

5 / Monkey Business

Mrs. called my name.

“Junie B.? Would you like to go next?” she asked.

Then I jumped right up. And I ran speedy fast to the front of the room.

“Guess what?” I said very excited. “Last night my mother had a baby! And it’s the boy kind!”

Mrs. clapped her hands.

“Junie B. Jones has a new little brother, everyone!” she said. “Isn’t that wonderful?”

Then all of Room Nine clapped, too.

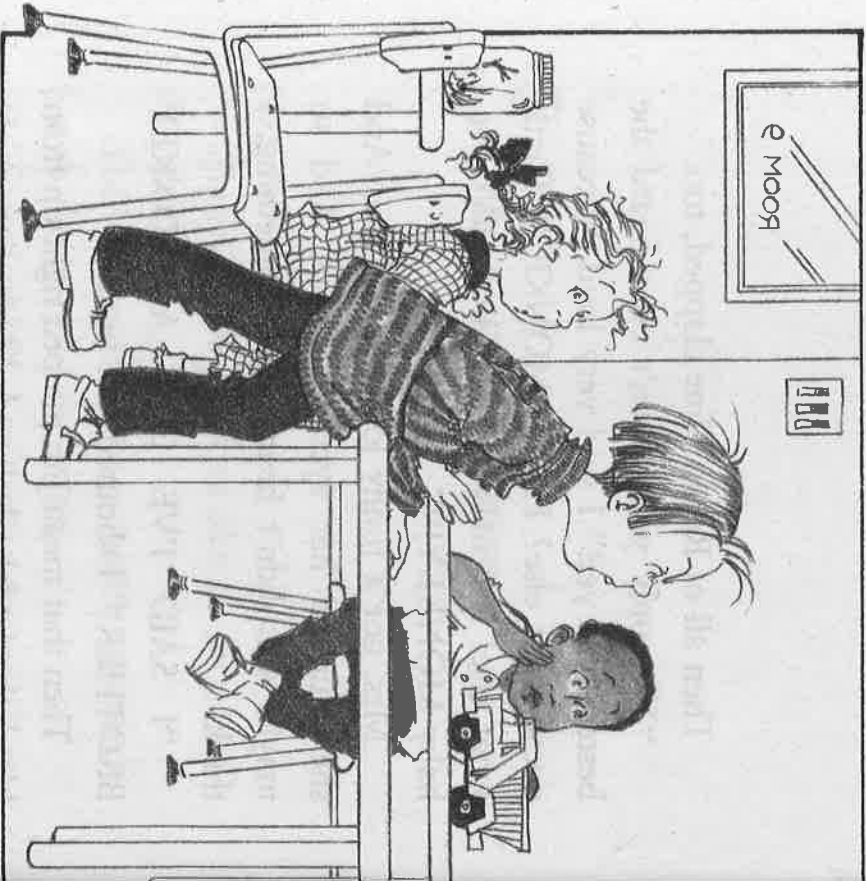
“Yes, only you haven’t even heard the bestest part yet!” I said very loud. “Because guess what else? He’s a MONKEY! That’s what else! My new brother is a real, alive, baby MONKEY!!!”

Mrs. got a funny look on her face. And she squinted her eyes very tiny. And so maybe she didn’t hear me or something, I think.

“I SAID I’VE GOT A MONKEY BROTHER!” I shouted real louder.

Then that mean Jim jumped right up from his desk. And he hollered, “Liar, liar, pants on fire!”

