

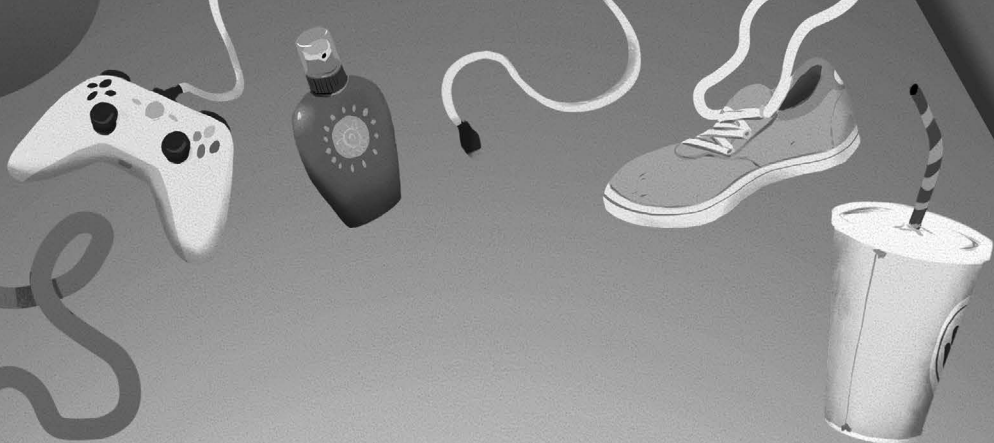
# IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AND I'M IN MY BATHING SUIT



justin a. reynolds

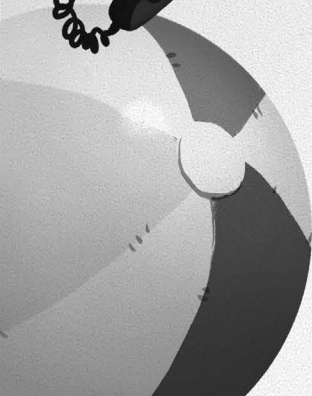
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Scholastic Press / New York



# **To every kid who ever wondered if you have what it takes—you do!**

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available

ISBN 978-1-338-74022-6

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

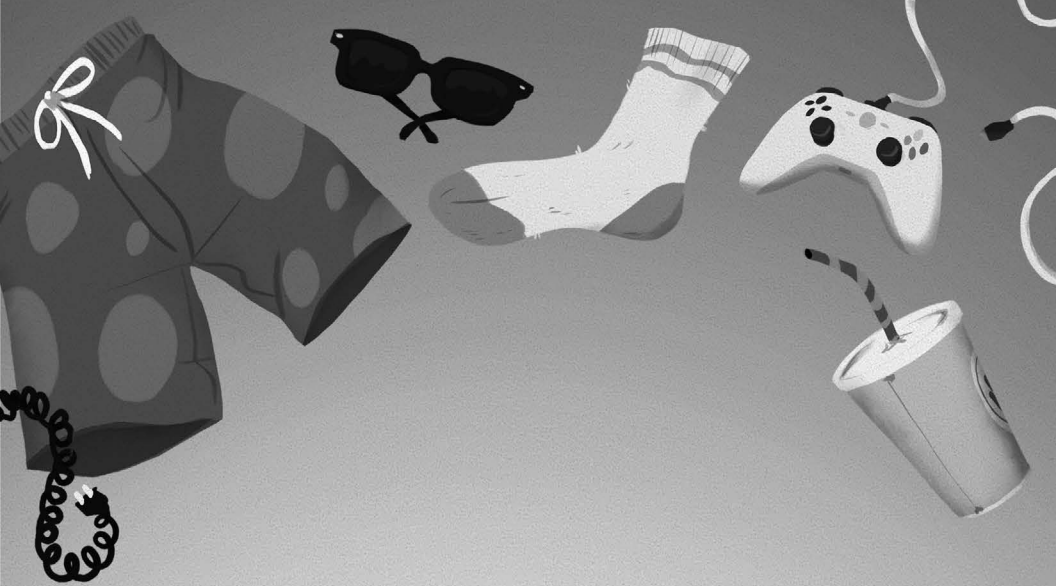
22 23 24 25 26

Printed in the U.S.A.

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First edition, April 2022

Book design by Stephanie Yang



*An extremely brief note from our storytelling master, Eddie Gordon Holloway, who is about to hook you up:*

Yo, what up! Before we jump into this story, first I'm gonna hook you up. I know, I know—you can hardly believe it, right? I mean, how many books have you read that took care of you off rip? But listen, don't even worry about it. Consider this a lil something to let you know I've got your back. You can thank me later.

