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opening extract from

Junie B. Jones...and that Meanie Jim's Birthday

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G H I J K L M N O



Chapter 1

Eating Cake

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.

B is my bestest letter. On account of my favourite food starts with B.

Its name is birthday cake.

We had that delicious stuff at school today.

That's because Paulie Alan Puffer turned six years old. And his mother brought chocolate cake and chocolate ice cream and

chocolate milk to Room Nine just before the end of school.

She is chocolate mad, I think.

The party was very fun.

Except for Paulie Alan Puffer got all wound up. And he put cake on his head. And then he laughed till milk came out of his nose.

'That is called nose milk,' I told my bestest friend named Lucille.

Lucille is a little lady.

'Eew,' she said. 'I wish I didn't even see that nose milk. 'Cos now my stomach feels upset. And I can't eat the rest of my cake.'

'Me, too,' I said. 'Now I can't eat the rest of my cake, too. And so I will throw both our cakes in the rubbish bin for us.

Then I picked up our cakes. And I hurried up to the rubbish bin.

I looked all around me very careful.

Then I quickly ducked behind the rubbish bin.

And I stuffed both those cakes right in my mouth.

I rubbed my tummy really happy.

'Now all I need is some milk to wash it down with,' I said.

That's when I saw some milk sitting on a table. All by itself.

I picked it up. And drank it all gone.

'Mmmm,' I said. 'That hit the spot!'

Just then I heard a voice.

'Junie B. Jones? Why are you out of your seat?'

It was my teacher.

Her name is Mrs.

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

Mrs has eyes like a hawk.

'What are you doing over there?' she asked me.

'I am sharing people's cake and milk,' I explained. 'Except for they aren't actually here at the moment.'

Mrs rolled her eyes right back in her head.

I smiled very sweet.

'Guess what? When I have *my* birthday party, I am going to bring cake and milk, too,' I said. 'Plus also I might bring a baked bean casserole. 'Cos that will make a nice change, I think.'

Just then, I skipped over to Paulie Alan Puffer's mother.

'Excellent cake, madam. My compliments to the *chief*,' I said.

Then me and her did a high-five. Only she didn't actually put her hand out. And so

mostly I just slapped her on the arm.

After that, I skipped back to my seat.

Lucille was finishing her chocolate ice cream.

She had a chocolate moustache on her lip.

I did a frown at her.

'Lucille, I am surprised at you,' I said. 'You are not eating that ice cream like a little lady. And so I will show you how.'

Then I quickly dipped my spoon into Lucille's ice cream.

'See?' I said. 'See how I am taking dainty bites of this stuff?'

Only just then a dainty bite of chocolate ice cream slipped off my spoon. And it plopped into Lucille's lap.

She jumped out of her chair.

'OH NO!' she shouted. 'NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! YOU SPILLED ICE


E F G H I J K L M N O P

CREAM ON MY BRAND-NEW DRESS! AND MY NANNA JUST BROUGHT THIS TO ME FROM LONDON! AND IT COSTED SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS AND FIFTY PENCE!'

Mrs hurried up to my table. She had a wet sponge to clean Lucille's dress.

'No! Don't!' said Lucille. 'You can't put water on this! 'Cos this dress is made of satin! And satin is dry clean only!'

Mrs made angry eyes at me.

I did a gulp.

'I didn't know,' I said really soft.

Then I put my head down on my table.

And I covered it up with my arms.

'Cos that is called lying low.

And lying low is what you do if you know what's good for you.