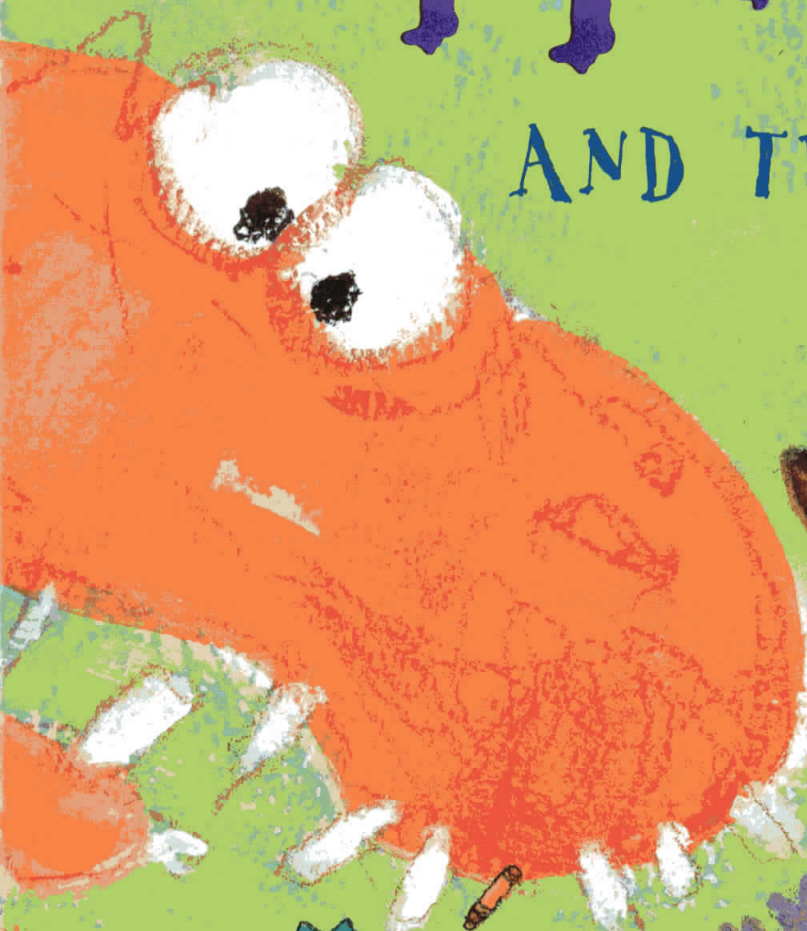


# Skippyjon Jones

## AND THE BIG BONES

BONUS  
CD  
INCLUDED!




JUDY  
SCHACHNER



Skippyjon Jones was crazy about digging  
in Mrs. Dolly Doohiggy's garden.




An illustration of a dog lying on its back in a field. The dog is light brown and white, with its paws tucked up towards its chest. It appears to be dead or unconscious. The background is a mix of green and brown, suggesting grass and soil.

Because that's where Mrs. Dolly  
Doohiggy's dog, Darwin, buried all of  
his bones.

And nobody messed with Darwin.

An illustration of a rabbit-like creature with large, upright ears, one of which is dark brown and the other is white. It has a blue eye and is looking towards the right. The creature is standing in a field of green grass and small flowers. In the background, there is a small, dark, pointed structure, possibly a grave or a small hut.

A Siamese cat with blue eyes and a blue collar is hanging laundry on a clothesline. The laundry includes a red and pink patterned cloth and a blue patterned cloth. Three small white kittens are sitting on the blue cloth. The cat is looking towards the right. The background is a textured green and blue wash.

Two yards away, Mama Junebug Jones was hanging wash when her kitty boy blew through the sheets like a muddy wind.

“Hey, Pickle Pants!” hollered Mama. “Don’t run with your mouth full.”

But Pickle Pants had only one thing on his mind . . .

... dinosaurs.

"I'm going to be a famous paleontologist!"  
whispered Skippyjon Jones, arriving at his room.



Then he popped a pickle in his puss. He slapped some glue all over his newfound bone and stuck it onto his model.

"And you are my Skipposaurus!" he added out loud.

*“Skipposaurus!”*

declared Mama Junebug Jones,  
coming into the room.

“Those bones belong to

**Darwin,**

and you better take them

**back,**

for your prehistoric

**fossil**

is that snoozing doggy’s

**snack!**

“And do it now,”  
ordered Mama,  
“before he wakes up.”



But the kitty boy had no intention  
of returning Darwin's bones before  
he bounced on his big-boy bed.

First he

**pounced**

and wiggled.



Then he

**bounced**

and giggled.

All the way up to the ceiling,  
he chanted:

“Oh, I’m *Skippyjon Jones*,  
And I bounce on my bed,  
Cuz I love to eat pickles  
That tickle my head.”



Then he flung himself over to the mirror for a head check.



“Holy Hairballs!”

exclaimed Skippyjon Jones,  
pulling out his tape measure.

