

BARBARA PARK



Junie B. Jones

Is a


Beauty Shop Guy



Junie B. Jones Is a Beauty Shop Guy

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A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

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1/ My Brand-new Different Name

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.

Only guess what? That doesn't even matter anymore! 'Cause I am changing my name to a brand-new *different* name!

It popped right into my head when I waked up this morning!

That's how come I jumped out of bed. And I zoomed to the kitchen to tell Mother and Daddy.

They were sitting at the breakfast table.

"People! People! Guess what? Guess what? I am changing my name to a brand-new *different* name! And it is the loveliest name I ever heard of!"

Mother was feeding my baby brother named Ollie. Daddy was reading his paper.

They did not pay attention to me.

I climbed up on my chair and shouted my new name real loud.

"PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN! MY NEW NAME IS PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN!"

Just then, Daddy looked at me over the top of the paper. 'Cause *now* he was paying attention!

"Excuse me? Could you run that by me one more time?" he asked. "Your new name is Pinkie Gladys *what?*"

I clapped my hands real happy.

"GUTZMAN!" I shouted very thrilled. "PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN! AND SO FROM NOW ON EVERYBODY HAS TO CALL ME THAT. OR ELSE I WILL NOT EVEN ANSWER! OKAY DADDY? OKAY?"

I hugged myself.

"Isn't it just the cutest name you ever heard of? 'Cause Pinkie is the loveliest color I ever saw! Plus Gladys Gutzman is the snack lady at school. And so who wouldn't want to be named after *that* woman? That's what I would like to know!"

Daddy shook his head.

"I don't know. This doesn't really sound like a good idea to me," he said.

I did a frown at that guy.

"Why, Daddy? How come? How come it doesn't sound good?"

"Well, for one thing, it's much too long," he said. "No one will be able to remember a name as long as that one."

I tapped on my chin.

"Hmm," I said. "Hmm, hmm, hmm."

Then all of a sudden, my whole face got happy.

“Hey! I got it! I got the answer!”

After that, I zoomed to my room. And I got some paper. And I zoomed right back again.

“A name tag! We will make a name tag!” I said. “That way, people can *read* my new name. And they won’t even have to remember it!”

I gave the paper to Mother.

“Write it down! Write it down! Write my new name on this paper! Then we can pin it right on my clothes!”

Mother did a frown at Daddy. “Way to go, Ace,” she said, kind of mumbling.

After that, she wrote my new name on the paper. And she pinned it to my p.j.’s.

I danced all around the floor.

“PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN! MY NAME IS PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN!” I sang really joyful.

Mother and Daddy didn’t say any words. They just kept on looking at me.

Finally, Daddy got up from the table.

“Well...gotta go,” he said. “I’ve got an appointment to get a haircut.”

Mother sprang out of her chair. She grabbed Daddy by his shirt.

“Oh no you don’t. You *can’t*,” she said. “I have an appointment to take Ollie to the doctor this morning, remember? If you need to get your hair cut, you’re going to have to take your *know-who* with you.”

I tapped on her.

“Gutzman,” I said. “The name is Pinkie Gladys Gutzman.”

Daddy rubbed his fingers through his hair. Then he did a big sigh. And he told me to hurry and get dressed.

I jumped way high in the air.

“HURRAY!” I shouted. “HURRAY! HURRAY! PINKIE GLADYS GUTZMAN IS GOING TO THE BARBER SHOP WITH HER DADDY! AND SHE REALLY ENJOYS THAT PLACE!”

After that, I twirled and twirled all over the kitchen. Only too bad for me...’Cause I accidentally twirled into the refrigerator and the stove and the dishwasher.

I got knocked on the floor.

My head made a loud clunking sound.

I felt it real careful.

“Good news,” I said. “No damage.”

After that, I jumped back up.

And I ran to get dressed for the barber shop.

2/ Meeting Maxine

Me and Daddy drove in the car a real long time.

It was not that enjoyable.

“Are we there yet? How come we’re not there? Are we lost? Huh, Daddy? Did you lose us?” I asked.

Just then, Daddy pulled into a parking lot.

“Hey! We’re there! We’re there!” I hollered very thrilled.

I looked through the window.

“Yeah, only here’s the problem. I don’t even recognize this place. ’Cause this is not your regular barber shop.”

Daddy got me out of my seat belt.

“This is a different barber shop,” he explained. “Someone at work recommended it. Only it’s not actually a barber shop. It’s more of what you’d call...well, okay...it’s a *beauty shop*.”

