

MEGAN McDONALD

No. 10

Thrill-a-delic!



JUDY MOODY

AND THE NOT BUMMER SUMMER

*illustrated by* Peter H. Reynolds

# Judy Moody

and the NOT Bummer Summer





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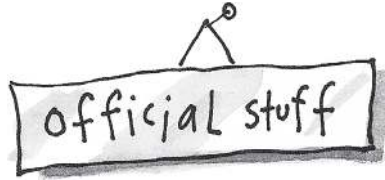


Megan McDonald

illustrated by  
Peter H. Reynolds



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For Richard  
M. M.

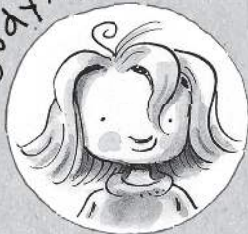
To Paul McMurry  
P. H. R.



# Table of Contents

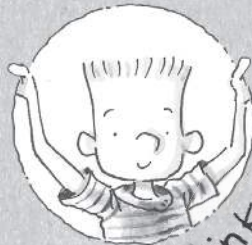
No More Snoresville .....	1
Funk-a-delic .....	8
Bored-e-o .....	19
Aunt Awful .....	33
Gross Grub Club .....	47
Thrills and Spills .....	58
Puke Monster .....	68
Goliath Glue .....	85
Poop Picnic .....	97
Frankenscreamer .....	113
Code Bigfoot .....	133
The Chase Is On .....	153
Thrill-a-delic .....	174

Judy Moody



Thrill seeker

Who's



Stink

Bigfoot on the brain



Aunt Opal

Guerrilla artist



Mouse

High-fiving cat



Mr. Todd

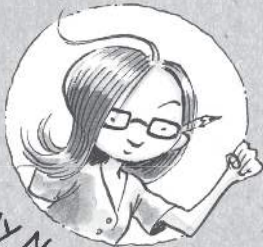
Polar-bear tamer (or is he?)

# Who



Rocky

Great Zangzini,  
poop scooper



Amy Namey

Rain-forest explorer



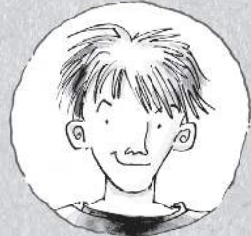
Mr. Birnbaum

Member of the BBA



Frank

Frankscreamer



Zeke

President of the BBA



Mrs. Birnbaum

Member of the BBA



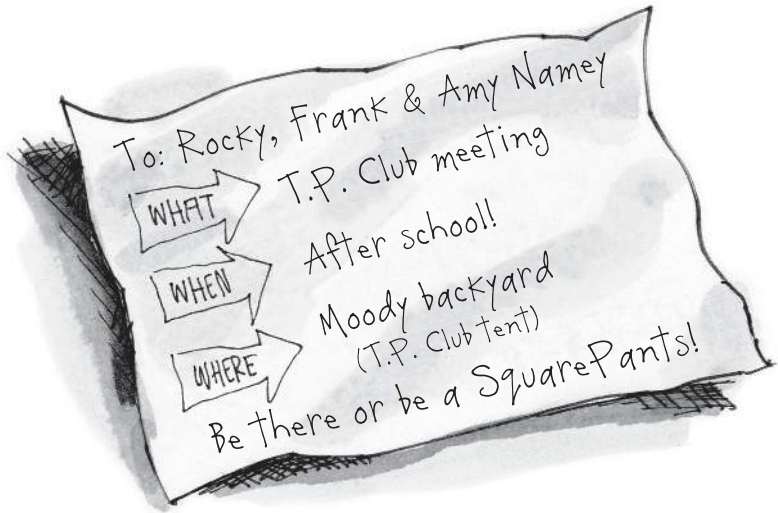
# No More Snoresville

L.D.O.S.! Last Day of School!

The countdown: only 27 minutes, 17 seconds, and 9 milliseconds until . . .  
SUMMER!

No more *S-for-Snoresville* summers. She, Judy Moody, was going to have the best summer ever. RARE!

Judy passed a note to Rocky before Mr. Todd came back.



Rocky flicked the note to Frank. Mr. Todd came into the room carrying a stack of papers. He had his **GOT MUSIC** cap on! He blinked the lights to get everyone's attention. Frank popped the note into his mouth.

“Pop quiz!” said Mr. Todd. Class 3T groaned.

“Just think: it’s your *last* test on the *last* day of school.”

“Aw! Nah-uh! Bad one!” everybody moaned.

“No way,” said Frank. The note shot out of his mouth and landed smack-dab in the middle of Rocky’s desk. Slobber City!

“Gross!” yelled Rocky.

Mr. Todd passed out the quizzes. Mr. Todd cleared his throat. “Question number one: How many times did I wear a purple tie to school this year?”

