

5 / Sickish

Mrs. didn't see me.

That's because I hid behind the water fountain speedy fast.

And guess what?

She had a *man* with her!

And I never even saw that guy before!

"Hey! Who the heck is that?" I said to just myself.

Then I runned my fastest to the cereal aisle, to tell Mother what I saw.

Only all of a sudden I remembered about

how she told me *no more spying*. And so maybe I might get in trouble with her, I think.

That's how come I stopped running. And I started to go back to peek at Mrs. some more. But Mother already spotted me.

"Hey! Where are you going?" she called at me. "Come here."

"Yeah, only I can't come there," I explained. "'Cause I just remembered something very important. And it's called—I'm not done drinking yet!"

Then I runned right back to the water fountain. Only Mrs. and the strange man were already disappeared.

"Shoot," I said. "Where did those Sneaky Petes go to?"

After that I had to look all over the store for those guys.

First, I looked where the chocolate milk was. Then I looked where the pasketti and tomato sauce was. And I also looked where the delicious candy was.

Only guess where I finally found them?

At the stinky dumb vegetables! That's where!

I quick ducked down and hid around the corner.

Then I did some sneaky peeky spying on them.

I saw Mrs. picking out yucky blucky brockly.

And strewie pewie tomatoes.

And also the kind of vegetable named Sue Keeny.

Except for then the strange man snatched Sue Keeny right out of her hands. And he tried to put it back on the shelf.

Only Mrs. grabbed it right back again.

And she pretended to hit him on the head with it. And then they both started laughing very much.

That's when a very terrible thing happened.

And it's called—Mrs. and the strange man did a big smoochie kiss!

And it was in front of the whole entire everybody!

I covered my eyes. That's 'cause I was shamed of her, of course. On account of teachers shouldn't do that smoochie thing!

After that, I peeked my eyes between my fingers. And I saw Mrs. standing at the grapes.

She picked up a bunch of the green kind. Then she pulled some grapes right off the top of it.

And that's when the most terriblest thing of all happened!

