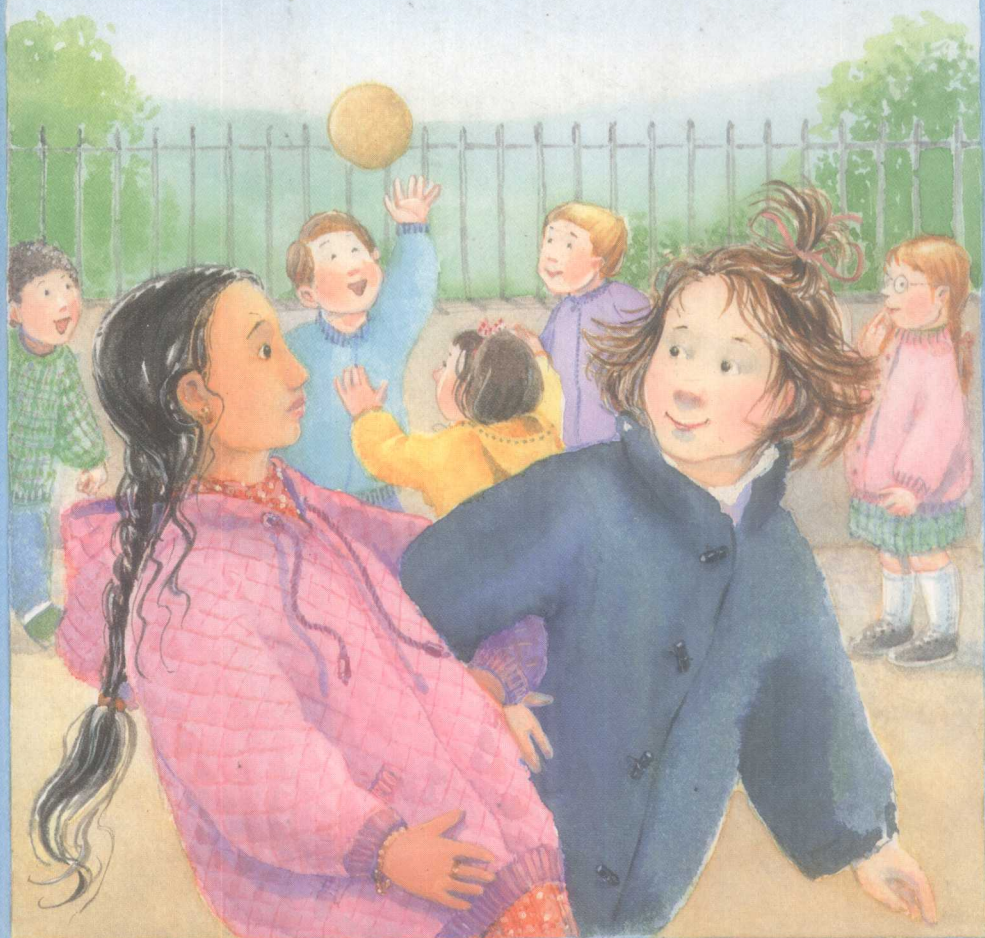


JOSIE SMITH

at School



Magdalen Nabb
illustrations by Pirkko Vainio

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Margaret K. McElderry Books
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Maxwell Macmillan International
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This book is for
LIAM JAMES NABB

Certain words in this story have been changed for American readers
with the author's approval.

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Summary: Spirited Josie has adventures and misadventures at
school, where she befriends a foreign student and takes part in the
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JOSIE SMITH AT SCHOOL

Josie Smith is a determined little girl who, with the best intentions in the world, manages to get into all kinds of scrapes.

Wanting to take her new teacher a present on the teacher's first day, and *not* the apple her mother gives her for that purpose, Josie Smith picks some pretty, rain-drenched roses, arrives at school late—and finds all the petals have fallen off the roses and she is in disgrace. Later in the school year, a new girl is put into Josie's class. Quite sure that the dark-eyed child who wears a lovely sari and speaks no English must be a princess, Josie befriends her, while the other classmates shun her. But in helping Tahara with her schoolwork, Josie's own homework doesn't get done. Finally, it is time for the Christmas pageant, in which each child plays a part. This time, Josie Smith's impulsive actions inadvertently help her teacher avoid disaster and Josie earns high praise.

