

*Laugh out loud with Junnie B. Jones!*

- #1 Junnie B. Jones and the Stupid Smelly Bus
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(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 some  
**Sneaky Pecky Spying**

BY BARBARA PARK

illustrated by  
Denise Brunkus

A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

Random House  New York

To my editor, Linda Hayward—  
Junie B.'s bestest real-life friend

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kindergarten.

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## 1 / Sneaky Peeky Spying

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.

I go to kindergarten. Kindergarten is what comes before first grade. Except for I don't know why it's called that silly word of kindergarten. 'Cause it should be called zero grade, I think.

My teacher has the name of Mrs.

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

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.

It used to scare me very much. Only then I got used to it. And now I don't even pay it any attention.

I wish Mrs. lived next door to me.

Then me and her would be neighbors.

And bestest friends.

And also I could spy on her.

Spying is when you be very quiet. And you look at people through a pecky hole or a crack or something.

I am a very good spier.

That's because I have sneaky feet. And my nose doesn't whistle when I breathe.

Last Friday morning at Grampa Miller's house, I hidid in the dirty clothes hamper.

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.

Then my grampa screamed very loud. And he runned out of the bathroom speedy quick.

Grampa Miller has high blood pressure, I think.

Pretty soon Mother hurried into the bath-room with angry feet.

“That’s it!” she yelled. “No more spying! This is the last time I’m telling you! Do you hear me, missy? Do you?”

“Yes,” I said. “Cause you’re hollering right in my ear, that’s why.”

Then Mother took me home. Except for she kept on staying mad at me.

“Find something quiet to do,” she said kind of growly. “Your baby brother has to take his morning nap.”

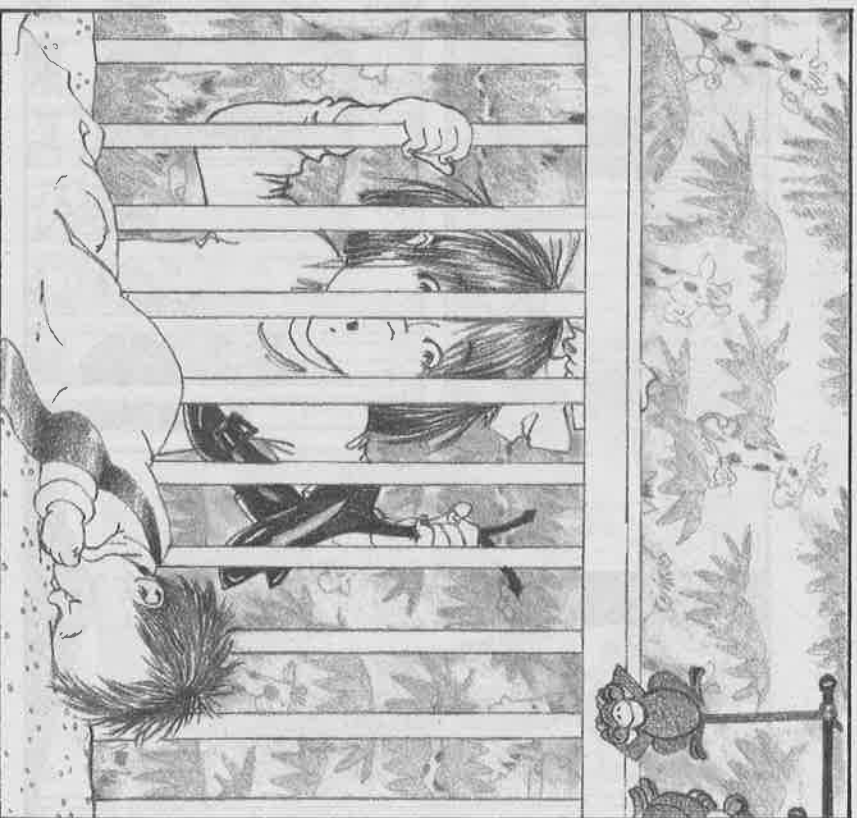
So then I thought and thought about what

to do. And a very great idea popped into my head.

