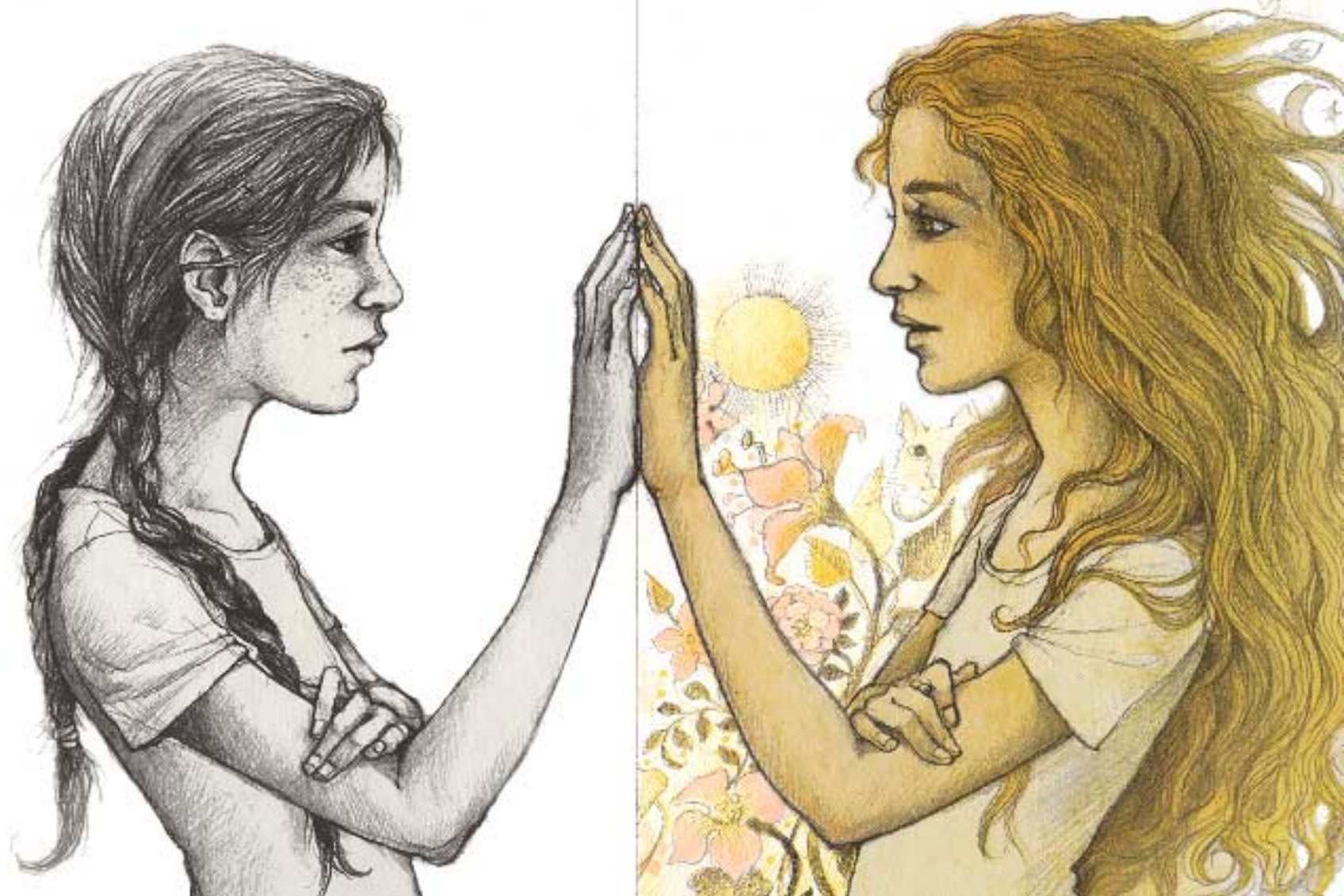


JANE, WISHING

TOBI TOBIAS

pictures by trina schart hymann



Jane, Wishing

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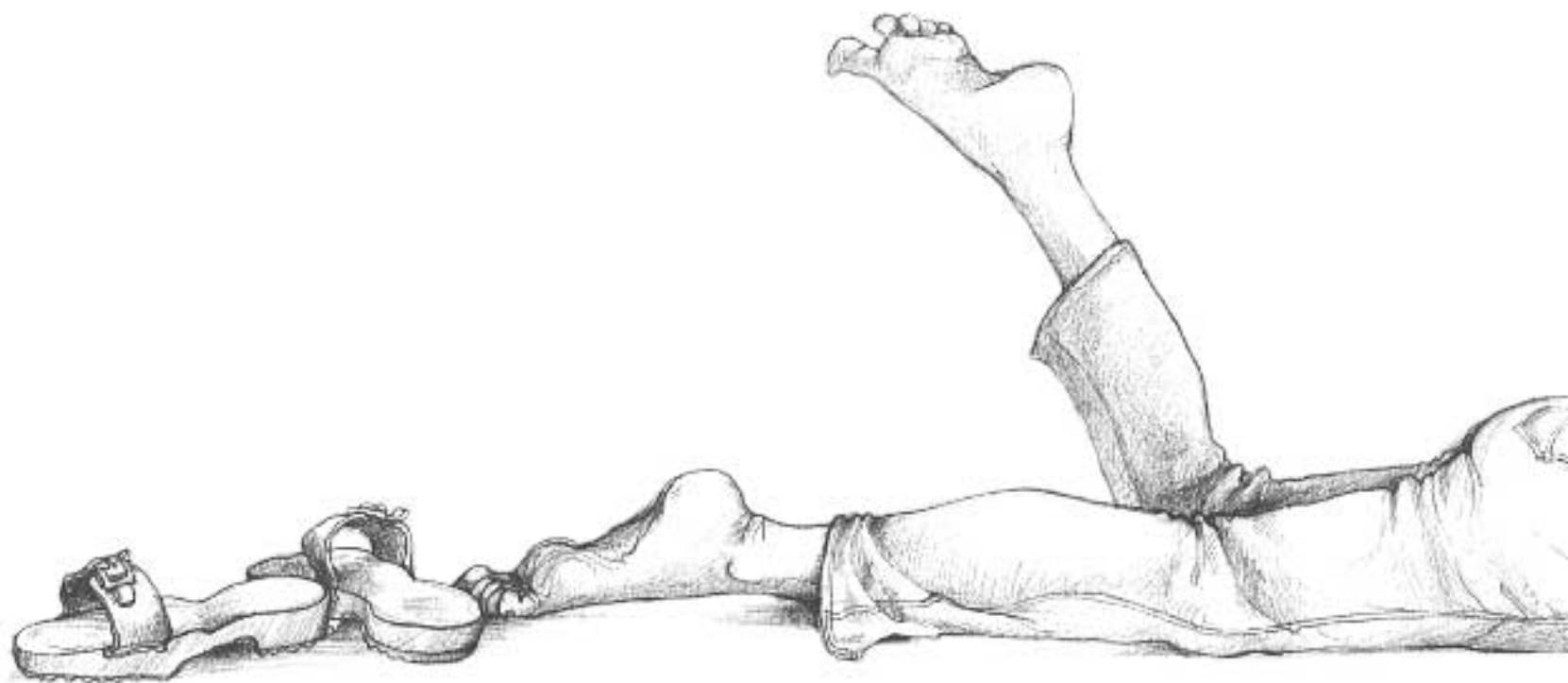
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for my mother



JANE, WISHING
TOBI TOBLAS

pictures by trina schart hyman







Jane wished she had long red hair, thick and waving,
down to her waist, and that her mother would let her
wear it loose every day, not just for parties.

*Braids for school, loose
for special occasions.*

Red hair doesn't run in our family.



