

ALEXANDER AND THE TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE, NO GOOD, VERY BAD DAY

BY JUDITH VIORST

I went to sleep with gum in my mouth and now there's gum in my hair. When I got out of bed this morning, I tripped on the skateboard and by mistake I dropped my sweater in the sink while the water was running. I could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

At breakfast my brother Anthony found a toy in his cereal box, but in my cereal box all I found was cereal.

I think I'll move to Australia.

In the carpool Mrs. Morgan let Becky have a seat by the window. Audrey and Elliott got seats by the window, too. I said I was being scrunched. I said I was being smushed. I said, if I don't get a seat by the window,

I am going to be carsick. I could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

At school my teacher liked Paul's picture of the sailboat better than my picture of the invisible castle. At singing time she said I sang too loud. At counting time she said I left out the number sixteen. Who needs the number sixteen anyway? I could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

I could tell because Paul said I wasn't his best friend anymore. He said that Philip was his best friend and Albert was his next best friend and that I was only his third best friend. I hope the next time he gets a strawberry ice cream

cone the ice cream part falls off the cone part and lands in Australia.

There were two cupcakes in Philip's lunch bag and Albert's mother gave him a piece of cake that had sprinkles on the top. Guess whose mother forgot to put dessert in his lunchbox? It was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

That's what it was, because after school my mom took us all to the dentist and Dr. Powell found a cavity in my mouth. "Come back next week and I'll fix it", said Dr. Powell. Next week, I said, I'm going to Australia.

When we picked up my dad at his office, he said, "Watch out for the books on my desk", and I was careful as could be...except for my elbow. He

also said, "Don't fool around on my phone", but I think I called Australia. My dad said, "Please don't pick me up from work anymore". It was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

There were lima beans for dinner, and I hate lima beans. My bath was too hot, I got soap in my eyes, and I had to wear my train pajamas. I hate my train pajamas. When I went to bed Nick took back the stuffed animal he said I could keep and my Mickey Mouse nightlight burned out. My cat wants to sleep on Anthony's bed and not with me.

It has been a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

My mom says some days are like that.

Even in Australia!