

Laugh out loud with Junnie B. Jones!

- #1 Junnie B. Jones and the Stupid Smelly Bus
- #2 Junnie B. Jones and a Little Monkey Business
- #3 Junnie B. Jones and Her Big Fat Mouth
- #4 Junnie B. Jones and Some Sneaky Peaky Spying
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- #24 Junnie B., First Grader: BOO . . . and I MEAN IT!
- #25 Junnie B., First Grader: Jingle Bells, Batman Smells!

(P.S. So Does May.)

- #26 Junnie B., First Grader: Aloha-ha-ha!
- #27 Junnie B., First Grader: Dumb Bunny

Top-Secret Personal Beeswax: A Journal
by Junnie B. (and me!)

Junnie B.'s Essential Survival Guide to School


Check out Barbara Park's other great books,
listed at the end of this book!

Junnie B. Jones[®]
and a
Little Monkey Business

BY BARBARA PARK

illustrated by
Denise Brunkus

A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

Random House  New York

To Cal and Nate,
the cutest little monkeys
their Grammy ever saw!

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SUMMARY: Through a misunderstanding, Junie B. thinks that her new baby brother is really a baby monkey, and her report of this news creates excitement and trouble in her kindergarten class.

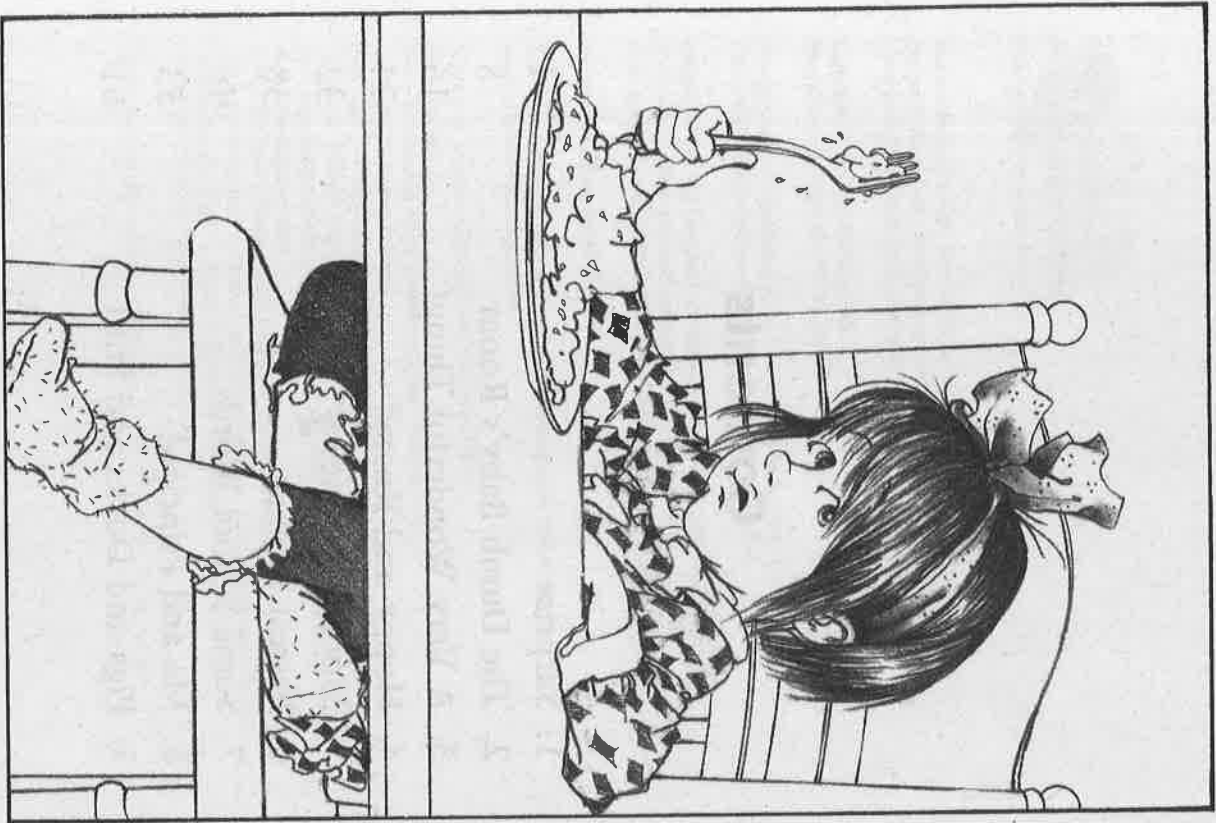
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1 / Surprise