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 what could be quieter than sneaky  
peeky spying, of course!

Only too bad for me. Because that  
boring old baby just kept on sleeping and  
sleeping.

And he wasn't being fun.

So that's how come I accidentally blew  
on his face.

And I tickled his nose with a ribbon.

And I shouted, "WAKE UP!" in his ear.

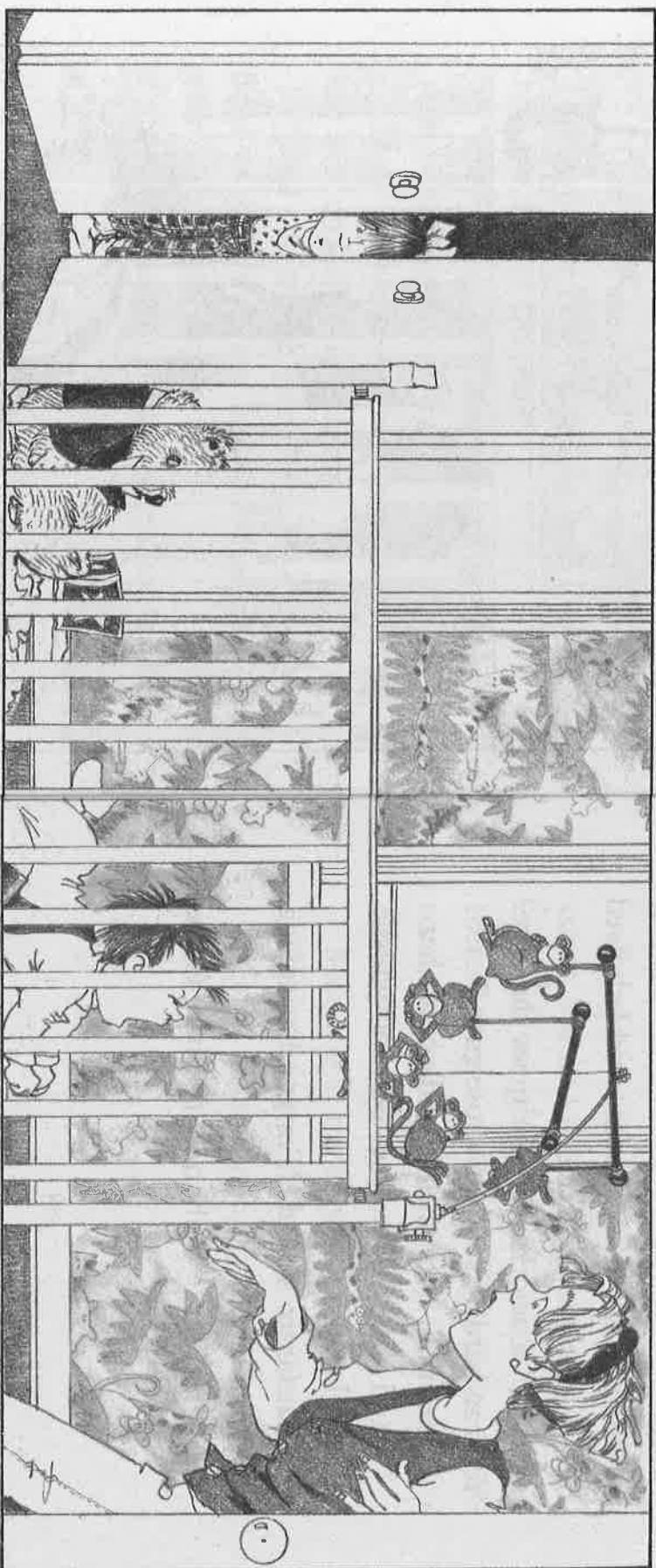
And guess what? Ollie opened his eyes,  
that's what!

Then he started crying very loud. And

Mother runned into his room.

Only she didn't even see me!

'Cause I quick hidded in the closet!



I smiled to just myself. I'm the bestest spier in the whole wide world, I said inside my head.