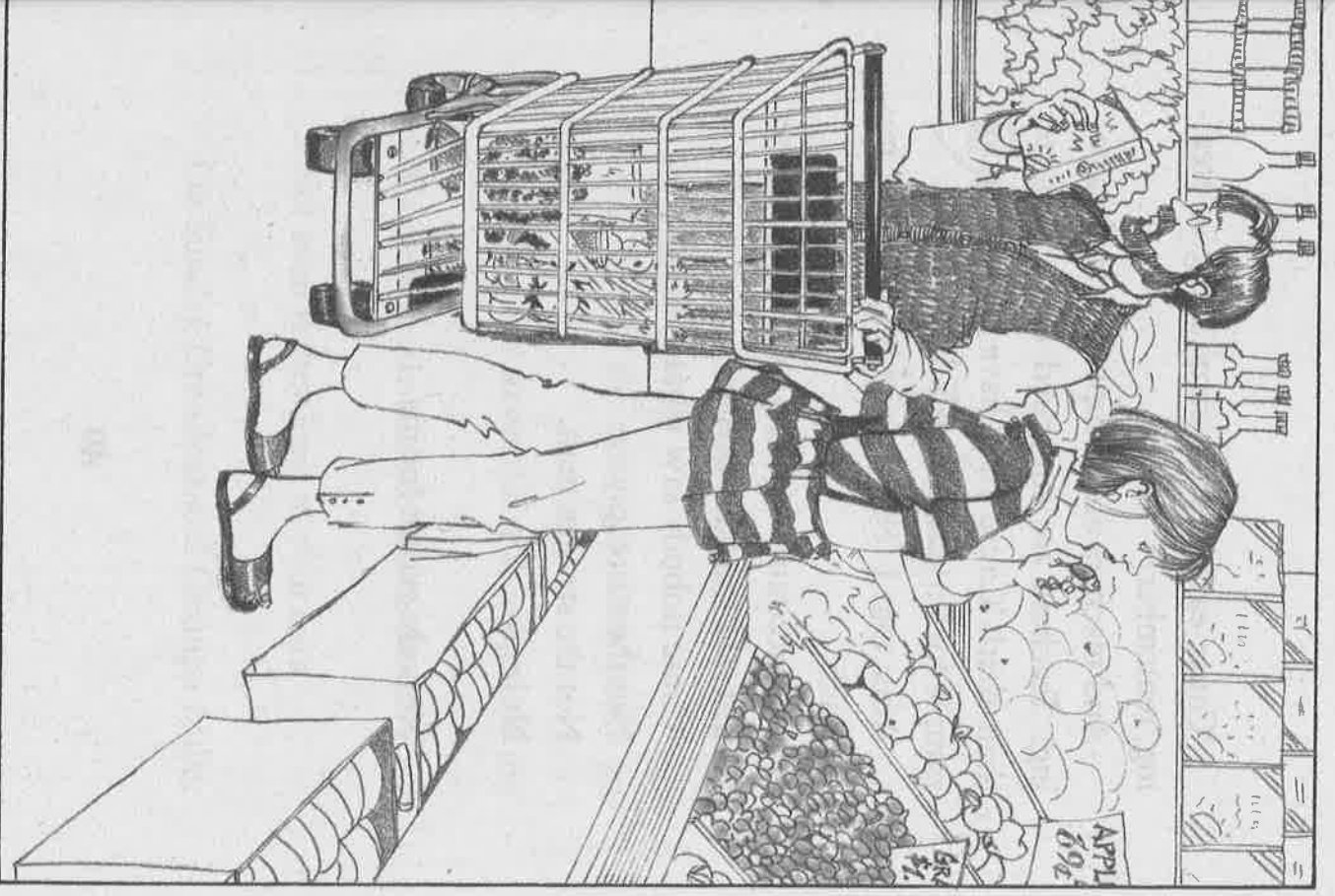
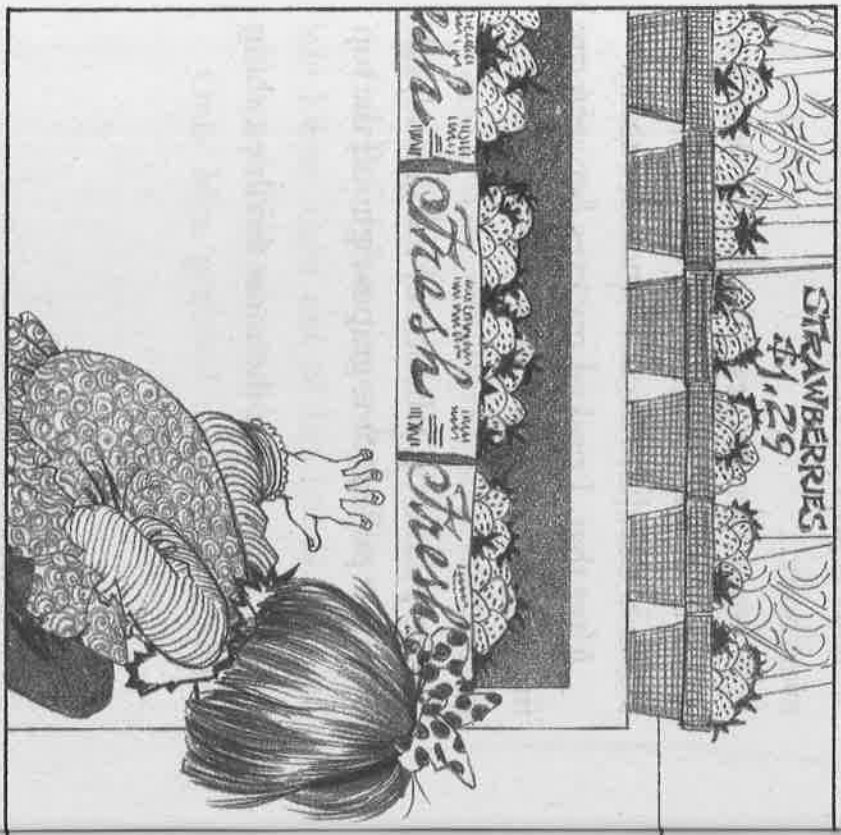
Because just then, Mrs. put the grapes in her mouth!

And she ATE them!

Mrs. ATE the GRAPES!

And she didn't even PAY for them!

"Oh no," I whispered very upset. "Oh no. Oh no."



'Cause eating is the same thing as stealing, remember?

And teachers aren't supposed to do stealing! Teachers are supposed to be perfecter than that! 'Cause they have to set a good zample for little children!

After that I felt very sickish inside of my stomach.

On account of Mrs. didn't even get caught and learn her lesson!

'Cause nobody saw what she did!

Not the store guy.

Not the strange man.

Nobody.

Nobody except for me.