My name is Junie B. Jones. The B stands for Beatrice. Except I don't like Beatrice. I just like B and that's all. B stands for something else, too.

B stands for B-A-B-Y.

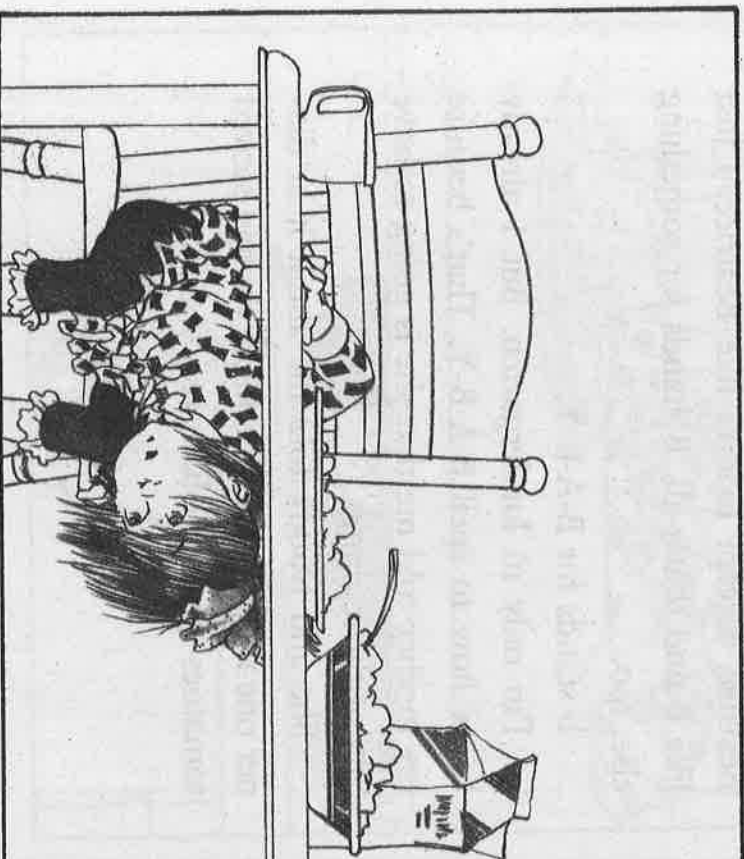
I'm only in kindergarten. But I already know how to spell B-A-B-Y. That's because my mother told me that she is going to have one of those things.

She and Daddy told me about it at dinner one night. It was the night we had stewed tomatoes—which I hate very much.

“Daddy and I have a surprise for you,
Junie B.,” said Mother.

And so then I got very happy inside.
Because maybe I didn’t have to eat my stewie
pewie tomatoes.

And also sometimes a surprise means a
present! And presents are my very favorite
things in the whole world!



I bounced up and down on my chair.

“What is it? Is it all wrapped up? I don’t
see it,” I said very excited.

Then I looked under the table. Because
maybe the surprise was hiding down there
with a red ribbon on top of it.

Mother and Daddy smiled at each other.
Then Mother held my hand.



"Junie B., how would you like to have a little baby brother or sister?" she said.

I made my shoulders go up and down.

"I don't know. Maybe," I told her.

