

www.queridokind.nl
www.annie-mg.com
www.fiepwestendorp.nl

Annie M.G. Schmidt
Jip and Janneke

Illustrated by Fiep Westendorp

Translated by David Colmer



Original title: *Jip en Janneke* (deel 1: *Poppejans gaat varen en andere verhalen*)

Copyright text © 1963, 2005 by the Estate of Annie M.G. Schmidt.
Copyright illustrations © 1963, 1984, 2005 by illustre bv; Fiep Westendorp Illustrations. *Copyright translation* © 2008 by David Colmer. Niets uit deze uitgave mag worden verveelvoudigd en/of openbaar gemaakt, in enige vorm of op welke wijze ook, zonder voorafgaande schriftelijke toestemming van Em. Querido's Uitgeverij BV, Singel 262, 1016 AC Amsterdam.

Cover Pauline Hoogweg
Coverillustration Fiep Westendorp

ISBN 978 90 451 0614 4 / NUR 281



Amsterdam Antwerpen
Em. Querido's Uitgeverij BV
2008

Contents

- Jip and Janneke play together 7
Jip's got a ponytail 9
Dolly-Dee is sick 12
Apples for Grandpa 15
The baby looks like a piglet 18
A bite each 21
Rice-pudding dog 24
Janneke is a bit fluey 26
Jip hates tea 29
Cutting out pictures 32
Ten red nails and one red nose 35
Dolly-Dee goes sailing 38
Saint Nicholas 41
A laughing wolf 44
Jip the teacher 47
A snowman with a broom 51
An aunty with a car 54
Janneke's birthday party 57
Too many stamps 60
Bear falls out of the plane 63
Sippy doesn't want to go for a walk 66
Bouncy 68
A bump and a bandage 71
Walking through a big puddle 73
Eggs in the garden 76
A box on wheels 79
Planting flowers 81
Jip telephones Janneke 84
Two bars of chocolate 87
Janneke is missing 90
Janneke comes to stay 93
The shoemaker 96
A nest with eggs 99
A kangaroo in the porridge oats 102
Paddling 105
Jip fights with a billy goat 108
Jip sings in the street 111
Jip hoses down poor kitty 114
An uncle with a beard 117
They come home with a dog 120
Weenie is a good boy 123
Jip cuts himself 126
Weenie carries everything 129
Plasticine people 132
Weenie comes to dinner 135
Weenie is gone 138
Weenie in the ditch 141
Jip and Janneke get married 143
Who can eat the most pancakes? 146
Jip is a girl 149



A note on pronunciation

The Dutch name Jip is pronounced 'Yip'.

Janneke is a little more difficult. It might be easiest to think of as 'Yannicka', with the 'a' as in 'father' and a firm stress on the first syllable.

Jip and Janneke play together

Jip walked around the garden and he was *so* bored. But look, he's spotted something. A hole in the hedge. *What's on the other side of the hedge?* Jip wondered. *A palace? A gate? A knight in armour?* He sat down on the ground and looked through the hole.

And what did he see? A little nose. And a little mouth. And two blue eyes. It was a girl. A little girl who was exactly the same size as Jip.

'Who are you?' Jip asked.

'Janneke,' the girl answered. 'I live here.'

'You didn't live here yesterday,' said Jip.

'I live here today,' said Janneke. 'Are you coming to play?'

'I'll crawl through the hole,' said Jip.

He pushed his head through the hole first. And

then one arm. And then the other arm. And then he got stuck. Janneke pulled one arm. And then she pulled the other arm. But it didn't help. Jip was stuck. And Jip started to cry. And then he screamed.

Jip's father came running up in one garden. And Janneke's father came running up in the other garden. And together they helped Jip back through the hole.

'So, Jip,' his father said, 'now you've got a little friend next door. But you have to go out the front door like a good boy, and then in through Janneke's front door. And then you can play together.'

And that's what they did. Jip and Janneke played together. One day they played in Jip's garden. And the next day they played in Janneke's garden. They played mummies and daddies.