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6 / Squeezy Lips

I didn't tattletale on Mrs.

That's 'cause if I told Mother, I would get in trouble for spying.

And if I told the store guy, Mrs. might go to jail.

And so I just kepted it a secret inside my head.

'Cause nobody can see secrets inside your head.

Not even if they look in your ears.

On Sunday Grandma and Grampa Miller

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came to our house for dinner. Only I couldn't talk to them that much.

That's because secrets are very slippery. And I didn't want it to slip out of my mouth by accident.

"Why so quiet tonight, Junie B.?" said Grandma Miller at the table. "Cat got your tongue?"

My mouth went wide open.

"What cat, Grandma? Is it the same cat that got killed by the ice cream truck? How come he wants to get my tongue? Did his tongue get squished in the accident?"

Grandma Miller made a face. Then she didn't eat her roast beef anymore.

Mother looked surprised at me. "You sure did get chatty all of a sudden. Does this mean you're not mad about the cookies anymore?"

And so then I remembered to stop talking

again. Or else my secret might slip out.

I squeezed my lips together very tight. And guess what else? Even the next day—when I was on the bus to school—my lips still stayed squeezed.

"Hi, Junie B.," said my bestest friend Grace.

I did a wave at her.

That Grace frowned at me. "How come you're not saying hi? You *have* to say hi. It's the rules."

Except for I still didn't say hi.

And so then she called me the name of big stinky.

And when we got to school, that Grace told Lucille I was being a meanie. And so those two played horses all by themselves.

And not me.

That's how come I finally had to sing something very loud at them.

"I'VE GOT A SECRET! HA-HAHA-HA-HAAAA-HAAA," I sang.

That Grace put her hands on her hips.

"So?" she said. "We don't care. Do we, Lucille?"

Except for just then Lucille runned over to me speedy quick. 'Cause she cared, that's why.

"If you tell me your secret, I'll be your best friend," she said.

"Yeah, only I can't, Lucille," I explained.

"'Cause if I tell you my secret, Mrs. might get in big trouble. And so I have to keep it inside my head."

Lucille did a frown at me.

"It's not good to keep secrets inside your head, Junie B.," she said. "My brother says keeping secrets inside your head makes pressure in there. And pretty soon your head blows up."



My eyes got very big at her.

"Oh no!" I hollered real upset.

Then I holded my head real tight with my hands. And I runned my very fastest to the nurse's office. 'Cause she has Band-Aids to hold your head together, I think.

"MY HEAD'S GONNA BLOW! MY HEAD'S GONNA BLOW!" I yelled at the nurse.

She jumped up from her desk and hurried over to me.

"What's wrong, Junie B.? Do you have a bad headache?" she asked.

"No. I have a bad *secret*. It's about Mrs. Only I can't tell anybody! And now there's pressure in my head. And I need a Band-Aid. Or else it's gonna splode!"

The nurse said calm down to me. Then she put a Band-Aid on my head. And me and her went to Principal's office.

Principal is the boss of the school.

Me and him know each other very good.

That's because I keep on getting sent down there. And so now I'm not even afraid of that guy.

Principal sat me in a big wood chair.

"Good afternoon, Junie B.," he said.

"What's the trouble today?"

"Good afternoon," I said back. "My head's gonna blow."

Principal frowned his eyes at me. "Why do you think that?" he asked.

I did a little bit of squirrming. "'Cause I got a secret in there, that's why," I said.

Principal sat down at his big desk. He folded his hands.

"Maybe if you tell me your secret, I can help you," he said.

"Yeah, only I can't talk," I told him.

Principal looked disappointed at me.

"But I thought you and I were pals," he said.

"We are," I said. "I'm not even afraid of you."

Principal did a chuckle. "Good. That's

good,” he said. “Then why don’t you tell me what’s bothering you.”

That’s when I did a huffy breath at him.

‘Cause the guy wasn’t listening to me, of course.

“Yeah, only I already said I can’t talk, remember that?’ Cause if I talk, then I might accidentally tell you that my teacher stole grapes at the grocery store. And then she might have to go to jail. And so that’s how come I just have to keep it a secret inside my head. And that’s all.”

I smoothed my skirt. “The end,” I said.

Then I squeezed my lips together very tight. Or else my secret might slip out.

Only guess what?

I think it already did.

7 / Sour Grapes

Principal called Mrs. to come to his office.

Only I didn’t even know he was going to do that sneaky thing.