Then I looked under my chair.

"Guess what?" I said. "I can't find that silly willy present anywhere."

Mother made me sit up. Then she and my daddy said some more stuff about a baby.

"The baby will be yours, too, Junie B.," Daddy said. "Just think. You'll have your very own little brother or sister to play with. Won't that be fun?"

I did my shoulders up and down again.

"I don't know. Maybe," I said.

Then I got down from my chair and ran into the living room.

"BAD NEWS, FELLAS!" I hollered very loud. "THE PRESENT ISN'T IN THIS

DUMB BUNNY ROOM, EITHER!"

Mother and Daddy came into the living room. They didn't look that smiley anymore.

Daddy took a big breath. "There is no present, Junie B.," he said. "We never said we had a present. We said we had a *surprise*. Remember?"

Then Mother sat down next to me. "The surprise is that I'm going to have a *baby*, Junie B. In a few months you're going to have a little baby brother or sister. Do you get what I'm saying yet?"

Just then I folded my arms and made a grumpy face. 'Cause all of a sudden I got it, that's why.

"You didn't get me a darned thing, did you?" I said very growly.

Mother looked angry at me. "I give up!" she said. Then she went back into the kitchen.

Daddy said that I owed her a 'pology.

A 'pology is when I have to say the words
I'm sorry.

"Yes, but she owes me a 'pology, too," I
said. "Because a baby isn't a very good sur-
prise."

I made a wrinkly nose. "Babies smell like
P.U.," I explained. "I smelled one at my friend
Grace's house. It had some spit-up on its front.
And so I held my nose and hollered, 'P.U.!
WHAT A STINK BOMB!' And then that
Grace made me go home."

After I finished my story, Daddy went into
the kitchen to talk to Mother.

Then Mother called me in there. And she
said if the baby smells like a stink bomb, she
will buy me my very own air freshener. And
I can spray the can all by myself.

Except not on the P.U. baby.

"I would like the one that smells as fresh
as a Carolina pine forest," I said.

Then me and Mother hugged. And I sat
back down at the table. And I finished eating
my dinner.

Except not my stewie pewie tomatoes.

And so guess what?

No dessert, that's what.

2 / The Dumb Baby's Room

Mother and Daddy fixed up a room for the new baby. It's called a nursery. Except I don't know why. Because a baby isn't a nurse, of course.

The baby's room used to be the guest room. That's where all our guests used to sleep. Only we never had much guests.

And so now if we get some, they'll have to sleep on a table or something.

The baby's room has new stuff in it. That's because Mother and Daddy went shopping at the new baby stuff store.

They bought a new baby dresser with green and yellow knobs on it. And a new baby lamp with a giraffe on the lamp shade. And also, a new rocking chair for when the baby cries and you can't shut it up.

And there's a new baby crib, too.

A crib is a bed with bars on the side of it. It's kind of like a cage at the zoo. Except with a crib, you can put your hand through the bars. And the baby won't pull you in and kill you.

And guess what else is in the nursery? Wallpaper, that's what! The jungle kind. With pictures of elephants, and lions, and a big fat hippo-pot-of-something.

And there's monkeys, too! Which are my most favorite jungle guys in the whole world! Mother and Daddy pasted on the wallpaper together.

Me and my dog Tickle were watching them.

"This wallpaper looks very cute in here," I told them. "I would like some of it in my room, too, I think. Okay?" I said. "Can I? Can I?"

"We'll see," said Daddy.

We'll see is another word for no.

"Yeah, only that's not fair," I said. "'Cause the baby gets all new junk and I have all old junk."

"Poor Junie B.," said Mother very teasing.

Then she bended down and tried to hug me. Only she couldn't do it very good. Because of her big fat stomach—which is where the stupid baby is.

"I don't think I'm going to like this dumb baby," I said.

Mother stopped hugging me.

"Don't say that, Junie B. Of course you will," she said.