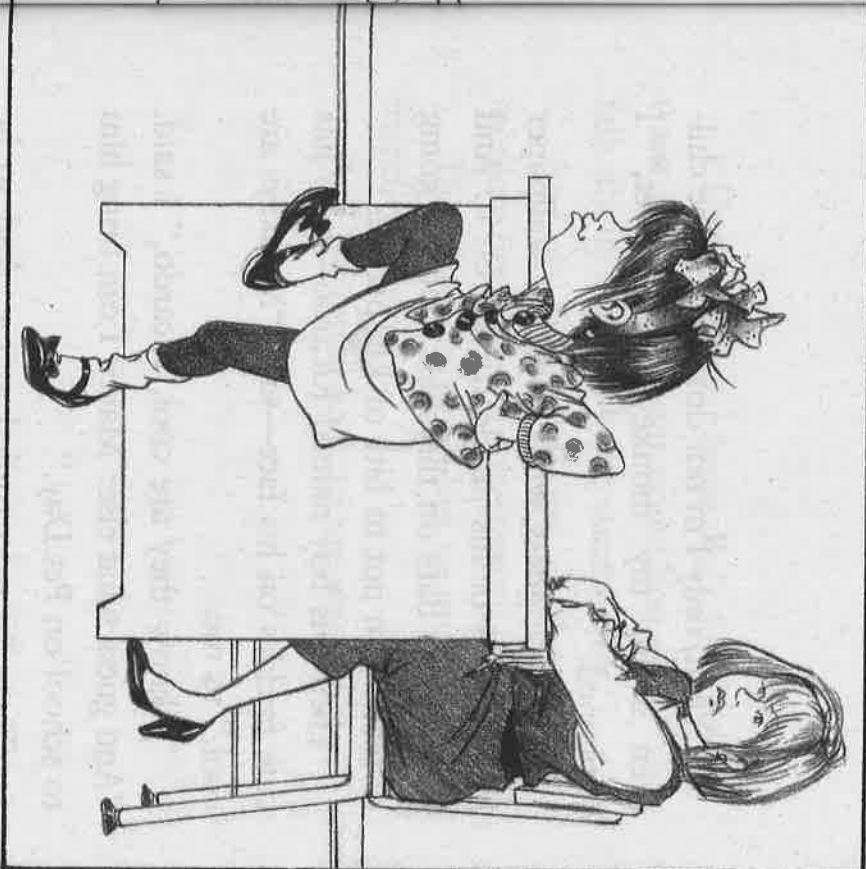
“No they are not on fire, you big fat Jim!” I said back. “I do too have a monkey brother! You can ask my grandma Miller if you don’t believe me!”



Mrs. raised her eyebrows way high on her head.

“Your grandmother told you that your brother is a monkey?” she asked me.

“Yes!” I said. “She told me he has long



fingers and long toes. And lots of black fur all over himself!”

After that, Mrs. kept on looking and looking at me. Then she said it was time for me to sit down.

“Yeah, only I’m not done telling the children about my monkey brother yet,” I explained.

“Cause guess what else? His wallpaper has pictures of his jungle friends on it. And his bed has bars on the sides. But I’m going to teach him not to bite or kill people.”

Then this boy named Ricardo—who has cute freckles on his face—said, “Monkeys are cool,” to me.

“I know they are cool, Ricardo,” I said. “And guess what else? Maybe I can bring him to school on Pet Day.”

Then Ricardo smiled at me. And so he might be my boyfriend, I think. Except for there’s a boy in Room Eight who already loves me.

Just then, Mrs. stood up and pointed at me.

“That’s *enough*, Junie B.,” she said. “I want you to sit down now. You and I will talk about this monkey business later.”

And so that made me giggle. Because monkey business is a funny word, I think.

Then I waved good-bye to my new boyfriend, Ricardo.

And I skipped back to my seat.

6 / **Bestest Friends**

Recess is my best subject. I learned it my first week at school.

Recess is when you go outside. And you run off your steam.

Then when you come in, you can sit still better. And you don't have ants in your pants.

At recess, me and Lucille and that Grace play horses together.

I'm Brownie. Lucille is Blackie. And that Grace is Yellowie.

"I'M BROWNIE!" I hollered as soon as I got outside.

"I don't want to play horses today," said Lucille. "I want to know some more about your monkey brother."

"Me, too," said that Grace.

Then Lucille pushed that Grace out of the way. And she whispered a secret in my ear.

"If you let me be the first one to see him, I'll let you wear my new locket," she said.

"Yeah. Only guess what, Lucille?" I said. "I don't even know what a dumb locket is."

And so then Lucille showed me her locket. It was a little gold heart on a chain.