Told with much humor and with real insight into a young child's tribulations and small triumphs at school, this beginning chapter book, a companion to *Josie Smith* and *Josie Smith at the Seashore*, will amuse and comfort young readers who are themselves getting used to being in school.

What critics have said about *Magdalen Nabb* and *Pirkko Vainio's books:*

JOSIE SMITH

"This trio of short stories offers youngsters an engaging introduction to pert, independent Josie, whose good intentions go ever awry . . . Frequent pen-and-ink drawings punctuate the large-print text; with its gentle pacing, Nabb's work offers a pleasant alternative to more rapid-fire adventures." *Booklist*

"The black-and-white illustrations add greatly to the interest and liveliness of the book. The author's delighted appreciation of her small and hardy heroine is quite evident as is her understanding of the ordeals that loom large with the young. A fine book on youthful misdemeanors." *The Horn Book*

JOSIE SMITH AT THE SEASHORE

"Josie is likable, strong minded, [and] portrayed with exceptional realism, sympathy, and humor . . . A well-written story to use as a read-aloud or alone; attractive format with frequent, cheerful drawings." *Kirkus Reviews*

"Nabb once again presents this endearing charmer in a good transitional novel for beginning readers; it has both a fast-paced plot and solid character development. . . . [A] true-to-life, engaging novel." *School Library Journal*

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1886

Also by Magdalen Nabb

JOSIE SMITH

JOSIE SMITH AT THE SEASHORE

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Josie Smith's New Teacher

On Sunday night Josie Smith was in the bathtub with soapsuds all over her hair.

"Ow!" she said, when her mom rubbed too hard. "Ow!"

"Keep still," said Josie's mom. "I have to rub hard because you get so dirty. You could grow potatoes in your ears."

"And cabbages?" asked Josie Smith.

"And cabbages," said Josie's mom. "Now lie back while I rinse you."

"Swim me up and down and sing," said Josie Smith.

So Josie's mom swam her up and down the bath and rinsed her hair with jugs of water and sang. Josie Smith sang, too. Then



she got dry. When she was in bed in clean, striped pajamas, Josie Smith said, “Tomorrow, can I have a ribbon in my hair for school?”

“You’ll only lose it,” said Josie’s mom.

“But can I?” said Josie Smith.

“All right,” said Josie’s mom. “Now go to sleep.”

“And tomorrow,” said Josie Smith, “can I take a present for the new teacher? Eileen’s taking one.”

“And everything Eileen does, you have to do,” said Josie’s mom.

“But *can* I?” said Josie Smith. “I like my new teacher.”

“You can take her an apple,” said Josie’s mom. “But how do you know you like her if she’s only coming tomorrow?”

“She came on Friday,” said Josie Smith, “when Mrs. Ormerod was reading us a story and she wears nail polish and perfume.”

“Does she now?” said Josie’s mom, and she smiled. “Now go to sleep. Ginger’s asleep already. Look.”

“I can’t see him,” said Josie Smith. “Move his basket nearer the bed.”

Josie’s mom moved Ginger’s basket and Ginger opened one eye and said, “Eeeiow,” and then went to sleep again.

“Why does Ginger say *eeeiow* instead of *meeiow*?” asked Josie Smith.

“I don’t know,” said Josie’s mom. “Now go to sleep.”

“Mom?” said Josie Smith.

“What now?” said Josie’s mom.

“Will the new teacher know I’m the best at reading and writing?”

“She might,” said Josie’s mom. “I expect Mrs. Ormerod will have told her.”

“I’m going to write a story for her,” said Josie Smith, “in my best writing with no erasing because I haven’t got an eraser.”

“You won’t be in a fit state to write anything tomorrow,” said Josie’s mom, “if you don’t get to sleep. It’s late.”

“I am getting to sleep. Mom?”

“That’s enough now,” said Josie’s mom. “I’m going down.”

“But *Mom!* Can I have a pencil with an eraser at the end like Eileen’s?”

“We’ll see.”

“But can I?”

“I said we’ll see. Now go to sleep. I’ve got some sewing to finish. Good night.”

And she switched off the light.

“Good night!” shouted Josie Smith. Then she whispered to Ginger, “I’m going to think of a story now so I can start it as soon as I get to school.”