Jip's got a ponytail

Jip is at the barber's. *Snip, snip*, go the scissors. And Jip says, 'Ow!'

'I'm not hurting you,' says the barber. 'How old are you anyway? I didn't even touch you.'

Snip, snip, go the scissors. And Jip hates it. He just hates it. He keeps shouting, 'Ow, ow!'

'Just a little bit more,' says the barber.

But Jip shouts 'Ow!' one more time. He jumps up and runs out of the shop wearing the white barber's cape.

'Hey, where are you going?' the barber shouts. 'You're not finished yet! Just a little longer!'

But Jip has had enough. He runs very fast. And the barber runs very fast after him. But Jip is faster. He's almost home and the barber shrugs and gives up.

Jip sits down by the side of the road. He is still wearing the white barber's cape. He's crying because he was so scared.

Here comes Janneke. She sees Jip sitting there. And she starts laughing. She can't help it. 'You look really silly,' she says.

Jip looks up and stops crying.

'You've got a ponytail on top of your head,' says Janneke. And she snorts with laughter. 'You've got a ponytail and you're wearing a serviette.'

And it's true. Jip is almost completely bald, but there is a tuft of hair left on the top of his head. Just like a little ponytail.

Janneke laughs so much it makes Jip angry. 'I'm not going back to the barber's,' he says.

'Then you'll have to walk around with a ponytail for the rest of your life,' Janneke says. 'Jip's got a ponytail, Jip's got a ponytail!'

That really is horrible. Having Janneke laugh at him! That's too much. Jip gets up very slowly and very slowly he walks back to the barber's. 'The ponytail has to come off,' he says.

'I told you that already!' grumbles the barber. 'You ran off before I was finished.' And Jip has to get back on the chair.

Snip, snip, go the scissors.

'There,' says the barber. 'Now it's done. Was it really that bad?'

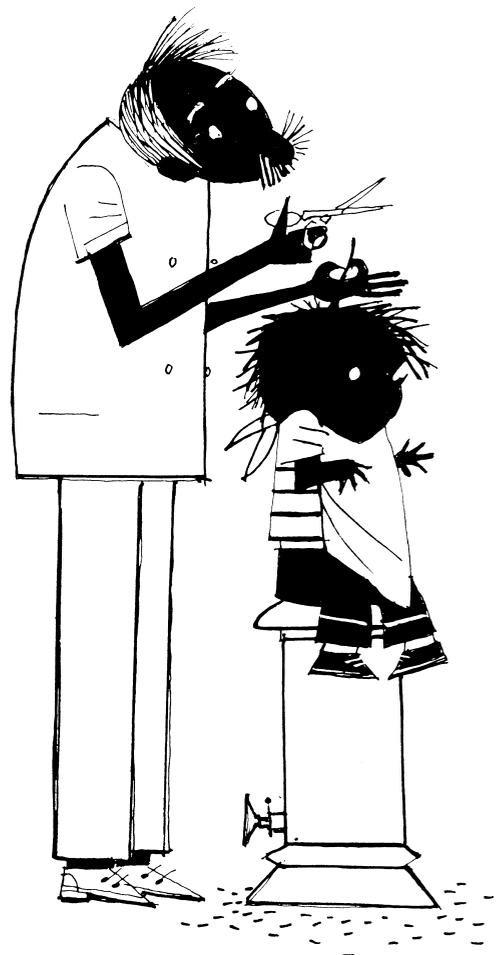
Jip smiles. The barber undoes the white cape

and Jip is back out on the street.

'My ponytail's gone,' he says to Janneke.

'I can see that,' says Janneke. 'It looked really, really silly.'

And then they play marbles.





Dolly-Dee is sick

What's wrong with Dolly-Dee? She is so sick!

'I'll call the doctor,' says Dolly-Dee's mother. And she grabs the tassel on the end of the curtain cord and shouts, 'Hello?'

'Hello,' says the doctor. He's over at the other curtain.

'Doctor, doctor, come quickly. Dolly-Dee is sick.'

