Random House of New York

A STEPPING STONE BOOK

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Illustrated by

BY BARBARA PARK

Sneaky Peeky Spying
...and Some
June B. Jones

Laugh out loud with June B. Jones!

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16 June B. Jones is a Cereal Head Day
15 June B. Jones Has a Deep Secret in Her Pocket
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13 June B. Jones Is a Hover Chair
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10 June B. Jones Is a Party Animal
9 June B. Jones Is Not a Tool
8 June B. Jones Has a Monster Under Her Bed
7 June B. Jones Loves Handsome Varnum
6 June B. Jones and Tula Maxwell Miss Birthday
5 June B. Jones and the Lucky Break MLK Jr.
4 June B. Jones and Some Sneaky Peeky Spying
3 June B. Jones and Her Big Fat Mouth
2 June B. Jones and a Little Monkey Business
1 June B. Jones and the Sign Stinky Bus

Laugh out loud with June B. Jones!
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part two
Mrs. and that's all. She has another name, too, but I just like Mrs. My teacher has the name of Mrs. Grade, I think. Cause it should be called zero kindergarten. I don't know why it's called that silly word of what comes before first grade. Except for I go to kindergarten. Kindergarten is like B and that's all. Except I don't like Beatrix. I just name is June. B stands for Sneaky Peeky Spying
Mrs. has short brown hair. And long skirts of wool. And she smiles a real lot. Except for sometimes when I'm noisy, she claps her loud hands at me.

And I lifted up the lid a teeny bit. And I peeked my eyes at him.

And guess what?

Grampa Miller took his whole teeth right out of his head! That's what!

Then me and her would be neighbors.

I wish Mrs. lived next door to me.

Then my grampa came in the bathroom.

And I lifted up the lid a teeny bit. And I peeked my eyes at him.

And guess what?

Grampa Miller took his whole teeth right out of his head! That's what!

I popped right out of the hamper!
"Hey! Grampa! How did you do that Crazy thing?" I hollered. Pretty soon Mother hurried into the bathroom quick. Granpa Miller has high blood pressure. I think. Then my grampa screamed very loud. And he ran out of the bathroom speedy.

First, I took off my loud shoes... Then I tippy-toed into baby Ollie’s room in just my sock feet... And I spied on him through the bars in his crib.
Cause I quick hid in the closet.

Only she didn’t even see me.

Mother runned into his room.

Then she stared cryin’ very loud. And

that’s when

and guess what! He opened his eyes.

and I shouted, “WAKE UP!” in his ear.

And I lick’d his nose with a ribbon.

So that’s how come I accidentally blowed

and he wasn’t bring him.

Sleeping.

Bone old baby just kept on sleeping and

Only foo bad for me. Because that

peeky spying, of course.

Cause what could be quieter than sneaky.

on his face.
police.

"Good afternoon, lady," she said.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said.

Mrs. was at the door waiting for us.

Room Nine speedly quick.

soon the bell rang. And we all runned to

bestest friend named Lucille. Only Pretty

Then we played horses with my other
count. Cause I wasn't really racing.

except for she beared me. Only I didn't

Ground.

and that Grace raced each other to the play-

Just then the bus got to school. And me

her

"I heard your nose whistle, Grace," I told

called a huffy, I think.

That Grace did a mad breath at me. It is

it first.

but you can't be as good as me. Cause I said

I parred her. "Yes, only too bad, Grace.

too," she said.

That Grace smiled. "I'm good at spining.

either," I said.

and see? My nose doesn't whistle,

After that, I breathed in and out for her

You can hardly even hear those guys." 

"See?" I said. "See how quiet they are?

her my sneaky sock feet.

Then I took off my shoes. And I showed

Grace.

I told to my bestest friend named

I'm the bestest spier in the whole

fine.

to school that day—I did a little bit of breath-

That's how come—when I rode the bus.

my head.

in the whole wide world, I said inside

I smiled to just myself. In the bestest
Then Mrs. smiled at me. That's because she is the nicest teacher I ever saw.