"Isn't it beauteous?" she said. "My nanna gave it to me for my birthday."

Then she opened up the little heart. And there was a little bitty picture inside of that thing!

"Hey! There's a teeny head in there!" I said very excited.

"I know," said Lucille. "That's my nanna. See her?"

I squinted very hard at the little picture.

"Your nanna is a shrimpie, Lucille," I said.

After that, Lucille closed the locket. And she gave it to me.

"Now I'm your best friend, right, Junie B.?" she said. "And so I can be the first one to see your monkey brother!"

Just then, that Grace stomped her foot very hard.

"No you cannot, Lucille!" she hollered.

"I'm her best friend! 'Cause me and her ride the bus together. And so I get to see her monkey brother first. Right, Junie B.? Right? Right?"

I made my shoulders go up and down.

"I don't know, Grace," I said. "'Cause Lucille just gave me this locket with the teeny

nanna. And so that means she gets to go first, I think."

That Grace stomped her foot again. She made a mad face at me.

"Pooley!" she said.

Except for just then I got a great idea!

"Hey! Guess what, Grace?" I said very excited. "Since Lucille gave me something beautiful, now you can give me something beautiful, too! And so that would be very fair of me, I think!"

Then that Grace started smiling. And she took off her sparkly new ring.

"Here!" she said. "I got it out of cereal this morning! See how shiny the stone is? That's because it's a real genuine fake plastic diamond."

Then she put some breath on it. And she shined it on her sleeve for me.

“Ooooooh,” I said. “I love this thing, Grace.”

“I know,” she said. “And so now I get to see your monkey brother first. Right, Junie B.? Right?”

After that I had to think a little bit.

“Yeah, only here’s the trouble, Grace,” I said. “Now I have one thing from you and one thing from Lucille. And so it’s a tie.”

Then Lucille quick took off her red sweater with the Scottie dog on it. And she tied it around my waist.

“Here!” she said. “Now I’ve given you two things! And so I’m still the winner.”

“Oh no you’re not!” hollered that Grace. “Because I’m gonna give Junie B. my snack ticket for today. And so she can have my cookie and milk!”

“Excellent idea, Grace!” I said. “Then me and her did a high five.”



“Oh yeah?” said Lucille. “Well, then I’m going to give her *my* snack ticket, too! And so I’m still the winner!”

After that Grace looked all over herself.

“But that’s not fair,” she said. “Because I don’t have anything else to give her.”

And so I looked all over her, too. And then I jumped up and down again.

“Yes you do, Grace!” I said. “You do too have something else to give me! And their name is your new pink high tops!”

That Grace stared at her feet. She looked very sad.

“Yeah, only this is the first time I ever wore these,” she said real quiet.

And so I patted her so she would feel better.

“I know, Grace,” I explained nicely. “But if you don’t give them to me, then you won’t

be able to see my monkey brother.”

And so then me and that Grace sat down on the grass. And she took off her new pink shoes. And she gave them to me.

“Thank you, Grace,” I said politely.

Then I stood up.

“Okay. Your turn,” I said to Lucille.

Only too bad for me. ‘Cause just then the stupid bell rang.

7 / Some School Words

I wore my brand-new things back to Room Nine.

They looked very beautiful on me. Except my new pink high tops were too big. And my feet were very sliding around in there.

Before I sat down I looked at Lucille's red chair. Then I tapped on her.

"I'm sorry, Lucille," I said. "But red is my favorite color. And so I would like that chair of yours, I think."

Lucille looked very upset at me. "But red is my favorite color, too, Junie B."

I patted her. "I know, Lucille," I said nicely. "But you still must give it to me. It's the rules."

And so she did.

"Now I'm the winner for sure, aren't I?" she asked.

I made my shoulders go up and down. "I don't know, Lucille," I said. "That Grace said she might have some cash in her purse."

After that, Mrs. passed out construction paper. And we cut out autumn leaves for our bulletin board.

Autumn is the school word for fall.

We sprinkled our leaves with shiny glitter.

Also, I sprinkled glitter in my hair. And I pasted some to my eyebrows.

