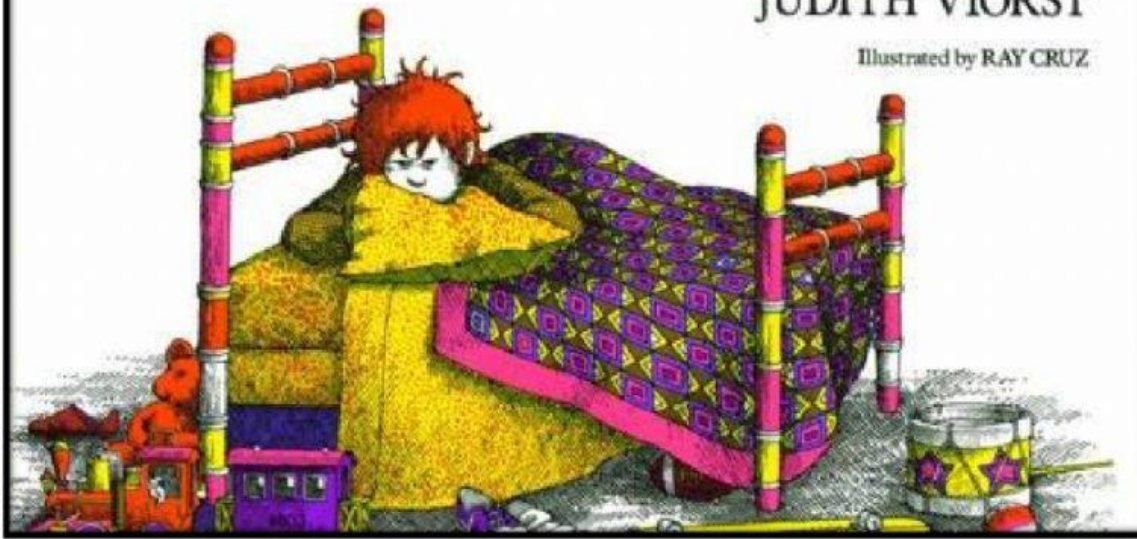


Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day



JUDITH VIORST

Illustrated by RAY CRUZ



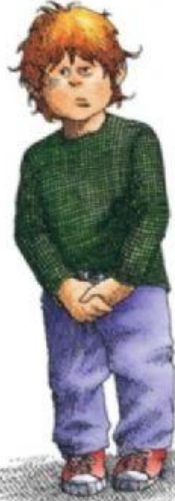
I went to sleep with gum in my mouth and now there's gum in my hair and when I got out of bed this morning, I tripped on the skateboard and by mistake I dropped my sweater in the sink while the water was running and I could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

