

Julie  
Bowe



children's book author



## Deleted Scenes: Goodbye, Joey, Hello, Jenna

I raced into the school and barreled through a bunch of saggy-pants first graders. I slipped past the office and tore down the hallway, hoping no teachers were monitoring the halls. I dodged clumps of kids as I zigzagged down the fourth-grade wing. I was feeling pretty amazing as I zoomed through our classroom doorway.

Then I froze.

Stacey Merriweather was sitting at her desk. She was tucking my crumpled piece of paper into her pocket.

"Red alert! Red alert! Doofus blocking the doorway!"

The next thing I knew, Joey Carpenter's grimy paws were shoving me from behind.

He shoved me so hard I tripped over my feet and fell flat on my face. Falling flat on your face can make you feel pretty *unamazing* pretty fast. Trust me.

"Hey, I-*duh*," Joey said, leaning over me. "What're you doing down there? Lookin' for old bones?"

"No," I said. "Not unless they broke off my face."

Joey smirked and then stepped right over me. When he did, he came face-to-face with Stacey Merriweather.

I couldn't believe what happened next.

Stacey started poking Joey's chest with one finger. "That wasn't very nice," she snapped.

Joey just stood there. He didn't say a word. But he did sort of hiss. Like Stacey had poked a hole right through him and all his outsides were sinking in.

But then he reached into his back pocket, dangled Stretch in front of Stacey's eyes and pulled a grayish glob of paper from his mouth.

Stacey stared at that glob.

Then she stopped poking.

Joey snickered and popped the glob back into his mouth. He shoved past Stacey. But not a hard shove.