“That’s one huge **cabeza!**”

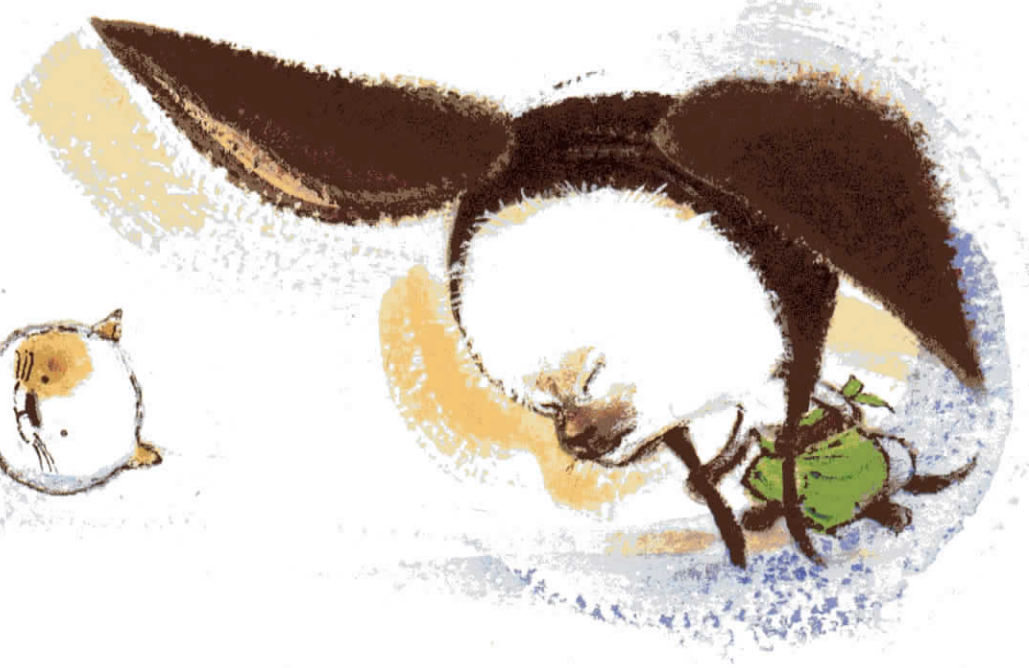


Then, using his very best  
Spanish accent, he added,  
“My ears are too beeg for my  
head, and my head won’t fit  
into my bed. I know I’m not a

Siamese cat . . . I am a

**Chi hua hua!**”

*Skippyjon*



And quicker than you can say “chunky Chihuahuas ’n cream,” the kitty boy picked up his cape and pulled on his mask. Then he began to sing in a *muy* soft voice:

“Oh, my name is Skippito Friskito, (clap-clap)

And I hunt for the dinosaur-ito (clap-clap)

With gigantico ears

That’s been buried for years

Under layers of sediment-ito.” (clap-clap)

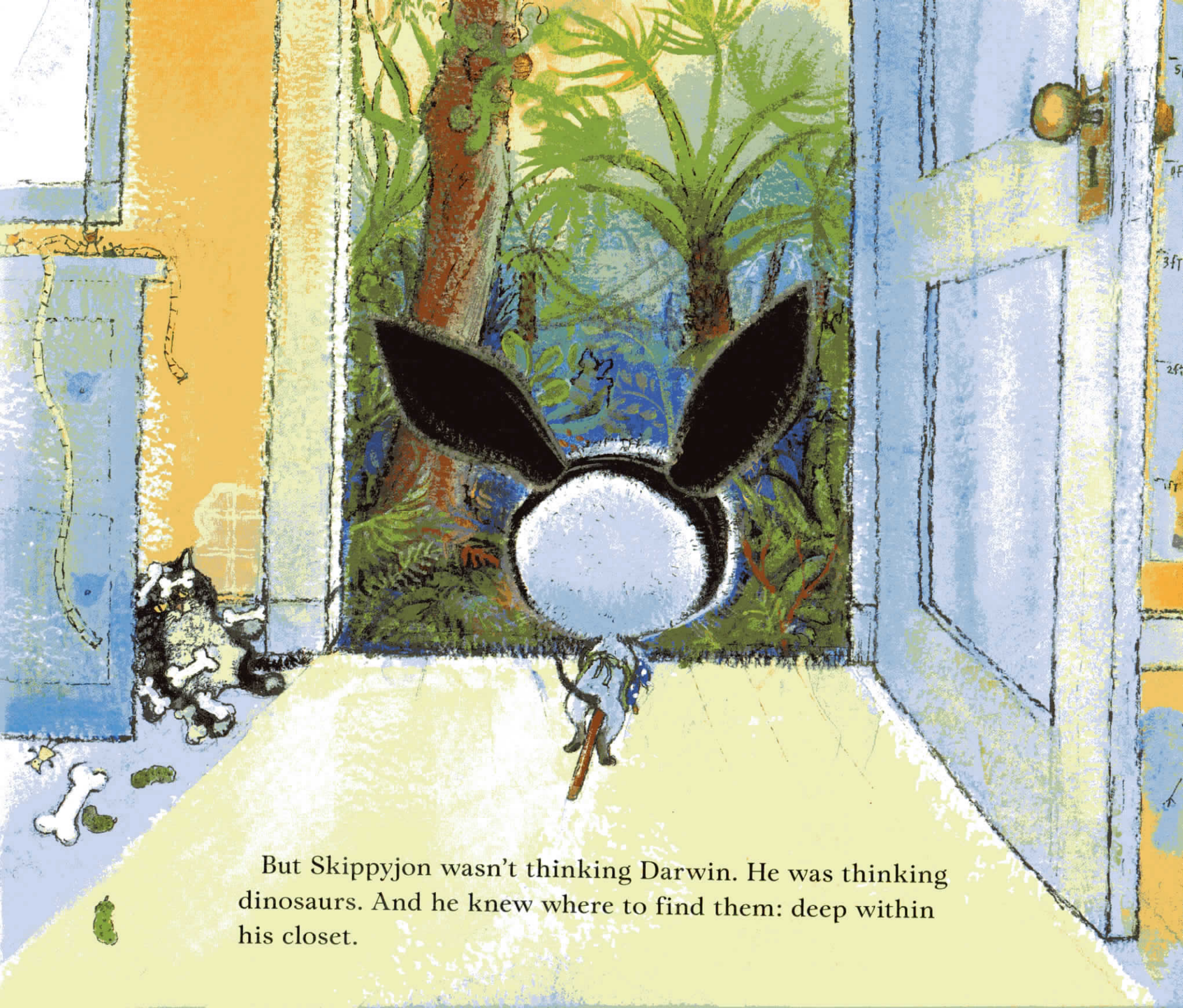
At the same time, the kitty boy's sisters, Ju-Ju Bee, Jezebel, and Jilly Boo Jones, were in Mrs. Doohiggy's yard watching Darwin sleep.



