



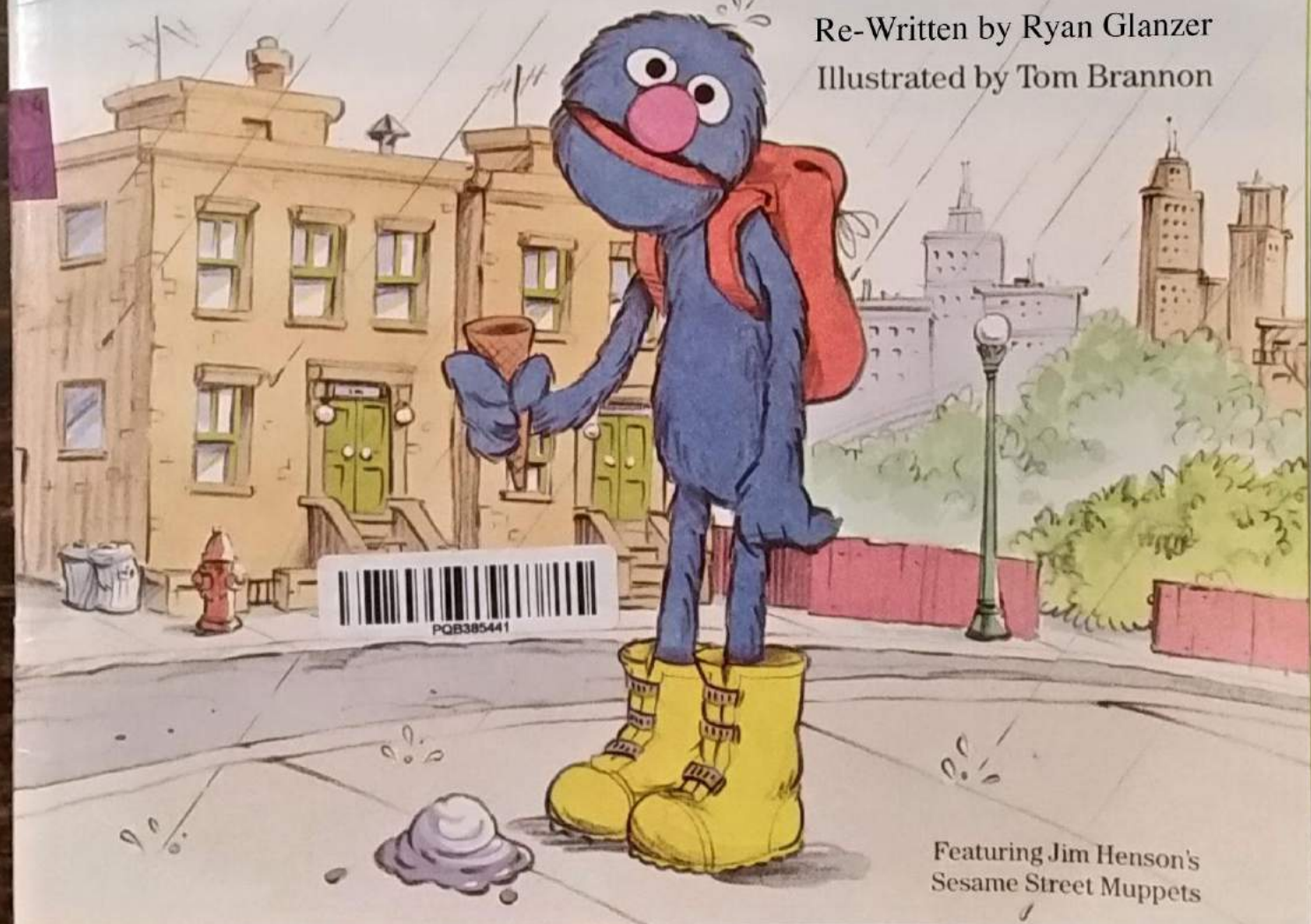
A GOLDEN BOOK®

CTW
SESAME STREET
A GROWING-UP BOOK™

GROVER'S BAD, AWFUL DAY

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Illustrated by Tom Brannon



Featuring Jim Henson's
Sesame Street Muppets



Grover woke up to the blaring of his iPhone. He was very late for play group! "Seriously Ma?!" Grover cried. "Why wouldn't you get me up?" On his way to the shower, Grover stubbed his toe. "Son of a---Jesus that hurts," Grover wailed.