Then Mrs. confiscated my shiny glitter jar.

Confiscate is the school word for yanked

it right out of my hand.

Just then, Mrs. Gutzman knocked on our door. And she came into the room with our milk and cookies.

“HURRAY! HURRAY FOR MRS. GUTZMAN!” I shouted at her. “GUESS WHAT, MRS. GUTZMAN? I GET THREE SNACKS TODAY! SEE? I HAVE THREE SNACK TICKETS!”

Mrs. walked over to my chair. She stared down at me.

“How did you get two extra tickets, Junie B.?” she asked. “Did you find them on the playground?”

Then she took my two extra tickets away. And she held them way high in the air.

“Did anyone lose their snack tickets today?” she said to the class.

“NO!” I hollered. “Those are my tickets!”

Lucille and Grace gave them to me!”

Mrs. raised her eyebrows. “Lucille? Did you give Junie B. your snack ticket today?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Lucille. “That’s because she made me.”

“No, I did not, you dumb Lucille!” I said. “I did not make you!”

Mrs. said, “Be quiet,” to me.

She folded her arms. “Grace? Did you give your snack ticket to Junie B., too?”

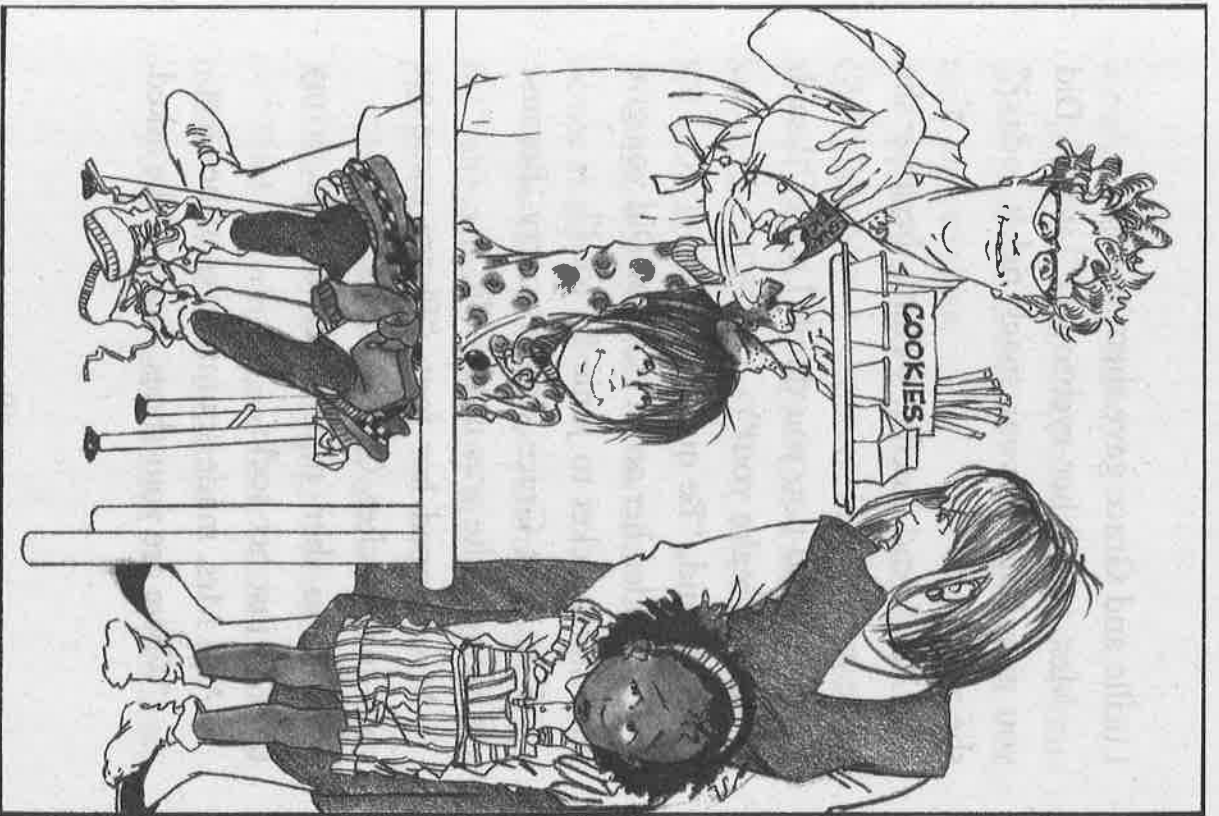
Then that Grace started to cry. Because she thought she was in trouble.