And guess what else? And so I wish me and her were best friends.

I wish I could hide in her hamper.

Me and my best friend Lucille sit at my same table together.

Except I keep on forgetting that part.

"Shh," said Lucille. "We can't talk or else we'll get in trouble. And anyway, you're not allowed to know where she lives, 'cause it's a secret."

And don't talk to my neighbor. And do my work.

My table is where I sit up straight.
"Says who?" I asked.
"My brother, that's who. And he's in third grade. And he says teachers have to keep their house a secret. Or else kids might go there and throw rotten tomatoes." I did a huffy at her.

"Yeah, only I don't want to throw rotten tomatoes, Lucille, I explained. "I just want to hide in her hamper and that's all."
"I can't eat them, Mother."

"I can't eat them, Mother." I thought very excited.

"How many of you think you can bring any food on Monday?" asked Mrs. Baker. The boys and girls looked up at the ceiling with their eyes. Then I looked up there too. But I didn't see anything.

"What kind of drink do you think you can bring?" Mrs. Baker asked. The boys and girls raised their hands. Mrs. Baker looked up at the ceiling with her eyes. Then she looked up there too. And she didn't see anything.

"I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage," I raised my hand. But Mrs. Baker raised her hand too. Mrs. Baker said, "refreshments are cookies and beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage."

"Yeah, only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage." Mrs. Baker laughed. "Only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named beverage," she said.

It was some writing about baking cookies, I thought.

"If your mother has any questions, please tell her to call me," said Mrs. Baker. "I can see where you live."

"Hey!" I said. "Maybe me and Mother can bring the cookies to your house! And so then I can see where you live."

Mrs. Baker rumpled my hair. "You don't have to come to my house. Junie B. Just bring the cookies to school on Monday morning."
I smiled very sweet. "Yeah, only I still want to see where you live," I said.

Then Mrs. turned around. And she walked back to her desk.

That's how I had to follow her.

"Do you have the rich kind of house? Or the regular kind of house?" I asked her.

"Cause I just have the regular kind of house.

Except for Mother wants the rich kind. Only Daddy said lotsa luck."

"Yeah, only do you have a daddy that lives at your house, too? Are there any pictures of him in your wallet? Let's look in there, okay? Do you have a secret compart-
I parted her again. “Yeah, only too bad.”

“Hey, too.” she said. “Now I have curiosity about that Grease winded her eyebrows.” We, her.

“Sorry, I have curiosity about this.” Cause she wouldn’t answer any of my questions, and so now I have curiosity about one. “Cause she wouldn’t answer any of my questions.”

“Mrs. is a secret mystery guy,” I said.

Secret house.

That’s when I told her about Mrs. and her secret house.

“Thars when I told her about Mrs. and her secret house.”

Of course, Cause I’m not even tired yet of the six. Only I have that dumb stupid bed. The hand is at the seven, and the big hand is at the little hand. Cause my bedtime is when the little hand.

“Yeah, only guess what I’m wondering now?” Now I’m wondering what your bed.

Mrs. took my hand. Then me and her don’t tell Grandma.”

Of those things withifty blocks in it. Only meant in it. Cause my Grandma Miller has one.
Grandma Millershushed me. "There's no
need to shout, Junie B," she said. "I'm right
here." "Yeah, only I can't help it, Grandma,
"Curiosity killed the cat, you know," she
said. Then my mouth went open. And my eyes
went big too.

"What cat, Grandma? Where did the
cat go?" I asked. "Grandma looked at me for a
very long time. Then she went to the sink. And
she took an aspirin.

Just then I heard a noise at the front door.
I shut my door very angry. Then I put my
shoe into the shoe rack. I never even heard of that
cause of no shouting. And no standing.

After that, I got some coffee in my room.

"Why are you so angry?" she asked.

"I stomped my foot. "Yes we are! We
are too! Cause I want to. That's
my house."

Mother shook her head. "No way.

"Well, only I already know that. But my
house, June B. Not to your teacher's
school."