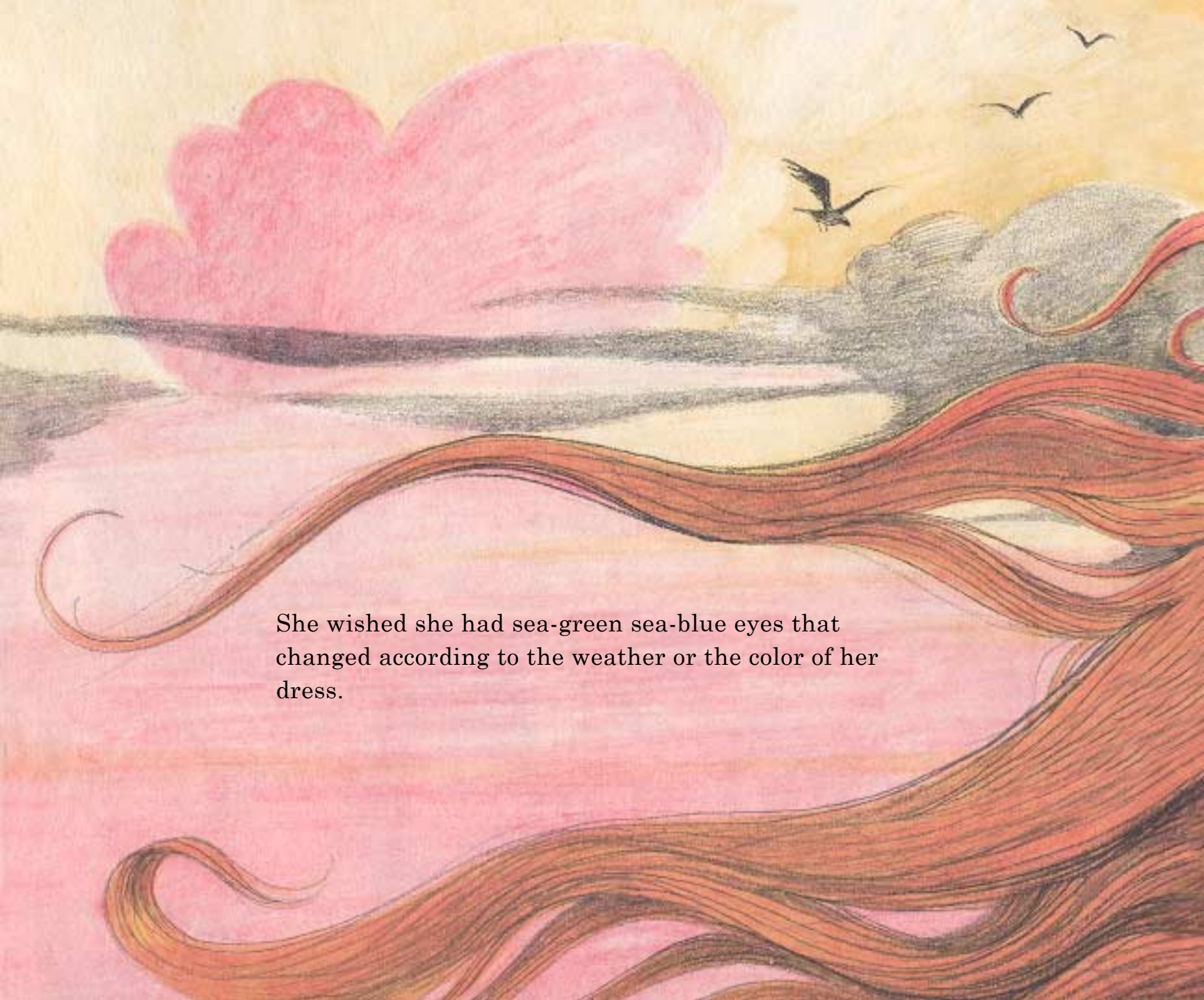
*Personally I like blond hair the best.
Especially when it's curly. Sort of like
mine.*



*Who cares about
dumb hair?*

*Jane, it's shampoo time and please
make sure you brush your hair very
well first so it doesn't come out all
tangles. You know what it felt like
last time, combing out those wet
knots.*





She wished she had sea-green sea-blue eyes that
changed according to the weather or the color of her
dress.



*You have nice brown eyes, like your
Daddy. What's wrong with brown
eyes?*



*I have blue eyes. Grandma
said she likes blue best.*

*Jane Lang, you have plain honest
eyes in a plain honest face and I like
the way you look. I wouldn't have you
any different.*

*You're just saying that
because you're her father.*

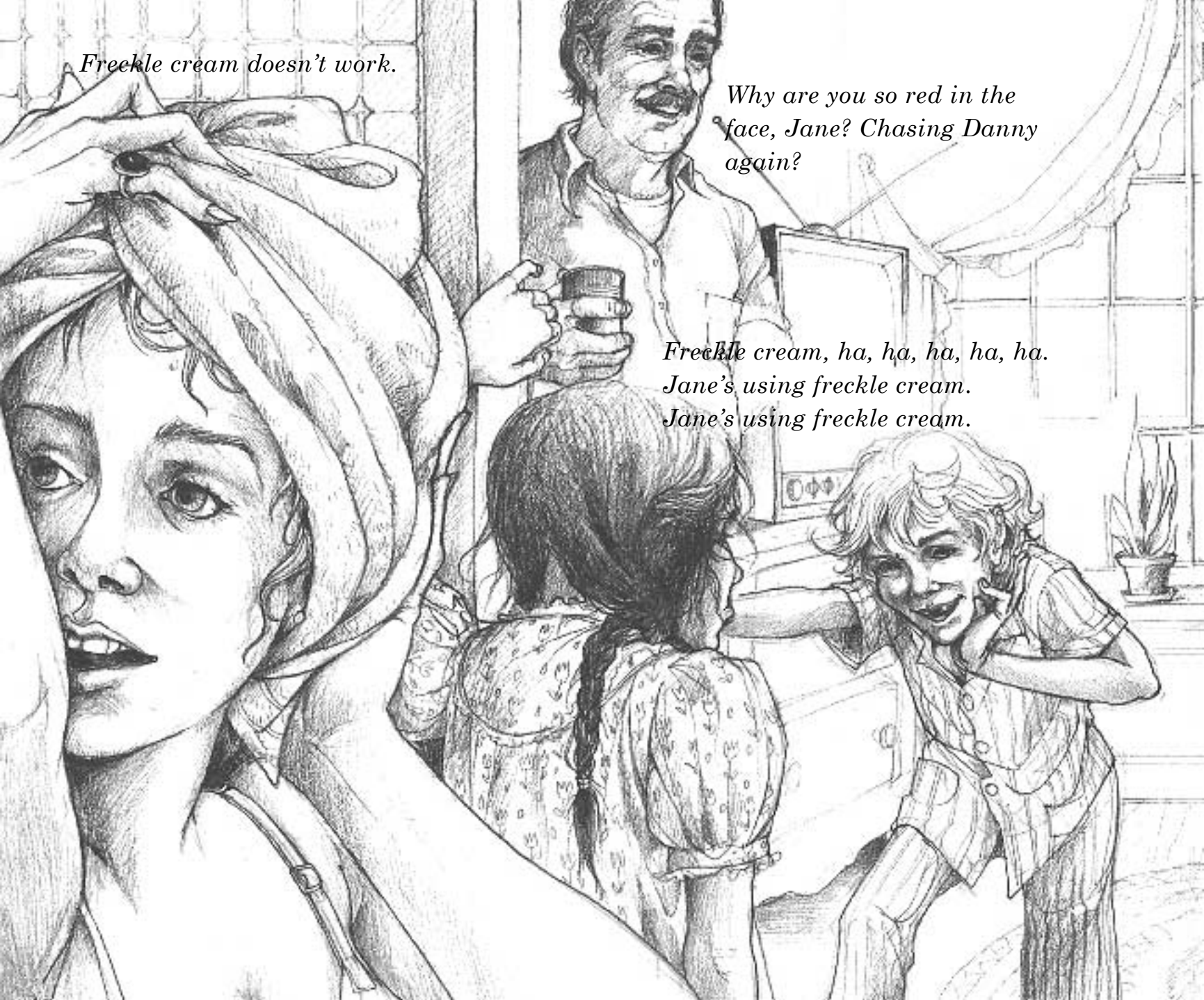
*Now listen here, Daniel, you know I
never said I liked blue best. I said I
liked blue. But I like brown exactly
the same.*





She wished she had pale skin that you could almost see through, like Melissa Grant's down the block, and that her cheeks would flush pink when she was excited, the way princesses' do, in stories.



