Judy Moody
and the
Right Royal Tea Party
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and my friends Across the Pond
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M. M.

To a queen and her princess,
Donna Gath Criswell
and Sharon Marie Gath
P. H. R.
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Her Royal Highness, Judy Mudeye Moody

Dad
King Richard the Moody

Mom
Queen Kate the Great

Stink
Sir Short Shanks
Who's Who

Jessica Finch
Royal Secret Keeper

Mudeye
Thirteen Times Great-Grandpa

Grandma Lou
Royal Moody Sapphire Bearer

Lady Philberta Finch
Keeper of the Royal Songbirds
Fit for a Queen

Judy Moody had been Doctor Judy, M.D. She had been Judy Monarch Moody and Madame M-for-Moody. She had been a Girl Detective and a Mood Martian. She had even gotten a picture of her famous elbow in the newspaper.

But she, Judy Moody, had never been a queen. Not even a Queen Bee of Spelling. Not even Queen for a Day at the Pamper-Me-Royal Nails and Spa like Mom and
Grandma Lou. She had never slept in a queen-size bed or sat on a Queen Anne chair. She had never eaten an English queen cake or laid eyes on a queen ant.

In fact, her eight-year-old life had been very UN-queenly so far.

Until now!

Judy was making a tree for social studies. Not a tree with leaves. Not a tree with acorns. A family tree! A tree with grandmas and grandpas and aunts and uncles and cousins.

Grandma Lou came to help. She brought lots of old pictures and papers. She had charts and calendars and lists with names and dates in old-timey handwriting.
“What is all this stuff?” Judy asked.

“Your Grandpa Jack traced the Moody family all the way back to your thirteen-times great-grandfather. Did you know you’re related to a Moody who was on the Titanic?”

Judy sat up. “You mean that giant ship that sank? I saw it in Stink’s Big Head Book of Disasters.”

“That’s the one. When the ship hit an iceberg, the young Mr. Moody helped people into lifeboats 12, 14, and 16 before he died.”

“Whoa,” said Judy.

“And if you go even further back on the Moody side to the time of Queen
Elizabeth I, you have a British cousin. The name Moody means *brave*, and this fellow was known for his bravery. The story goes that he rescued a prisoner from the Tower of London.”

“Tower of London?” Judy asked. “You mean the castle where they keep all the jewels?”

“Yes, but they used it as a prison, too.”

“So my cousin rescued someone from the Tower of London?” Judy couldn’t believe her ears. “Maybe he rescued a princess! What if he was a prince? That means he was related to the queen. So my cousin was a royal!”

Judy fell right off her chair. This was
news. BIG FAT news. She had royal blood. She, Judy Moody, was just-might-maybe related to a queen!

*RARE!*

Wait till she told Tori! Tori was Judy’s pen pal from London. As in England! As in where the queen herself lived! Tori knew everything about the Queen of England. She had probably been to tea at the queen’s house.

Palace, that is.

Speaking of tea, Grandma Lou went to put the kettle on. Judy had to write to her pen pal right this very second. She ran upstairs and grabbed her Grouchy pencil.
Dear Tori,

LSS. Long Story Short: I just found out I am related to a queen! Maybe now I will get to come across the pond and ride that London Eye Ferris wheel after all. What can you see from up there? Big Ben? London Bridge? Buckingham Palace—the queen’s house? I bet you can see the whole entire city, including the royal undies drying on a clothesline behind the palace. Ha, ha.

WBS and tell me queen stuff! Thanks!

PPF. Pen Pals Forever,

Judy Moody

Judy pinched herself. She didn’t feel any different. Same old Judy.

Maybe if she put on something purple?
Queens wore purple. Judy loved all things purple. She had a purple sock monkey, a purple mood ring, and a purple jump rope.

One whole wall of her room was painted Saltwater Taffy purple. “Purple is the color of royalty, Mouse,” Judy told her cat. Kings and queens and princes, oh my!

Judy plumped a purple pillow. “Here, sit on this, Mouse. You’re a royal cat now. Just think—being related to a queen is like . . . if you were related to a lioness.”

Mouse dove under the rug. “Mouse, I dub thee Royal Mouse Catcher.”

Judy snatched her fuzzy purple bathrobe from behind the door. She draped it over her shoulders like a cape. Her royal
robe! Every queen needed a streak of purple hair. She sprayed a hunk of hair zombie-purple with purple hair spray.

*Brill-short-for-Brilliant!*

Judy dug in the back of the closet for an old cardboard crown from Royal House of Pizza. A few stick-em jewels would jazz it right up. She slipped on her candy necklace—just like priceless pearls. *Chomp!* She ate a purple one.

She, Judy Moody, imagined taking her place on that ruler. She wrote in her name, Judy the Great, right next to Catherine the Great, Isabella of Spain, and Nefertiti. Move over, Queen Elizabeth I! Make room for Judy Moody, Y.Q.E. Youngest Queen Ever. Oh, wait. Mary, Queen of Scots, was queen when she was
only six days old. The Famous Women Rulers ruler did not lie.

Mary, Queen of Babies.

But still.

Judy held her head straight. She held her head high. She put on the cardboard crown, sparkling with stick-em gems. She carried her Famous Women Rulers ruler like a royal scepter. She practiced floating across the room like a queen.

Judy sat on her throne (aka window seat) in the Royal House of Moody. She leaned back, closed her eyes, and became a queen.

She, Judy Moody, Queen of Moodovia, lived in a castle with seventy-eight bathrooms that had swan-shaped
bathtubs. It had 7,000 famous paintings, a movie theater, and her very own personal money machine, not to mention the crown jewels. She swam in the royal pool all day and played with the royal dogs and turned cartwheels through the palace gardens with fountains that spouted chocolate.

She was in a royal purple on-top-of-spaghetti-and-the-London-Eye mood!

Judy couldn’t wait to tell her teacher, Mr. Todd! She was going to have the best family tree in the history of Class 3T. For sure and absolute positive.
Judy Moody was feeling purpler than a princess. Like a queen! Under her bed, she found the royal purple T-shirt she had gotten all the way from for-real England. It had a crown on it and said KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON. Judy took out her best permanent marker and added LIKE A QUEEN.

Her heart stepped up a beat. Keep