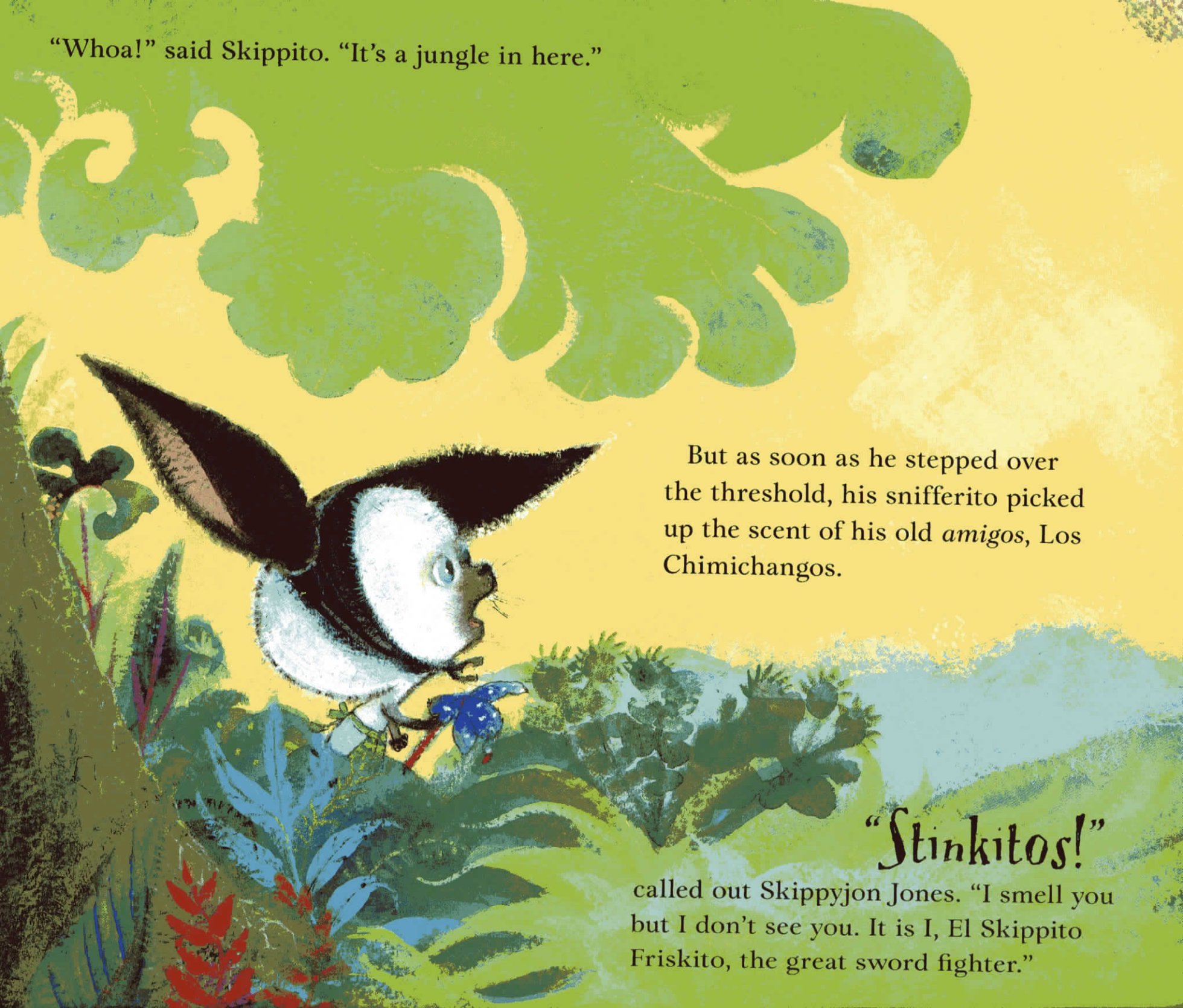
“This is fun,” said Jezebel.