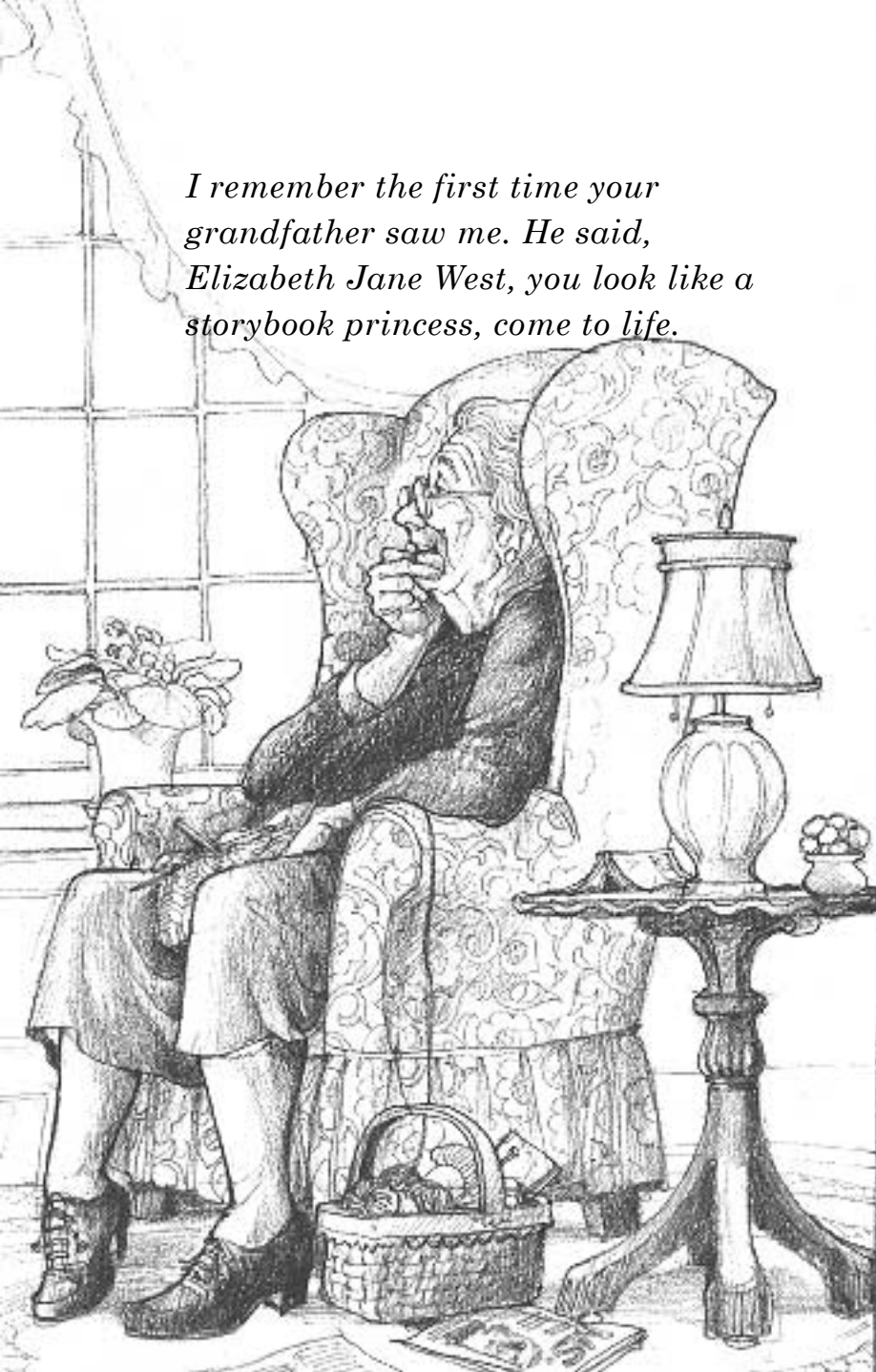


Freckle cream doesn't work.

*Why are you so red in the
face, Jane? Chasing Danny
again?*

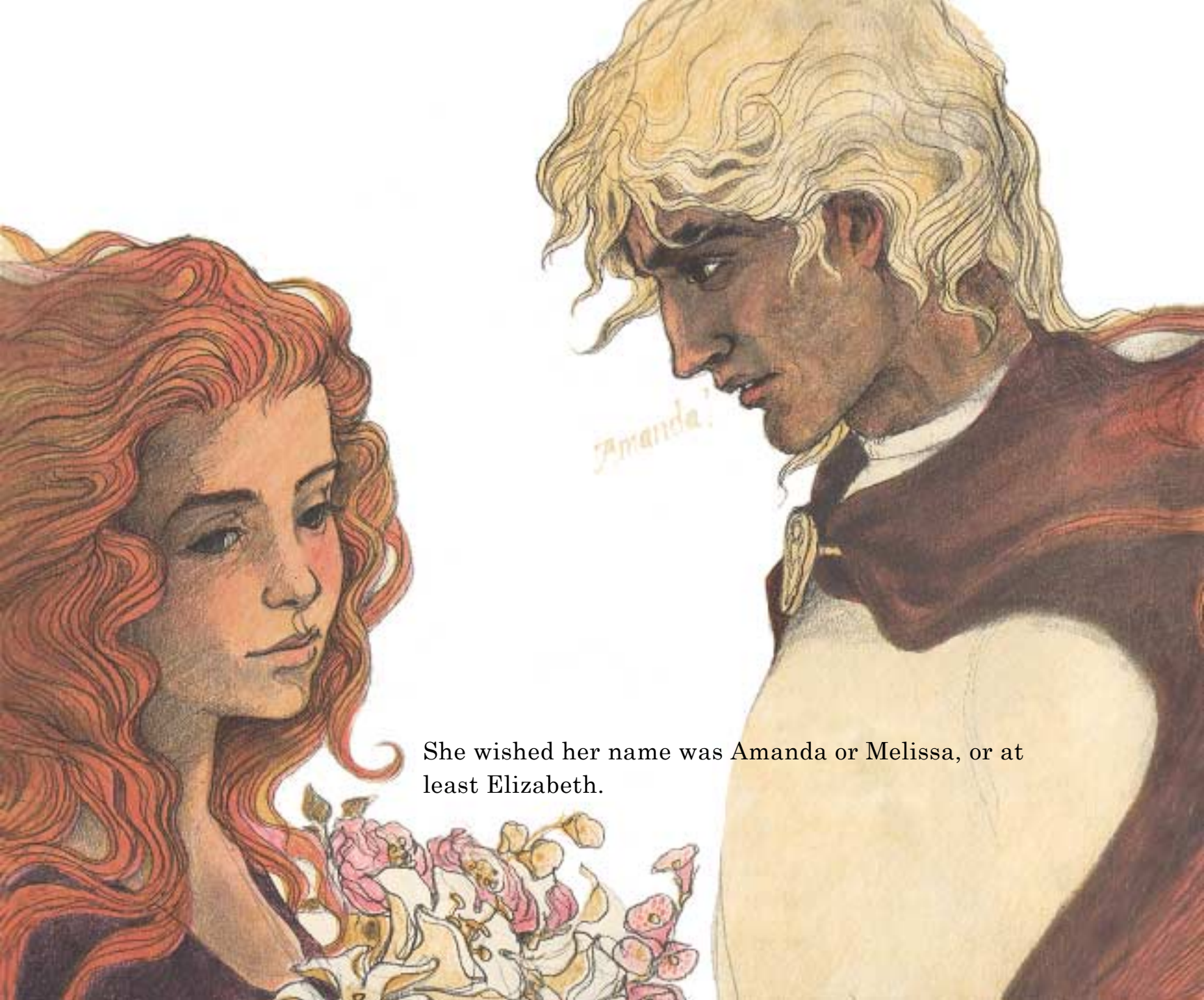
*Freckle cream, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Jane's using freckle cream.
Jane's using freckle cream.*

*I remember the first time your
grandfather saw me. He said,
Elizabeth Jane West, you look like a
storybook princess, come to life.*



*You don't still read those dopey
fairy tales, do you?*





Amanda!

She wished her name was Amanda or Melissa, or at least Elizabeth.




*I read somewhere you can change
your name when you get older. To
anything you want. And no one can
stop you, not even your mother and
father. I'm going to be Deirdre when
I grow up.*

I like Jane. What's wrong with Jane?

