

BARBARA PARK

Junie B. Jones
and the
Mushy Gushy
Valentine




Illustrated by
Denise Brunkus

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A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

Random House  New York

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1/ Party Ideas

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 school in Room Nine. Room Nine is where they have afternoon kindergarten.

Also they have morning kindergarten. Only I am not familiar with that arrangement.

Today at school, my teacher had a 'nouncement to make.

A *'nouncement* is the school word for *listen to me...and I MEAN it*.

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

Mrs. told us that we are going to have a special day in Room Nine. And it is called Valentime's Day.

She said that valentines are special cards about friendship. And all of us in Room Nine are going to give them to each other!

My bestest friend Lucille squealed real happy.

"Oooo! I love getting cards, Teacher!" she said. "I especially love getting the kind with money in them. Money is my favorite kind of mail!"

"Me, too, Lucille!" I said. "Money is my favorite kind of mail, too. Plus also I enjoy the Publishers Clearing House sweepstakes."

Mrs. did a chuckle.

"Well, I'm sorry, girls. But I'm afraid there won't be money in our valentines," she said. "In Room Nine we will just be sending happy wishes to each other. But it will still be lots of fun."

She smiled.

“We will be making a special valentines box to hold all the cards. And on the day of our party, I will personally deliver the cards to each one of you,” she explained.

Just then, I jumped right out of my chair. 'Cause nobody even mentioned a party before!

“Hurray!” I yelled. “Hurray for parties! Can we have cake and doughnuts, Mrs.? And what about cheese popcorn and cotton candy and pretzels and candy apples?”

I thought some more.

“Plus also we’ll need red licorice and peanut butter cups, probably. And chocolate-covered raisins. Oh yeah, and malted milk balls! AND GUMMI BEARS!”

I looked over at her.

“Maybe you should be writing this down,” I said.

Mrs. shook her head no. She said we would have cupcakes, punch, and candy hearts.

I sat back down very disappointed.

'Cause not much thought went into the menu, that’s why.

Lucille stood up.

“What kind of punch, Teacher?” she asked. “Will it have fresh raspberries and strawberries floating in it? My nanna’s caterer always puts fresh raspberries and strawberries into our punch. And it is delicious.”

After that, Lucille twirled around in her fluffy dress.

“And what about dancing? I am learning ballroom dancing at my expensive dancing school. And so I would be happy to teach the children who are cheaper than me.”

Mrs. stared at Lucille a real long time.

“How very generous of you,” she said finally. “But I don’t think we’ll be having ballroom dancing, Lucille.”

Jamal Hall waved his hand in the air.

“Then what about a puppet show?” he asked. “If we can’t have dancing, can we have a puppet show?”

“Yes,” said a girl named Linnie. “Or else maybe we could hire a magician.”

“Or what about a wild animal act?” asked a boy named Roger. “Like a grizzly bear or a sea lion?”



Just then, a boy named Paulie Allen Puffer ran right to the front of the room. And he jumped up and down all over the place.

“NO! WAIT! I’VE GOT IT! I’VE GOT IT!” he shouted real excited. “WE COULD GET SOME OF THOSE JUGGLERS WHO JUGGLE CHAIN SAWS!”

After that, Room Nine clapped and whistled and hooted and hollered.

’Cause who doesn’t love chain-saw jugglers? That’s what I would like to know!

After we finished clapping, we looked at Mrs.

Her head was on her desk. And her eyes were staring out the door.

Then all of the children in Room Nine got very quiet.

’Cause Mrs. was scaring us a little bit.

Plus also we were out of party ideas.

2/ Scribble Scraps

The next day, me and my bestest friend named Grace were playing on the playground.

And guess what?

We saw Mrs. carry a giant box into Room Nine!

It was the box we were going to decorate for Valentine's Day, I think!

"Wowie wow wow! That thing will hold a million bajillion Valentine's cards!" I said real thrilled.

That Grace did a frown at me.

"Stop saying *valentime*, Junie B.," she said. "You keep on saying *valentime* with an *m* sound. And you are supposed to say *valentine* with an *n* sound."

I did a frown back at her.

"Who said so?" I asked.

"I said so," said that Grace. "Didn't you hear my voice? I just got finished telling you it has an *n* in it. The word is *valentine*."

I did a huffy breath at that girl.

"You are not the boss of my words, Grace," I said. "This is a freed country. And if I want to say *valentime*, I can. And I will not even go to jail."

That Grace looked annoyed at me.

"I didn't say you would go to jail, Junie B.," she said. "I just wish you would say the word correctly, that's all."

"Yeah well, we can't always have what we wish for, Grace," I told her. "I wish *valentime* had an *m* in it. But it doesn't, does it?"

After that, me and that Grace made squinty eyes at each other. Plus also we crossed our arms. And we tapped our angry feet.

Only pretty soon we got tired of that. 'Cause fighting with your friends is not that fun.

That's how come both of us hugged each other. And we said a 'pology.

“Sorry, Junie B.,” said Grace. “Sorry I tried to be the boss of your words.”

“Sorry, Grace,” I said back. “Sorry valentine doesn't have an m in it.”