My eyes got big and wide at that guy.

“A BEAUTY SHOP? OH BOY! ’CAUSE I LOVE BEAUTY SHOPS EVEN MORE THAN BARBER SHOPS!”

I jumped up and down and all around.

“HEY, EVERYBODY! MY DADDY IS GOING TO A BEAUTY SHOP! MY DADDY IS GOING TO A BEAUTY SHOP!”

“Shh, Junie B.! Please!” said Daddy. “You *have* to be on your best behavior in this place. I mean it. No acting crazy.”

I smoothed my jacket very proper.

“Yeah, only I don’t even know what you’re talking about,” I said. “I never acted crazy in my whole entire career.” After that, I skipped very happy through the beauty shop door.

There was a lady behind a counter.

Her face had big, shiny red lips on it.

“Name, please?” she said.

“Robert Jones,” said Daddy.

I stood on my tippytoes.

“Yeah, only he has other names, too,” I told her. “’Cause some people call him Bob. And some people call him Bobby. Plus today my mother called him Ace.”

The lady looked over the counter at me.

“And what is *your* name?” she asked.

I quick took off my jacket and showed her my name tag.

“Pinkie!” I said. “My name is Pinkie Gladys Gutzman! ’Cause I just thought of that cute name this morning! And it is adorable, I think!”



The lady looked funny at me.

She didn't ask any more questions.

Pretty soon, a different lady walked up. And she shook my daddy's hand.

"Hello. I'm Maxine and I'll be cutting your hair today," she said real nice.

My eyes popped right out at that woman! 'Cause she was wearing a name tag! Just like me!

"MAXINE! HEY! MAXINE! LOOK DOWN HERE! I HAVE ON A NAME TAG, TOO!"

I hollered.

Maxine ruffled my hair.

"Pinkie Gladys Gutzman, huh?" she said. "Well, Pinkie Gladys Gutzman...since you're already wearing a name tag, I guess that means you should be my helper today."

"YES!" I yelled. "CAUSE I ALREADY KNOW HOW TO BE A HELPER! ON ACCOUNT OF MY GRAMPA MILLER. SOMETIMES I HELP MY GRAMPA MILLER FIX STUFF. AND LAST WEEK WE FIXED THE UPSTAIRS TOILET! AND I GOT TO TOUCH THAT BIG BALL THAT FLOATS ON TOP!"

Maxine laughed.

"Wow...a helper with plumbing experience. This must be my lucky day," she said.

After that, she holded my hand. And me and her took Daddy to the sink.

Then Maxine washed Daddy's hair. And she let me hold the fluffy towel.

I holded it real tight in my arms.

"Look, Maxine! Look at me holding the fluffy towel! See how good I am doing? I am not even letting it touch the floor!"

Only too bad for me. Because just then, my nose got some itchy fuzzies in it. And I started to sneeze.

“AH...AH...ACHOO!”

I sneezed right into the fluffy towel.

It was soft as a feather.

That’s how come I wiped my itchy nose on that softie thing. Plus also I blew a teeny bit

Maxine made a face.

“Yeah, only you don’t have to worry. ’Cause I’m not even contagious,” I told her.

Then I gave her the fluffy towel to dry Daddy’s hair. But Maxine said, “No, thank you”
And she dried Daddy’s hair with a different fluffy towel.

After that, all of us went to her giant spinny chair.

“HEY! I LOVE THIS KIND OF CHAIR!” I said real excited.

I climbed up there zippity quick.

“SPIN ME! SPIN ME! SPIN ME!” I hollered.

Daddy leaned close to my ear. His face did not look pleasant.

“Get *dowwwwwwn*,” he whispered very chilling.

I got down.

Maxine patted my head.

She gave me a broom.

It was big and wide.

“Here, helper. You can sweep your daddy’s hair as I’m cutting it,” she said.

“Yes!” I said back. “’Cause I am excellent at this appliance, I believe!”

After that, I held the broom real tight in my hands. And I runned up and down the floor.

“Look, Maxine! Look at me sweeping! See me? See how fast I am?”

Only too bad for me.

’Cause just then, a lady didn’t get out of my way.

And she walked right in front of my big, wide broom.

And her feet got swept.

“OW!” she hollered. “OW! OUCH! OW!”



Daddy runned over and snatched my broom away. 'Cause I wasn't the helper anymore apparently.

After that, he gave Maxine lots of dollars.

And he took my hand.

And me and him rushed right out of that place.

3/ Practicing

Daddy drove me home in the car.