Everybody shouted answers.

“Ten!”

“Twenty-seven!”

“One hundred!”

“Four!”

“Never!” called Jessica Finch.

“Never is correct!” said Mr. Todd.

“Number two: How long did it take our class to go around the world?”

“Eight days!” said Frank.

“Eight *and a half* days,” said Judy.

“Too easy. Let’s skip ahead. Here’s one. This is big. Really big. We’re talking MUCHO GRANDE!”

“Tell us!” everybody shouted.

“Can anyone—that means YOU, Class 3T—guess what I, your teacher, Mr. Todd, will be doing THIS SUMMER?”

“Working at the Pickle Barrel Deli?” asked Hunter. “I saw you there.”

“That was last summer,” said Mr. Todd. “But this summer, if you find me, you win a prize.”

“We need a clue,” said Judy. “Give us a clue.”

“Clue! Clue! Clue! Clue! Clue!” yelled the class.

“Okay, okay. Let me think. The clue is . . . COLD.” Mr. Todd hugged himself, pretending to shiver. “Brrr.”

Jackson waved his hand. “Refrigerator salesperson!”

“Snow-remover guy!” said Jordan.

“Polar-bear tamer!” said Anya.

Judy thought and thought. Her eyes landed on the Antarctica poster tacked to the bulletin board.



“Ooh! Ooh! I got it! You’re going to Antarctica. The real one.”

“No, no, nope, and nope,” said Mr. Todd.

*Brrring!* Just then the final bell rang. Class 3T went wild.

“See you next year,” said Mr. Todd.

“Unless we see you this summer!” some of the kids yelled.

“Bye, Mr. Todd,” Judy called, zooming out the door. “Stay warm.”

“Stay Judy!” Mr. Todd called after her.

## Funk-a-delic

“Last one in the tent is a rotten tomato!”  
Judy, Rocky, and Amy pushed past Frank into the T.P. Club tent in Judy’s backyard.

“Hey! No fair!” said Frank.

Judy pulled out a giant, rolled-up poster board. “Okay, T.P.-ers! We are going to have the most way-rare, double-cool, NOT bummer summer ever.”

“Time out,” said Amy, making a T with her hands. “What’s a T.P.-er?”

Judy, Frank, and Rocky stared at one another.

“We forgot!” said Rocky. “Amy’s not even a member of our club.”

“Yet,” said Judy. “Quick. Frank. Go catch a toad.”

“Me? *You* go catch a toad,” said Frank.

“Why do we need a toad?” asked Amy. Everybody cracked up.

“You’ll see,” said Frank.

“You’ll see,” said Rocky.

“What about Toady?” Frank asked.

Of course! Judy was back in a flash from Stink’s room, holding Toady, the club mascot, in her hand. She passed it lightning-fast to Amy.

Amy peered at the toad in her hand. “I

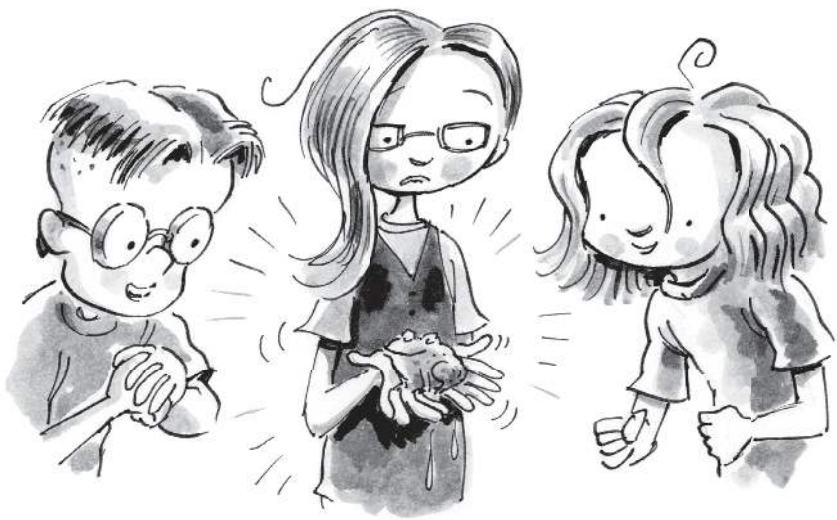
don't get it. What's supposed to happen? If he jumps in my face, you guys are so dead."

"Just wait," said Judy.

"Just wait," said Rocky.

"Do you feel anything?" asked Frank.

"Yeah. A big, fat, slimy—" All of a sudden, Amy made a face as something started to drip from her hands.



“EEUWW!” she said, peering at the teeny puddle of yellow. She gave Toady back to Judy.

“Toad pee!” yelled Rocky and Frank at the same time. Judy, Rocky, and Frank fell over laughing.

