



SCHERTLE / SLOAN

**Look Out, Jeremy Bean!**

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**BOO!**

# Look Out, Jeremy Bear!

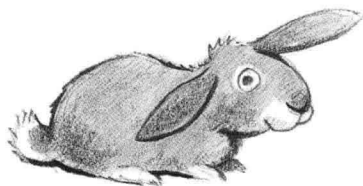
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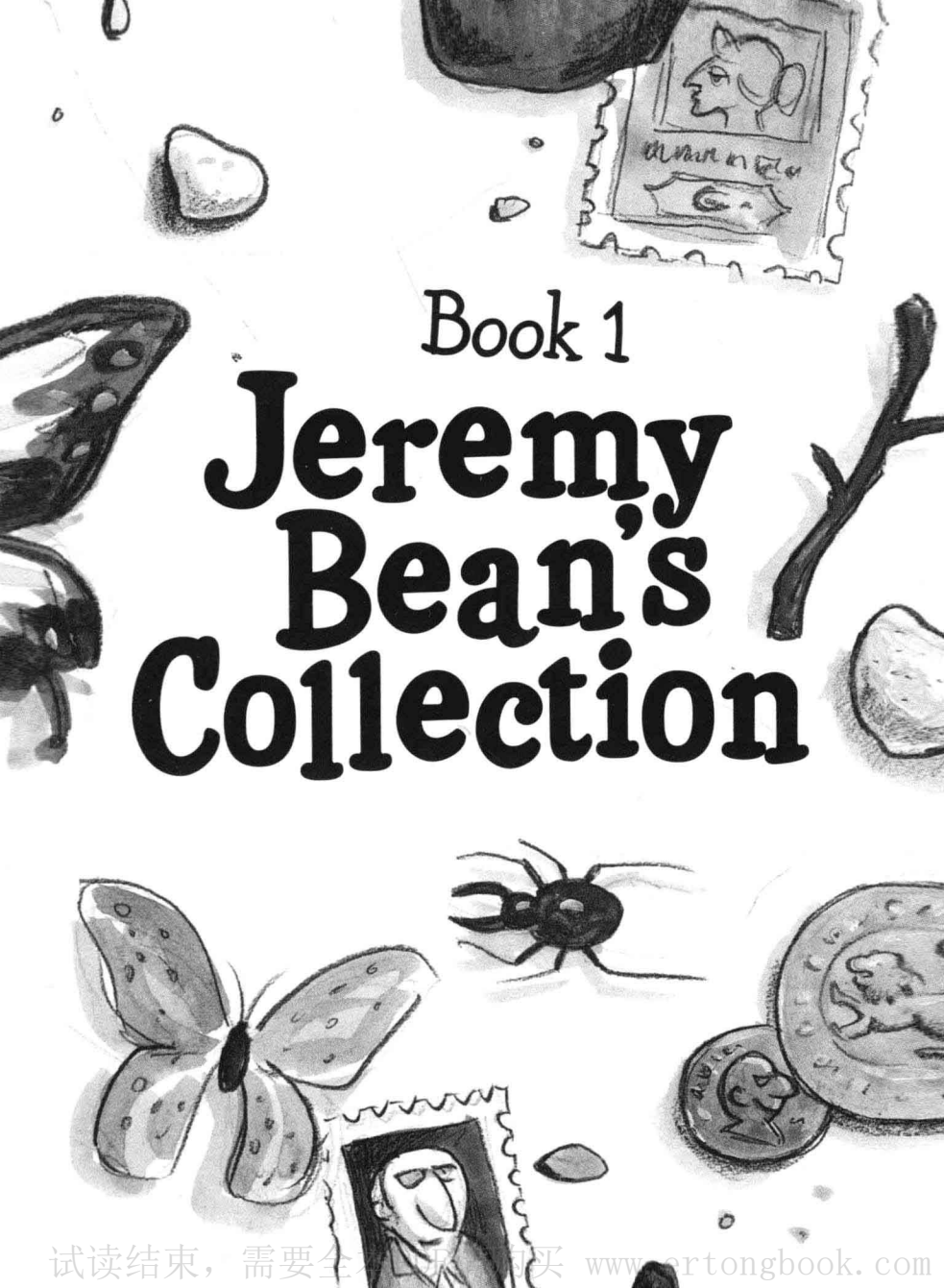
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Book 1

# Jeremy Bean's Collection



# Seeds and Cookies



One day Jeremy Bean's friend Max brought his seed collection to school. There were hairy seeds and wrinkled seeds and seeds as smooth as marbles. There were flower seeds and seeds from trees. Everyone gathered around to see.

"Tomorrow," said Ms. Tucker, "anyone else who has a collection may bring it to school to share."

"After school I'm going to work on my collection," said Winnie.

"Me too," said Luke.

"Me too," said Jeremy Bean.

Jeremy hurried into the kitchen. He almost ran into his grandfather, who was making cookies.

"Whoa!" said Gramps. "What's the rush?"

"I have to start a collection," Jeremy told him. "I have to start one *right away!*"

"Too bad," said Gramps. "I was hoping you would have time to lick the bowl."

"I think I have time for that," said Jeremy Bean.