*Deirdre, ugh. That's
even worse than Melissa.*

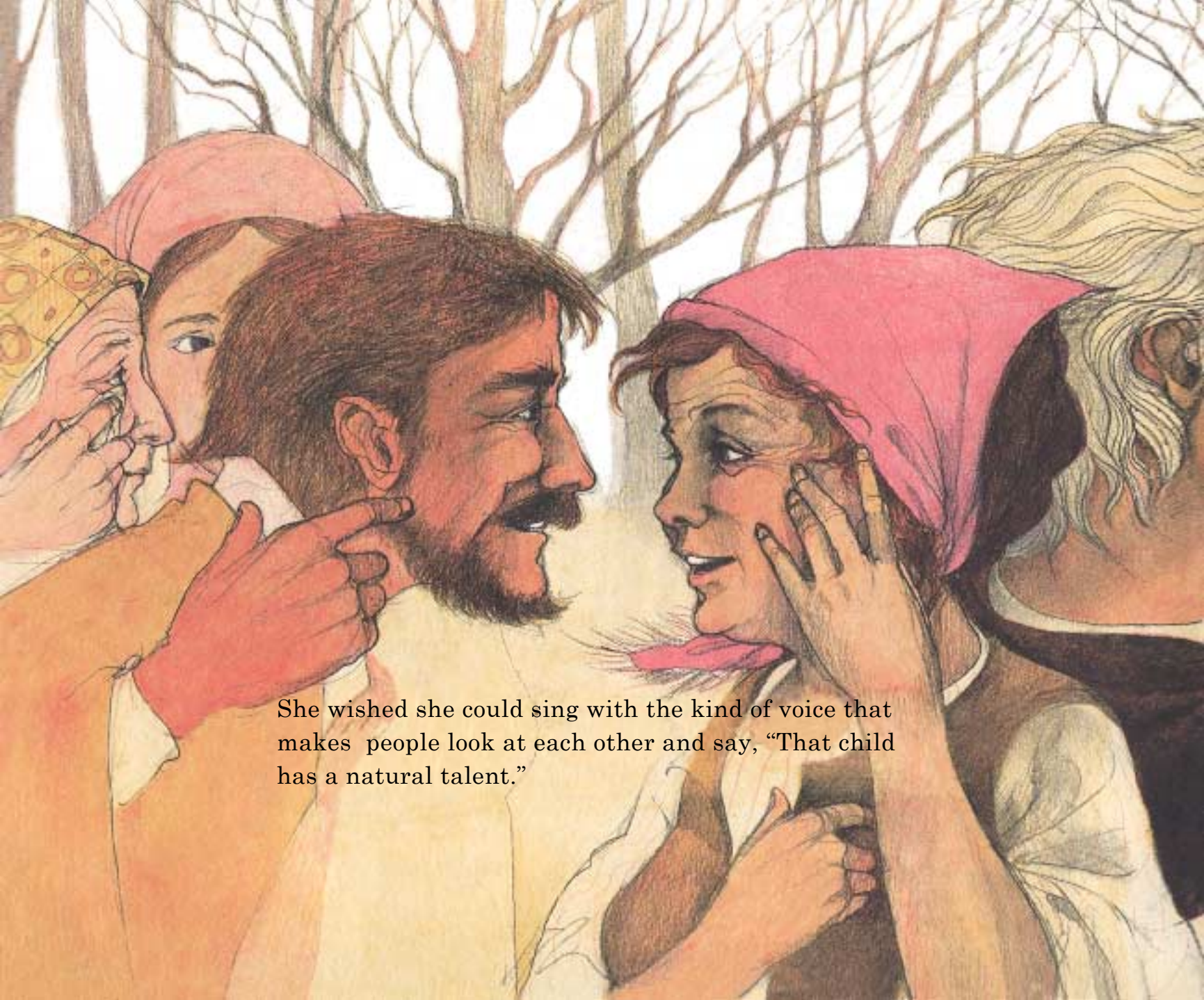




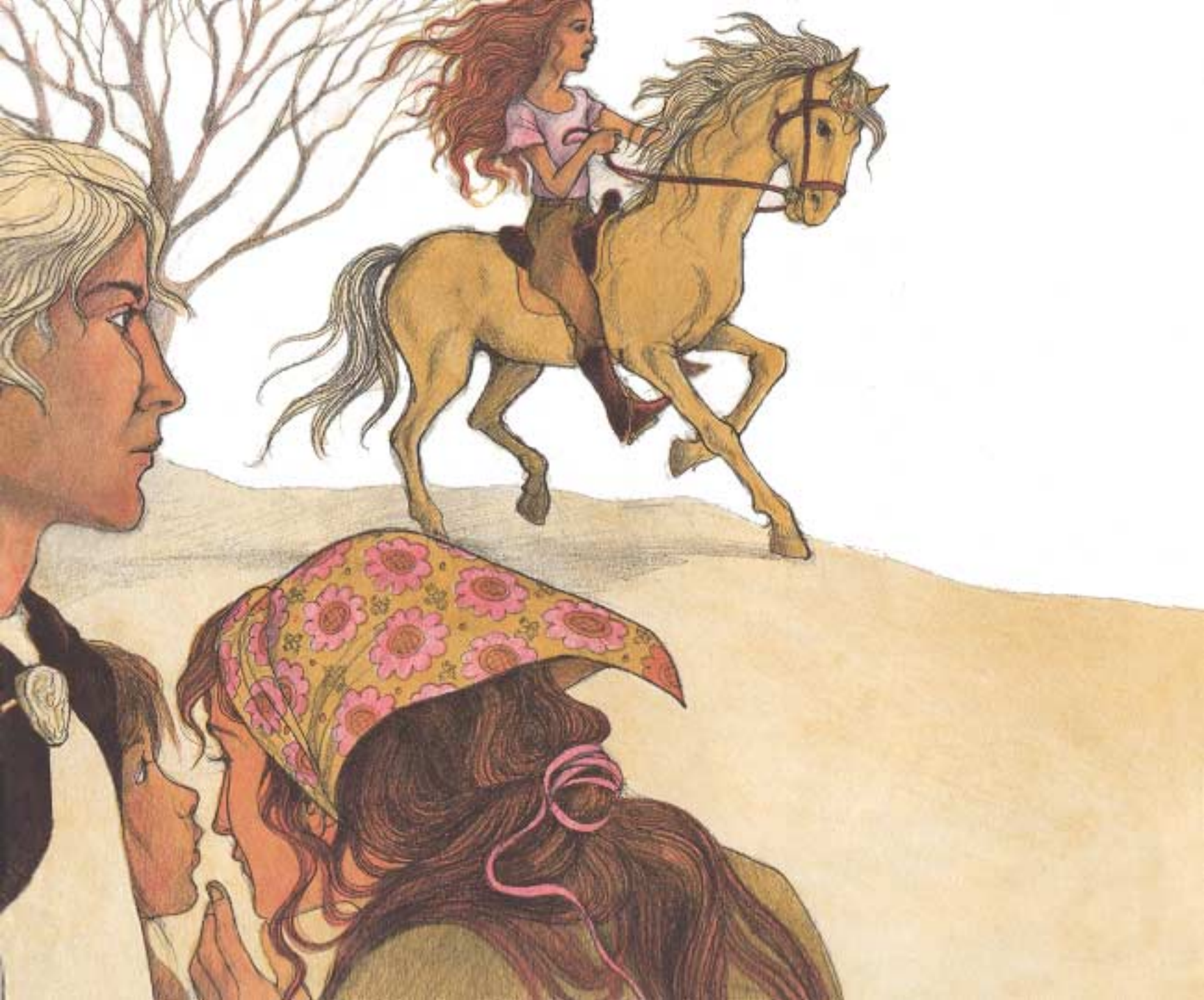
*Jane Sarah Lang, I'm warning you, if
you touch your little brother just one
more time . . .*


*Plain Jane. Gives me a pain.
Plain Jane. Gives me a pain.
Plain Jane. Gives me—
Mommy, Jane kicked me.*

*We've always had the name Jane
in our family.*



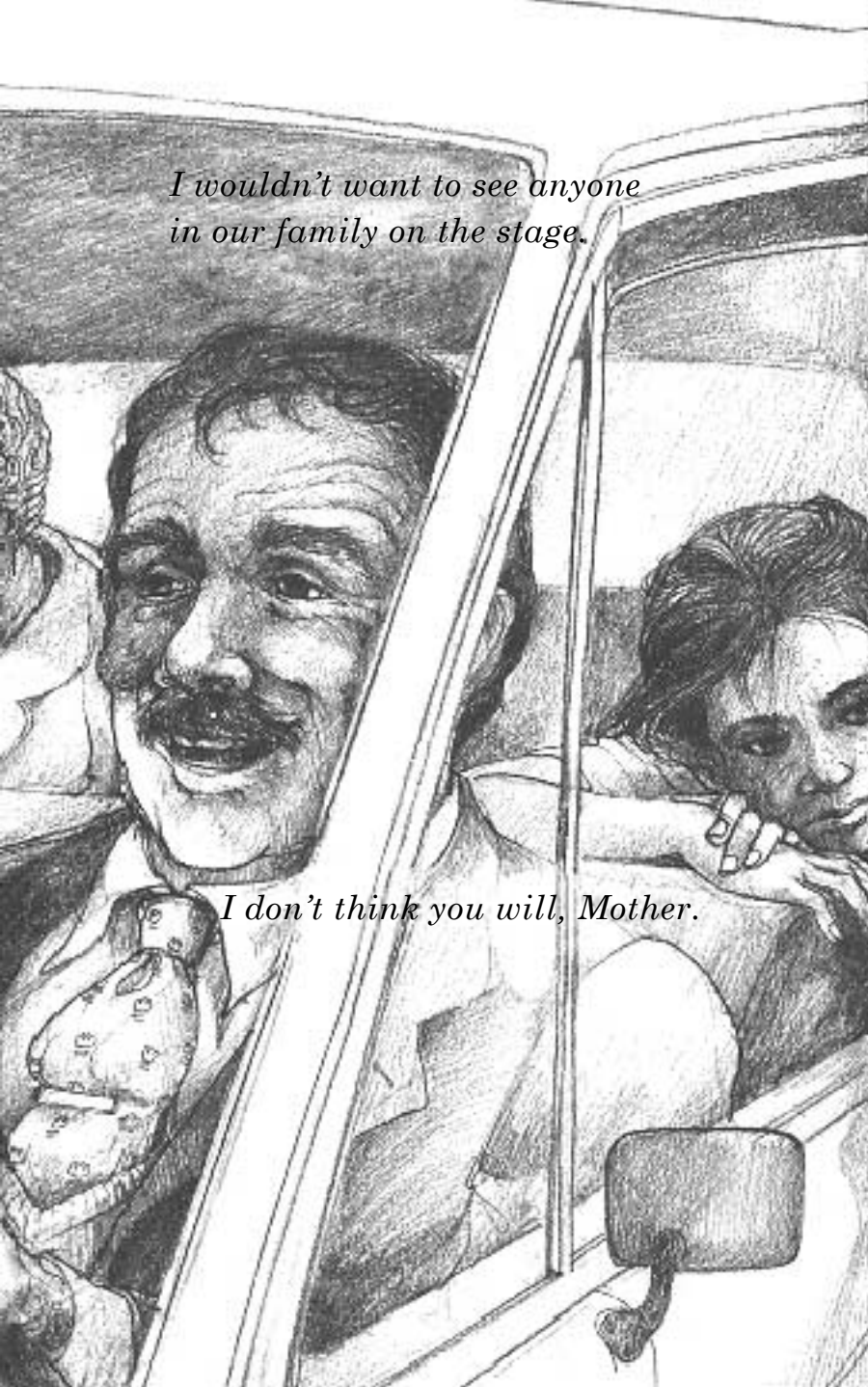
She wished she could sing with the kind of voice that makes people look at each other and say, "That child has a natural talent."