It was time for Grover to brush his teeth... or, gums, as it were. Grover failed rather miserably in an attempt to put toothpaste on his brush. He didn't realize it at the time, but he was lucky... it was actually his Mommy's Vagisil.



"I may not be able to brush my gums, but I can brush my hair," Grover said. He was wrong. The comb got stuck immediately. Grover wound up having to cut it out. "Well... things can only go up from here!"





"Grover," began Mommy. "We've been over this like a hundred times. You need to wear clothes to play group." "But *Mooooooooom*," whined Grover. "But *nothing*, G. I guarantee you Herry will be wearing clothes." Just then Herry walked in wearing only pants. "Good God," said Mommy. "Fine, you boys do what you want."

"Herry, may I ask why you are wearing only Washington Redskins Zubaz that are clearly too small for you?" asked Mommy, making small talk while cleaning up Grover's spilled milk, she herself running extremely late for her job as the county tax assessor. "Well, it's supposed to be 97° today," said Herry. "Do you have any idea how hot it is walking around in 40 pounds of solid blue fur all day?" "Yes," said Mommy. "I have blue fur too, but I also have some dignity."



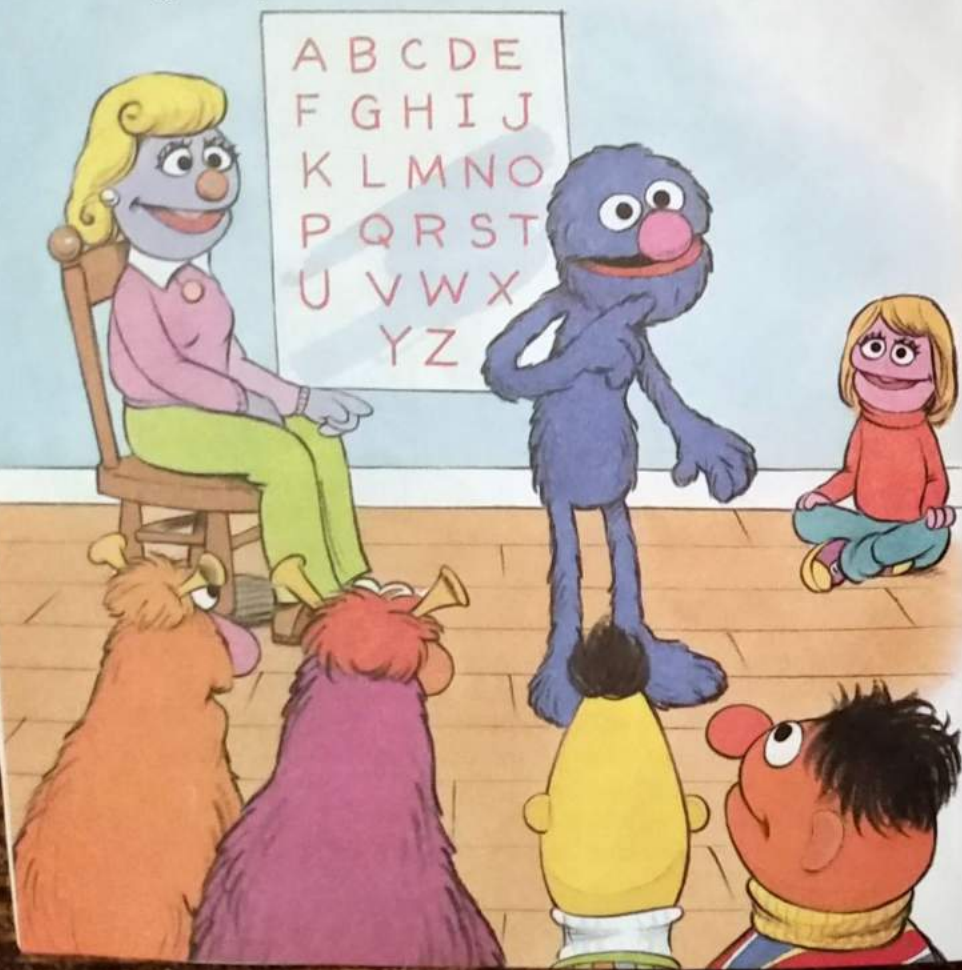
Grover and Herry walked into play group late. They were very embarrassed! "At least you're not the only naked one this time!" Herry said to Grover reassuringly, referencing the Honker boys. "Is it just me or are all monsters on Sesame Street male?" Grover thought to himself. He was right, of course, and it was a very valid question.