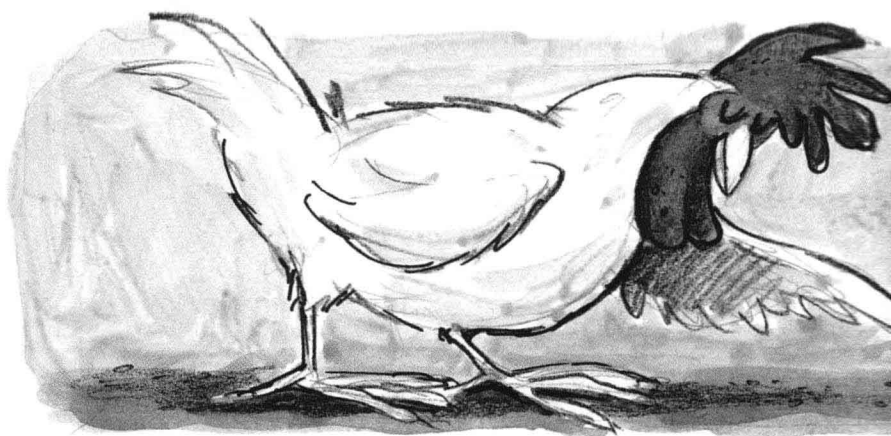
"Grammsh," said Jeremy with a mouth full of cookie dough, "did you ever have a collection?"

"When I was a boy," said Gramps, "I collected eggs from the chickens. But my collections only lasted until breakfast." Gramps laughed.

"Tell about Ralph the Gentleman Rooster," said Jeremy. It was his favorite story.



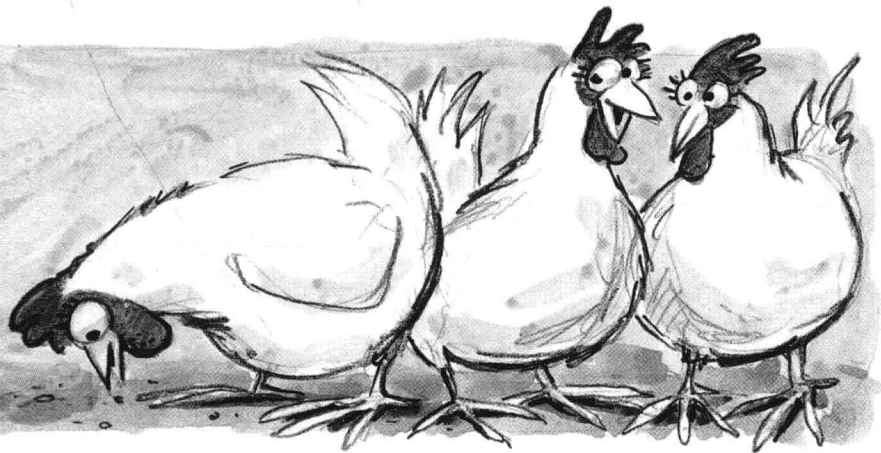




“Well now,” Gramps began, “most roosters are mean and bossy. But not Ralph. Ralph was a gentleman. When I fed the chickens, Ralph always let the hens eat first. When Ralph scratched up some bugs, he let the hens snatch up the big ones. Those hens knew they could push him around.”

“So you brought him inside,” said Jeremy.

Gramps nodded. “I snuck him into the house. Ralph and I had cherry pie in the kitchen, where the grabby hens couldn’t get it.”



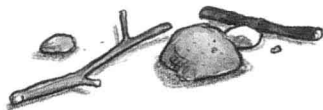
Jeremy giggled. “Tell about the floor.”

“Oh, yes,” said Gramps. “Ralph always pooped on the floor. I had to follow him around with a mop. Ralph was a gentleman, but he was also a rooster.”

Jeremy put his empty bowl in the sink. “If we had chickens,” he said, “I’d collect the eggs. But I’m going to make a special collection. Something no one else will have.”

“When you’re through,” said Gramps, “come down and collect some cookies.”

# Sticks and Stones



Jeremy ran upstairs to his room. He got his old sneakers out of the closet. He put them in a big shopping bag. He put his sandals in the bag. He found one lone rain boot and dropped it into the bag. Then he took off the shoes he was wearing and dropped them in too.

Next Jeremy collected shoes from his mother's closet. He collected his father's bedroom slippers. He went into Gramps's room and collected more shoes.

"What are you doing, Jeremy?" asked Mom.

"I'm making a collection," Jeremy told her.  
"Would you mind taking off your shoes?"

"Jeremy," said Mom, "these belong to other people. You can't collect other people's shoes."

"How about hats?" said Jeremy.

"Nope," said Mom. "But I know you can find something else to collect. Right after you put the shoes away."

Jeremy put all the shoes back in the proper closets. Then he went outside. He picked up a rock with little shiny specks on it.

"Rocks don't belong to anybody," said Jeremy Bean. "A rock collection might be nice." He put the rock in his pocket.

He found a stick shaped like a snake.

"Sticks don't belong to anybody," said

Jeremy. "A stick collection might be nice."

A green bug ran down the stick.

"A bug collection might be nice too," said Jeremy Bean. He put the stick and the bug in his pocket.

Jeremy decided to see how Winnie and Luke were doing.

Winnie was in her backyard. She had a pail of water and a scrub brush. She showed Jeremy her rock collection.

"Aren't they pretty?" said Winnie. "When I scrub the dirt off, you can see the colors."

Jeremy took the shiny rock out of his pocket.

"Oh, no," said Winnie. "Are you doing rocks too?"

"No," said Jeremy. "I'm doing something different. This is for you."





**L**uke was in his garage. He had a piece of sandpaper in his hand.

“Look at my stick collection,” he said to Jeremy. “I sand the wood nice and smooth.”

Jeremy took the snake stick out of his pocket.

“Uh-oh,” said Luke. “Are you doing sticks too?”

“No,” said Jeremy. “I’m doing something different. This is for you.”



On the way home, Jeremy thought about stamps and coins.

“*Everybody* does stamps and coins!” he thought. “Everybody does *everything*! How can I go to school tomorrow without a collection of my own?”

Jeremy remembered the bug. He felt in his pocket. He turned the pocket inside out.

“I guess he didn’t want to be collected,” said Jeremy Bean. “I’m going to be the only kid in the whole class with no collection at all.”