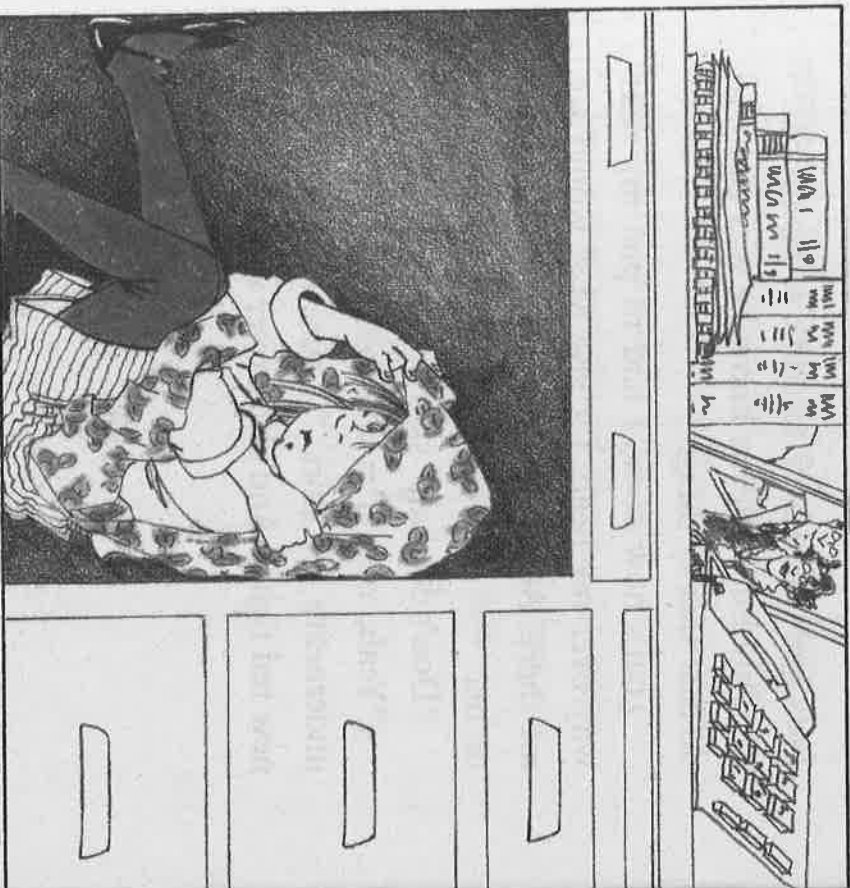
That’s how come I had to pull my skirt way over my head. Or else Mrs. would see me there. And she would know I tattled on her.

“Don’t do that,” said Principal.

“Yeah, only I’m allowed,” I said from underneath my skirt. “‘Cause I have on my new red tights. And also boxer shorts.”

After that, Principal went out of his office. And I heard my teacher's voice outside the door.

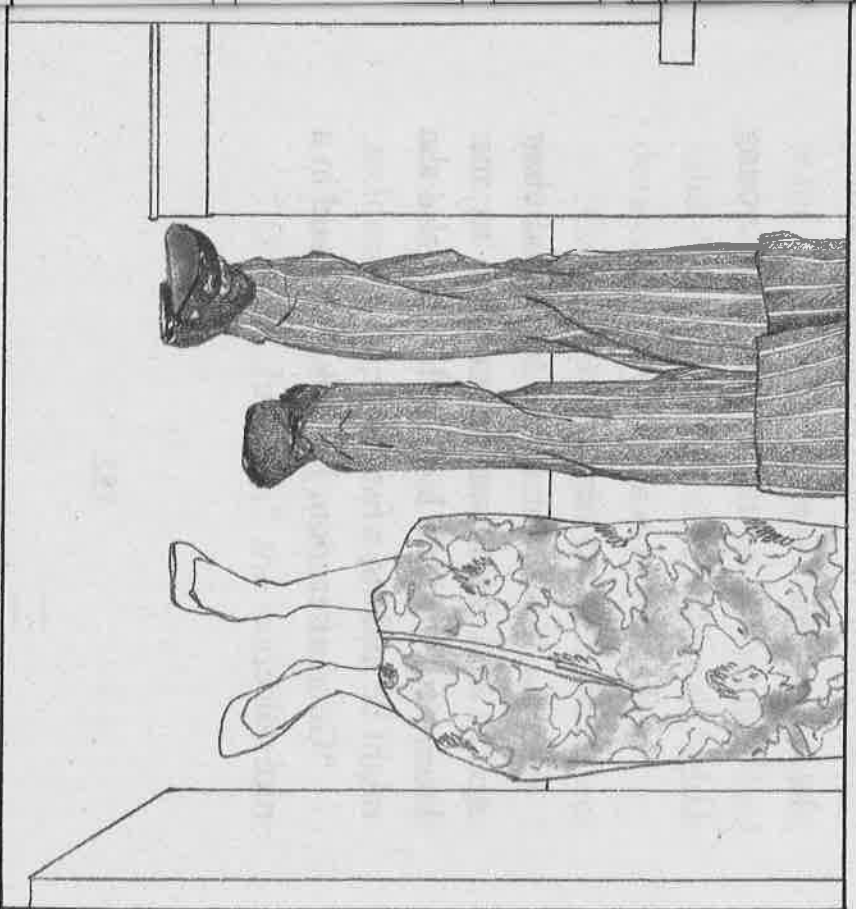
Then I quick got down from my big wood chair. And I hided under Principal's giant desk. 'Cause I was scared of what was going to happen, that's why.



