

My Friend Stinky



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By Samantha & Diana Shaul

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Other titles in the Pong Family Series:

Stinky's Christmas Surprise

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CHAPTER 1

When Amy Met Stinky...

I was walking along on a cold, dark day,
in a big rush, no time to play,



heading towards my nice, warm house
and that's when I heard it, quiet as a mouse,

"Please can you help me, it's cold and it's damp,"
and that's when I saw, in the light of a lamp,
a fur ball really, standing out in the street,
soaking wet and not very neat.



He said, "Please help, I need somewhere to stay,
I'll be no trouble, won't get in your way."

He looked so sad, I had to take pity,
so I said, "Come with me!" and we walked on through the city.



I should have guessed when he said his name,
but I just said mine back and we played the name game,



'Stinky, Stinky, bo-binky' and 'Amy, Amy, bo-bamy' -
it made us forget it was wet and rainy.

My mother said, "Amy, what on Earth's that?"
and before I could answer, "A cute little cat,"



she jumped on to the table and let out a yelp,
and cried, "Little girl, you must get help!"

"What's the matter?" I said. "I know that he's wet, he'll dry off soon enough, no need for a vet!"



That's when she told me of her concern.
She said, "Oh Amy, you've so much to learn!"
and asked, "Do you know what a skunk can do?
He can smell worse than an entire zoo!"



Right then and there, I took a loud sniff
and I said to my mother, "Not even a whiff
do I smell when I sniff him, he's really a cat!"
and she said, "Look at him! Do you really think that?
A white stripe runs all the way down his back
and the rest of his fur, well, most of it's black!"

I didn't believe her. I thought, 'That's not right!
I'll ask someone else and I'll win this fight!'
So I waited for Dad like a good little girl,
and spun round when he came in, gave him a twirl.
I said to him, "Is he a skunk or a cat,
this little guy that you're looking at?"



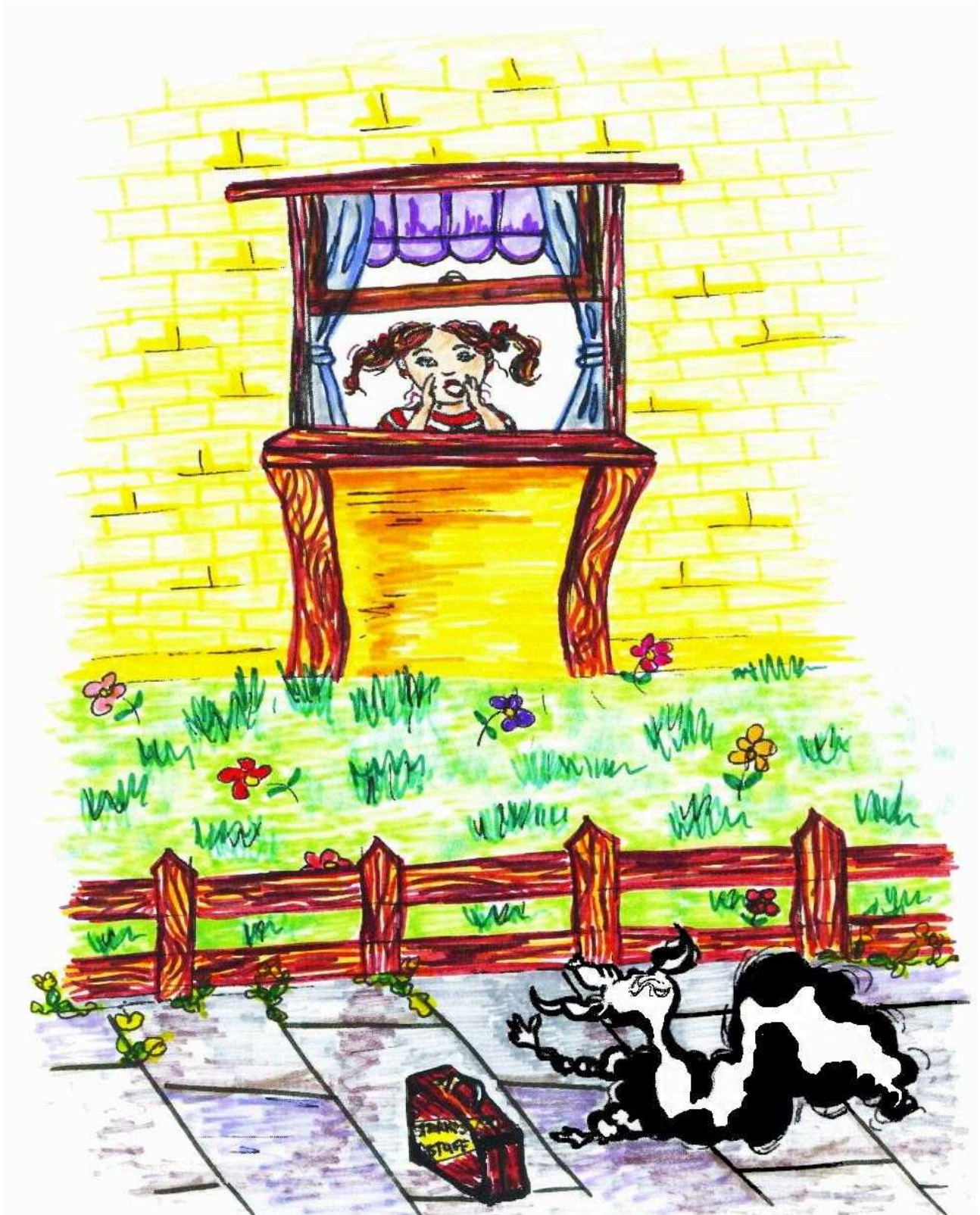
Dad gazed at Stinky with a long, hard stare
and was all quiet, which I couldn't bear,
and then all he said was, "A skunk of course!
No more a cat than he could be a horse!"