I kept on sniffing the air.

“You smell like a lovely woman,” I said.

Daddy wasn’t that friendly.

“It’s the hair gel,” he grouched.

I sniffed some more.

“Mmm. I love that smelly hair gel,” I said. “Plus also I love sweeping and holding the fluffy towel. And so maybe I might be a beauty shop guy when I grow up.”

“Wonderful,” said Daddy.

“I know it is wonderful!” I said. “And here’s another wonderful thing. I already have name tag and a towel and a broom and some scissors! And so I am all set to go to work probably!”

Just then, Daddy quick pulled the car to the curb.

“No, Junie B. No. You’re *not* all set to go to work,” he said. “You don’t just pick up some scissors and start cutting hair. Do you understand? Working in a beauty shop takes years and years of practice.”

“Yeah, only I already know that,” I said. “I already know it takes years and years of practice.”

“Years and years and *years*,” said Daddy.

I did a huffy breath at him. “I already know that, I told you,” I said again.

After that, I leaned back in my seat. And I thought about the years and years of practice.

Finally, I did a big sigh.

I would have to get started right away.

Daddy pulled the car into our driveway.

I runned inside my house zippity quick.

“I’M HOME!” I hollered. “I’M HOME FROM THE BEAUTY SHOP!”

Mother runned out of baby Ollie’s room.

“Shh! I just put your brother down for his nap,” she said.

I stood there for a minute.

’Cause that woman just gave me a sneaky idea, that’s why.

I did a fake yawn.

“Hmm. I need a nap, too, I think,” I said. “’Cause that beauty shop got me all tired out.”

I walked to my bedroom.

“Well, nightie night. Don’t let the bedbugs fight,” I said.

Mother followed me.

Her face looked suspicious.

Suspicious is the grown-up word for *I think maybe you might be fibbing*.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on there a second,” said Mother. “I thought you hated naps.”

“I do,” I said. “I do hate naps. But today I worked at the beauty shop. And that job got me pooped, I tell you.”

After that, I closed my door. And I got under my covers.

Mother peeked in at me.

I did a fake snore.

Then I waited and waited till she closed the door again.

I stayed in bed till it was safe.

Then finally, I tippytoed to my desk.

And I opened the top drawer real quiet.

I searched my hands all around that thing.

Then all of a sudden my heart got very pumpy!

’Cause my hands felt what they were looking for!

And their name is my bestest shiny scissors!

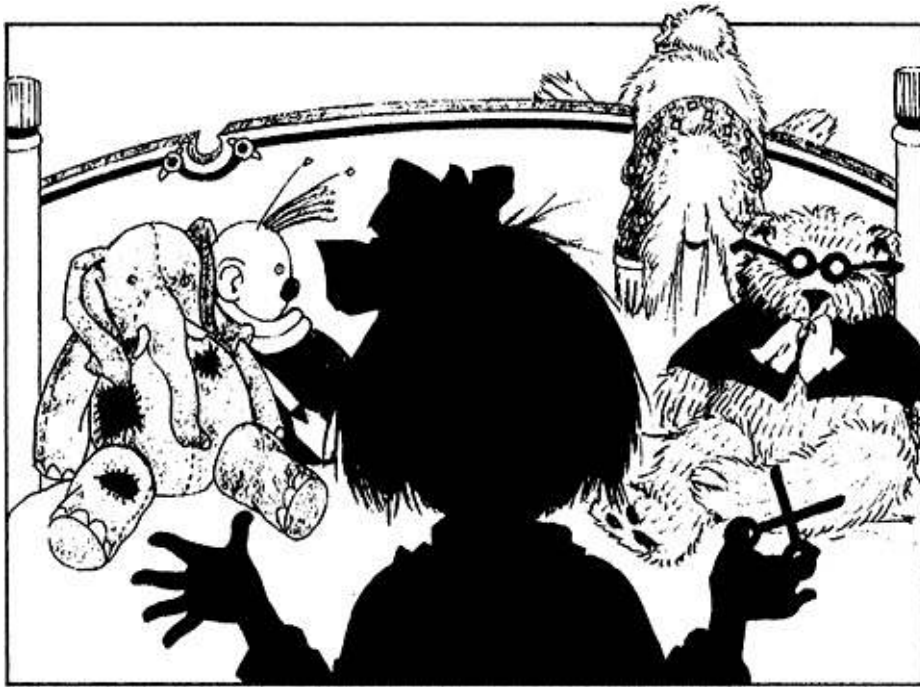
4/ Snipping, Snipping, Snipping

I opened and closed my shiny scissors real fast.