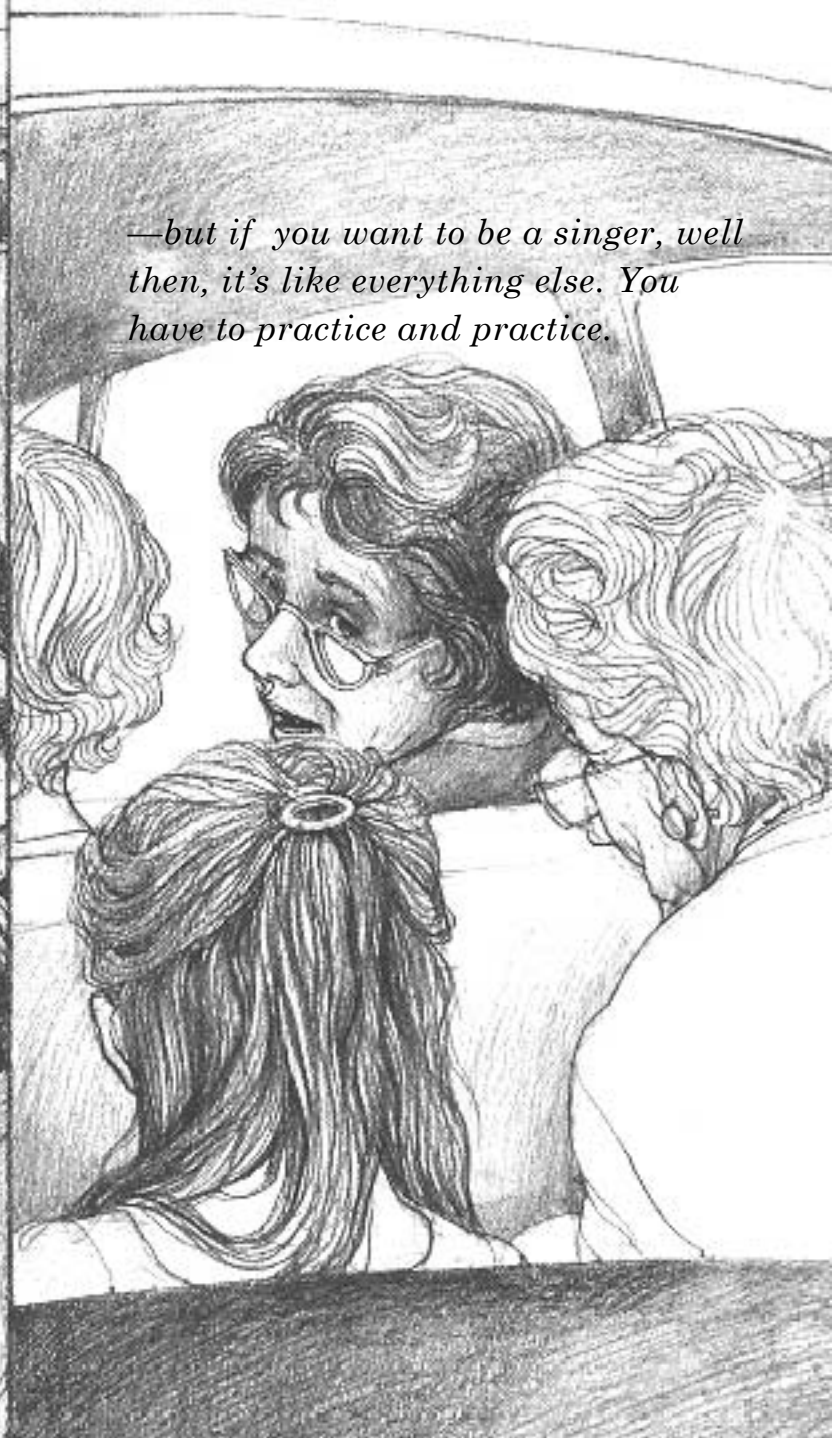
*I thought you wanted to be a ballerina.
That's what you said last week.
You're just jealous because last time
in ballet class Madame said I was so
graceful.*

Jane, dear, you paint very well—

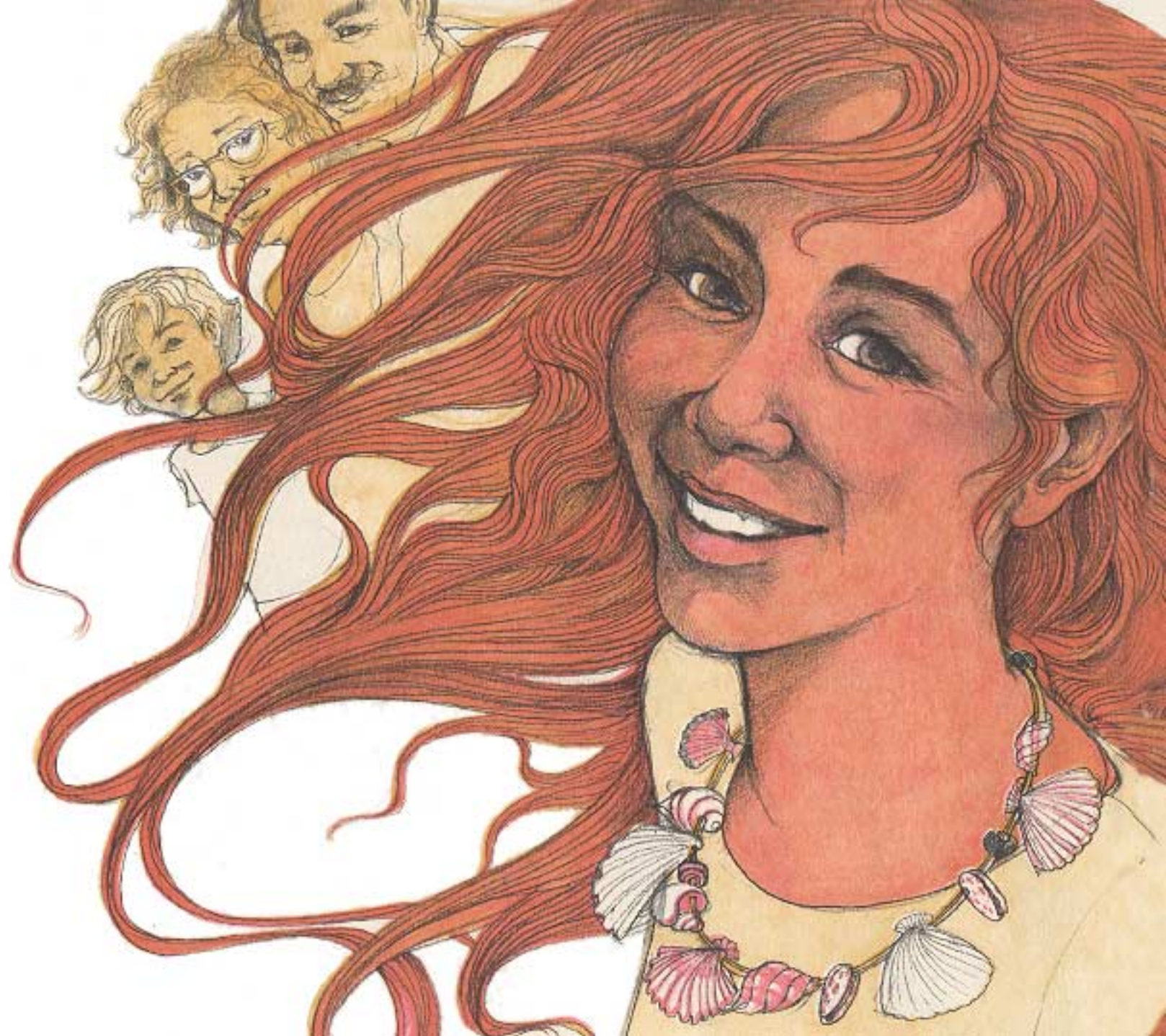
A black and white illustration showing a man with a mustache and a woman looking out of a car window. The man is in the foreground, smiling slightly, wearing a suit and a patterned tie. The woman is behind him, looking out the window. The car's interior and window frame are visible.