Mrs. tapped her foot. “Please come get your snack ticket, Grace,” she said.

And so then that Grace walked to my table in just her socks.

And Mrs. made squinty eyes at her feet.

“Where are your shoes, Grace?” she asked.



That's when big fat baby Grace started crying very harder. And she pointed at her shoes.

Mrs. peeped under my table.

"Junie B. Jones!" she hollered. "Why are you wearing Grace's shoes?"

Mrs. sounded dangerous.

"Because," I said kind of scared.

"Because why?" said Mrs.

"Because it's the rules," I explained.

Then Mrs. bended down very close to my ear. "What rules?"

"The rules for who gets to be the first one to see my monkey brother," I said.

Mrs. rolled her eyes way back in her head.

"Put your own shoes back on. And come with me, young lady," she said.

Then me and her walked into the hall together. And she made me tell her what

happened on the playground.

After that, I had to give Lucille back the locker and the sweater with the Scottie dog on it. And I had to give Grace back the real genuine fake ring from cereal.

Then Mrs. wrote a note. And she said for me to take it to the office.

The office is where the boss of the school lives. His name is Principal.

“Yes, but I don’t think I would like to go down there today,” I said. “Or else my mother might get mad at me.”

Mrs. tapped her foot. Then she took hold of my hand.

“Let’s go, young lady. March,” she said. And so then me and her marched to the office.

March is the school word for pulled me way too fast.

8 / Me and Principal

The school office is a scary place.

It has loud ringing phones. And a typing lady who is a stranger. And a row of chairs where bad kids sit.

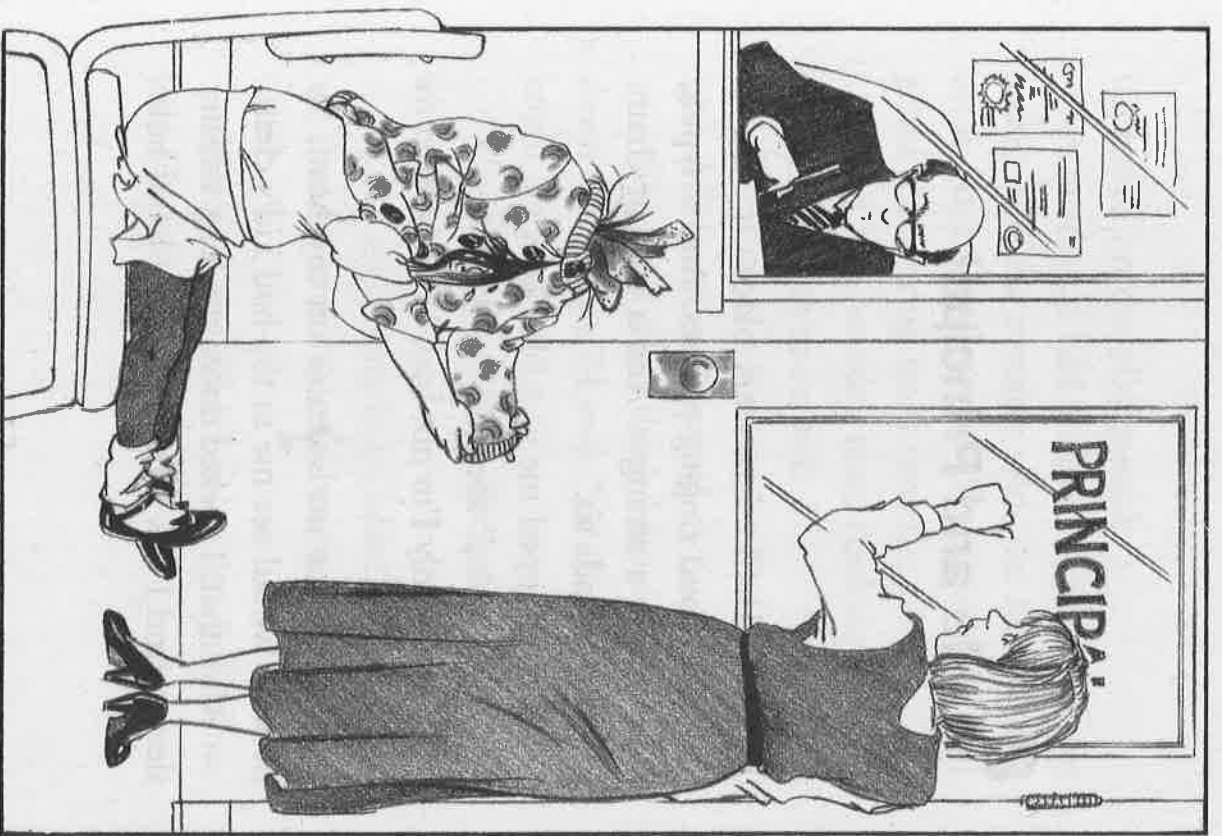
Mrs. plopped me in a blue one.

