Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Helping you choose books for children

0-5 5-7 7-9 9-12 12+

opening extract from

Junie B Jones... Is on her way!

written by

Barbara Park

published by

Chicken House Ltd

All text is copyright of the author and illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.



Chapter 1

Meeting Mrs

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'm almost five years old.

Almost five is when you get to go to school. School is where you go to meet new friends and not watch TV.

Today was my first day. I'd been to my room before, though. Last week Mother took me there to meet my teacher.

It was called Meet the Teacher Day. My

teacher was decorating a display board with the letters of the alphabet.

'I already know all of those letters,' I said. 'I can sing them. Except I don't feel like it right now.'

My teacher shook my hand. Only our hands didn't fit together that good.

Her name was Mrs— I can't remember the rest of it. Mrs said I looked sweet.

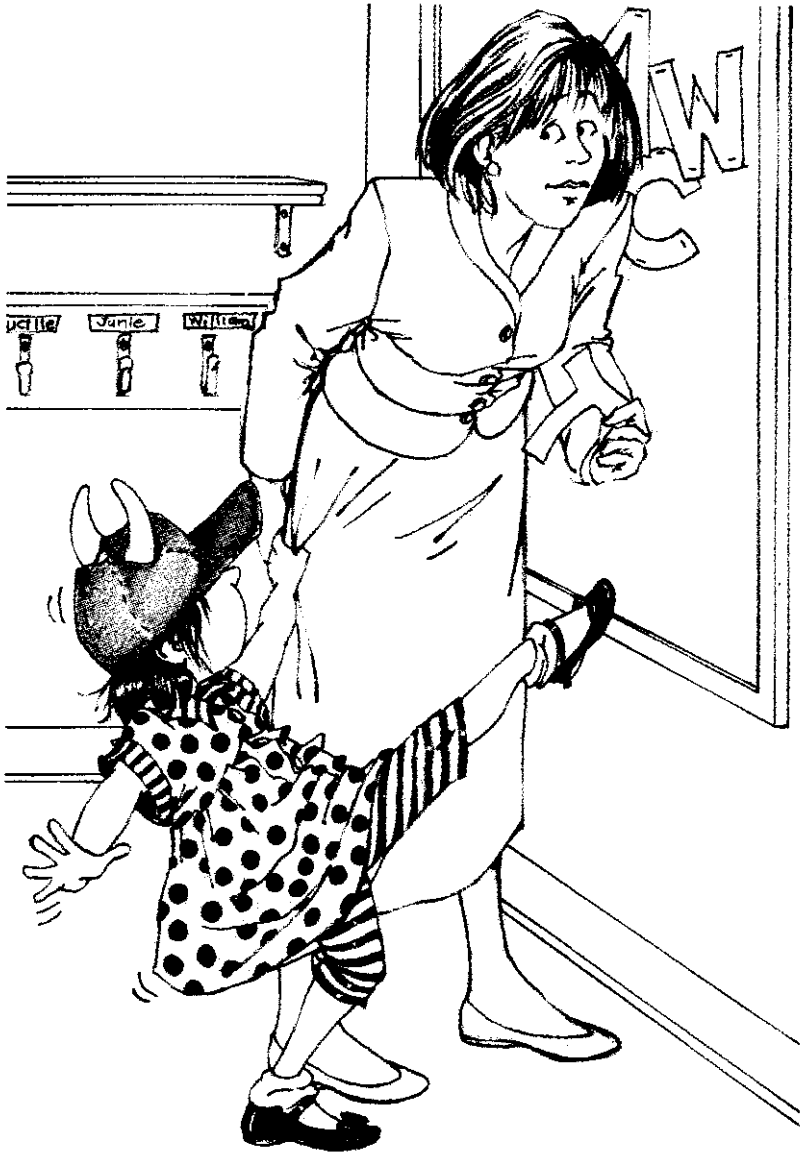
'I know it,' I said. 'That's because I have on my new shoes.'

I held my foot way up high in the air.

'See how shiny they are? Before I put them on, I licked them.'

'And guess what else,' I said. 'This is my bestest hat. Grampa Miller bought it for me. See the devil horns sticking out at the sides?'

Mrs laughed. Except I don't know why. Devil horns are supposed to be scary.


Junie

Then we walked around the room and she showed me where stuff was. Like the easels where we get to paint. And the shelves where the books are. And the tables where we sit and don't watch TV.

One of the tables in the front of the room had a red chair. 'I would like to sit here, I think,' I told her.

But Mrs said, 'We'll have to wait and see, Junie.'

'B!' I said. 'Call me Junie *B.*!'

I yelled the B part really loud. So she wouldn't forget it.

People are *always* forgetting my B.

Mother rolled her eyes and looked at the ceiling. I looked up there, too. But I didn't see anything.

'Are you going on the mini-bus, Junie B.?' Mrs asked me.

I made my shoulders go up and down. 'I don't know. Where's it goin' to?'

My mother nodded her head and said, 'Yes, she'll be going on the bus.'

That made me feel scary inside. 'Cos I never rided on a bus before.

'Yeah, only where's it goin' to?' I asked again.

Mrs sat on her desk. Then she and my mother talked more about the bus.

I tapped on Mrs.

'Guess what? I still don't know where it's goin' to.'

Mrs smiled and said the bus driver's name was Mr Woo.

'Mr Woo,' said Mother. 'That's an easy name for Junie B. to remember.'

I covered my ears and stamped my foot.

'YEAH, ONLY WHERE'S THE



STUPID SMELLY BUS GOIN' TO?'

Mother and Mrs frowned.

Frowning is when your eyebrows look grumpy.

'Watch yourself, Madam,' said Mother. Madam's my name when I'm in trouble.

I looked down at my shoes. They didn't look as shiny as they did before.

Just then another mother and a boy came in. And Mrs went off to talk to them instead of me. I don't know why, though. The boy was hiding behind his mother and acting very babyish. I can beat that boy up, I think.

After that, my mother sat me down and explained about the bus. She said it's yellow. And it's called school mini-bus. And it stops at the end of my street.

Then I get on it. And sit down. And it takes me to school.

'And then your teacher will meet you in the car park,' said Mother. 'OK, Junie B.? Won't that be fun?'

I nodded the word *yes*.

But inside my head I said the word *no*.