"The nurse says to take the cookies to
Mother. Read the note.

"And see where she lives?

"Mother, Mother! I have a
Mystery. I have a

"Mother! I have a
Mystery."

And its name is Mother was home from
work..."
The next day was Saturday. Saturday is the day me and my mother go to the grocery store. Like no hollerin' the words I WANT ICE CREAM! And no calling Mother the name of big meenie when she won't buy it.

And no eating a bag of marshmallows that doesn't belong to you.
Or else the store guy yanks it away from you. And he says, *Eating is the same thing as stealing, young lady.*

Then he takes you to Mother. And she has to pay for the whole entire bag. Except for I don't know why. *Cause I only ate three of those softy guys and that's all.*

The cads at the grocery store have seats in them. *That's where babies sit. Only not.*

**That's** where babies sit. *Only not.*

And guess what else? One time Mother even let me push the whole big cart without any help. Except for then some baked beansies got knocked off their shelf. And a grandma got her foot caught in my tire. And so now I have to wait till I'm bigger.

My favorite aisle is where the cookies are.

My favorite aisle is where the cookies are.

"What kind of cookie mix do you want?" asked Mother.

I did a frown at her. *I don't even want to take me to my teacher's house, of course.*

"Well, I was just mad at her for not getting home, we're going to bake our own cookies for Grandparents' Day, remember?"

Mother smiled. "That's okay. When we get there, you can give freebies. I think." *Their name is freebies. I think. Only too bad for me. 'Cause this time the lady wasn't there."

"Damn it," I said very disappointed. "No freebie lady."

I made my shoulders go up and down.

"What?" she asked.

"I was mad at her for not even paying for them. And she gives me and Mother cookie samples. And we don't even have to pay for them."

"I'm not even going to ask her if she wants to come over for a coffee trap," I said. *They live in the upstairs apartment.*

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I just don't like her."

"You just don't like her because she's nice and she lives in the upstairs apartment."

"Well, okay, I'll think about it."

I gave her a frown.

"Don't make me laugh at you, "you're just a little Missy," she said."

"I'm not," I said, *I don't want to think about it.*
baked cookies anymore," said. "Cause you
still won't take me to where Mrs. lives."

Mother picked out some cookie
mix. And she gave it to me. And I threw it
in the cart very hard.

Then Mother picked out a little talk.
A little talk is when Mother is mad at me.
And she says who do I think I am, missy?
And let a little talk with me.

Then I have to say a apology to her.
A apology is the words I'm sorry.

Except for you don't actually have to mean it. Cause nobody can even tell the difference.

After the little talk, we went back into the store. Then she gave me another box of cookie mix. And I put it in the cart very nice. "That's better," she said. "Thank you." Then I smiled to just myself. "Cause Mother can't even hear me in there.

Then I bended my head over the fountain. "Hurry up, Junie B.," said Mother. "I need to get the shopping done." And I wiped my mouth off with my arm.

"Paulie Allen Puffer will die," I said. "Cause I'm almost six years old, that's why. And so I already know how to work this big guy. And here's another thing I know," I said. "No putting your mouth on the water spout.

Need some help?" called Mother. "No," I said. "Cause I'm almost six years old, that's why. And I already know how to work this big guy. And here's another thing I know," I said. "No putting your mouth on the water spout."
“Yeah, only I can’t hurry up. Or else I might get a stomachache and spit up water. ’Cause a boy named William did that on the playground yesterday.”

Mother looked at her watch. “Okay. Well, I’m going to be right here in the cereal aisle. As soon as you’ve finished drinking, come directly back to me.”

“Okey-dokey,” I said very happy.

Then I turned around and drank and drunked and drunked.

Except for then I started feeling a little bit sickish. And so I had to sit down on the little step and rest my water.

That’s when the big front doors of the grocery store opened.

And guess what?

My eyes almost popped out of my head, that’s what!

’Cause I saw a big shock!

And its name was Mrs.!

My real live teacher named Mrs. was at the grocery store!!!