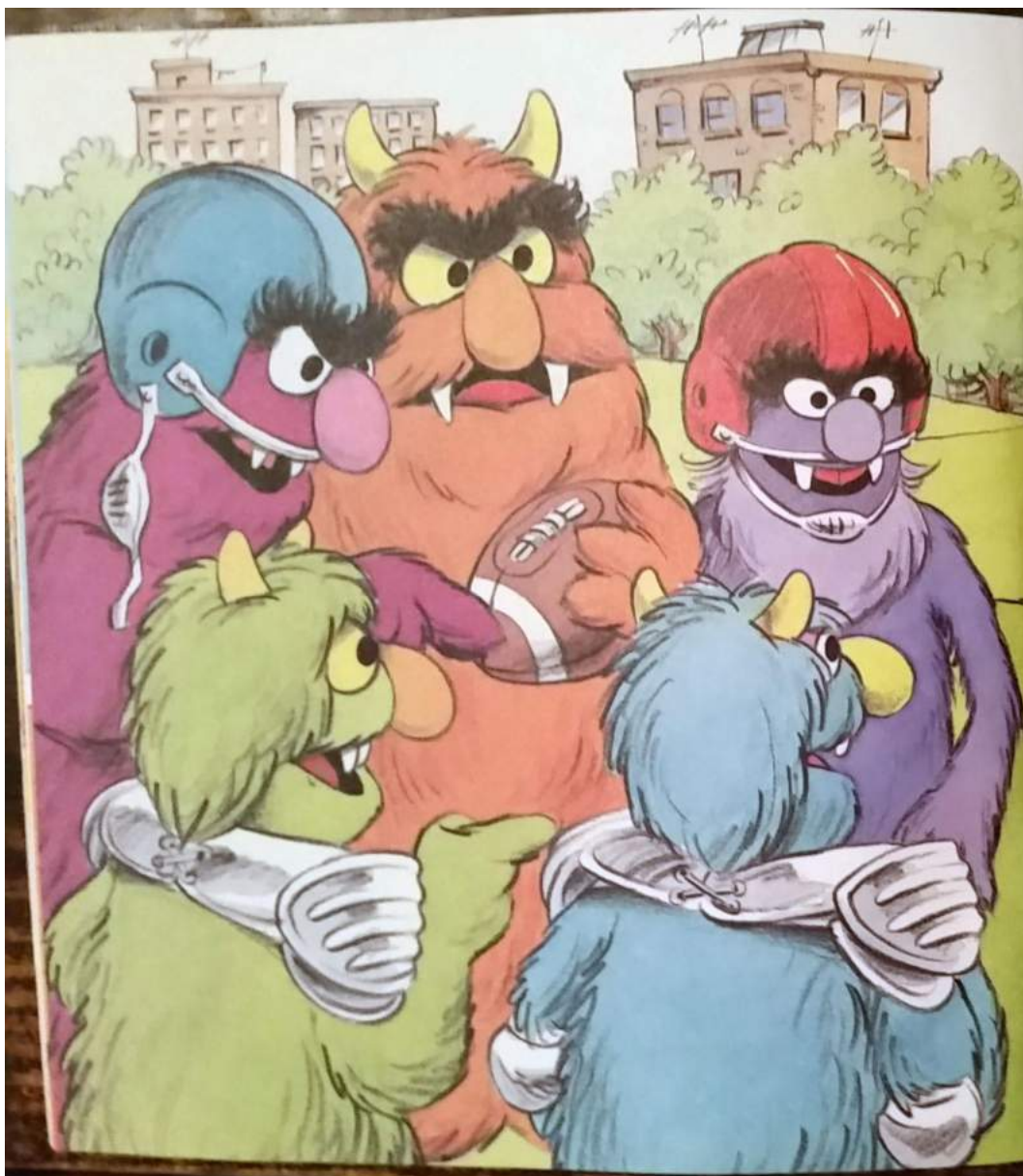


It was time for Art. Grover decided to draw a picture of Sesame Street's most beloved pooch, Barkley. As you can see, his drawings were crude even by five-year-old monster standards. "Grover is getting angry!" Grover cried. Bert was having similar difficulties, but his drawings were NSFW.