“Wait here,” she said.

“Yeah, only I’m not bad,” I whispered to just myself.

Then I put my sweater on my head. So nobody would see me in the bad kid’s chair.

After that, I peeked down my long sweater sleeve. And I saw Mrs. out of my hand hole.



She was knocking on Principal's door.

Then she went in there. And my heart felt very punpy. Because she was tattling on me, I think.

After a while, she came out again.

Principal came with her.

Principal has a baldy head which looks like rubber.

Also, he has big hands. And heavy shoes. And a suit made out of black.

“Could I see you in my office for a minute, Junie B.?” he said.

And so then I had to go in there all by myself. And I sat in a big wood chair. And Principal made me take the sweater off my head.

“So what's this all about?” he said. “Why do you think your teacher brought you down here today?”

“Because,” I said very quiet.

"Because why?" said Principal.

"Because that Grace shot off her big fat mouth," I explained.

Then Principal folded his arms. And he said for me to start at the beginning.

And so I did. . . .

First, I told him about how I spend the night at my grampa's house.

"We had delicious waffles for breakfast," I said. "And I had five of them. Only my grampa didn't know where I put them all. Except I put them way in here."

Then I opened my mouth and showed Principal where my waffles went.

After that, I told him how my grandma Miller came home from the hospital. And she told me I had a monkey brother. For really and honest and truly.

"And so then I told the children at Show

and Tell," I said. "And at recess Lucille and that Grace started giving me lots of pretty stuff. Because they wanted to be first to see him.

"Except too bad for me," I said. "Because when we came inside, Mrs. found out about the snack tickets. And then that dumb Grace shot off her big fat mouth about her shoes. And so I got marched down here. And I had to sit in the bad kid's chair."

Then I smoothed my skirt. "The end," I said nicely.

Principal rubbed his head that looks like rubber.

"Junie B, maybe we should go back to when your grandmother came home from the hospital," he said. "Can you remember *exactly* what she said about your brother being a monkey?"

I scrunched my eyes real tight to remember.

“Yes,” I said. “Grandma Miller said he was the cutest little monkey she ever saw.”

Then Principal closed his eyes. “Aaah,” he said kind of quiet. “Now I get it.”

After that, he smiled a little bit. “You see, Junie B., when your grandmother called your brother a little monkey, she didn’t mean he was a *real* little monkey. She just meant he was, well . . . cute.”

“I know he’s cute,” I said. “That’s because all monkeys are cute. Except for I don’t like the big kind that can kill you.”

Principal shook his head. “No, Junie B., that’s not what I mean. I mean your brother isn’t really a monkey at all. He’s just a little baby boy.”

I made a frowny face. “No, he is *not* a

little baby boy,” I told him. “He’s a real, alive, baby monkey with black hairy fur and long fingers and toes. You can ask my grandma Miller if you don’t believe me.”