I begged and I pleaded and I even cried
but Mum opened the door and sent Stinky outside.



Stinky walked to the bus stop, downtrodden and sad,
but I was sure I knew how to make him feel glad.

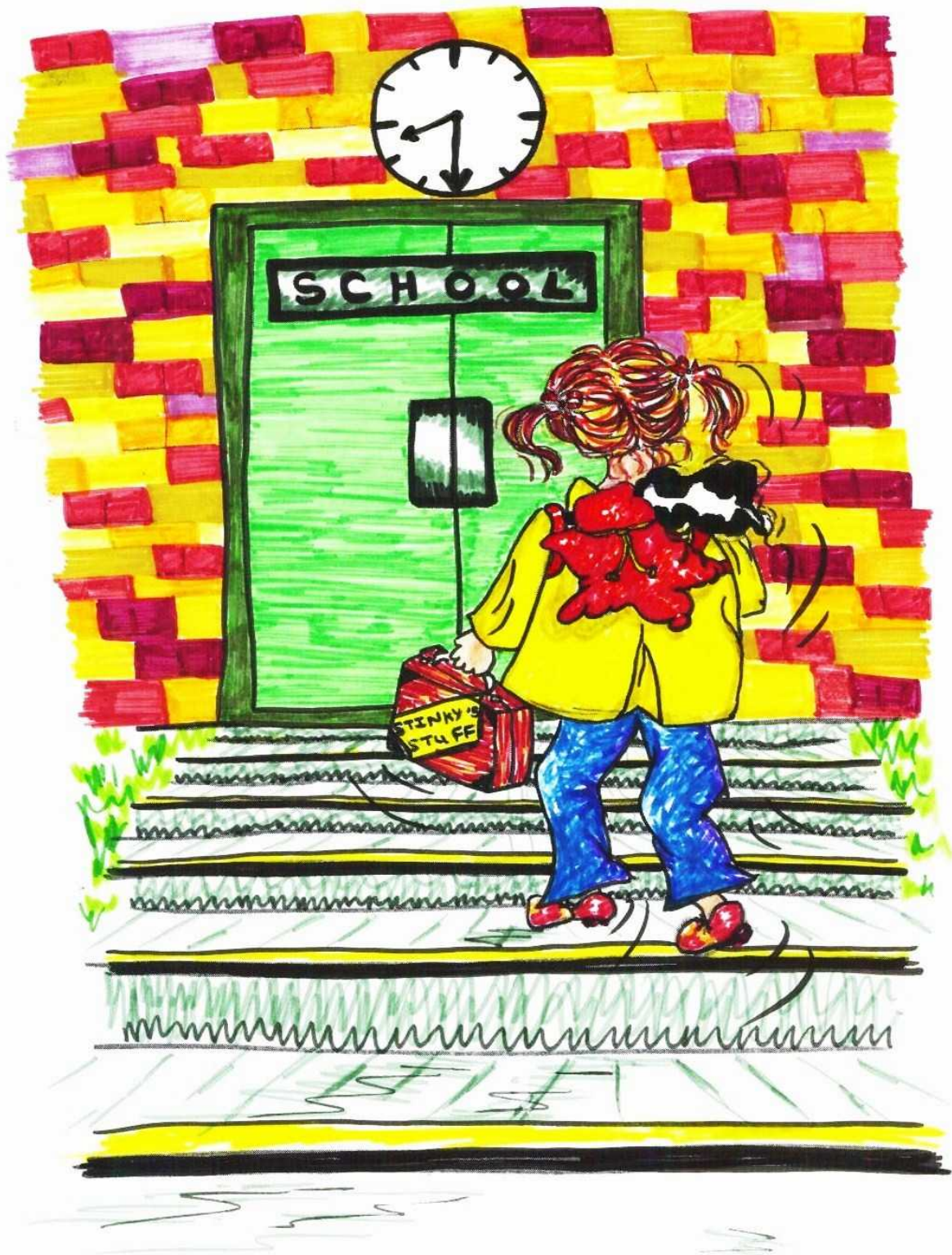
I called out of the window, "Stay where you are!
I can take you to school. It isn't too far!"



So I tiptoed outside in the dead of night
and he jumped in my backpack so we could take flight.



Then we sneaked back inside and waited for morning,
but I couldn't sleep and I kept on yawning.



For the first time in my life, I was early to school.
I couldn't wait to get there and break every rule!