I stayed quiet for lots of minutes. Then I heard feet come back in the office. And so I made my breath very quiet.

"Junnie? Junnie B. Jones?" said Principal. "She might be hiding," said Mrs. "She's good at that, you know."

And so just then I had to think of some-



thing very quick. Or else they might come looking for me, I think.

"Yeah, only Junie B. Jones isn't hiding," I said in a scary voice. "Junie B. Jones had to go home. Only don't call her mother. Or else she will get mad at you and crack your head open."

After that, feet walked real fast around the desk. It was Principal.

"Come out of there right now, young lady," he said.

I peeked my eyes at him.

"Shoot," I said very quiet.

Then I had to sit in the big wood chair again. And Mrs. sat down next to me. Except for I didn't look at her. Or else she might be making a fist at me.

"Good afternoon, Junie B.," she said in a nice voice.

I did a gulp.

"I think you and I need to have a little talk," she said.

Then my eyes got a teeny bit of wet in them. 'Cause a little talk means I'm gonna get yelled at.

"Yeah, only I tried not to tattletale on you," I said very quick. "'Cause I didn't want you to go to jail for stealing grapes. And so I kept it a secret inside my head. And I didn't talk. And Grandma Miller thought a dead cat got my tongue.

"Only today Lucille said my head was gonna blow. And so that's how come I runned to the nurse for a Band-Aid. And she tooked me to Principal. And then my secret accidentally slipped out of my lips."

Mrs. dried my eyes with a tissue.

"It's okay, Junie B.," she said. "I'm not

angry at you. I just need to know what you saw me do at the grocery store. Can you tell me what you saw?"

Then she said the word *egg-zactly*.

I made my voice very whispering. "I egg-zactly saw you eat grapes," I told her. "Except for you didn't pay the store man for them. You just put them in your mouth and ate them. And that is called the word of stealing, I think."

After that I hid my head under my skirt again.

"You don't have to hide, Junie B.," said Mrs. "I'm the one who should be hiding. I'm the one who took the grapes."

I peeked my eyes over my skirt at her. Then Mrs. did a little smile. And she explained all about what happened.

"Two weeks ago I bought some grapes at the grocery store," she said. "But when I got them home I discovered they were so sour no one in my family would eat them."

"So *this* week—when my husband and I went back to the store—I thought I'd be smart and taste a couple of grapes before I bought them."

I raised my eyebrows. "Is that the rules?" I asked very quiet.

Mrs. shook her head.

"No," she said. "That's *not* the rules. I should have told the grocery man about my sour grapes. And then I should have asked him if I could sample one or two. But I didn't do that. And it was right of you to worry when you saw me eating them without paying for them."

"It was?" I asked.

Mrs. smiled again. "Of course it was," she said. "It shows you know right from wrong. And it also shows that teachers make mistakes just like everybody else. Teachers aren't perfect, Junie B. No one is perfect."

After that I felt relief in me. 'Cause of no more secret, that's why.

"Yeah, and guess what else I saw?" I said very happy. "I saw you and your strange man do a big smoochie kiss. And it was right in front of the whole entire everybody! Only you didn't even know I was spying on you! 'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that sneaky thing. Only my mother never even fided out!"

I smiled very proud of myself.
Except for Mrs. didn't smile back.

And Principal didn't smile back, too.

'Cause guess why?
Another secret just slipped out.
That's why.