“Lotsa fun,” agreed Jilly Boo.

“The mostest fun,” added Ju-Ju Bee.



But Skippyjon wasn't thinking Darwin. He was thinking dinosaurs. And he knew where to find them: deep within his closet.



“Whoa!” said Skippito. “It’s a jungle in here.”

But as soon as he stepped over the threshold, his snifferito picked up the scent of his old *amigos*, Los Chimichangos.

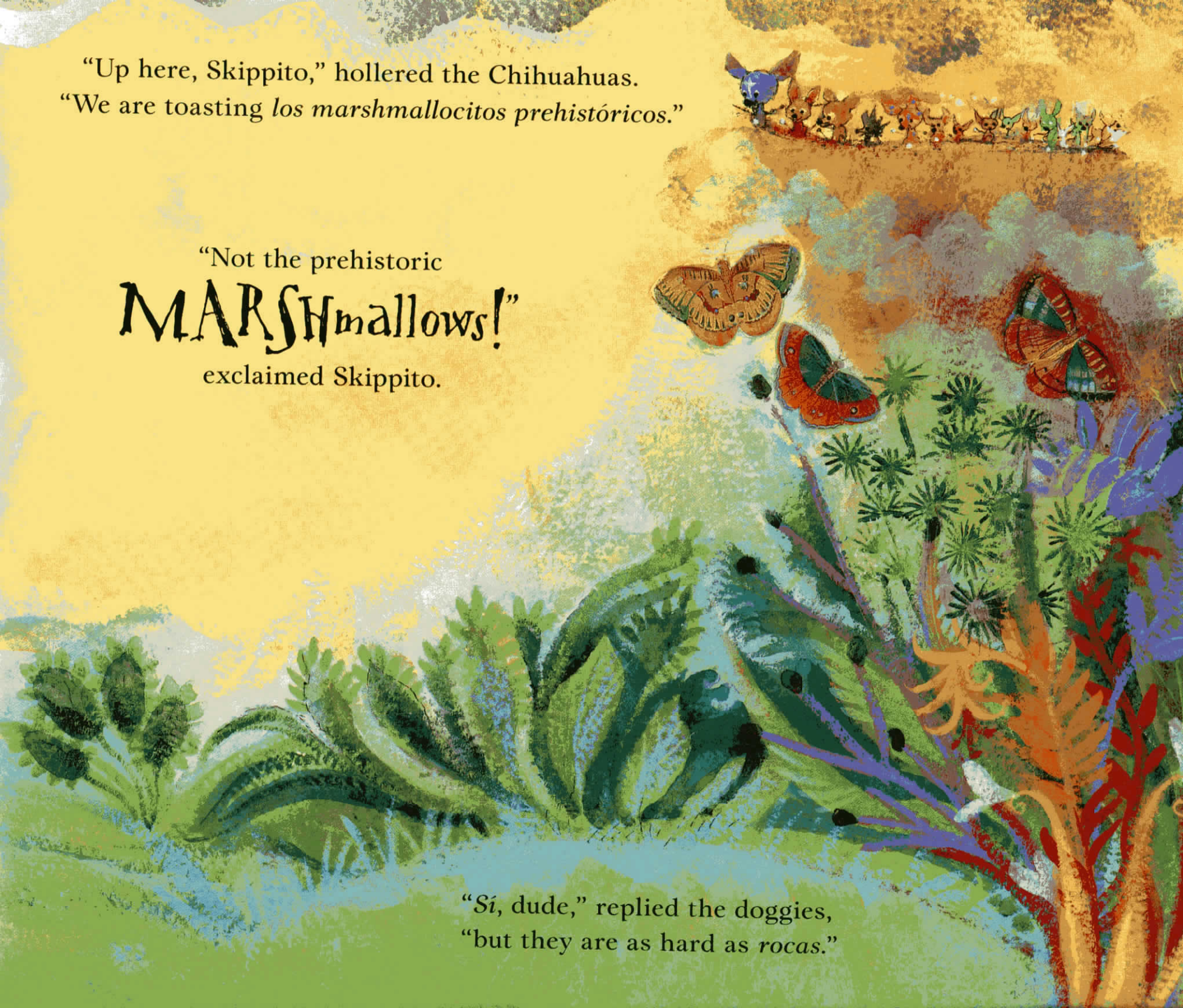
“Stinkitos!”

called out Skippyjon Jones. “I smell you but I don’t see you. It is I, El Skippito Friskito, the great sword fighter.”

“Up here, Skippito,” hollered the Chihuahuas.  
“We are toasting *los marshmallocitos prehistóricos*.”

“Not the prehistoric  
**MARSH**mallows!”  
exclaimed Skippito.

“*Sí*, dude,” replied the doggies,  
“but they are as hard as *rocas*.”



“That’s because they are fossilitos,” said Skippito.