And so guess what Principal did then? He called her, that’s what! He called Grandma Miller right up on the phone!

And then he talked to her. And then I talked to her too!

“Hey, Grandma!” I said very shouty. “Guess what just happened down here? Principal said that my baby brother isn’t a real, alive monkey. Only he is. ‘Cause you told me that. Remember? You said he was a monkey. For really and honest and truly.”

Then Grandma Miller said she was very sorry. But she didn’t mean he was a *real* monkey. She just meant he was *cute*.

Just like Principal explained to me.

And so then I felt very droopy inside.

“Yeah, only what about all of his black hair? And his long fingers and toes?” I said. “And what about his bed that looks like a cage? And the wallpaper with his jungle friends on it?”

But Grandma Miller kept on saying that my new brother was just a regular cute baby. And so finally I didn't want to talk to her anymore. And I hanged up the phone.

Then I bended my head way down. And my eyes got a little bit of wet in them.

“Damn it,” I said very quiet.

After that, Principal gave me a tissue. And he said, “I'm sorry,” to me.

Then he held my hand.

And me and him walked back to Room

Nine.

9 / Pigs and Ducks and Stuff

Principal went into Room Nine with me.

Then he clapped his giant hands together.

“Boys and girls? May I please have your attention?” he said. “I would like to explain what happened during Show and Tell today. It's about Junie B. Jones and her new baby brother.”

Just then that Jim I hate jumped right up out of his chair.

“He's not a monkey, is he?” he shouted very loud. “I knew it! I knew he wasn't a monkey!”

I made a big fist at him. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THIS UP YOUR NOSE, YOU BIG DUMB JIM?" I hollered.

Then Principal frowned at me. And so I smiled.

"I hate that guy," I said nicely.

After that, Principal took a big breath.

"Boys and girls, there's a good reason why Junie B. told you that her baby brother was a monkey," he said.

"Yeah! It was all my grandma Miller's fault!" I interrupted. "Because she told me that my brother was a *little monkey*. Only she didn't mean he was a *real* little monkey. She just meant he was cute. Only who the heck knew that dumb thing?"

Principal made another frown at me. Then he talked some more.

"You see, boys and girls," he said. "Sometimes adults say things that can be very confusing to children. Like what if you heard me talking about a *lucky duck*? You might think I was talking about a real live duck. But *lucky duck* just means a lucky person."

"Right," said Mrs. "And when we call someone a *busy bee*, we don't mean he's a real bee. We just mean he's a hard worker."

"Hey! I just thought of another one!" I said very excited. "A dumb bunny isn't a real alive bunny, either! It's just a plain old dumb guy!"

Then my friend Lucille raised her hand.

"I've got one, too," she said. "Sometimes my nanna calls my daddy a couch potato. Only he's not a real potato. He's just a lazy bum."

"Yeah, and I'm not a big pig," said my new boyfriend Ricardo. "But my mom says I eat like one."

After that, a whole bunch of other kids said they eat like big pigs, too.

Only a boy named Donald said he eats like a horse.

And crybaby William eats like a bird.

Just then it was time for the bell to ring. And so me and Principal said bye-bye to each other. And I went to my seat.

Then I gave Lucille back her red chair.

She was very nice to me.

"I'm sorry that your brother isn't a real monkey, Junie B.," she said.

"Thank you, Lucille," I said. "I'm sorry that your daddy isn't a real potato, too."

After that, the bell rang for us to go home.

And so me and Lucille and that Grace held hands. And we walked outside together.

Only then a very wonderful thing happened!

And it's called—I heard my mother's voice!

"JUNIE B.! JUNIE B.! OVER HERE, HONEY. DADDY AND I ARE OVER HERE!"

Then I looked in the parking lot. And I saw her! And so I runned to her speedy quick. And then me and Mother hugged and hugged. Because I hadn't seen her for a very whole day!