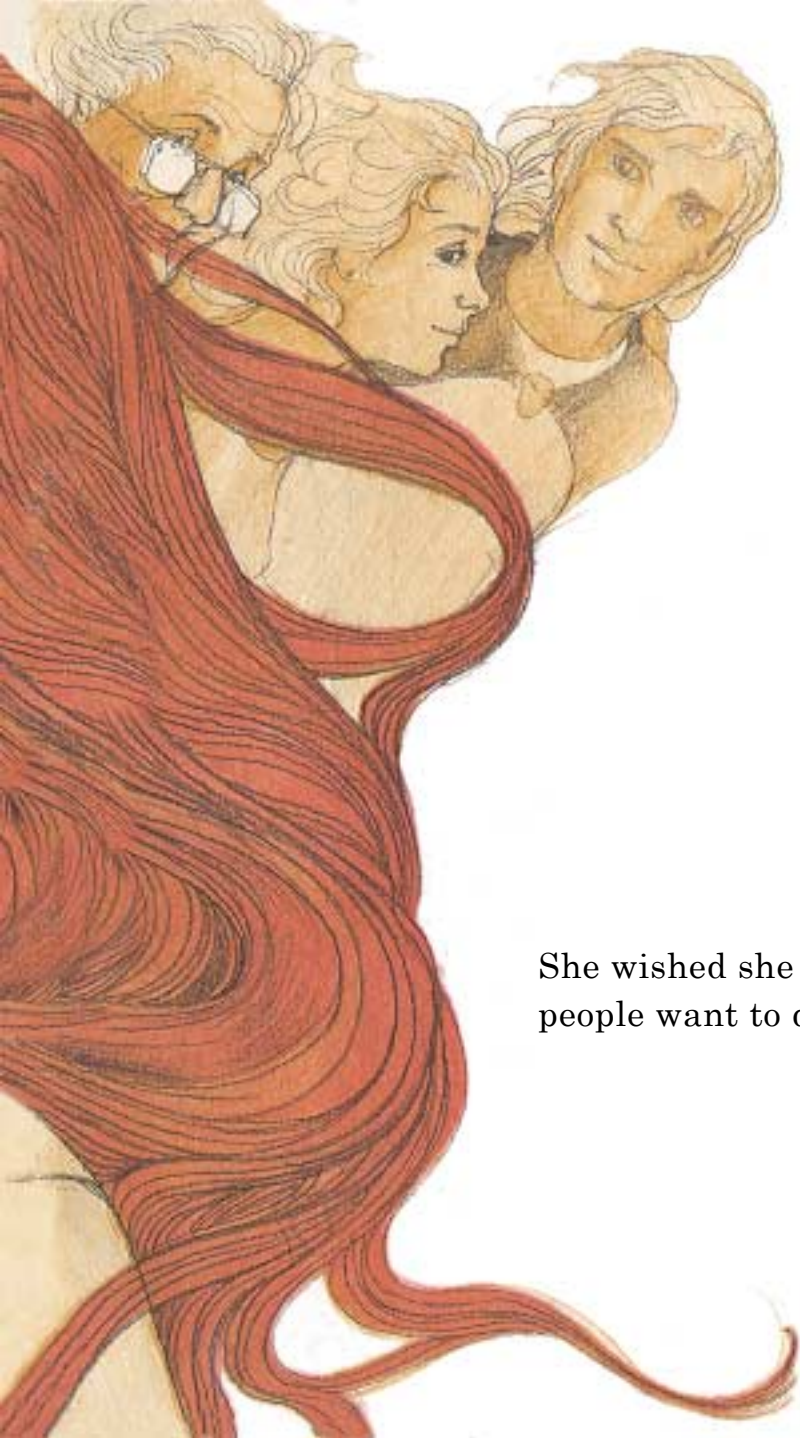
*I wouldn't want to see anyone
in our family on the stage.*

I don't think you will, Mother.

A black and white illustration showing three women looking out of a car window. The woman in the center is wearing glasses and has her mouth open as if speaking. The woman on the left has long hair with a large bow. The woman on the right is older with short, curly hair. They are all looking out the window with expressions of concern or surprise.

*—but if you want to be a singer, well
then, it's like everything else. You
have to practice and practice.*





She wished she had the kind of smile that made people want to do things for her.

*I want my children to stand
on their own two feet.*



*No, why should I make your bed
for you? Make your own bed.*

*Why is Jane walking around with
that dopey expression on her face?*




*Sometimes, Jane, I think you
should have been a princess.*

*Look, Jane, everyone in this house
has chores to do and I expect you to do
your share. Now, giving Sam his bath
is your job and . . .*

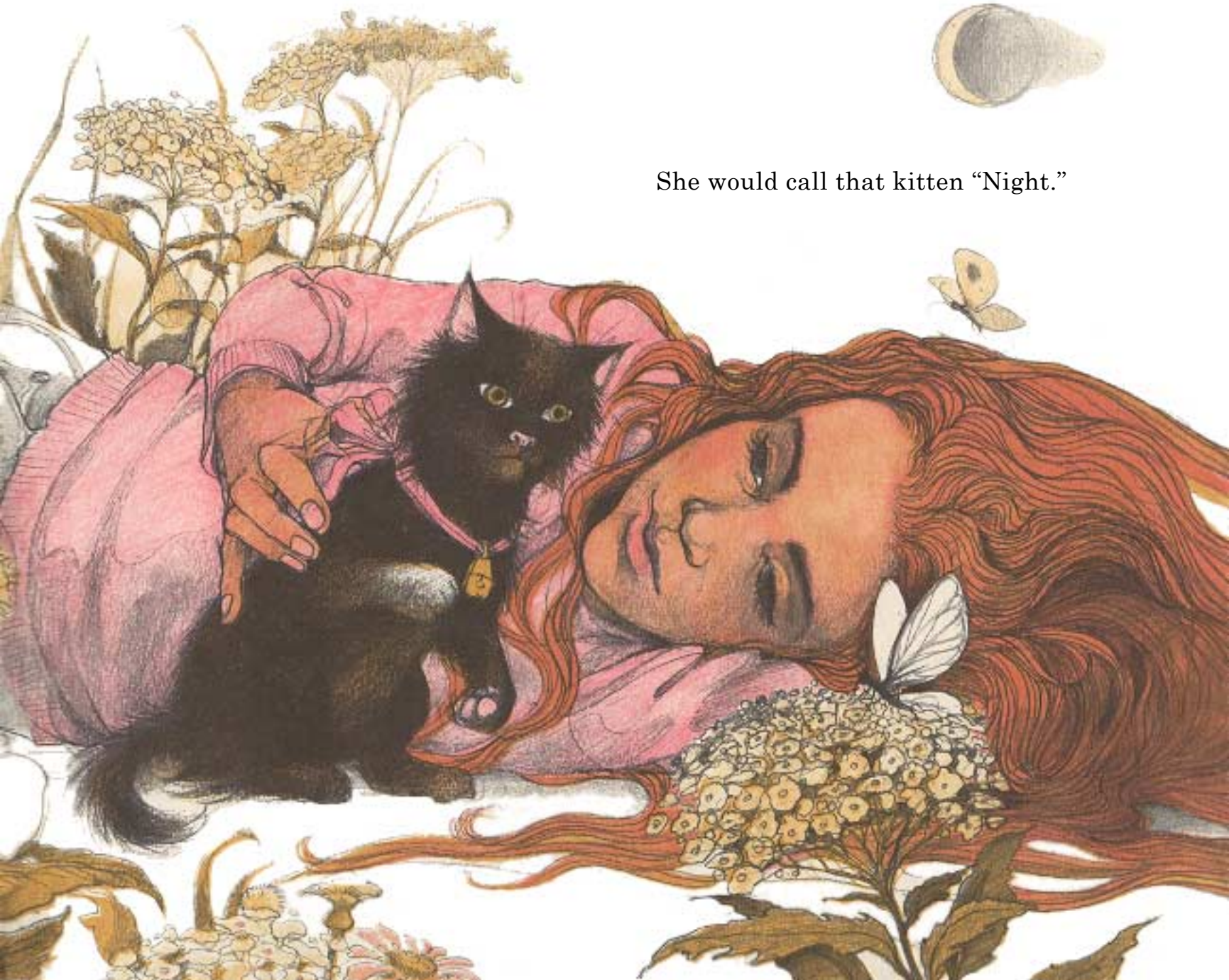
*Come on, your highness, there's
work to be done around here.*





She wished she had a silky black kitten all her own
instead of sharing a mixed-up, every-kind-of dog
with Margaret and Daniel.