After that, both of us holded hands. And we skipped all the way to Room Nine.



That is called a victory skip.

And guess what else?

After we got to Room Nine, Mrs. said it was time to decorate the valentines box!

Everybody quick sat down in their seats.

Then we watched Mrs. cover the box with shiny white paper. Plus also she cut a mail slot in the top.

After that, all of the children got our scissors. And we cut out paper hearts to paste onto the sides.

I cut my fastest.

“Mrs.! Look! Look!” I said. “I am already done cutting my heart! And so I have the fastest scissors in Room Nine, probably!”

Just then, a meanie boy named Jim jumped up from his chair.

“No, you don’t! Look over here! I already cut *two* hearts! See? One...two! So ha ha on you!” he said.

I quick cut another heart.

“Yeah, well now I have two, too! And so you are not the winner anymore, Meanie Jim!”

Jim held up one more.

“Three!” he yelled. “I just cut number three! So I am still one ahead of you!”

I made my scissors go speedy fast.

“Ha! Now I have three, too. So there!” I said.

Jim did a fast snip.

“Four! I’m up to four!” he said.

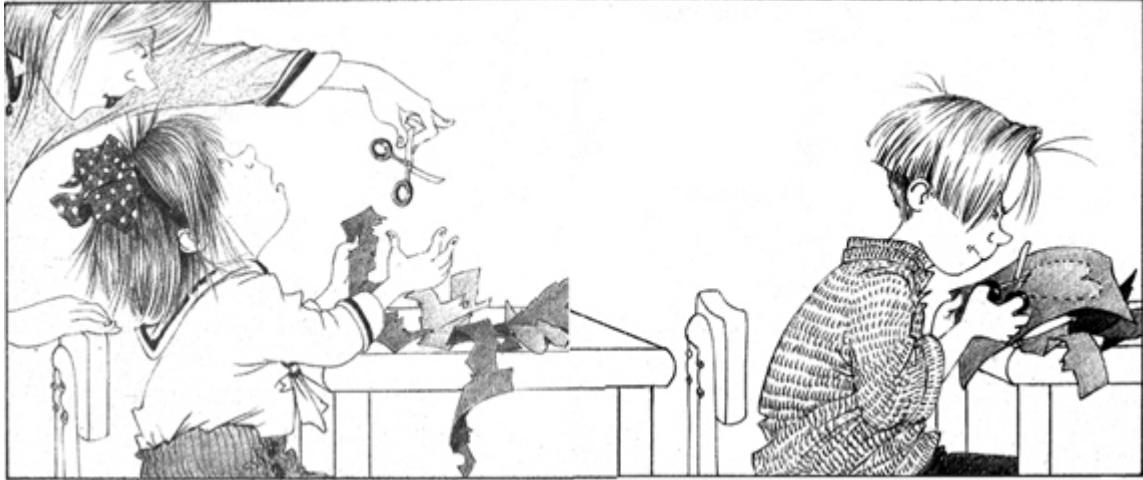
That’s how come I got fusstration inside me.

“STOP IT, JIM! STOP CUTTING SO FAST! AND I MEAN IT!”

After that, I tried to cut one more heart. But my scissors went very out of control. And my heart turned out like scribble scraps!

“DARN IT! *NOW* LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!” I hollered real mad.

All of a sudden, a big hand came flying over the top of my head. And it snatched my scissors right off my fingers.



I bended my head back to see who it was.

It was Mrs.

I did a gulp.

“I was afraid it was you,” I said kind of soft.

Then Mrs. went to Jim’s table. And she snatched his scissors, too.

And so me and him had to sit in our chairs for the rest of the day.
And we didn’t get to decorate the valentines box.

’Cause our cutting days were over, that’s why.

And our pasting days never even got started.

3/ Picking Out Valentines!

The valentines box turned out very beautiful!

After it was finished, Mrs. passed out lists for us to take home. The lists had the names of all the children in Room Nine.

“There are eighteen children in our class,” said Mrs. “So that means that everyone needs to bring eighteen valentines.”

I raised my hand.

“Do we bring valentines for ourselves, too?” I asked her.

“Well, no,” she said. “I mean there’s no rule against it, I suppose. But valentines are really supposed to be given to others.”

She thought for a second.

“Oops. I guess that means I made a mistake, doesn’t it?” she said. “Since you won’t be bringing in cards for yourselves, you will only need to bring in seventeen valentines.”

I raised up my hand again.

“Yeah, only what if we also want to bring a valentine for *you*, Mrs.?” I asked.

Mrs. raised up her eyebrows.

“Well, then you would be back up to eighteen again. Wouldn’t you?” she said. “Seventeen plus one equals eighteen.”

I tapped on my chin.

“Yeah, only what if there’s people in here who we don’t actually like that much? Do we have to bring them a valentine, too?”

“Yes, Junie B.,” she said. “Of course you do. Valentine’s Day is a day of friendship for *everyone*. So every single boy and girl in Room Nine will bring a card for every other boy and girl.”

After Mrs. finished explaining, she sat back down at her desk.