'I'm on my way,' says the doctor. And here he is. His coat is dragging over the floor and his hat is resting on his nose and he's got a wooden spoon in one hand.

'Well, well,' says the doctor. 'I'll just examine her.' And he whacks Dolly-Dee on the head with the wooden spoon.

'No, doctor,' the doll's mother shouts, 'don't do that.'

'This child has fever,' says the doctor. 'She needs to soak in hot suds.'

'You don't soak in hot suds if you've got a fever,' says Dolly-Dee's mother.

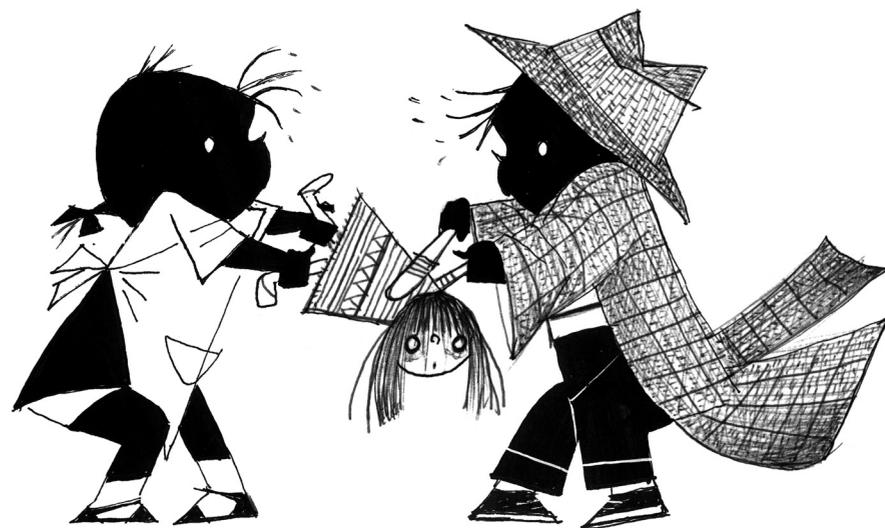
'Listen,' shouts the doctor, 'if you know so much about it, you should be the doctor.' And he grabs Dolly-Dee's leg. The little girl's mother grabs her other leg and they both pull hard. And they scream and they yell.

Janneke's mother rushes in and says, 'What's this? A doctor and a mummy pulling the child apart? I've never seen anything like it, ever.'

'Yes, but he...' says Janneke.

'Yes, but she...' says Jip.

'You can both have a cup of hot chocolate and a biscuit,' says the real mother, 'and you can put



Dolly-Dee back to bed and tuck her in, and then she'll get better by herself.'

They lay Dolly-Dee in her bed and she closes her eyes and thinks, *Thank goodness I've got a grandmother too.*



Apples for Grandpa

'Here's a basket of apples for you to take to Grandpa,' says Jip's mother. 'Carry the basket between you and give my love to Grandpa.'

Jip and Janneke walk along the road with the basket and after a while Jip says, 'There are red apples and green ones.'

'Yes,' says Janneke, 'the green ones taste better.'

'No, they don't,' Jip says, 'the red ones taste better.'

'Let's check,' says Janneke. They put down the basket and Janneke bites into a red apple. Jip bites into a green apple.

'This one tastes better,' says Jip.

'No, this one tastes better,' says Janneke.

Not all red apples taste the same.

'This one looks good. And so does this one,' says Jip.

'And that one,' says Janneke. They sit down on

the side of the road and soon they've tried all of the apples by biting a little piece out of each apple. You can see the teeth marks.

'This is terrible,' says Jip.

'Your grandpa is going to be really angry,' says Janneke.

They pick up the basket again and walk on sadly to Grandpa's house.

'Mother sends her love,' says Jip.

'And here's a basket of apples,' says Janneke.

'But they've all got bites out of them,' says Jip.

'We tried them,' says Janneke. And they both look very, very frightened.