"Of course I won't," I talked back. "Because it won't even let me hug you very good. And anyway, I don't even know its stupid dumb name."

Then Mother sat down in the new rocking chair. And she tried to put me on her lap. Only I wouldn't fit. So she just holded my hand.

"That's because Daddy and I haven't picked a name for the baby yet," she explained. "We want a name that's a little bit different. You know, something cute like Junie B. Jones. A name that people will remember."

And so I thought and thought very hard.

And then I clapped my hands together real loud.

“Hey! I know one!” I said very excited.

“It’s the cafeteria lady at my school. And her name is Mrs. Gutzman!”

Mother frowned a little bit. And so maybe she didn’t hear me, I think.

“MRS. GUTZMAN!” I hollered. “That’s a cute name, don’t you think? And I remembered it, too! Even after I only heard it one time, Mrs. Gutzman sticked right in my head!”

Mother took a big breath. “Yes, honey. But I’m not sure that Mrs. Gutzman is a good name for a tiny baby.”

And so then I scrunched my face up. And I thought and thought all over again.

“How ’bout Teeny?” I said. “Teeny would be good.”

Mother smiled. “Well, Teeny might be cute while the baby was little. But what would we call him when he grows up?”

“Big Teeny!” I called out very happy.

Then Mother said, “We’ll see.”

Which means no Big Teeny.

After that, I didn’t feel so happy anymore.

“When’s this dumb bunny baby getting here anyway?” I said.

Mother frowned again. “The baby is not a dumb bunny, Junie B.,” she said. “And it will be here very soon. So I think you’d better start getting used to the idea.”

Then her and Daddy began pasting wallpaper again.

And so I opened the new baby dresser with the green and yellow knobs. And I looked at the new baby clothes.

The baby pajamas were very weensy. And the baby socks wouldn't even fit on my big piggie toe.

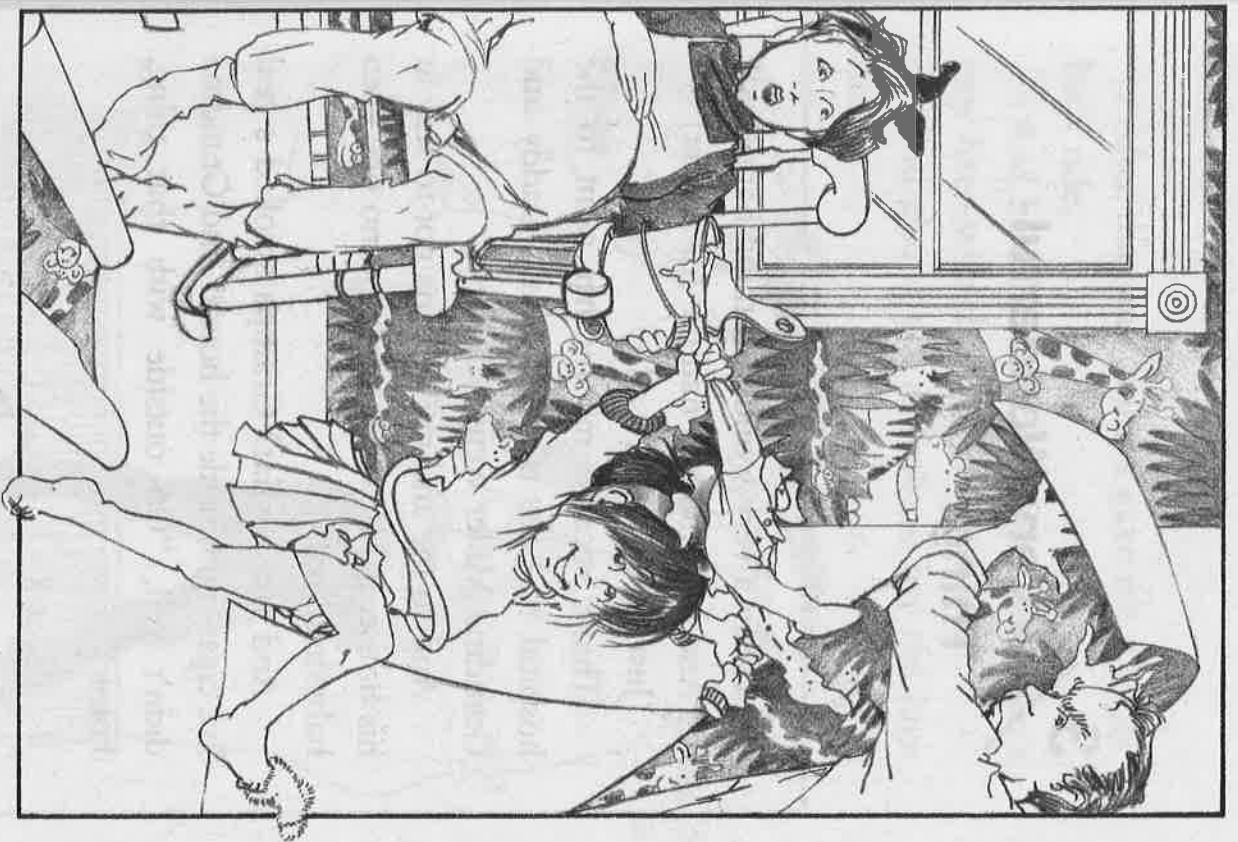
"I'm going to be the boss of this baby," I said to Tickle. "'Cause I'm the biggest, that's why."