She would call that kitten “Night.”

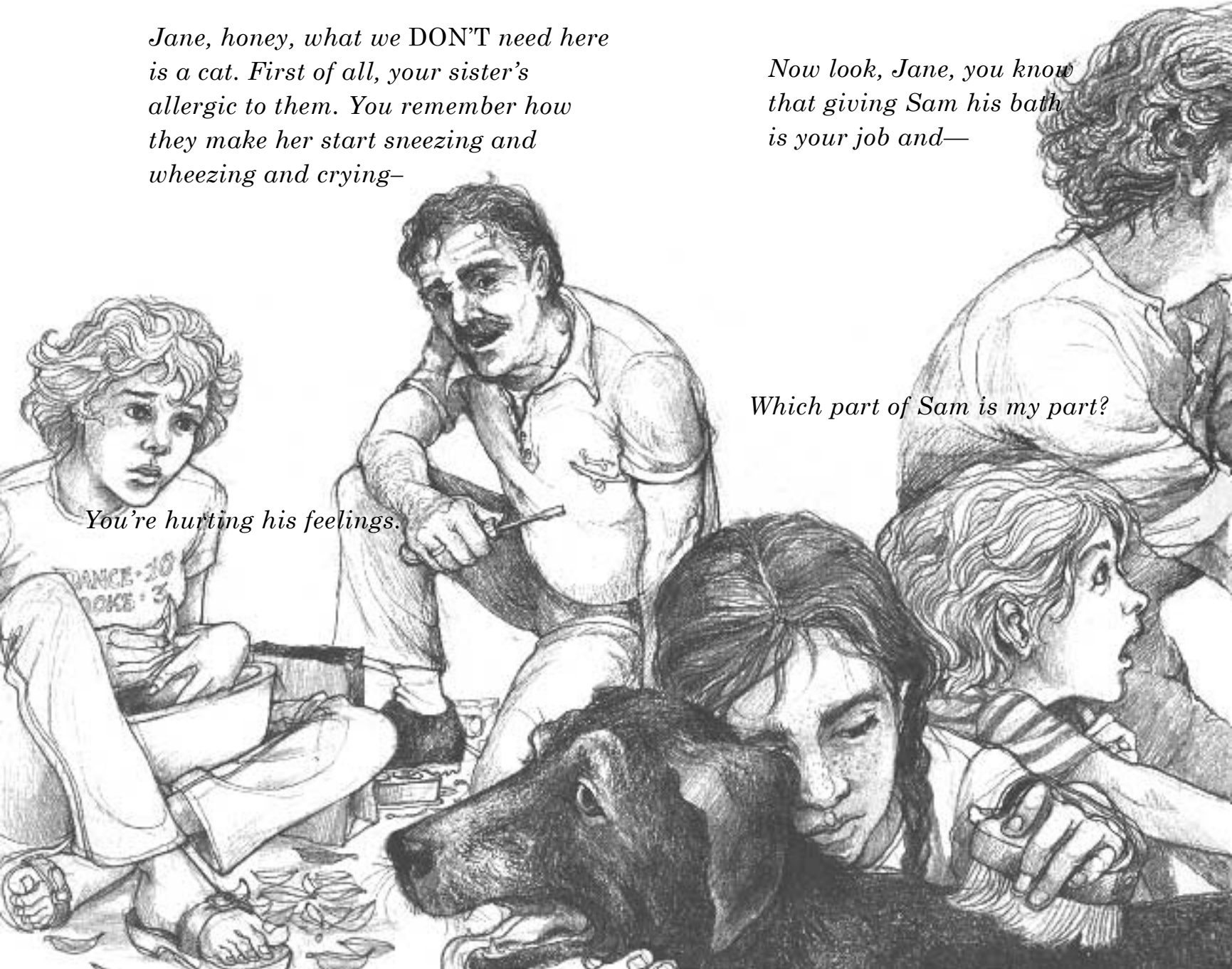


*Jane, honey, what we DON'T need here
is a cat. First of all, your sister's
allergic to them. You remember how
they make her start sneezing and
wheezing and crying—*

*Now look, Jane, you know
that giving Sam his bath
is your job and—*

Which part of Sam is my part?

You're hurting his feelings.



—and right now this house is holding just about as many people and animals as it can hold.



I know how you feel. I always wanted a kitten, too.



Kittens, bleh! Jane's always wanting something goopy like a kitten.

She wished she were an only child.





I remember, when I was little, I was an only child, and I would have been happy to have a big sister I could share everything with, or a wonderful little brother to play with . . .

Me too.

I don't mind having Jane for a sister—most of the time.

*I think maybe brothers and sisters sound great until you have them.
Right, Jane?*

*I like a good-sized family.
It feels like home.*




*Oh how I dreamed of having a sister.
It would be like having your best
friend come to stay over, forever.*





She wished Kate Jordan would be her best friend.





*What's so special about Kate Jordan?
Do you mean that dark, quiet one?
Does she ever talk?*

*Kate Jordan, ugh. She's even
worse than that icky, stuck-up
Melissa Grant.*

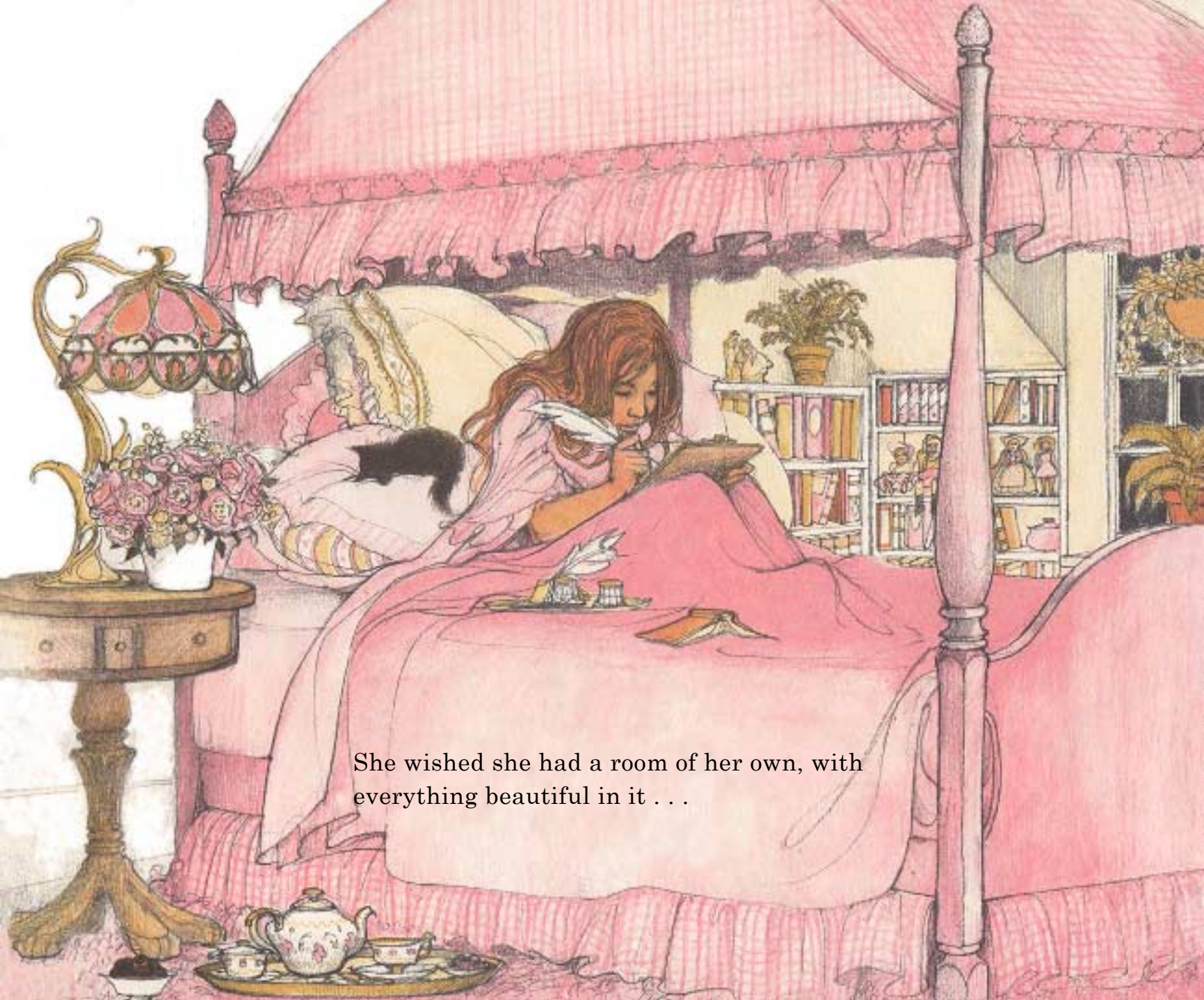
I know what you mean.