That's how come—when I rode the bus to school that day—I did a little bit of bragging.

"I'm the bestest spier in the whole world," I said to my bestest friend named Grace.

Then I took off my shoes. And I showed her my sneaky sock feet.

"See?" I said. "See how quiet they are? You can hardly even hear those guys."

After that, I breathed in and out for her.

"And see? My nose doesn't whistle, either," I said.

That Grace smiled. "I'm good at spying, too," she said.

I patted her. "Yeah, only too bad, Grace.

But you can't be as good as me. 'Cause I said it first."

That Grace did a mad breath at me. It is called a huffy, I think.

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

Just then the bus got to school. And me and that Grace raced each other to the playground.

Except for she beated me. Only it didn't count. 'Cause I wasn't really racing.

Then we played horses with my other bestest friend named Lucille. Only pretty soon the bell rang. And we all runned to Room Nine speedy quick.

Mrs. was at the door waiting for us.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said.

"Good afternoon, lady," I said back very polite.



Then Mrs. smiled at me.  
That's because she is the nicest teacher I  
ever saw.

And so I wish me and her were bestest  
friends.

And guess what else?

I wish I could hide in her hamper

## 2/Questions

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

My table is where I sit up straight.

And do my work.

And don't talk to my neighbor.

Except I keep on forgetting that part.

"I wonder where Mrs. lives?" I whispered  
to Lucille real quiet.

"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."



"Says who?" I asked.

"Says 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 don't care," she said. "You're still not allowed. 'Cause my brother said so. And he knows more than you do. So there."

I made an angry face. "So *there* is not a nice word, Lucille," I said.

Then I made a fist at her. Except for Mrs. saw me. And so I had to unfold it.

After that I behaved myself very good. I sat up real straight. And I did all my work.

Work is when you use your brain and a pencil.

Only sometimes I accidentally use the eraser too hard. And a big hole rubs in my paper.

"Hey! I did beautifully today!" I called out. "'Cause guess what? No hole! That's what!"

Mrs. came to my table. She put a gold star on my work.

"You *did* do beautifully, Junie B.," she said. "Maybe I'll hang this one on the wall for Grandparents' Day on Monday. Would you like that?"

"Yes," I said. "Only I keep on forgetting how come those guys are coming to this place."

Then Mrs. explained to me all about Grandparents' Day again.

She said our grandparents are coming for a visit. And we get to show them Room Nine. And also we get to have 'freshments together.

Mrs. said 'freshments are cookies and abeverage.

I raised my hand.

"Yeah, only I don't think I'm allowed to have the kind of drink named abeverage. 'Cause I'm only allowed to have milk and juice and that's all."

Mrs. looked up at the ceiling with her eyes. Then I looked up there, too. But I didn't see anything.

"How many of you think you can bring cookies on Monday?" asked Mrs.

"I CAN! I CAN!" I hollered very excited.

"CAUSE MY MOTHER IS THE BESTEST COOKIE BAKER IN THE WHOLE

WORLD, THAT'S WHY! EXCEPT FOR ONE TIME SHE ACCIDENTALLY FORGOT THEY WERE IN THE OVEN. AND THE FIREMEN HAD TO COME TO OUR HOUSE."

Mrs. laughed. Only I don't know why. 'Cause that was not a funny story.

After that, she gave me a note for Mother. It was some writing about baking cookies, I think.

"If your mother has any questions, please tell her to call me," said Mrs.

Just then I got a very great idea!

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

Mrs. rumbled my hair. "You don't have to come to my house, Junie B. Just bring the cookies to school on Monday morning."