Daddy snapped his fingers at me. "That's enough of that kind of talk, missy," he said. Missy's my name when I'm in trouble. After that, him and Mother went to the kitchen to get some more paste.

And so I looked down the hall to make sure he was gone.

"Yeah, only I'm still gonna be the boss of it," I whispered.

Ha ha. So there.



3 / A Very Wonderful Thing!

Yesterday a very wonderful thing happened!

And it's called—I had pie for dinner!

Just pie and that's all!

That's because my mother went to the hospital to have the baby. And Daddy and Grandma Miller went with her.

And so me and my gramma got to stay at his house. All by ourselves. And no one even babysitted us!

And guess what? Gramma smoked a real live cigar right inside the house! And Grandma didn't yell, "Go outside with that thing, Frank!"

After that, my gramma gave me a piggy-back ride.
And he let me put on Grandma Miller's new hat—with the long brown feather.
And also, I got to walk in her red high heels.



Only then I fell down in the kitchen. And so I quick took them off.

"Hey! I could crack my head open in these dumb things," I said very loud.

After that, I opened up the 'frigerator. 'Cause I was hungry from playing, that's why.

"HEY! GUESS WHAT? THERE'S A BIG FAT LEMON PIE IN HERE, FRANK!" I hollered.

And so then Grampa Miller got down two plates. And then me and him ate the big fat lemon pie for our dinner!!

Just pie and that's all!!

And we're not even going to get in trouble! 'Cause we're going to tell Grandma that her cat ate it!

And here's another very fun thing. I got to sleep in Grampa Miller's guest room!

First I put on my p.j.'s with the feet in them. And then my grampa watched me brush my new front tooth. And he tucked me into the big guest bed.

"Sweet dreams, Junie B.," he said.

Except for then I got a little bit of scared in me.

"Yeah. Only guess what, Grampa," I said. "It's very dark in this big room. And so there might be hidey things in here."

Grampa looked all around the room. And also in the closet.

"Nope. No hidey things in here," he said.

After that he left on the hall light for me. So my 'magination wouldn't run wild.

Except I still didn't sleep that good. 'Cause there was a drooly guy with claws under my bed, I think.

And so this morning, my eyes felt very sagging.

Only then I sniffed something that woke them right up.

And its name was delicious waffles!

Grampa Miller cooked them for me! And he let me pour on my own syrup. And he didn't yell whoa! whoa! whoa!