“No way. OOH! Sick!” said Amy, wiping her hand on Judy’s legs.

“Sick-*awesome*,” said Judy.

“Now you’re a member of our club,” said Frank. “The TOAD PEE club.”

“That makes you TOADally cool!” said Rocky.

Judy popped the rubber band off of her chart. “So, are you guys ready for my uber-awesome plan? Intro-DUCE-ing . . . the one and only . . . Judy Moody Mega-Rare NOT-

Bummer-Summer Dare.” Judy unrolled her chart. “Ta-da!” Stickers and glitter went flying. “See? Thrill Points, Bonus Points, Loser Points, and Big Fat Total.”

“Huh?” said Rocky. “I don’t get it.”

“You know how summer’s always Boring-with-a-capital-B? Thrill points are going to save summer. I spent two days and sixteen erasers figuring it out.”

“Ride the Scream Monster? Surf a wave? Are these the dares?” Amy asked.

“Yep. See, a dare is something way fun that we’ve never done before and that we’re kind of scared to do. Cool beans, huh?”

“Oh, boy,” Rocky said. “I think I forgot to tell you some—”



Judy stuck her hand over his mouth. “As I was saying . . . for each dare, we get ten thrill points. Plus bonus points if we do something crazy, like ride the Scream Monster with no hands. OR loser points if we chicken out.”

“Ooh! And at the end of summer, we add up all the points?” Frank asked.

“Yeah. If we reach one hundred, then, presto-whammo, we just had the best summer ever. Is that thrill-a-delic, or what?”

Rocky looked green around the edges. Amy looked like she had just swallowed a frog. “Rocky forgot to tell you . . . he’s going away this summer. To circus camp.”

“WHAT?”

“She’s going away, too,” said Rocky.  
“To Borneo!”

Judy cracked up. “You guys! You got me. I thought you were serious. Borneo. That’s a good one. What even IS Borneo?”

“It’s an island. In Indonesia. And I am going, for real, with my mom. We leave next Friday.”

“Same here,” said Rocky. “I’m going to learn to walk a tight-rope and do magic tricks and stuff.”



“That is SO not fair!  
How are we gonna have the best summer EVER if you’re not even *here*?”

Frank looked up from the chart.

“Hel-lo! I’m not going anywhere. We can still have fun.”

“Great. Just . . . great.”



After her friends went home, Judy sat in the tent staring at her blank chart. Suddenly, it did not look one bit thrill-a-delic. It looked *funk-a-delic*. FLUNK-a-delic. “It’s just you and me now, Toady. Another long, hot, boring summer.”

Stink’s head popped into the tent. “Help! Toady’s gone. He escaped!”

“Chill out, Stinkerbell. He’s right here. We needed him so Amy could be in the Toad Pee Club.”

“Hey, no fair! You guys had a Toad Pee Club meeting without me?”

“Be glad you weren’t here. It was the worst Toad Pee Club of all time.”

“Somebody’s in a mood,” said Stink.

“You would be too if your best friends were going to circus camp and Borneo for the summer. Now I’m stuck here being Bored-e-o.”

“Not me! I have big plans for summer. *Bigfoot* plans. I’m going to catch Bigfoot!”

“Stink, the only big foot around here is your two big stinky feet!”

“Haven’t you heard? It’s all over the news. There are Bigfoot sightings everywhere. He’s way close. Yesterday, Riley Rottenberger told Webster and Webster told Sophie and Sophie told me that Riley saw Bigfoot *at the mall!*”

“Yeah, right. And you, Stink Moody, are going to catch him.”

“Yep! You can help if you want.”

Judy rolled her eyes. “I’d rather catch poison ivy.”

This was going to be the boringest, snoringest summer ever. For sure and absolute positive.

## Bored-e-o

A week later, even though Judy had promised herself she was never ever going to talk to Rocky again, she walked across the street with her bike to say good-bye. Rocky's mom and dad, aunts, uncles, and tons of cousins were giving him a send-off party with a big good-bye cake and lots of singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Judy helped Rocky lug a big suitcase to

the backseat of the car. Rocky gave it one final push with his butt.

“So you’re not NOT gonna go to circus camp, huh? Sure you don’t want to change your mind?”

“Are you nuts?”

“But what if you hate circus camp?” Judy asked.

“What’s to hate? Tightrope walking, juggling, sword swallowing, lion taming—”

“Elephant-poop scooping all day? Elephant poop weighs like two hundred tons. Plus, it smells worse than a corpse flower.”

Rocky’s mom tooted the horn. “Time to go, Rock.”

“Bye! Don’t forget to write! We’ll miss you! Break a leg! *Buon viaggio!*” called his family.

Judy stepped back. Her smile started to quiver. “Bye.”

