

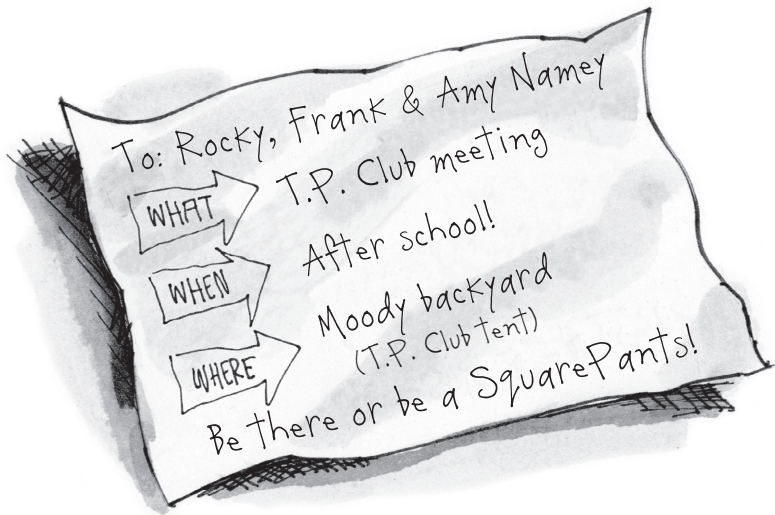
No More Snoresville

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—backwards! 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.

Brring! 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

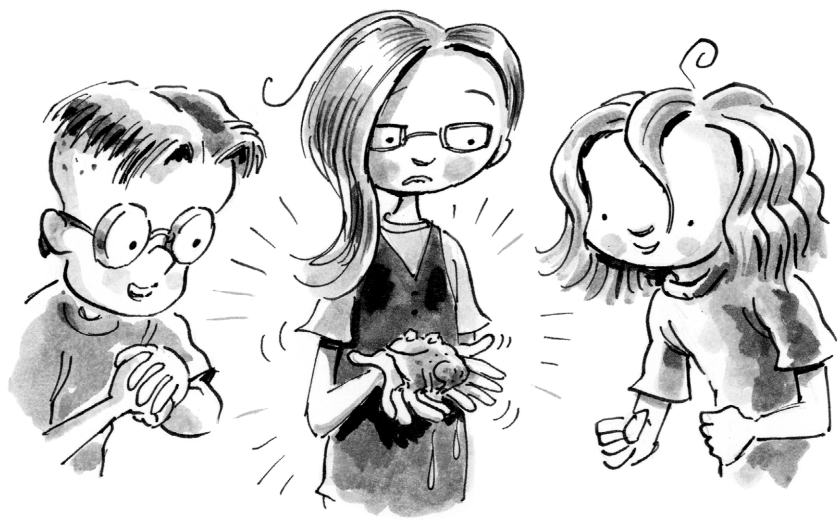
don't get it. What's supposed to happen? If he jumps in my face, you guys are so dead."

"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.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously.

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