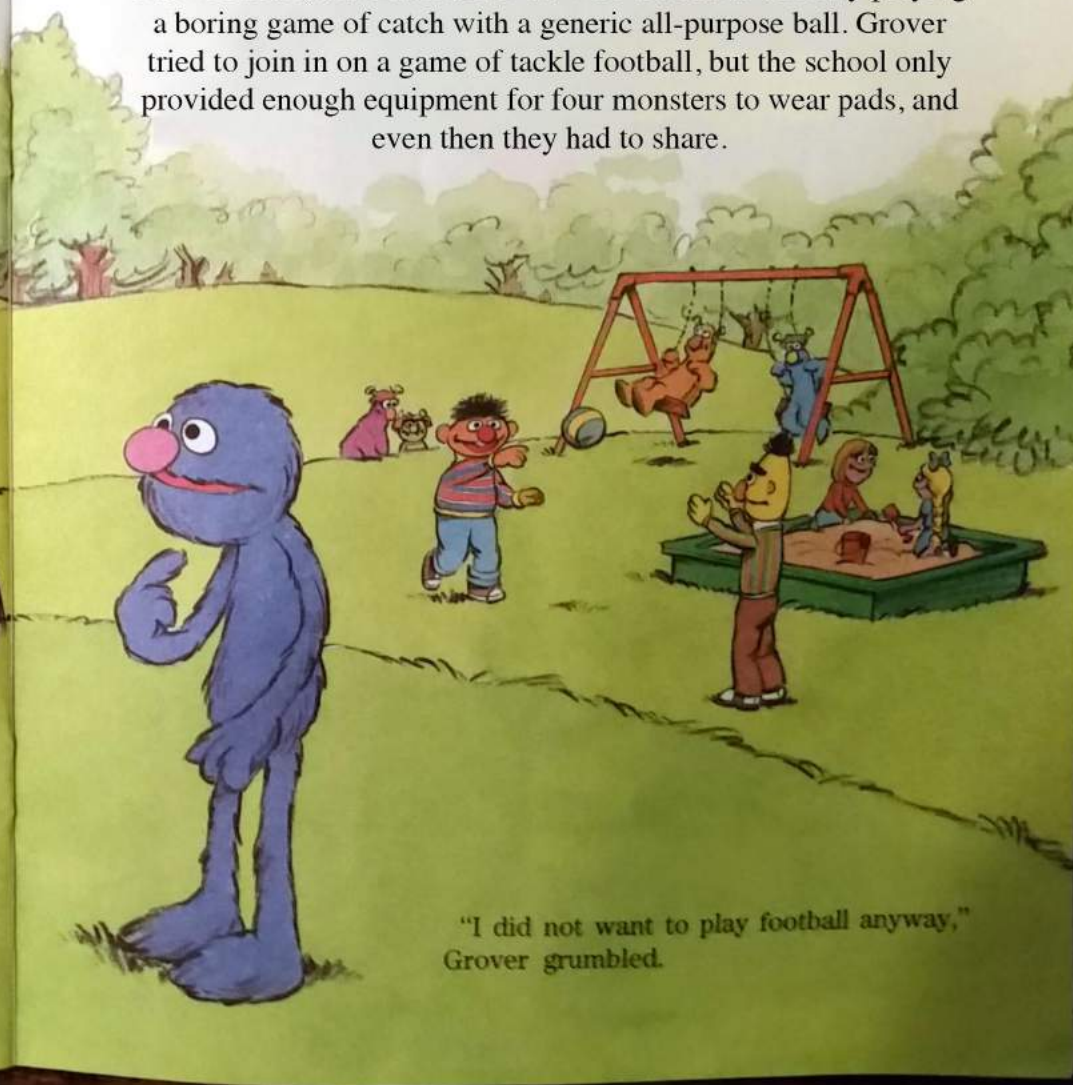
Next, it was time to audition for the school play. This year's play was a re-enactment of a random episode of Three's Company, and Grover had been cast in the very small role of Mike the bartender from the Regal Beagle. "Jack, you can't go out with... umm... line!"