“Now I can start my years and years of practice!” I whispered very thrilled.

I skipped to my bed where my stuffed animals sit. 'Cause I needed volunteers, of course.

“Who wants to go first?” I asked my animals. “Who wants to get their fur trimmed at my beauty shop?”



My bestest elephant named Philip Johnny Bob raised his foot.

“*I do! I do!*” he said.

I hugged him very tight. 'Cause that guy is always a good sport, that's why.

I picked him up and put him in my beauty chair.

I sat him on lots of pillows so he would be tall.

Then I kept on looking and looking at his fur.

“Yeah, only here's the problem,” I said. “Your fur is made out of softie gray velvet. And softie gray velvet is short and smoothie. And so I can't even trim you.”

Philip Johnny Bob did a sad sigh.

I patted his head and put him back on the bed.

Just then, I accidentally stepped on something.

I looked on the floor.

And guess what?

It was my slippers that look like bunnies!

“*Us! Us! Trim us!*” they said real squealy.

“Hey, yeah! ’Cause you have the beautifulest long white fur I ever even saw! And so yo
guys will be perfect, probably!”

I quick picked them up and put them in my beauty chair.

After that, I skipped all around them. And I snipped their long white fur.

I singed a lovely song.

It is called “Snipping, Snipping, Snipping Their Long White Fur.”

It was the funnest fun I ever even had.

After I got done, I holded them up to the mirror so they could see theirselves.

They did not smile.

“*We’re baldies,*” they said real soft.

I did a big breath at those guys.

“Yeah, only I already know you are baldies. But that is not my fault. ’Cause you kept c
wiggling while I was trimming you,” I said.

I petted their heads very nice.



“Don’t worry,” I whispered. “’Cause bunny fur probably grows back, probably. I’m almost positive, sort of.”

Then I hugged them real gentle. And I threw them under my bed.

’Cause I didn’t want Mother and Daddy to see them, that’s why.

After that, I got in bed and did a sigh.

This job was going to take more practice than I thought.

5/ Teddy and Tickle

My bunny slippers didn't grow their fur back.

I peeked at them the whole entire weekend. Only no fur grewed at all. Not even a teensy fuzzy.

On Monday—at school—I didn't feel like playing at recess.

My bestest friend named Grace put her arm around me.

“What's wrong, Junie B.?” she said. “How come you don't want to play today?”

I hanged my head real glum.

“Cause bunny fur doesn't grow back, that's why,” I said. “Only who knew? And so now I can't be a beauty shop guy when I grow up, probably. And that was my hopes and dreams.”

That Grace's eyes got big and wide at me.

“Hey! Me, too!” she said. “Being a beauty shop guy is my hopes and dreams, too! My aunt Lola owns her very own beauty shop. And she already said I could be a shampoo girl!”

Just then, my other bestest friend named Lucille started fluffing her fluffy hair.

“When I grow up, I'm going to be a *client*,” she said. “A client is the person who goes to the beauty shop and spends a small fortune.”



She took a little brush out of her purse. And she started brushing her hair.

“See how shiny my hair is? It's soft and silky, too. Soft and silky and well-conditioned.”

She shook it all around in the air.

“A woman's hair is her crowning glory,” she said. “Want to feel it? Huh? Do you?”

After that, she shook her hair all around in the air.

“You’re getting on my nerves,” I said.

Just then, that Grace clapped her hands real loud.

“Junie B.! Junie B.! I just thought of something! Maybe Aunt Lola will let *you* be shampoo girl, too! And so both of us can be shampoo girls together!”

I did a gasp.

“Really, Grace? Do you really think she would? Really, really, really?”

Then I hugged that Grace as tight as I could.

’Cause guess what?

My hopes and dreams was back!

After I got home from school, I runned to my room speedy quick.

I grabbed my fuzzy teddy off my bed. And I zoomed to the bathroom.

My grandma Helen Miller shouted hello at me. She was in the nursery with my baby brother named Ollie.

“HELLO TO YOU, TOO!” I shouted back. “ONLY HERE’S AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE ’CAUSE RIGHT NOW I AM SHUTTING THE BATHROOM DOOR. ON ACCOUNT OF THAT THING CALLED PRIVACY, MADAM!”

After that, I locked the door real secret. And I filled the sink with water.

Then I dunked Teddy up and down. And I put shampoo on that guy.

