

Ramona Quimby, Age 8

Rainy Sunday afternoons in November were always	7
dismal, but Ramona felt this Sunday was the most dismal of	18
all. She pressed her nose against the living-room window,	28
watching the ceaseless rain pelting down as bare black	37
branches clawed at the electric wires in front of the house.	48
Even lunch, leftovers Mrs. Quimby had wanted to clear out of	59
the refrigerator, had been dreary, with her parents, who	68
seemed tired or discouraged or both, having little to say and	79
Beezus mysteriously moody. Ramona longed for sunshine,	86
sidewalks dry enough for roller-skating, a smiling, happy	95
family.	96
“Ramona, you haven’t cleaned up your room this	104
weekend,” said Mrs. Quimby, who was sitting on the couch,	114
sorting through a stack of bills. “And don’t press your nose	125
against the window. It leaves a smudge.”	132
Ramona felt as if everything she did was wrong. The	142
whole family seemed cross today even Picky-picky who	151
meowed at the front door. With a sigh, Mrs. Quimby got up	163
to let him out. Beezus, carrying a towel and shampoo, stalked	174
through the living room into the kitchen, where she began to	185
wash her hair at the sink. Mr. Quimby, studying at the	196
dining-room table as usual, made his pencil scratch angrily	206
across a pad of paper. The television set sat blank and mute,	218
and in the fireplace a log suddenly refused to burn.	228