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 ran my fastest to the cereal aisle to tell Mother what I saw. Only all of a sudden, I remembered about Pete's go-tos.

After that, I had to look all over the store. Only Mrs. and the strange man were already disappeared.

“Shoot,” I said. “Where did those Sneaky things go?”

I ran right back to the water fountain. Only Mrs. and the strange man explained, “Cause I just remembered something very important. And it’s called—I’m not done drinking yet.”

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 thought. Maybe I might get in trouble with her. I
First I looked where the chocolate milk was. Then I looked where the pasketi 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 pecky spying on them. I saw Mrs. Keeney picking out yucky blucky brockly. And stewie pewie tomatoes.

I covered my eyes. That's 'cause I was shamed of her, of course. On account of my teachers shouldn't do that smoochie thing! After that, I peeked my eyes between my fingers. And I saw Mrs. standing at the...
Because just then, Mrs. put the grapes in her mouth!

And she ATE them!

And she didn't even PAY for them!

"Oh no," I whispered very upset. "Oh no."
Nobody except for me.

Not the store guy.

Not the strange man.

I didn’t rat little on Mrs.

And so just kept it a secret inside my head.

I didn’t even tell my Mother, I would get in trouble for spying.

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

‘Cause nobody can see secrets inside your head.

And nobody saw what she did!

I didn’t even get caught and learn her lesson!

On account of Mrs. Miller didn’t even get a sample for little children.

And teachers aren’t supposed to be perfect.

‘Cause they have to set a good example for little children!
And so then I remembered to stop talking more. And then I remembered to stop talking more.

My mouth went wide open. "What cat, Grandma? Is it the same cat that got killed by the ice cream truck? 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?"

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

And I didn't want it to slip out of my mouth by accident.

That's because secrets are very slippery.

"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 then she called me the name of big stinky.

And when we got to school, that Grace finally had to sing something very loud at them. And not me.

That's how come I finally had to sing when I was on the bus to school—my lips still stayed squeezed.

And guess what else? Even the next day—again. Or else my secret might slip out.

I squeezed my lips together very tight.
THERE'S A SECRET! HA-HA-HA-

HA-HAAAAAHAHAHHAHHAHHAHHAHHAHHAH

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 ran over to me speedily 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 held my head real tight with my hands. And I ruined my very fastest to the nurse's office. 'Cause she has Band-Aids to hold your head together, I think.

HA-HAAAAAHAHAHHAHHAHHAHHAHHAHHAH

44
"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 Mr. Only I can tell anybody! And now there's pressure in my head. And I need a Band-Aid."

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

"What's the trouble today?" Principal sat down at his big desk. He folded his hands. "Good afternoon, Junie B.," he said. "Principal frowned his eyes at me. "Why do you think that?" he asked. I did a little bit of squirming. "Cause I did a little bit of squirming. "Cause I did a little bit of squirming."

"I'm not even afraid of you."

"But I thought you and I were pals," he said. "Principal, I'm afraid you don't like me," I told him.

"We are," I said. "I'm not even afraid of you." Principal did a chuckle. "Good. That's probably why you're afraid of me."
"Yeah, only I already said I can't tell you that anymore because I still remember it.

"Cause the guy wasn't listening to me, of course."

"That's when I did a huffy breath at him.

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

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

"I don't do that," said Principal.

"Don't do that, " I said from underneath my skirt. "Cause I have on my new red tights. And also boxer shorts."

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

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

"Principal called Mrs. to come to his office."

Sour Grapes
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.

"Junie! Junie B. Jones?" said Principal. And so just then I had to think of some-

"She might be hiding," said Mrs. Principal. "She's good at that, you know."
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 lady, he said. Come out of there right now, young man."

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.

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

"Mrs. dried my eyes with a tissue. "It's okay, Junie B," she said. "I'm not doing anything."
“Two weeks ago I bought some grapes at the grocery store,” she said. “But when I got them home I discovered they were sour and I threw them out. 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?”

“Not the rules,” 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.”

“Then she said the word egg-actly. I made my voice very whispering. “I egg-actly 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. “I’m the one who should be hiding. I’m the one who took the grapes.”

Then Mrs. did a little smile. And she explained all about what happened.

“Mrs. I’m the one who should be hiding. I’m the one who took the grapes.”

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

“Mrs. I’m the one who should be hiding. I’m the one who took the grapes.”

I peeped my eyes over my skirt at her. And I told her, “Mrs. I’m the one who should be hiding. I’m the one who took the grapes.”

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Then Mrs. did a little smile. And she explained all about what happened.
I smiled very proud of myself. Except for Mrs. didn't smile back.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.

'Cause I'm not actually allowed to do that.
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?

I looked at Principal.

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

Principal said I could go to Room Nine. And I ran there speedy quick. Only too bad for me. 'Cause I got there.

Then Mother did a loud groan in the phone. Except I don't know why. After that, me and her hanged up. And Principal didn't let me go too.

He said to stay in my wood chair. And he told her all about the grocery store.

And also about my sneaky pekey spying.

"Principal is a squealer," of course.
THE GRAMPA WITH THE BALDIE HEAD!

"Mine too," said a girl named Charlotte. And so then and her hugged real tight.

And she had on long red fingernails. And dangling earrings with jewels on them. "That's my nana," said Lucille. "Mine too," said my boyfriend named Ricardo. And she said, "Oh, I love your grandma with blond hair came in. And she ran over to that Jim. 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'll hug you," I said. And so then and her hugged real tight.
“That boy,” said very sweet.

‘My art didn’t get hung 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 stomped on it with my shoes. Then that mean Jim did a cuckoo sign at me.

Then the children talked all about what we do in Room Nine. It is fun here,” said my best friend, that Grace. “We learn to count and to read. And to wash our hands after we go to the bathroom.”
And it was right in front of the whole entire grandparents!

"Yeah, only everybody makes mistakes."

I said, "Right, Mrs.? Right? Cause on Satur-
day you kissed a strange man at the grocery
store. And then you stole a bunch of
grapes. And so even teachers make mistakes.
Right?" Ms. Miller'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 get your

Just then Grandma Miller made a loud
tongue?"

laugh in the back of the room. Then I heard my grampa laugh, too.

And pretty soon, lots of other grandpar-

to grandma and grandpa very much.

And so I hugged my grandma and

After the freshmen, the grandparents

had to go home to their houses.

And I hugged my grandma and

grandpa very much.

After the freshmen, the grandparents

had to go home to their houses.

And so I hugged my grandma and

grandpa very much.

After the freshmen, the grandparents

had to go home to their houses.

And so I hugged my grandma and

grandpa very much.

Except for four delicious chocolate
ones. And nobody even saw me!

Only that's not called stealing.

That's called extra.
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.

I still wish I could hide in her hamper. Except I’m not for sure positive.

That’s what.
I hope you like this letter.

This is what I have to write that will make you laugh.

And there are also pictures of me, June B. Jones.

All of the pictures and drawings were done by myself.

Guide to School

It is called "June B. Jones Survival Book.

I wrote it all down in my brand-new information on how to survive.

Now I am going to pass this on and a half corners now. And I have been going to school for over a half corner.

Hello, School Children! Hello, Hello!