After that, me and him played until it was time for kindergarten.

Except before I left, the funnest thing of all happened! My grandma Miller came home!

And she said that Mother had a baby!

And it was the boy kind!

Then me and her and my grampa all did a big giant hug!

And Grandma Miller picked me up. And she swunged me in the air.

"You're just going to love him, Junie B.!" she said. "Your new brother is the cutest little monkey I've ever seen!"

Then my eyes got very wide. "He is? Really?" I said.

Grandma Miller put me down. Then she started talking to my grampa.

"Wait till you see him, Frank," she said.

"He's got the longest little fingers and toes!"

I tugged on her dress. "How long, Grandma?" I said. "Longer than mine?"

But Grandma just kept on talking.

"And his hair, Frank! My word! He's got oodles and oodles of thick black hair!"

I pulled on Grandma's arm. "How come, Grandma? How come he's got hair?" I asked.

"I thought little babies were supposed to be baldies."

But still, my grandma didn't answer me.

"And he's big, too, Frank. He's much bigger than any of the other babies in the hospital. And you should feel how tightly he grabs on to your finger when you—"

Just then I stamped my foot very hard.

"HEY! I WANT SOME ANSWERS DOWN HERE, HELEN! HE'S MY BABY TOO, YOU KNOW!"

Grandma Miller frowned at me. 'Cause I'm not supposed to call her Helen, I think.

"Sorry," I said kind of quiet.

Then Grandma Miller bended down next to me. And so I didn't have to yell anymore.

"Are you telling me the truth, Grandma?" I said. "Is my brother *really* the cutest little monkey you ever saw? For really and honest and truly?"

Then my grandma Miller hugged me very tight.

"Yes, little girl," she whispered in my ear. "For really and honest and truly."

After that, she picked me up again. And me and her twirled all around the kitchen.

4 / Hoppy and Russell

My room at kindergarten is named Room Nine.

I have two bestest friends in that place.

One of them has the name of Lucille.

Lucille sits right exactly next to me.

She has a red chair. And also little red fingernails which are very glossy.

My other bestest friend is named Grace.

Me and that Grace sit together on the school bus. Except for not today we didn't. Because today Grampa Miller drove me.

Then he walked to Room Nine with me.

And he waved at my teacher.

Her name is Mrs.

She has another name, too. But I just like Mrs. and that's all.

When I first walked into my room, Lucille was looking at that Grace's brand new shoes. And their name was pink high tops.

"Hey, Grace! Those new shoes look very beautiful on you!" I said.

But that dumb Grace didn't even say *thank you* to me.

"Grace is angry at you," said Lucille.

"She said that she rode the bus today. And you weren't even there to save her a seat. And she had to sit next to an icky kid. Right, Grace?"

Grace bobbed her head up and down.

"Yes, only I couldn't help it, Grace," I said. "That's because I stayed at my grampa Miller's all night. And there's no bus at that

place. And so he had to drive me here today.”
Then I tried to hold that Grace’s hand.
Only she quick pulled it away.

“That’s not very nice of you, Grace,” I
said. “And so guess what? Now I’m not going
to tell you my special secret.”

That’s when that Grace called me a poopy
head.

Lucille held my hand. “I don’t think you’re
a poopy head, Junie B.,” she said. “And so
you can tell me your special secret. And I
won’t tell anybody. Not even Grace.”

That’s when that Grace kicked Lucille in
the leg.

And so Lucille pushed her down.

And Mrs. had to come pull them off each
other.

I raised my hand very polite. “I wasn’t
involved,” I said to Mrs.



After that, we had to sit down and do some work. It was called printing our numbers. Only I couldn't do mine that good. Because Lucille kept on talking to me, that's why.

"Come on, Junie B.," she said in her whispering voice. "Tell me your special secret. I won't tell. I promise."