8 / Grandparents' Day

Mrs. went back to Room Nine. That's because the bell rang to start kindergarten, of course.

Only Principal didn't let me go too.

He said to stay in my wood chair.

Then he called Mother on the telephone.

And he told her all about the grocery store.

And also about my sneaky peeky spying.

Principal is a squealer.

After that, Mother said she wanted to talk to me. Only when I said hi, she didn't even say hi back.

She said she wasn't very happy with me, missy. And no more spying means no more spying. And we would talk about this after her work.

Then Mother said she never wants to get any more phone calls from Principal. Did I understand? Did I? Did I?

I looked at Principal.

"Mother says not to call her anymore," I told him.

Then Mother did a loud groan in the phone. Except I don't know why.

After that, me and her hanged up. And Principal said I could go to Room Nine. And so I runned there speedy quick.

Only too bad for me. 'Cause I got there

too late to sing "My Country Tizzy Three...
Sweet Land of Liver Free." Which is my
favorite flag song.

And so I just had to sit down at my table,
and that's all.

I showed Lucille my Band-Aid.

"See? My head's not blowed up," I said
very happy.

"Too bad," said a mean boy named Jim.
I made a fist at him.

Then me and him got into a scuffle.

Scuffle is the school word for I acciden-
tally tore his shirt.

Only guess what? I didn't even get in
trouble!

'Cause just then the grandparents came to
Room Nine for Grandparents' Day!

"HEY! THERE'S MINE! THERE'S
MINE!" I hollered very excited. "MINE IS

THE GRAMPA WITH THE BALDIE
HEAD!"

"Mine too!" said a girl named Charlotte.

"Mine too!" said my boyfriend named
Ricardo.

Then a grandma with blond hair came in.
And she had on long red fingernails. And
dangling earrings with jewels on them.

"That's my nanna!" said Lucille.

I smiled at her. "Your nanna looks like a
moneybags, Lucille," I said.

After that, another grandma came in.
And she runned over to that Jim I hate. And
she tried to hug him very tight.

Only that mean Jim just kept on standing
there. And he didn't even hug her back.

I tapped on her.

"I will hug you," I said.

And so then me and her hugged real tight.



“I hate your grandboy,” I said very sweet. Just then Mrs. clapped her loud hands together. And she made the grandparents sit down in the back of the room.

Then the children talked all about what we do in Room Nine.

“It is fun here,” said my bestest friend, that Grace. “We learn to count. And to read. And to wash our hands after we go to the bathroom.”

“And we learn recess and snacks and art,” said Ricardo.

“Art is my favorite,” I called out. “Only my art didn’t get hanged up. ‘Cause I painted a horse. And his head turned out like a fat wiener sausage. And so I had to tear it up and stomp on it with my shoes.”

Then that mean Jim did a cuckoo sign at me.

And it was right in front of the whole entire grandparents!

"Yeah, only everybody makes mistakes!" I said. "Right, Mrs.? Right?' Cause on Saturday you kissed a strange man at the grocery store. And then you stoled a bunch of grapes. And so even teachers make mistakes. Right?"

Mrs.'s face went funny. Then her skin turned the color of reddish. And her voice couldn't say any words.

"How come you're not talking, Mrs.?" I hollered out. "Does the dead cat got your tongue?"

Just then Grandma Miller made a loud laugh in the back of the room.

Then I heard my grampa laugh, too.

And pretty soon, lots of other grandparents were laughing and laughing.

"HEY! IT SOUNDS HAPPY IN THIS PLACE!" I hollered.

After that, Mrs. didn't look so reddish anymore.

Then we got out the 'freshments. And Grandma Miller helped me put my cookies on a plate.

Mrs. made a 'nouncement to Room Nine. And she said only two cookies apiece for the children.

Except for I ate four delicious chocolate ones. And nobody even saw me! Only that's not called stealing.

That's called *extras*.

After the 'freshments, the grandparents had to go home to their houses.

And so I hugged my grandma and grandpa very much.

And then I hugged that mean Jim's
grandma too.

And also Lucille's moneybags nanna.

"Love your earrings," I said.

Then Mrs. saw me being polite. And she
smiled very nice at me.

Mrs. has white teeth.

They are just like Grampa Miller's teeth.

Only hers don't come out, I think.

Except I'm not for sure positive.

And so guess what?

I still wish I could hide in her hamper.

That's what.

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A SCRAPBOOK!**



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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!