“Fossilitos, schmossilitos,” declared Poquito Tito, the smallest of the small ones. “We want to see *los dinosaurios* with our own *ojos*,” he said, pointing to his eyes.

“¿Por qué?” asked Skippito.



“Because, Bobocito,” said Don Diego, the biggest of the small ones, “we hear they are reelly, reelly beeg, dude!”

This news made the Chihuahuas go insane-o  
around the rim of the volcano, singing:



*“Ding-a-ling, ding-a-long, ding-a-lito,*

*You are such a silly Skippito.*

*(clap-clap)*

*You know what dogs think:*

*(clap-clap)*

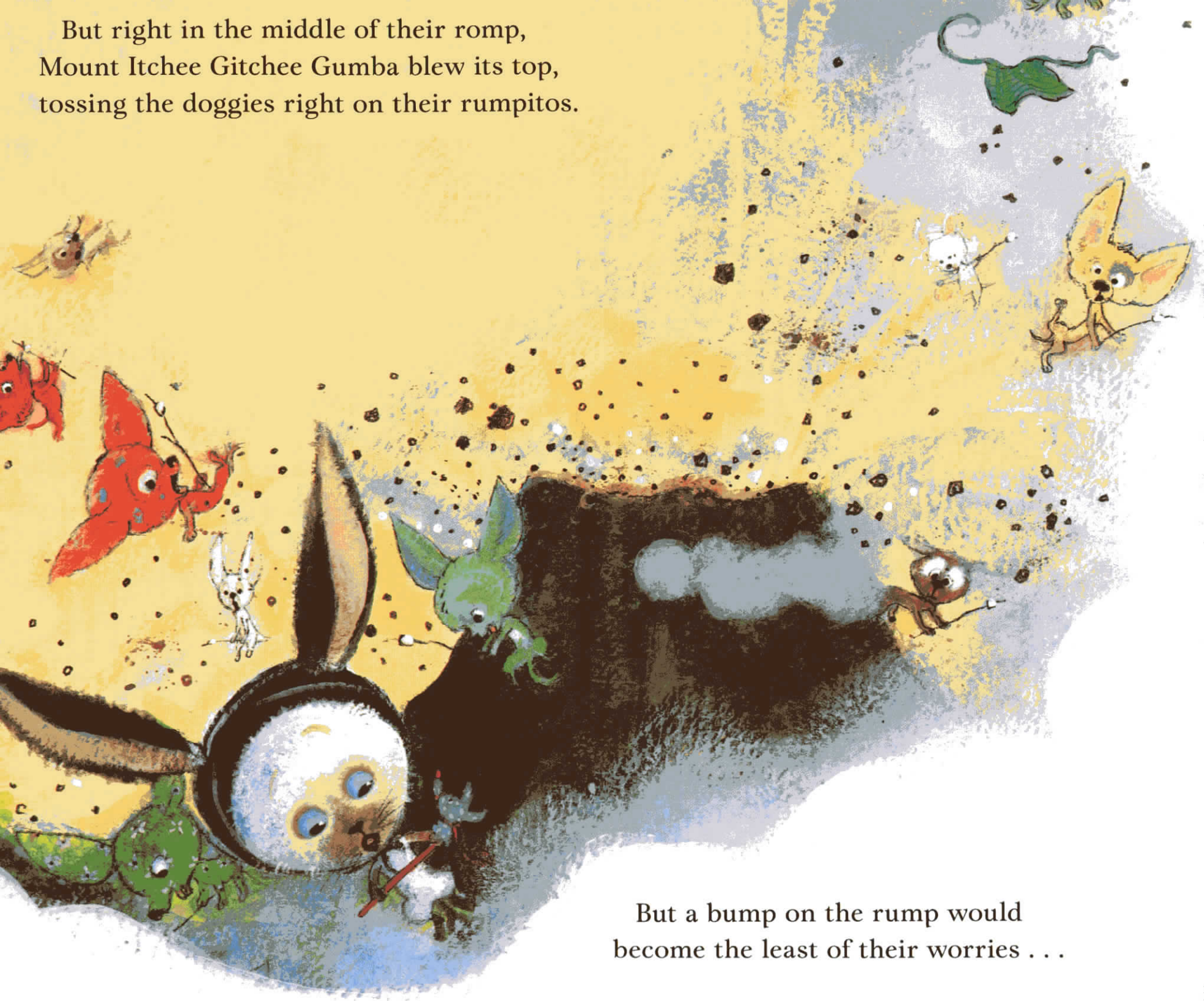
*If it's good it must stink!*

*Plus it's great for the old snifferito!”*

*(clap-clap)*



But right in the middle of their romp,  
Mount Itchee Gitchee Gumba blew its top,  
tossing the doggies right on their rumpitos.



But a bump on the rump would  
become the least of their worries . . .

... because **BOOM BOOM**

(BOOM BOOM)

**boom boom...**

the earth began to tremble and shake.

*“¡Terremoto!”* shouted  
Poquito Tito, panic-stricken.

“It’s not an earthquake-ito,” said  
Skippito, peeking through the bushes.

“It’s a **T. Mexito!**”




And he wasn't the only *dinosaurio*.

There were big ones  
and small ones,

feathered and bald ones.