"Yes, only I *can't*, Lucille," I said. "'Cause no talking to your neighbor, remember?"

Then Mrs. snapped her fingers at me. "SEE, LUCILLE? I TOLD YOU NO

TALKING TO YOUR NEIGHBOR!" I hollered. "NOW I GOT SNAPPED AT!"

Just then a boy named Jim said, "Shush," to me.

"Shush yourself, you big fat Jim," I said back.

After that, Mrs. stood next to me till I

finished my work. Then I got all done and she collected it.

That made me happy inside. Because guess what comes after work? Something very fun, that's what!

And its name is Show and Tell.

Mrs. stood next to her desk. "Who has something interesting to share with the class today?" she said.

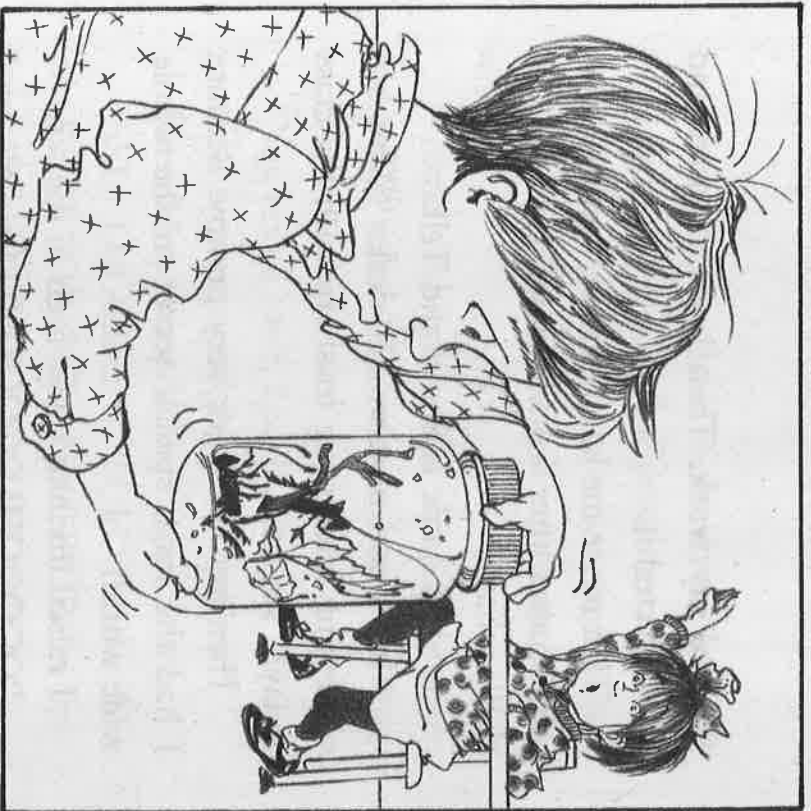
Then my heart got very pumpy. Because I had the most special secret in the whole wide world!

I raised my hand way high in the air.

"OOOOOH! OOOOOH!" I hollered real loud. "ME! ME! ME!"

Mrs. shook her head at me. Because I'm not supposed to go ooooooh, ooooooh, me, me, me.

She called on William. He is a cry-baby



boy in my class. I can beat him up, I think.

“William?” said Mrs. “Since you raised your hand so politely, you may go first.”

And so then William carried a paper bag to the front of the room. And he took out a jar of two dead crickets.

Except for William didn't know they were dead. He just thought they were sleeping.

“Jump, Hoppy! Jump, Russell!” said William.

Then he tapped on the glass.

“Hey! Wake up in there!” he said.

After that, William started shaking the jar all over the place. And he wouldn't stop.

“WAKE UP, I SAID!” he shouted.

Then Hoppy and Russell started falling all apart. And Mrs. had to take the jar away.

That's when William started to cry. And he had to go to the nurse's office to lie down.

And so then I raised my hand way high in the air again.

Because guess what? My Show and Tell was *way* better than two dead crickets!