During music, Grover accidentally passed gas. Everyone plugged their noses. Grover tried to blame it on the teacher. "Eww, Mrs. Glanzner, that was a ripe one!" Oscar had heard the fart, however, and called Grover out on it. "He who smelt it dealt it!" cried Oscar. Everyone laughed.



At recess, things only got worse for Grover. The swings and sand-box were full, and Ernie and Bert were notorious for only playing a boring game of catch with a generic all-purpose ball. Grover tried to join in on a game of tackle football, but the school only provided enough equipment for four monsters to wear pads, and even then they had to share.



"I did not want to play football anyway," Grover grumbled.



At lunch, Grover realized he had forgotten his lunch at home. "Unbe-freaking-lievable!" cried Grover. "What next?!" Betty Lou overheard Grover's cries and offered him a sandwich from Herry's lunch box. "Really?" Grover asked. "You'd steal Herry's lunch just for me? You are a true friend, B.L."

Grover began to eat his sandwich while Herry looked on suspiciously. "Grove, buddy, you do realize that I'm missing a sandwich and I can see plain as day that you have it and are eating it. I mean like, literally right in front of me." It was as awkward as you would expect. "Just be careful, it may have fallen in some cat poop while Dad was making it." "Cat... poop..." said Grover. He felt very sick.



After school, Herry and Grover stopped at an ice cream truck for a snack. "My treat," said Herry. "This place makes sustainably sourced ice cream using only grass-fed sheep's milk! They sell it at Whole Foods for \$7.99 a pint." Grover watched on haplessly as the rain slowly pelted him. He then stood idly as his ice cream slowly fell off the cone. "Damn," Grover said. "Just... damn. That looked good."



As the two walked home in the rain, Grover stepped right in some gum. His boot strangely adhered right to the sidewalk. "What is this, some kinda joke?!" Herry asked. "It's gum, dude. Your boot should lift right up. Come on, stop foolin'!" But Grover wasn't foolin'. It really was stuck. That was some strong gum. Wow.



"Are you shitting me?!"

Grover cried. He, like anyone, was really dumbfounded about this gum.

The whole thing played out over the course of about twenty minutes. Herry needed to get home and rehearse for the Three's Company play (he was playing Mr. Roper), leaving Grover alone to battle the world's strongest used gum.



When Grover finally gave up and got home, he told Mommy all about his bad, awful day. Mommy was mostly just relieved to see Grover wearing some clothes, even if it was rain gear. "Mommy, I was so mad after the whole boot thing I gave Elmo the finger as I passed his apartment. Oh, Grover Monster feels so ashamed."



"Yep, I'd say that qualifies as a bad, awful day," Mommy said after hearing the full details of Grover's day. "Well, I was going to have Gordon come watch you and sneak out for margaritas with The Count, but I can see you need me more. I actually have a Groupon for Hooper's Store. Let's go be naughty and eat our feelings away."

On the way to Hooper's they stopped to free Grover's boot from the sidewalk. Needless to say, Mommy had to feign effort, as it more-or-less lifted straight up with very little muscle. Mommy made a mental note to have Grover's muscular development checked next time they saw the doctor.



At Hooper's, Mommy was honestly a little taken aback. "Your friends from play group, Grover... they all came here by themselves? Where are their parents?" Grover hadn't thought about that, but it did seem fairly odd. "And hey, while we're talking about your friends, how old are Bert and Ernie? The other day I saw Bert driving a car, then the next day he was holding Maria's hand as they walked through a department store. I get it that we're all Muppets here, but even so, can someone please tell me Bert's general age range?" Grover did not know, but he estimated somewhere between 6 and 32.