Jane, dear, maybe she's shy. Why don't you invite her here to play one afternoon? Now, don't say she wouldn't come. You never know until you try. Someone's got to do the asking first.

Jordan? Jordan? I used to know some people in that family. They think a lot of themselves. Why I remember one time when Tom Jordan—he must be Kate's father . . .


I still don't see what's so special about Kate Jordan.

I do.



She wished she had a room of her own, with everything beautiful in it . . .





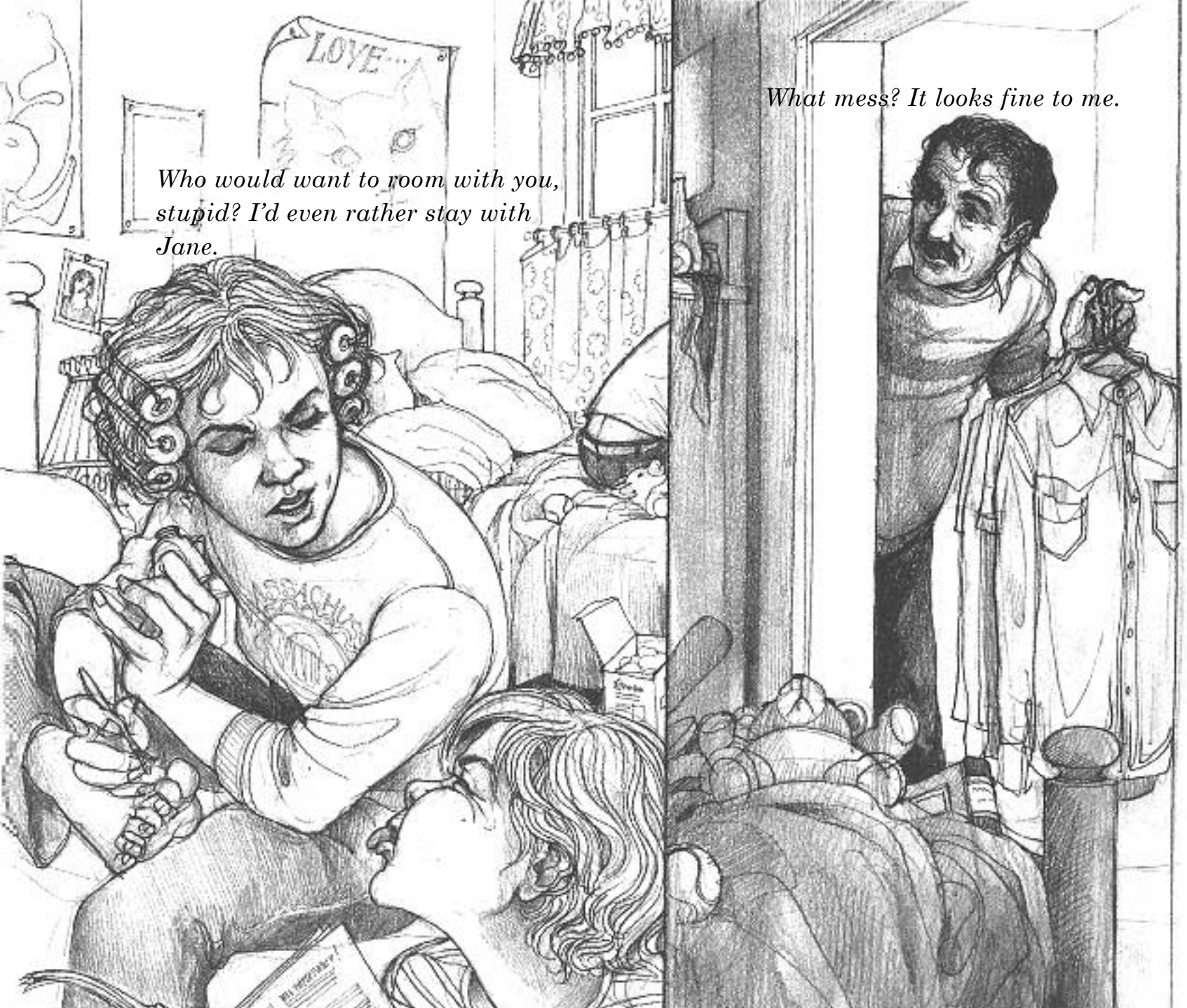
Jane, have you picked those toys up off the floor? Why can't you keep your half of the room neat, like your sister?

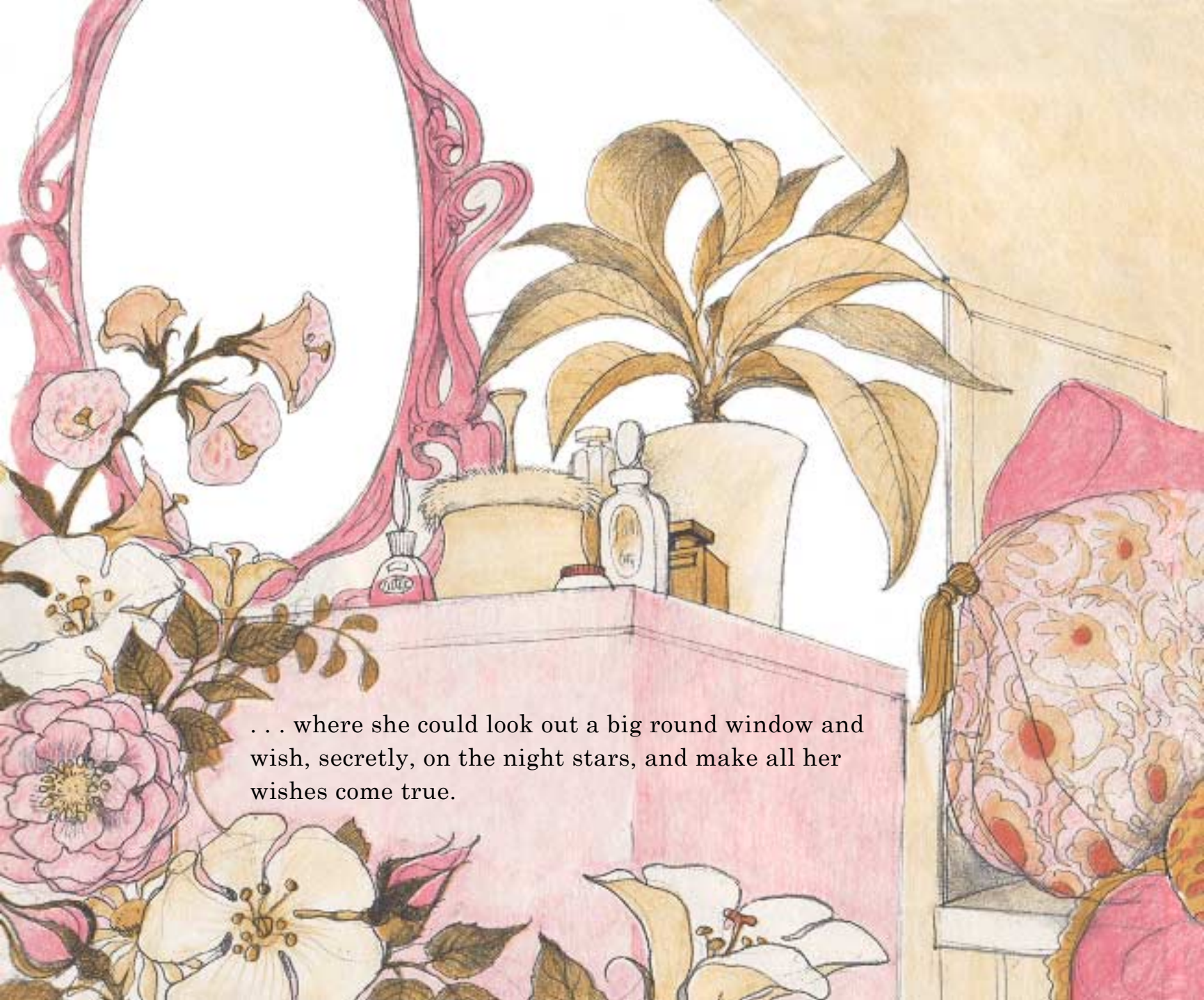
Mom, do I have to share a room with her? Why can't I have my own room?

You can't come in with me. I hate girls.

*Who would want to room with you,
stupid? I'd even rather stay with
Jane.*

What mess? It looks fine to me.





. . . where she could look out a big round window and wish, secretly, on the night stars, and make all her wishes come true.



Jane, are you still mooning at that window? I want you to stop dreaming and come down here and get that homework done. Right now.



I used to dream a lot when I was your age, but you must remember, Jane, nothing ever comes of it.



You can't see anything out that window but the McCloskey yard.

*I saw the first star first,
so it's MY wish.*



But she didn't.

So she decided to be happy anyway.