I singed a happy song. It is called “Dunking Teddy Up and Down and Putting Shampoo on That Guy.”

Only too bad for me. ’Cause pretty soon, Teddy’s head got soaky wet with water. And he couldn’t hold it up that good.

It flopped all around his neck.

I stood him up in the sink. He was a giant sog ball.

I felt sickish inside my stomach.

That’s how come I wrapped him in a towel. And I hurried up back to my room.

After that, I patted his sog ball head real gentle. And I throwed him under the bed with my slippers.

I hanged my head real gloomy.

“Darn it,” I said. “I am not a good shampoo girl, either. And so now I can never work Aunt Lola’s with that Grace, probably.”

Just then, my dog named Tickle scratched at my door.

“Go away, Tickle,” I said. “I am not in a playing mood.”

But he kept on scratching and scratching.

I opened the door a teeny crack.

“I said to go away. Don’t you even understand *language*?”

Only too bad for me. 'Cause Tickle sprang right up. And he knocked open the door. And he runned into my room.

He zoomed around and around in circles.

Then finally, he got dizzy and pooped. And he flopped on my rug.

I looked closer at that fellow.

“Hmm,” I said. “Your fur is kind of tangly and matty. Only I never actually noticed that before.”

I tapped on my chin.

“Maybe you should come to my beauty shop for a trim. 'Cause I already had practice. And so I can do better this time, I believe.”

I did more thinking.

“Hey, yeah! And here's another good thing. Dog fur grows back. Right, Tickle? And so what do we have to lose? That's what I would like to know!”

I zoomed to my desk and got my shiny scissors.

Then I hurried back to Tickle.

And I gave him a hug.

And I trimmed his tangly, matty fur.

6/ The Trouble with Tickle

Tickle did not turn out that professional.

His fur was choppy and moppish. Plus his tail was a teeny stubby.

I tried to push him under my bed. But he wouldn't even go.

"Yeah, only you *have* to go under there, Tickle. Or else Mother and Daddy will see your fur. And I will be in trouble."

Just then, I heard feet walking in the hall.

Oh no!



It was Mother!

She was home from work!

I runned around real upset.

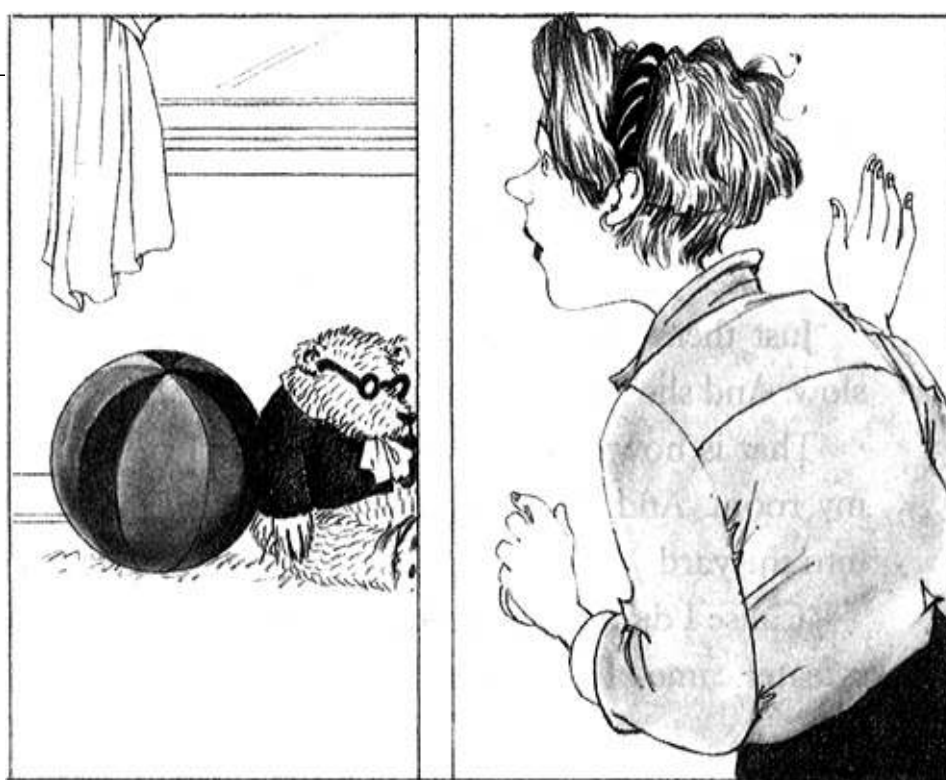
"Hide, Tickle! Hide! Hide!" I said.