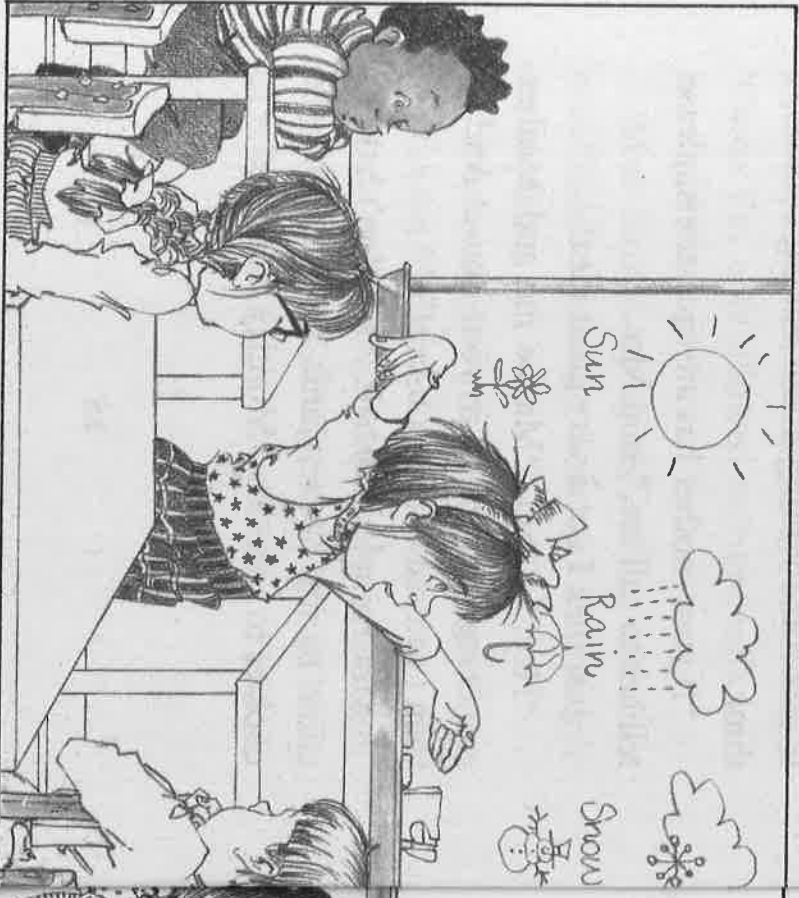
I smiled very sweet. "Yeah, only I still want to see where you live," I said.

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

That's how come 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*."

Mrs. pointed at my chair. That means to sit down, I think.

"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-



ment in it?' 'Cause my gramma Miller has one of those things with fifty bucks in it. Only don't tell Grandma."

Mrs. took my hand. Then me and her walked back to my table.

"Yeah, only guess what I'm wondering now? Now I'm wondering what your bedtime is. 'Cause my bedtime is when the little hand is at the seven, and the big hand is at the six. Only I hate that dumb stupid bedtime. 'Cause I'm not even tired yet, of course."

Mrs. put her finger up to her lips.

"That's enough, Junie B.," she said. "I mean it. I want you to settle down now."

Then she went right back to the front of the room. And she didn't answer any of my questions.

'Cause guess why?

Mrs. is a secret mystery guy. That's why.

### 3 / Secret Mystery Guy

Me and my bestest friend Grace rode the bus home together.

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

"Mrs. is a secret mystery guy," I said. "'Cause she wouldn't answer any of my questions. And so now I have curiosity about her."

That Grace wrinkled her eyebrows. "Me, too," she said. "Now I have curiosity about her, too."

I patted her again. "Yeah, only too bad,

Grace. But you can't have as much as me.  
'Cause I said it first, remember that?"

That Grace did another huffy at me.

"Whoops. Your nose is still whistling,  
Grace," I said.

A few minutes later, I got off the bus. I  
rushed to my house like a speedy rocket.

"GRANDMA! GRANDMA!" I shouted  
very excited. "IT'S ME! IT'S JUNIE B.  
JONES! I'M HOME FROM MY  
SCHOOL!"

Grandma Miller babysits me and baby  
Ollie when Mother is at work.

She was in the kitchen feeding Ollie  
sprained peas.

"GUESS WHAT, GRANDMA! GUESS  
WHAT? MY TEACHER IS A SECRET  
MYSTERY GUY! AND SHE WON'T TELL  
ME WHERE SHE LIVES. ONLY I WANT  
TO GO TO HER HOUSE VERY BAD!"