Okay, so look—when someone sees me reading, I already know what's coming. It's always the same two questions.

Question #1 you could probably guess: “Hey, Eddie, what book you reading?” This one's easy to answer, although honestly it would be kinda weird to admit, “Umm, actually, I'm reading my own book.”

Anyway, question #2 is where they try to get you. Smiling at you, they're all, "Hey, Eddie, what chapter are you on?" Now, listen, I have zero problem saying, "Oh, hey, I'm on chapter one." I mean, if I'm actually on chapter one. If I'm on chapter fifty-seven, obviously I say fifty-seven.

But let's be real, whoever is asking what chapter you're on is probably checking up on you. Which, you gotta admit, is a pretty solid teacher/librarian/parent/babysitter "Are you really doing your work?" question. And if you're only on chapter one, chances are you're probably not really working.

That's where I come in, ha. Since you're reading this book, the way I see it, that makes us friends, and since we're friends, I'm gonna hook you up, because that's what I do for my friends. So, yeah, instead of starting with chapter one, we're starting at chapter a hundred. Yep, you heard me—this story kicks off at Chapter 100. That way, if anyone asks, you can tell the truth. "I'm on chapter fifty-seven hundred" and you won't be lying. My mom says this is called being irreverent. I just call it doing what we want. So, ha! In your face, regular ole chapter numbers!

I told you I got you.



# 100

On the third day of summer vacation, I devised THEE perfect three-month plan.

It all started when I lost that entire first weekend (and half a Monday!) to more chores than should even be legal.

Including THE CHORE I HATE MOST . . .

Also known as The Chore That Shall Not Be Named.

Tuh, fine. I'll spell it.

L-A-U-N-D-R-Y.

Yep, the bright red cherry atop my dirty clothes pile.

Listen, I know what you're thinking: *What's the big deal with doing a little laundry, Eddie? The washer and dryer do all the work, right?*

WRONG!

Okay, technically, you're right; the machines are a lifesaver.

Mom made me watch this boring documentary where this kid my age—twelve, if it matters to you—is hand-scrubbing clothes against a block of wood for hours, which, ugh, brutal.

And you wanna know how you determined the clothes were clean enough?

When your arm fell off.

So, yes, it could be infinitely worse.

Buuuut even still, laundry isn't simply pushing the start button and kicking back.

Nope. It's a whole process.

First, you sort—whites, colors—and if you have my mom—reds and pinks, partial whites, pastels, earth tones, delicates, etc.

Next, you load the washer, which always, *always*, *ALWAYS* leads to a trail of dropped socks and underwear along the way.

Then while you wait for the “your clothes are ready” buzzer, you try not to get too caught up playing *Basketball Ballers 3K*.

And the dryer—sheesh, you better select the right temperature.

Choose wrong and your favorite T-shirt shrinks to a washcloth.

And can someone please tell me the point of folding and

stuffing your clothes into drawers if you're only gonna wear them again the next day?

Yep, that's why I devised THE PERFECT PLAN—and here it is:

I'm only doing laundry ONCE this ENTIRE SUMMER!

*But, Eddie, how is that even possible?* you ask.

I'll tell you how, my friends:

I'd wear every piece of clothing I had. That's right, all of it. That ugly Christmas sweater despite the fact that it's been hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk? Didn't let that stop me. Nope, I rolled up those scratchy green sleeves and did what needed to be done. That awful T-shirt my uncle got me with the dancing hippo sporting a backwards Kangol hat and Adidas shell-toes that says "I'm a Hip-Hoppopotamus" in huge gold letters? Rocked it last Thursday—The Bronster's still laughing about it. Those palm-tree Bermuda shorts that I stuffed in the back of my bottom drawer because they're wide enough to be a parachute? Um, wore those Tuesday—and the wind nearly carried me away. But it would've been worth it. Seriously, I could've floated to the moon and I'd still have zero regrets. Because if the plan's gonna work, well, I've gotta do whatever it takes, wear whatever it takes, end of story.

And according to my careful wardrobe calculations, all these necessary combinations would get me halfway through summer, with one last outfit:

My swim trunks. Just in time for Beach Bash.

After that, I'd throw everything into the wash and be good until school started back up.

