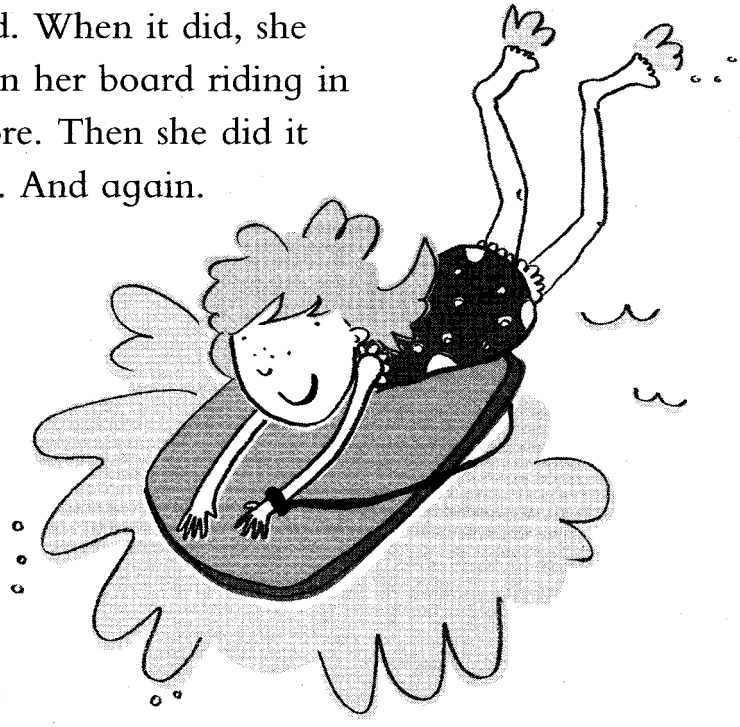
The Great One gave me one of her *looks*.

When Mom was done with us, the Great One grabbed her boogie board and raced

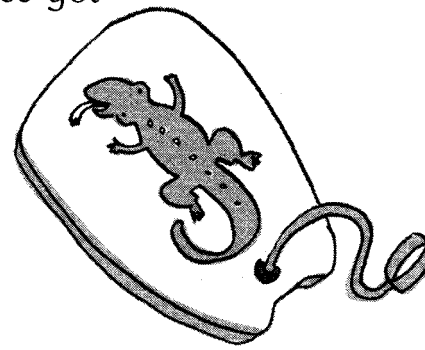


down to the ocean. Dad followed her. I followed Dad.

When I reached wet sand, I stopped. The waves weren't huge. But they weren't small either. I watched as the Great One paddled out on her boogie board. When she got far enough, she turned back and waved to Dad. Then she watched over her shoulder until just before the next wave started. When it did, she was on her board riding in to shore. Then she did it again. And again.



She didn't care if her face got wet or if she fell off her board, or even if she went under a wave. Nothing stopped her.



When I got tired of watching, I started digging a hole. I dug deeper and deeper until the ocean came up inside it. Then I sat in the hole. The water was warm. Warmer than in the ocean.

The next day the Great One was at it again. She spent all afternoon in the ocean on her boogie board, riding the waves to shore. She says it's the best fun she's ever had. She says I don't know what I'm missing.

"You *have* to try it, Jake!" she said the next morning while I was eating my Cream of Wheat.



"Try what?" I asked, like I didn't know.

"Your boogie board!"

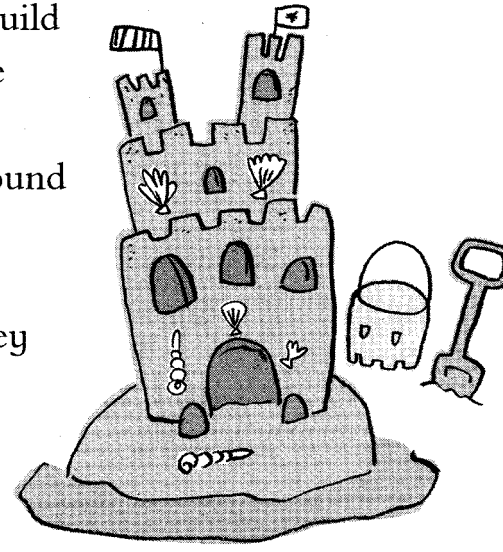
"I'm waiting," I told her.

"Waiting for what?" she asked.

"The perfect wave."

"Ha!" she said, laughing.

That afternoon I decided to build a sand fort. Grandma helped me. "I have a lot of experience," she said. "I used to help your mom build sandcastles when she was your age."



"With moats around them?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," Grandma said. "They all had moats."

Grandma was good at making turrets and

drizzling wet sand on top of them. But after a while she fanned her face with her hat and said, "Whew – it's hot out today. Time for a swim. Want to come in with me, Jake?"

"Not now," I told her. "I have to stay here and guard my fort." I watched as Grandma dived under a wave.

