

judy blume

Dear Friends,

Thanks so much for your wonderful letters. I'm glad to know you're enjoying my books.

I'm at my "winter nest" now. I'll be here until June. Like a bird, I like to build friendly places to live and work. This one is in Key West, Florida, as far south as you can go and still be in the United States. Check it out on a map. Key West reminds me of Miami Beach, where I lived when I was in third and fourth grades. If you've read *Starring Sally J. Freedman As Herself*, you'll know what I mean. In Key West I ride my bicycle everywhere. I even grocery shop by bike! If you want to see a picture of my bike you can go to my website: judyblume.com (click on *About Judy*, then on *photos*). You can find out everything you ever wanted to know about me and my books on my website (and even what you didn't want to know!) Plus, for your teachers, I'm trying to get a new post on my blog every week.

If you're wondering what's new, the first book in the new Pain&Great One series, *Soupy Saturdays*, will be out in paperback in January. Yay! The next two, *Cool Zone*, and *Going, Going, Gone!* are out in hard cover. The 4th book, *Friend or Fiend?* will be out next May. I had fun writing these books about a brother and sister - Jake and Abigail (he's in first grade, she's in third) - who don't always get along. Sound familiar? All four books have really funny illustrations by James Stevenson. I play the part of Fluzzy the Cat when we record these stories. I don't think I'm the best cat. It's hard to be a cat. I should have thought of that when I volunteered to be Fluzzy. I should have thought of that when I was writing Fluzzy's chapters.

I know a lot about cats. When my kids were growing up we had a series of cats. Some were nicer than others. Some were smarter than others. But we loved them all and I like to think they loved us back. Now my daughter and grandson have a cat named Keith. He's about the sweetest cat I've ever known. But he has a weird trick that I've written about in *Friend or Fiend?* Every night he carries his toy mice to his food dish and drops them in. Sometimes he'll drop one or two in his water dish. One time my daughter looked down and noticed something different. Keith had dropped a *real* mouse into his food dish. *Argghhh!*

Thanks again for writing. Your letters remind me how lucky I am to have readers like you!

Love,

Judy