Just then, I saw my fuzzy pink sweater!

I grabbed it out of my closet and threwed it on Tickle speedy fast!

Also, I grabbed my favorite hat with the devil horns. And I plopped it on his head.

All of a sudden, Mother opened my door.



I backed up from her.

“H-h-hello,” I said kind of nervous. “How are you today? I am fine. Plus Tickle is fine too.”

I did a gulp.

“He is wearing clothes, apparently,” I said.

Just then, Mother walked to Tickle real slow. And she took off his hat.

That is how come I quick runned out of my room. And down the hall. And outside into the yard.

’Cause I didn’t want to be there when the sweater came off, of course!

Mother chased me all over my yard.

That woman is speedier than she looks.

She caught me by my arm and marched me into the house.

After that, she sat me in a chair. And she said my *goose is cooked, young lady*.

Goose is cooked means that your goose is in big trouble. Only I don’t actually have a goose. Only that was not the time to mention it, probably.

Just then, my Daddy came home from work.

Mother tattletaled to him about Tickle.

Then both of them hollered a lecture at me.

It was called *What in the World Has Gotten into Me, Young Lady? Do I Not Even Have Good Sense? And Do They Have to Watch Me Every Single Minute?*

After they finished yelling, Mother put me in my room. And she took away my scissors forever.

And here's the worstest part of all.

After dinner I had to take a bath and go right back to bed.

Mother kissed me on my cheek.

It was not that sincere.

"Yeah, only I am not even tired yet," I said. "And so maybe I should watch *Wheel Fortune*, perhaps."

Mother shook her head.

"No way. No TV," she said. "If you're not tired, you can lie here and think about what you did today."

After that, she shut my door and walked away.

I did a huffy breath at her.

"Yeah, only I don't even *have* to think about what I did today. 'Cause I already *think* about it, that's why," I whispered to just myself.

Then I did a teeny smile.

"And guess what else? I think I am making progress."

7/ The Terriblest Trouble

The next morning I was very cheered up.

'Cause I knew what went wrong with Tickle!

Tickle has dog hair! And dog hair is harder to cut than people hair! 'Cause people hair much more tamer!

I runned to the mirror and looked at my people hair.

"I bet I can cut *this* kind of hair just perfect," I said.

Just then, I heard the front door open.

It was my grampa Frank Miller! He was here to babysit me before school.

I runned and kissed that guy hello.

Then I zoomed right back to my room. And I hollered a message down the hall.

"DON'T GOME IN MY ROOM, OKAY, GRAMPA? 'CAUSE I WANT TO GET DRESSED ALL BY MYSELF TODAY! AND I DON'T EVEN NEED ANY HELP!"

After that, I shut my door real tight. And I hurried to my desk.

'Cause guess what?

Extra scissors! That's what!

They were in my middle drawer where I keep them.

I opened and closed them real fast.

Then I skipped to my dresser.

And I combed my bangs silky smooth.

And I snipped their ends right off!

I peeked at myself kind of nervous.

And guess what?

I wasn't even ruined!

I smiled real thrilled.

"I *knew* I could do this! I knew it! I knew it! All I needed was practice!"

After that, I snipped some more bangs. Plus, I snipped some sides. And some top. And some back.

After I was finished, I looked in the mirror again.

I did a teeny frown.

"Hmm. My bangs do not look even-steven," I said.

That's how come I tried to even them up.

Only those dumb things kept getting tiltier and tiltier.

Finally, I got fusstration inside me. And I took a whole big hunk. And I cut them right off.

"Ha ha! So there!" I said.

I put down my scissors and looked at myself.

I did a gasp.

Oh no! My hair was sticking out all over the place!

“*Sprigs!*” I said. “I got sprigs!”

That’s how come I started to cry. ’Cause sprigs are shortie little sticklets. And they are n
attractive, I tell you.

Just then, I heard a knock on my door.

“Junie B., honey? You all right in there?” asked my grampa. “Okay if I come in?”

“NO! NOT OKAY!” I hollered. “I AM STILL GETTING DRESSED! AND SO PLEASE G
BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM!”



Grampa Miller laughed.

“Okay, okay. I get the message,” he said. “I’ll go make you a sandwich. You’d better hur

up, though. I've got to do some errands, so I'm driving you to school today.”

His feet walked back to the kitchen.

I sat down on my bed real upset.

'Cause sprigs is the terriblest trouble I ever even saw.

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