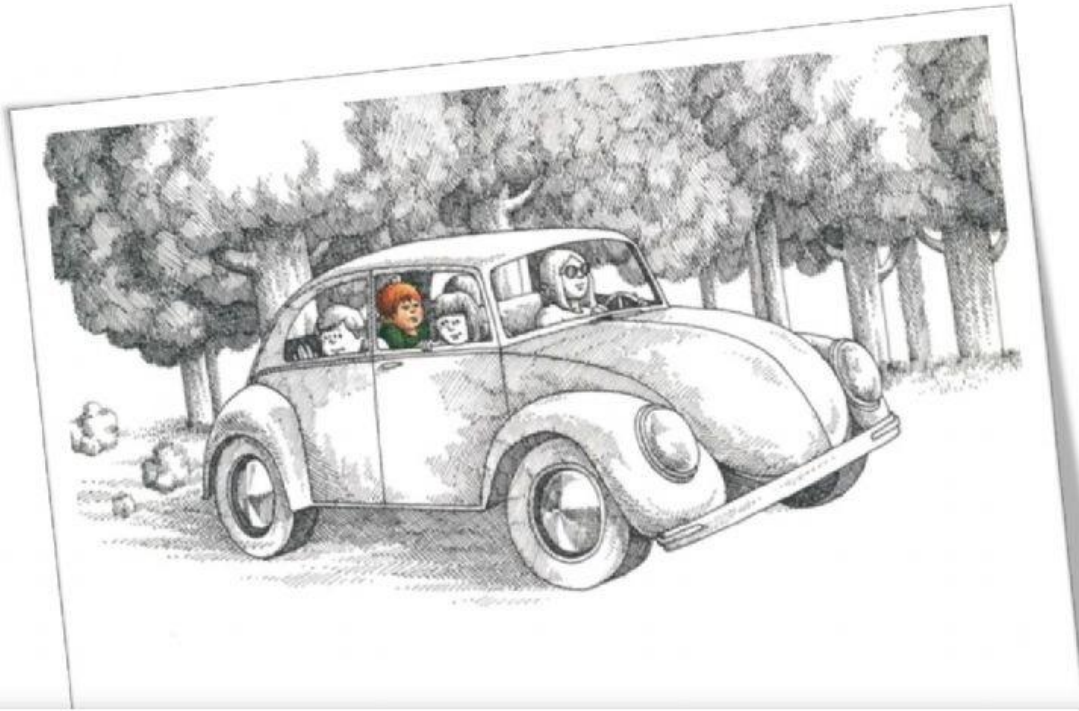


At breakfast Anthony found a Corvette Sting Ray car kit in his breakfast cereal box and Nick found a Junior Undercover Agent code ring in his breakfast cereal box, but in my breakfast cereal box all I found was breakfast cereal.

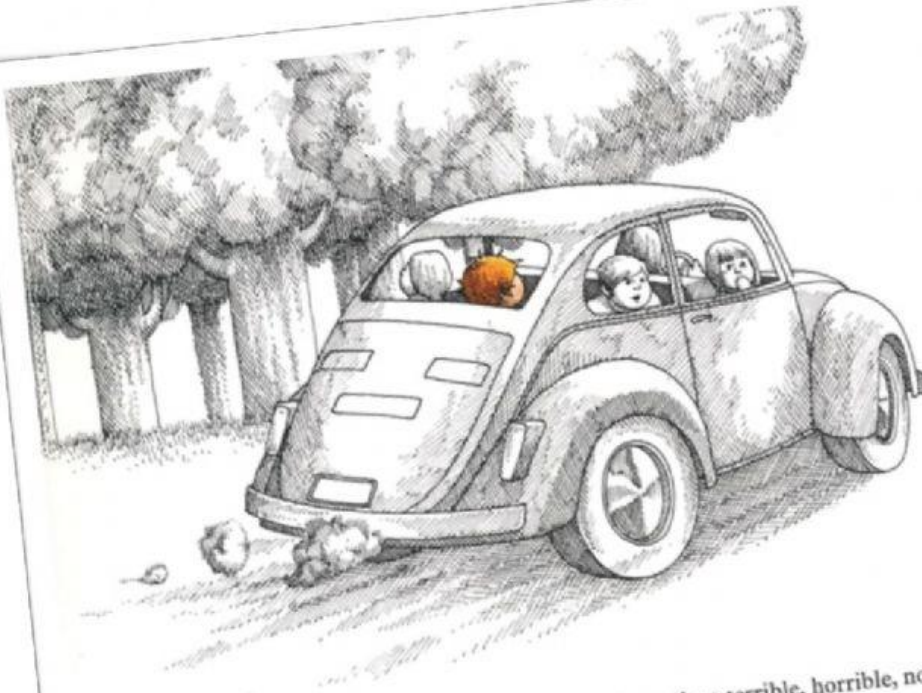


I think I'll move to Australia.





In the car pool Mrs. Gibson let Becky have a seat by the window. Audrey and Elliott got seats by the window, too. I said I was being crunched. I said I was being smushed. I said, if I don't get a seat by the window, I am going to be carsick. No one even answered.



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

At school Mrs. Dickens 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 sixteen. Who needs sixteen?
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 Parker was his best friend and Albert Moyo was his next best friend and that I was only his third best friend.