“Bye,” said Rocky.

She trotted alongside the car. “Remember, if camp is super-boring, you can always come home!”

Judy hopped on her bike and raced after the car. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you about the poooooop!”

Rocky waved from the backseat until the car disappeared.

Judy biked straight to Amy Namey’s house. When she got upstairs, Amy was jamming the last Nancy Drew book into



her zebra-striped backpack. Judy flopped on Amy's bed, blowing a huge bubble-gum bubble.

“So tell me again why you're going to Bored-e-o?”

“Born-e-o. My mom's going to write an article on this lost tribe called the Penan. They've lived in the rain forest since forever, but all their land is getting wrecked because loggers are cutting down all the trees.”

“That sounds so way un-boring. I wish I could help save a lost tribe.”

“Go ask your mom. Maybe she'll let you come, too!”

“I will! See ya,” Judy called, zooming out the door. Two seconds later, she

popped back into Amy's room. "But in case she says no, here's something to remember me by." Judy dug around in her pocket and came up with a red rubber band, a lucky stone, and half a Grouchy pencil.

"Here," she said, handing over the pencil. "Write me."

"Sweet," said Amy. "Write me back."



Judy pedaled home as fast as she could, singing, "Oh, Borneo, I long-e-o to visit you-e-o . . ." She jumped off her bike, letting it crash to the ground.

"Mom!" she called, bursting through the door. "I have a great idea!

Mommmmm! Guess what? I figured out how to save summer.”

“Save summer?” Mom said, distracted. “I didn’t know it was in trouble.”

“Listen to this. Instead of going to Grandma Lou’s—bor-ing!—let’s go to UN-boring . . . Borneo!”

“Borneo? Judy, that’s halfway around the world.”

“So? It’s got a rain forest. And lost tribes that need to get found!”

Stink came into the kitchen and headed for the fridge.

“Stink! Guess what-e-o! We’re going to Borneo! But we need money-o. Let’s have a yard sale! I’ll sell my pizza-table

collection. You can sell your World's Biggest Jawbreaker!"

Standing on his tiptoes, Stink pulled a bag of red berries from the freezer.

"No way. I'm busy. Are these cranberries?" Mom nodded. Stink zoomed out of the room with the bag of cranberries.

Judy looked down at her mood ring. Wait! It was N-O-T NOT on her finger. Great. Now she'd lost her mood ring, too.

She, Judy Moody, was in a mood. And she did not need a ring to prove it was a bad mood. The baddest.



The next week was bor-ing without her friends. And the week after that. Even Frank got to go to Ultimate Adventures

Day Camp. All Judy got to do was camp out on her bottom bunk and read the ultimate adventures of Nancy Drew.

Then one day, on the Fourth of July to be exact, Mom had some news. Maybe it was super-duper GOOD news. Maybe she, Judy Moody, could declare independence from a BOR-ing summer! Judy ran down the steps.

Mom put a hand on Judy's shoulder. "Honey? I have something to tell you." Judy plopped down at the kitchen table. "That was Nana on the phone. She and Gramps are moving to a retirement community, remember? But Gramps hurt his back, and they need some help. So we won't be going to visit Grandma Lou."

Judy bounced up in her seat. “You mean . . . we’re going to visit Nana and Gramps in California instead? Woo-hoo! That’s *almost* as good as Borneo!”

Dad stood in the doorway, holding a roller brush in one hand. He had a smudge of green paint on his face. “Did you tell her?”

“Not quite,” Mom said, glancing at Judy.

Judy looked from one to the other, confused.

“Listen, Jelly Bean,” said Dad, sliding in next to Judy. “Your mom and I have to fly out to California to help your grandparents. You and Stink—”

Judy stared at him, her heart in her throat.

“—are staying here.”

“What?” Judy gasped. “You’re going to leave me? To die of starvation and boredom and Stink-dom?”

“But the good news is . . . Aunt Opal’s coming!” Mom said cheerily.

“Aunt WHO?”

“My sister,” said Dad. “You know your aunt Opal.”

“I met her when I was, like, a baby. She could be a zombie, for all I know!”

Just then, Stink clomped into the room wearing an old green blanket stuck all over with leaves, twigs, and cranberries.



“Do I look like a berry bush?”

“Ummm . . .” said Dad.

“You look like a beaver dam,” said moody Judy.

“I’m trying to fake out Bigfoot.”

“Oh, in that case, then definitely,” said Dad. “Absolutely.”

“Great!” Stink skipped out of the kitchen.

“So,” Judy said, ticking off on her fingers. “I’m not going to Borneo. I’m not going to California. And I’m not even going to Grandma Lou’s?”

Mom and Dad nodded.

“This is the way-worst, double-drat, down-in-the-dumps summer EVER!”

Judy ran up the stairs and into her