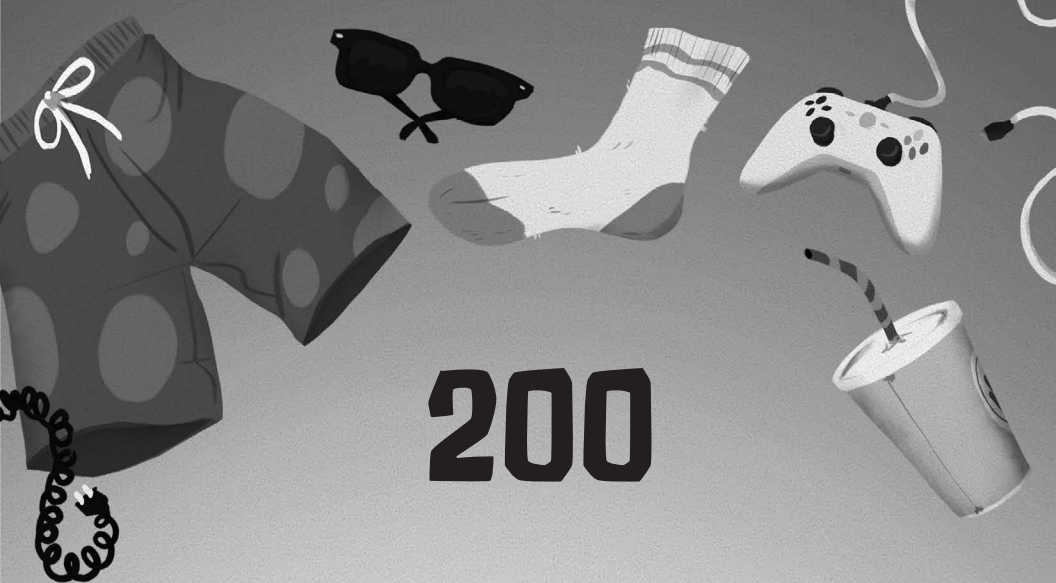
Kinda brilliant, right?

Feel free to borrow it.

But, you know, only if you want to minimize your chores and maximize your fun.

I know what you're thinking: *But, Eddie, why would your parents let you get away with this?*

That's easy, because we made . . .



# 200

... the deal.

If I agreed to take care of myself for the whole summer—making my own sandwiches for lunch, cleaning up after myself, and we’ve already discussed doing my own stinking laundry (pun intended)—I’d be granted complete and utter freedom.

How could I pass *that* up?

It was the perfect setup.

A win-win situation.

My mom got to worry about me less all summer, and me—I got to be worried less about.

Everyone got what they wanted.

Everyone was happy.

I mean, with a deal that sweet, what could possibly go wrong, right?

Forty days later, I had my answer:

It's everything, guys. Everything's gone wrong.  
Except not even that kinda-wrong-but-still-not-horrible way.

Not even that *okay, okay, this is definitely bad* way.

No, things got *bad*.

Really,

really,

really bad.

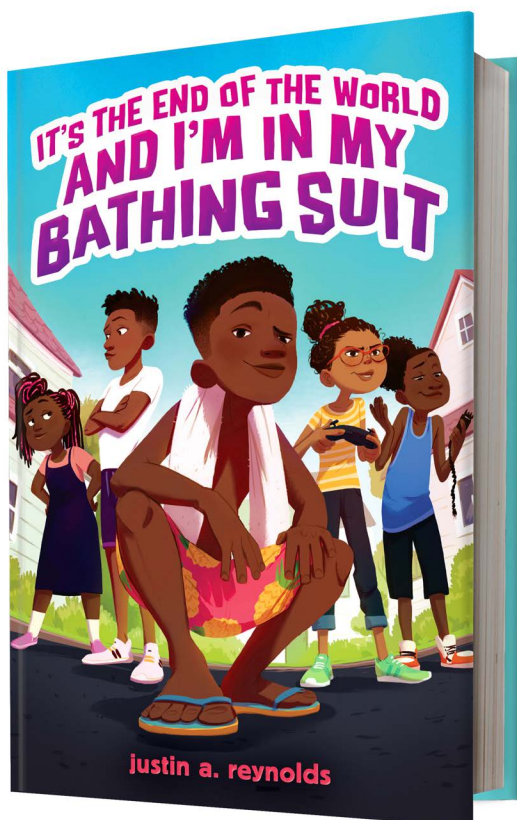
The type of bad where everything you thought  
you knew, you're like, wait, now I'm not sure:  
Your brain's all screwed up like, *Hold on, is up actually down?*

Oh, you think I'm exaggerating?

Well, fine, how 'bout you see for yourself?

But remember, I warned you.

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