Grandma Miller shushed me. "There's no  
need to shout, Junie B.," she said. "I'm right  
here."

"Yeah, only I can't help it, Grandma!  
'Cause I have curiosity about her!"

Grandma Miller did a little smile.

"Curiosity killed the cat, you know," she  
said.

Then my mouth went open. And my eyes  
got very big too.

"What cat, Grandma? Where did the  
curiosity kill it? Was it in the street by my  
school? 'Cause I saw a squished cat in the  
street by my school. Only Paulie Allen Puffer  
said it got runned over by the ice cream  
truck."

Grandma Miller 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.

And its name is Mother was home from work!

“MOTHER! MOTHER! I HAVE A PORTANT NOTE FROM MRS. CAUSE YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO BAKE DELICIOUS COOKIES. AND THEN WE CAN TAKE THEM TO HER HOUSE AND SEE WHERE SHE LIVES!”

Mother read the note.

“The note says to take the cookies to school, Junie B. Not to your teacher’s house.”

“Yeah, only I already know that. But my teacher is a secret mystery guy. And she won’t tell me where she lives. And so you and me have to find it ourselves.”

Mother shook her head. “No way, toots,” she said.

“Yes way!” I hollered. “We have to!

’Cause now I’ve got curiosity in me. And I have to find out where her house is. Or else Grandma said I’m gonna get runned over by an ice cream truck.”

Then Mother did a frown at Grandma. And Grandma took another aspirin.

“Your teacher is *not* a secret mystery guy, Junie B.,” said Mother. “She’s just a regular person. With a regular family. And there’s no way that you and I are going to bother her at her house.”

I stamped my foot. “YES WE ARE! WE ARE TOO! CAUSE I WANT TO, THAT’S WHY!”

After that, I got sended to my room.

’Cause of no shouting. And no stamping my foot. Only I never even heard of that dumb rule before.

I shut my door very angry. Then I put my

head under my pillow. And I called Mother  
the name of pewie head.

“And guess what else?” I said very quiet.  
“Teachers are not regular people.”

“So there. Ha ha.”

## **4 / Cookie Mix and Other Stuff**

The next day was Saturday.  
Saturday is the day me and my mother go  
to the grocery store.

I have rules at that place.

Like no hollering the words I WANT ICE  
CREAM!

And no calling Mother the name of big  
meanie 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 carts at the grocery store have seats in them. That's where babies sit. Only not me. 'Cause big girls get to walk all by themselves.

And guess what else? One time Mother even let me push the whole big cart without any help.

Except for then some baked beanies 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.

That's 'cause sometimes there is a lady at a table there. And she gives me and Mother cookie samples. And we don't even have to pay for them.

Their name is freebies, I think. Only too bad for me. 'Cause this time the lady wasn't there.

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

Mother smiled. "That's okay. When we get home, we're going to bake our own cookies for Grandparents' Day, remember? Won't that be fun?" she asked.

I made my shoulders go up and down.

That's 'cause I was still mad at her for not taking me to my teacher's house, of course.

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

I did a frown at her. "I don't even want to

bake cookies anymore," I said. "Cause you still won't take me to where Mrs. lives."

Mother rumbled my hair. "Staying mad isn't going to change things, Junie B.," she said. "Now do you want to pick out the cookie mix? Or shall I?"

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

"Thank you," said Mother.