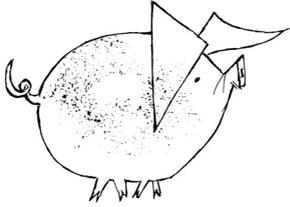
'Really,' says Grandpa, 'bites out of all of them? I bet that makes them taste a lot better. You know what, why don't we all eat one up?'

And that's what they do.

But later, when Jip tells Mother, she says, 'Grandpa is too kind for his own good.'

Do you think that's true?





The baby looks like a piglet

‘I’ve got a new cousin,’ says Janneke. ‘Do you want to come and have a look?’

‘Where is she?’ Jip asks.

‘At her house,’ says Janneke. ‘She’s brand-new. She’s really small.’

‘As small as Dolly-Dee?’ asks Jip.

‘Smaller,’ says Janneke. And together they go to the cousin’s house.

‘This is my Aunty Kate,’ says Janneke. ‘You can call her Aunty Kate too, Jip.’

‘You have to be very quiet,’ says Aunty Kate. ‘You have to walk on your tiptoes. The baby is asleep.’

Jip and Janneke tiptoe into the room. The baby is lying in its cradle. A cradle with curtains. Very gently they slide back the curtains.

‘Oh, she’s so little,’ says Jip.

‘Tiny,’ Janneke sighs.

But then the baby wakes up. It cries. It cries very loudly.



‘Why is she crying like that?’ Janneke asks. ‘Dolly-Dee never cries.’

‘She’s crying because she’s hungry,’ says Auntie Kate.

‘She looks just like the piglets,’ Jip says. ‘Farmer Jansen’s piglets. They don’t have any hair either.’

‘Would you like to have a little baby at home, Jip,’ asks Auntie Kate. ‘Wouldn’t you like to have a little sister?’

‘No,’ Jip says. ‘I’d rather have a real piglet. Can she play yet?’

But no, the baby can’t play yet. She’s too small.

Auntie Kate sends Jip and Janneke out of the room.

‘I think she’s boring,’ says Jip.

‘I don’t,’ says Janneke. ‘She’s cute. You haven’t even got a cousin.’

‘Mother,’ Jip shouts, ‘have I got a cousin?’

‘Of course you do,’ Mother says. ‘There’s Minnie in Amersfoort. She’s six. She’s a cousin.’

‘See,’ says Jip. ‘I’ve got a cousin. She’s six. She doesn’t look like a piglet.’

And now Janneke’s angry and stomps off.

‘Go over and talk to her in a minute,’ says Mother. ‘And tell her you think it’s a cute little piglet.’

And Jip does that. And by afternoon everything is all right again.



A bite each

There’s Janneke’s head poking around the door.

‘I’m going out to play,’ she says. ‘You coming?’

‘I’m not allowed yet,’ Jip moans. ‘I’ve got six pieces of bread left to eat.’

‘What’s on it?’ asks Janneke.

‘Jam,’ says Jip. ‘Chocolate jam.’

‘I’ll eat two,’ Janneke says, ‘and you can eat two. And then they’ll be finished.’

They both eat two and look, there are still two pieces left.

‘A bite each,’ says Janneke, and after they’ve both had a bite, there is just one piece left.

‘I don’t want any more,’ says Janneke.

‘Me neither,’ says Jip.

‘Has Bear had anything to eat?’ asks Janneke.

‘Yes,’ says Jip, ‘he’s already had four sandwiches.’

‘Do you think he’d like another little piece?’

And together they give Bear a piece of bread.

But Bear keeps his mouth clamped shut.

‘See,’ says Jip. ‘He’s full too.’

‘He has to!’ Janneke says. ‘He has to get big and strong.’

And they try again.

‘Now it’s finished,’ says Jip. And he’s right, the piece of bread is gone, there are only crumbs left.

‘Let’s go and play outside,’ says Janneke.

And after they’ve gone outside, Bear is all alone at the table. He’s brown and sticky from the chocolate jam. But he looks very proud, because he’s had four whole sandwiches. And a little piece too!