Some were spiky and frilled  
(with a look that could kill).

And they were all doing  
the very same thing:  
they were dancing.

A large, red, scaly dinosaur is the central focus, moving from the top left towards the bottom right. A blue dog is riding on its back. Numerous small, colorful dogs (red, pink, green, brown, white) are scattered around, some running and some jumping. The background is a warm, yellowish-orange wash.

“¡Ay, *Caramba!*  
It’s the *rumba!*!”  
cheered the Chimichangos.

And before Skippito could warn them, the rascalitos had shimmied and shook their way into the dance line.

“*This is loco!*” wailed Skippito.  
“You will be crushed like *crisпитos* beneath the dinos’ toes-titos!”



But the pupitos did not hear.  
They were too busy singing:

*“Itchee Gitchee Gumba!*

*Dinos do the rumba*

*With jumbo jaws*

*And giant claws,*

*With horns and beaks*

*And scaly peaks.*

*Itchee Gitchee Gumba!*

*Chimichangos do the rumba*

*With great big hearts*

*And tiny parts,*

*With knobby knees*

*And lots of fleas.*

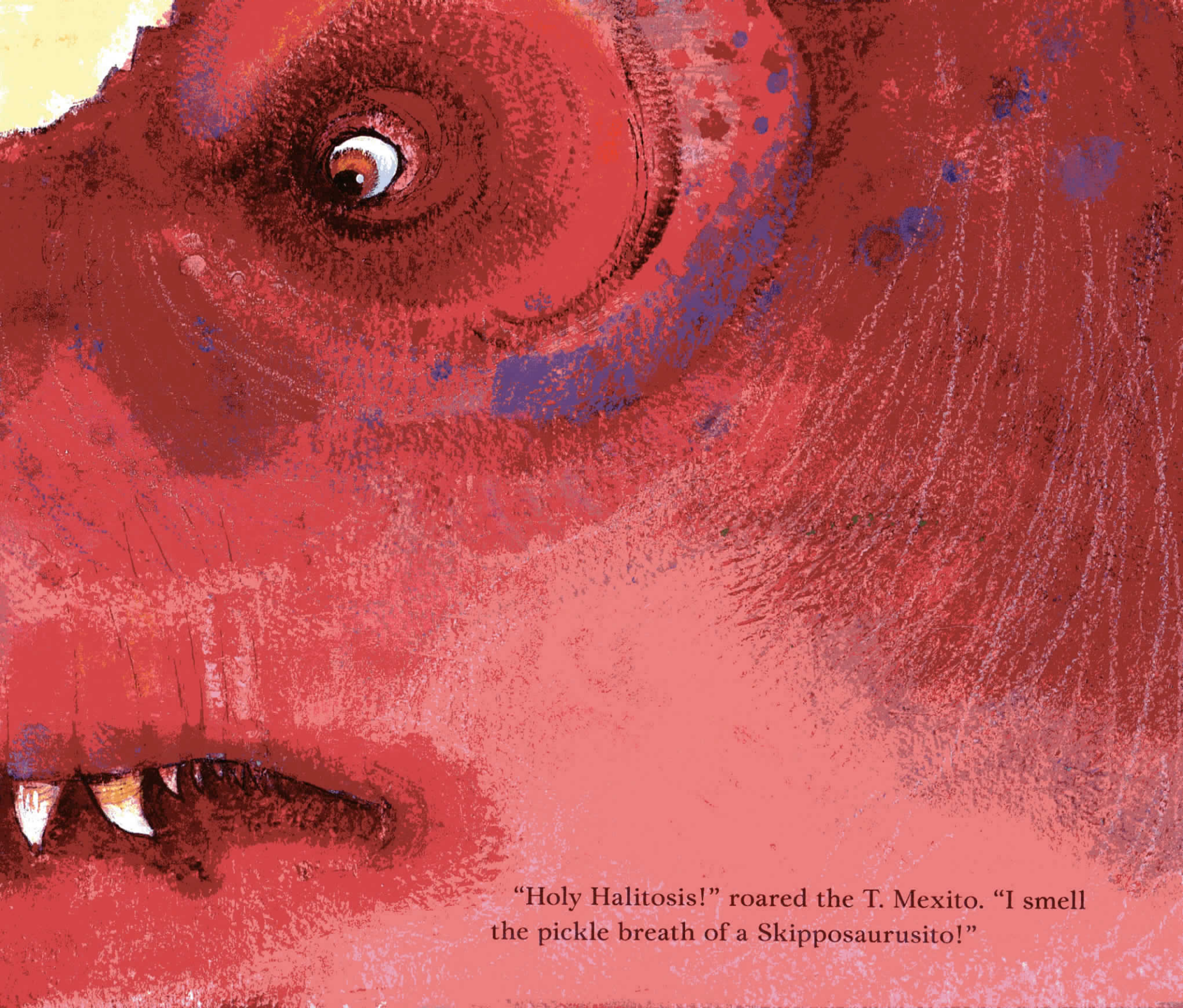
*Itchee Gitchee Gumba!”*

But something had to be done to save them.  
And quicker than you can say *Pachycephalosaurus*,  
Skippito let out a . . .