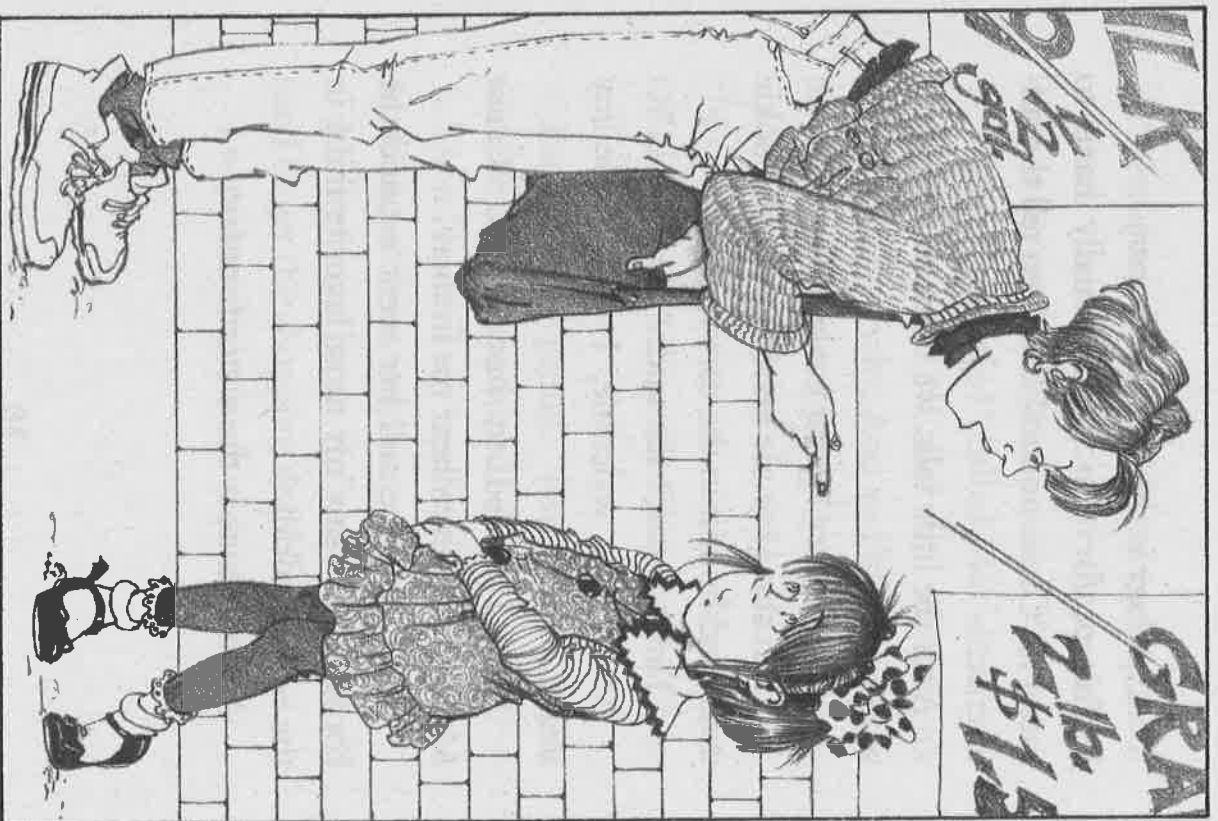
"You're not welcome," I said.

After that, Mother took me outside of the store. And me and her had a little talk.

A little talk is when Mother is mad at me.

And she says who do I think I am, missy?  
And zactly how long do I think she's going to put up with me?

Then I have to say a 'pology to her.



A 'pology is the words *I'm sorry*.  
Except for you don't actually have to  
mean it. 'Cause nobody can even tell the dif-  
ference.

After the little talk, we went back into the  
store.

"Shall we try again?" asked Mother.  
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."  
You're not welcome, I said inside my  
head.

Then I smiled to just myself. 'Cause  
Mother can't even hear me in there.

After that, me and her went around the  
corner. And I saw my most favorite thing in  
the whole world!

And its name is the water fountain!

"Hey! I need a drink!" I said very excited.  
Then I runned right over there. And I  
hopped up on the little step.

"Need some help?" called Mother.  
"No," 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.  
Or else germs will get inside you. And you  
will die."

I smiled very proud. "Paulie Allen Puffer  
told me that," I explained.

Then I bended my head over the fountain.  
And I drank for a very long time.

"Hurry up, Junie B.," said Mother. "I  
need to get the shopping done."

I wiped my mouth off with my arm.

"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 drank and drank.

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!!!