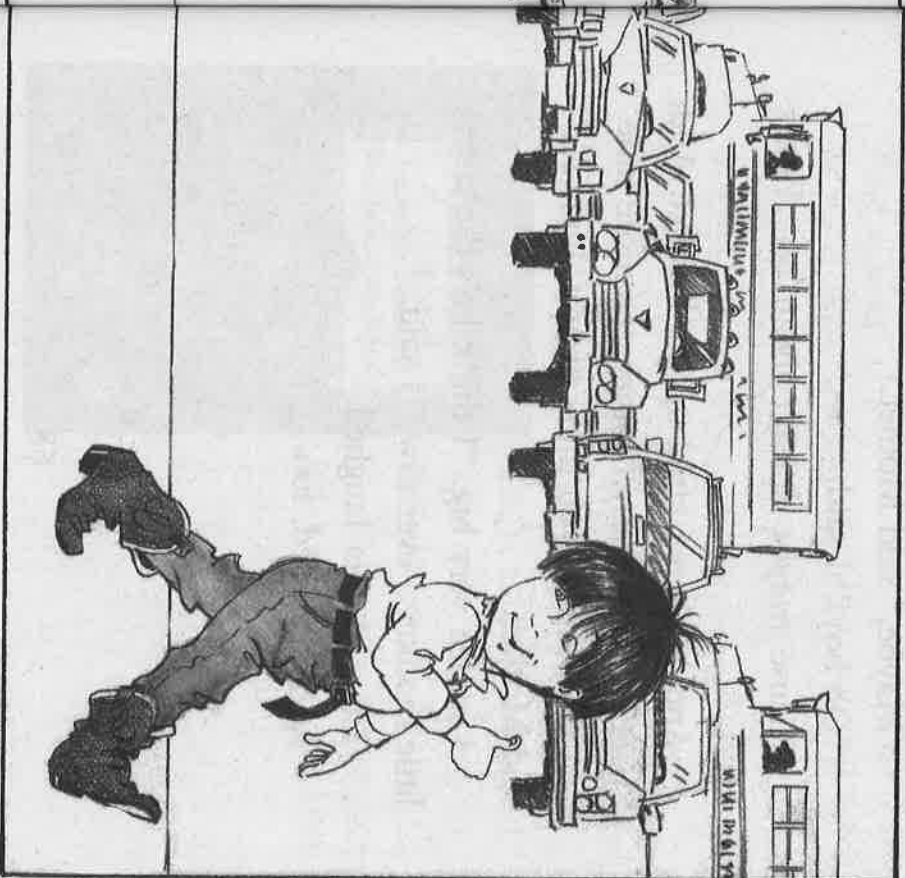
Then my daddy got out of the car. And he had a little yellow blanket in his arms. And guess what was in that thing?

My new baby brother, that's what!

He was very teeny. And pinkish. Except his head had a lot of black hair on it. I touched it. It felt like fuzzy. Just then Ricardo walked by. And he saw my teeny brother.



“Cool hair,” he said. I smiled very big. “I know it, Ricardo,” I said. “And guess what else? He doesn’t even smell like P.U.” After that I got in the car. And I told



Mother about Lucille's lockert. And she said maybe I could get a lockert, too. And I could put my brother's teeny head in there.

"Yes. And I would also like some pink high tops, please," I said very polite.

"Maybe," said Mother.

"Oh boy!" I said.

'Cause *maybe* doesn't mean no! That's why!

And so then I lifted up the blanket. And I peeped at my baby brother one more time.

"So what do you think of him, Junie B.?" said Mother.

I smiled very big. "I think he's the cutest little monkey I ever saw," I said.

Then Mother laughed.
And I laughed, too.

Hello, school children! Hello! Hello!
It's me . . . Junie B., First Grader!

I have been going to school for over one and a half entire years now. And I have learned a jillion things that will help you survive at that place.

And guess what?

NOW I AM GOING TO PASS THIS INFORMATION ON TO Y-O-U!!!

I wrote it all down in my brand-new book!

It is called: **Junie B.'s Essential Survival Guide to School!**

All of the tips and drawings are done by me, Junie B. Jones!
Plus also, there are stickers and pages for you to write in!
This thing is a hoot, I tell you!