Josie Smith lay in the dark and thought. She thought of a story with a giant in it. The giant lived in a tower on the top of a hill and when he tried to frighten people he only



made them laugh. He was so funny that he made Josie Smith laugh by herself in the dark. She told Ginger about him but Ginger didn't wake up. And downstairs her mom's sewing machine went Tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik.

She thought of a better story about a girl who ran away and went to live with the Gypsies. The girl had to sleep in a tent and it was dark and cold and rainy and the girl cried and cried because she wanted her mom. Outside in the night, the rain began pattering at Josie Smith's window and tears

came into her eyes when she thought about the girl in the Gypsy's tent. She told Ginger about it but Ginger didn't wake up, and downstairs, her mom's sewing machine went Tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik.

She thought of an even better story with a witch in it. The witch came in at people's windows on rainy nights and stole them when they were asleep. The witch was so frightening that Josie Smith got scared and had to make Ginger wake up to keep her company.

Downstairs, her mom's sewing machine went Tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik, tr-r-r-r-r-r-ik. Then it stopped. The light came on on the landing and Josie's mom came up to bed.

"Sh-h!" said Josie Smith to Ginger, and she shut her eyes to pretend she was asleep and then she really was asleep.

"Wake up!" said Josie's mom. "Josie! Didn't you hear me shouting?"

"Is it morning?" said Josie Smith.

"Of course it's morning," said Josie's

mom. "You're going to be late for school if you don't hurry up."

Then Josie Smith remembered the new teacher and got dressed as fast as she could. She was so tired that she didn't want her breakfast and when Eileen from next door came to call for her she hadn't got her coat on.

"Hurry up!" said Josie's mom.

Josie Smith got her coat and ran to the front door. Then she came running back.

"My ribbon!" she said. "You promised I could have a hair ribbon!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake," said Josie's mom, and she started looking in the drawers. "Here, this will do."

"I wanted a pink one," said Josie Smith, "like Eileen's."

"You lost the pink one," said Josie's mom, "like you lose them all. This one's better than a pink one because it matches your kilt."

She tied the ribbon tight in Josie Smith's hair and Josie Smith ran to the front door. Then she came running back.

“My apple!” shouted Josie Smith. “You promised I could take an apple for the new teacher!”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake,” said Josie’s mom. “Here. And don’t run or you’ll drop it on the way.”

Josie Smith ran to the front door and opened it. Eileen was waiting for her. She had two pink ribbons in her hair.

Josie Smith and Eileen set off up the street to school.

“I’ve got a present for the new teacher,” Eileen said.

“So have I,” said Josie Smith.

“I’ll show you if you want,” said Eileen, “only you mustn’t touch.”

They stopped at a corner and Eileen got the present out of her coat pocket. There was a little colored box with tissue paper in it and when Eileen opened the tissue paper very carefully Josie Smith saw a brand new pure white handkerchief with frilly white lace around it and a bunch of pink flowers embroidered in the corner.

“My mom bought it,” whispered Eileen, “when she went shopping on



Saturday.” She folded the tissue paper back and shut the colored box. Then she said, “What have you got?”

“An apple,” said Josie Smith.

“That’s not a real present,” Eileen said.

“It is,” said Josie Smith. “My mom said.”

“It’s not,” said Eileen. “Real presents come from a shop.”

“*Well*,” said Josie Smith, “apples come from a shop, anyway.”

“You got it from your house,” said Eileen.

“I’m not going to school with you for

being so horrible!” shouted Josie Smith, and she ran off down a back street and hid, holding her apple tight, until Eileen had gone. Then she set off to school by herself.

On the corner next to Josie Smith’s school was Mr. Scowcroft’s allotment garden, where Josie Smith sometimes went to dig for worms with Gary Grimes. Perhaps Mr. Scowcroft would have something good for a present. Mr. Scowcroft had some flowers growing at the back of his allotment garden. They were called pom-pom dahlias. Josie Smith knew what they were called because Mr. Scowcroft had told her. Mr. Scowcroft was always there in the mornings feeding his hens.

“Mr. Scowcroft!” shouted Josie Smith, holding on to the wire fence. “Mr. Scowcroft! Can I come in?”

But nobody answered. Mr. Scowcroft wasn’t there.

Josie Smith thought she’d go in and wait for him. The whistle hadn’t gone yet and all the children were playing and shouting in the yard. Mr. Scowcroft’s gate was locked but there was a hole in the fence.