*big Jurassic-o*  
**bark!**

RRRRRRRRRRRRuffffffff!





“Holy Halitosis!” roared the T. Mexito. “I smell the pickle breath of a Skipposaurusito!”

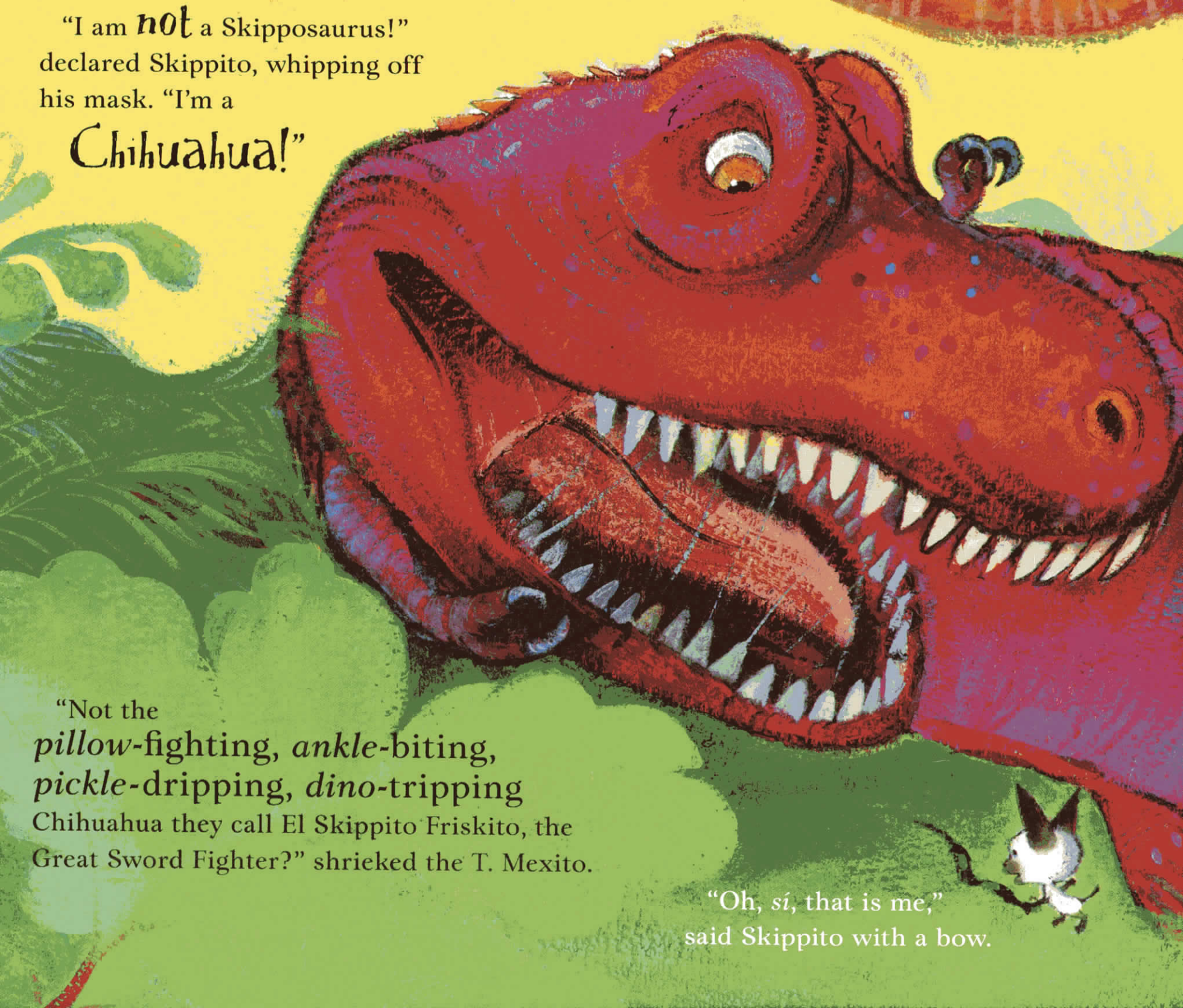


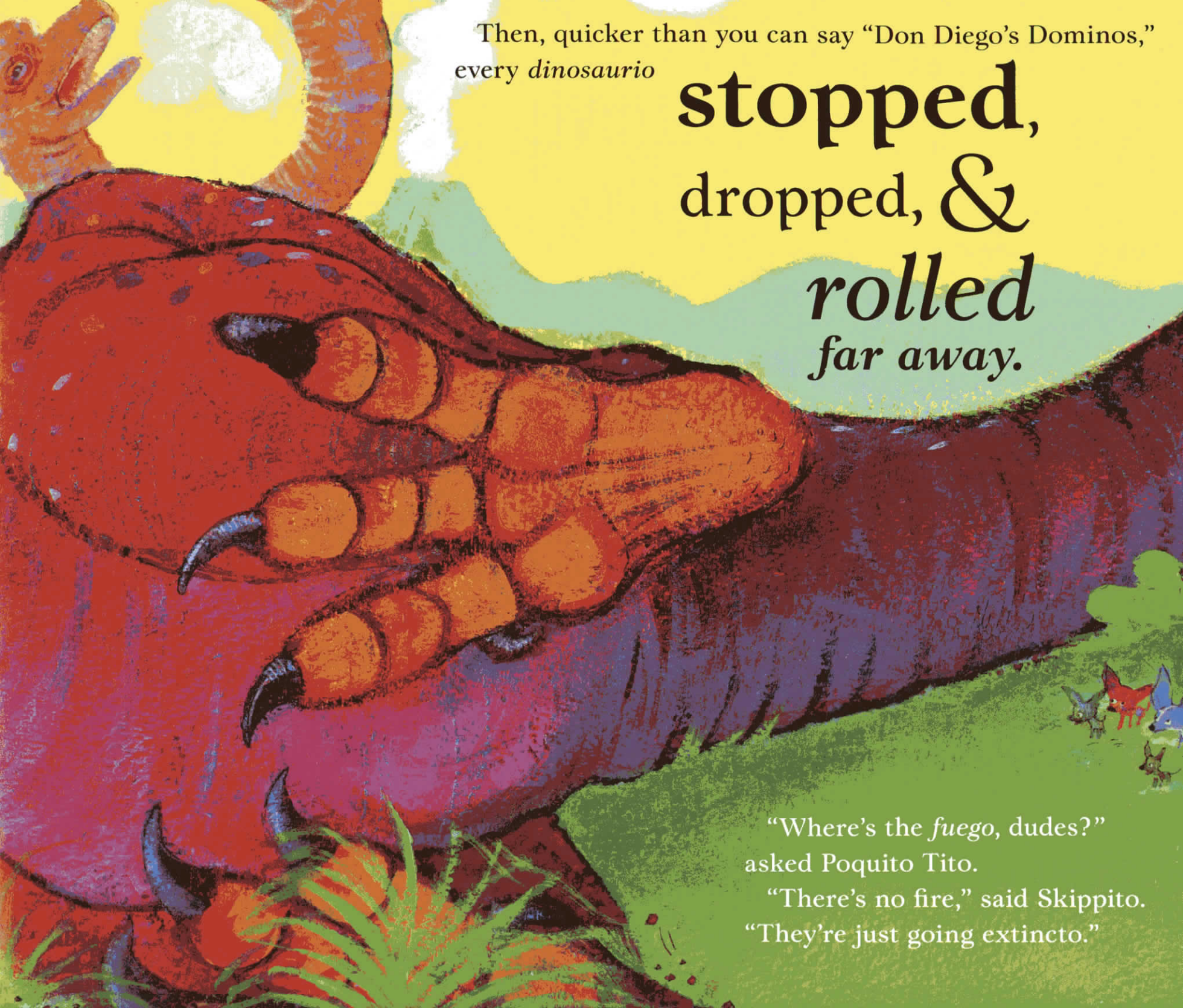
"I am *not* a Skipposaurus!"  
declared Skippito, whipping off  
his mask. "I'm a

*Chihuahua!*"

"Not the  
*pillow-fighting, ankle-biting,*  
*pickle-dripping, dino-tripping*  
Chihuahua they call El Skippito Friskito, the  
Great Sword Fighter?" shrieked the T. Mexito.

"Oh, *sí*, that is me,"  
said Skippito with a bow.





Then, quicker than you can say “Don Diego’s Dominos,”  
every *dinosaurio*

**stopped,**  
dropped, &  
*rolled*  
far away.

“Where’s the *fuego*, dudes?”  
asked Poquito Tito.

“There’s no fire,” said Skippito.  
“They’re just going extincto.”

“Muy bueno, Skippito! We love the stinkito!”  
agreed the Chihuahuas. And they tossed him  
into the air.

“Diggeree diggeroo diggerito! (clap-clap)

We learned something new from Skippito!  
He scares them to death

With his old pickle breath,  
And that’s how  
we get fossilitos!”

(clap-clap)



Then, all of a sudden,

**BOOM BOOM**

(BOOM BOOM)

**boom**

***boom.***

The earth began to tremble and shake.  
Every head popped up and sniffed.

*“Dinosaurios,”* whispered the *perritos*.

“No,” said Skippito. “They are extincto.”

“Sí,” said the Chihuahuas. “Es *muy stinkito*.”

But it wasn't the *dinosaurios*  
that smelled . . .



... it was *Darwin*, and he was  
knock  
knock  
knockin'  
on Skippy's closet door.



Then, *click*. The door opened and out tumbled the kitty boy on an avalanche of old dog bones.

The next thing he knew, the kitty boy was waking up on the couch.

“What happened?” asked Skippyjon.

“Don’t you remember, Sugar Beet?” asked Mama Junebug Jones. “You decided to return Darwin’s dog bones.”



“All of them?” asked Skippy.

“That’s right, dumplin’,” said Mama, proudly.

That very same night, the kitty boy found Mr. Purrfect still sitting in the corner all covered in bones.

“My Skipposaurus,” he whispered. Then he dragged the cat over to his big-boy bed for a good-night bounce.



“Oh, I’m *Skippyjonjones*,  
And I’m not a dog fighter,  
But I still have some bones  
'Cuz I’m the decider.”

Then he decided to go to sleep.





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