

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.

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 !

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



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 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 Mom.

“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.

“Not that kind of tea party,” Mom 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 Mom. “The British made them pay unfair taxes on lots of things, like paper and sugar. They called it the Stamp Act and the Sugar Act. But 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 Mom. "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, Mom?"

"Right," said Mom.

"Before we hit the Freedom Trail, let's

go 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.”

“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,” Mom said.

“I did use it,” said Judy. “On that pink fuzzy pillow in our hotel room!” Mom 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!”

“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*



The Freedom (from Stink) Trail

"Time to hit the Freedom Trail!" said Dad.

"Let's head up Park Street," Mom said, pointing to a line of red bricks in the sidewalk. "Follow the red brick road!"

"Look!" Judy cried, running up the hill. "Look at that big fancy gold dome!"

"That's the State House," said Mom. "Where the governor works."

“Judy!” Dad called. “No running ahead. Stick close to us.”

“Aw,” said Judy. “No fair. This is supposed to be the *Freedom* Trail.”

“Stay where Dad and I can keep an eye on you,” said Mom.

“Roar!” said Judy.



After the State House, Mom and Dad led them to Park Street Church, where the song “My Country ’Tis of Thee” was sung for the very first time.

Stink looked for famous-people initials carved into a tree outside. PLOP! Something hit Stink on the head. “YEE-UCK! Bird poo!” said Stink. Judy cracked up. Mom wiped it off with a tissue.

Stink sang:

*My country pooed on me
Right near the Pigeon Tree.
Of thee I sing. . . ."*

"Mom! Dad!" said Judy, covering her ears. "Make him stop!"

Judy ran ahead. "Hurry up, you guys! The church has an old graveyard!"

Mom read the plaque at the entrance: "May the youth of today . . . be inspired with the patriotism of Paul Revere."

"Paul Revere's grave is here!" Judy shouted. "So is John Hancock's, First Signer of the Declaration. For real!"

Judy saw gravestones with angel wings, skulls and bones, and a giant hand with one finger pointing to the sky.

“‘Here lies buried Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration of Independence,’” Dad read. “Did you know he also gave the secret signal at the Boston Tea Party?”

“‘Here lyes y body of Mary Goose,’” Stink read. “Boy, they sure did spell funny.”

“And I thought I was the world’s worst speller,” said Judy. She took out pencil and paper from her backpack and made a sketch of Mother Goose’s grave. Stink made drawings of a skull and bones, a leaf, and a sidewalk crack.

“Do we have to keep seeing stuff?” Stink asked when they got to the Ben Franklin statue. “So far it’s just a bunch of dead guys and some old stuff that isn’t even there anymore.”



“But what about the Boston Tea Party?” asked Judy.

“AW!” Stink whined. “I have to go to the bathroom.”

“Stink, don’t be the town crier,” said Judy. “I mean, the town *crybaby*!”

“Tell you what,” said Mom. “Dad, why don’t you and Judy go see the Paul Revere House. I’ll take Stink to the bathroom, and we’ll meet back here.”

“Great idea!” said Dad.



Judy and Dad walked and walked. At last they came to 19 North Square. “Did you know that Paul Revere made false teeth?” Dad asked. “And he made the first bells in America. He even drew cartoons.”



“Wow!” said Judy. “All that on top of riding his horse lightning-fast and warning everybody that the British were coming!”

“That’s right,” Dad said. “A friend of Paul Revere’s climbed out a window and over a rooftop to give the lantern signal from the Old North Church: one if by land, two if by sea . . . ”

“Star-spangled bananas!” said Judy.

“And it says here he rode all the way to Philadelphia to tell them the news about the Boston Tea Party,” Dad said.

“Tea party? Did somebody say *tea party*?” asked Judy.

“Okay, okay. Let’s head back to meet Mom and Stink.”



Judy ran up to Stink. “You missed it, Stink!” She told him all about the guy climbing out the window and giving the secret signal.

“Who cares?” said Stink. “We saw something better!”

“What?” said Judy. “A two-hundred-year-old toilet?”

“No, a *musical* toilet!” said Stink. “You put a quarter in—”

“You have to pay to go to the bathroom?” Judy asked. “That stinks.”

“You go inside, and you’re in this round room, and it’s all white and clean—really, really clean—and it plays music!”

“I thought he’d never come out,” Mom said.

“C’mon. We can quick hop the subway over to the Tea Party Ship,” said Dad.

“Finally!” said Judy.

“More old stuff? I declare NO FAIR!” Stink shouted. The shout heard ’round the world.