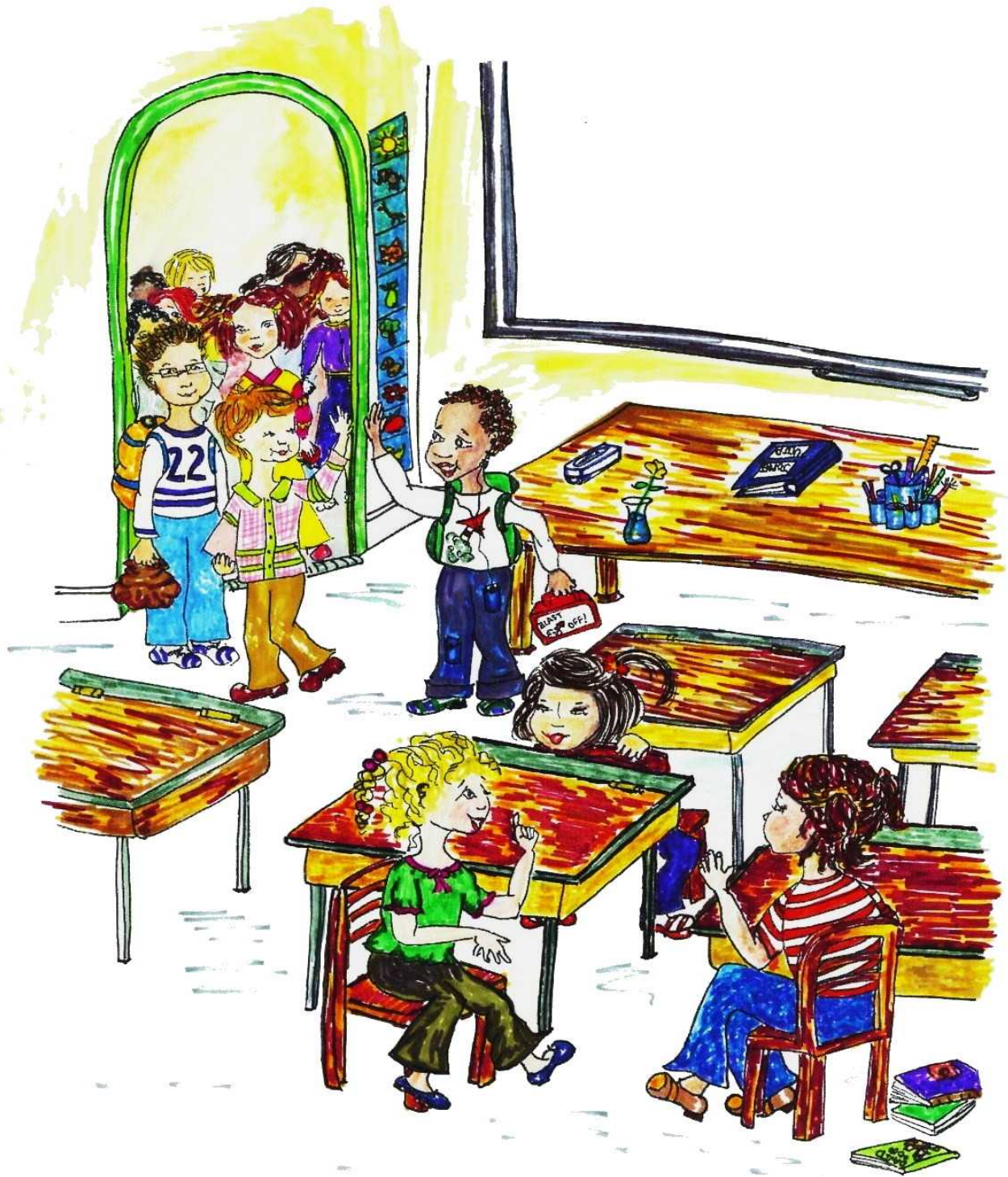
CHAPTER 2
Stinky Goes to School...

I opened my desk, second row on the right,
chucked some books on the floor, pushed them out of sight.



Then Stinky jumped out and he knew what to do.
He climbed into my desk and shut the top, too.

Kids began coming in and making a noise:
lots of shouting from all the girls and boys.



I said, "Hi," to my friends, Annabel and Louise.
They asked, "What's that smell, like rotting cheese?"



Then I sniffed my desk and I noticed it too.
It was like Mum had said: worse than the zoo.

Then we all sat down as Miss Jones came in and said, "Good morning," all proper and prim.



I peeked in my desk, whispered, "Are you all right?"
Stinky said, "That commotion just gave me a fright!"
He said, "When I'm scared, I give off a smell.
I just can't help it, so please don't yell.
A lot of creatures outside are bigger than me.
When I smell, they leave, so I don't have to flee!"
I said, "We're at school and there's nothing to fear,
although I myself don't like it much here."

Stinky said, "I swear, I won't do it again,"
but that didn't matter because it was then
that Miss Jones began to sniff the air
and I started to wish that I wasn't there.



'Click, click' went her heels on the tiled floor
as she walked round the classroom and sniffed some more.

I knew she was coming in my direction.
"If it's a stink bomb there'll be detention!"
she said in a voice that was very stern.
"All you children are here to learn.
You choose to waste time with your jokes and your tricks.
Now this smell is a problem we all need to fix."



She told everyone to take a big sniff
to figure out just what was causing the whiff
but by then the smell had got stronger and stronger
and the seconds ticked by taking longer and longer.

With all the commotion and sniffing around
I tried to put Stinky where he couldn't be found



but as I was scooping him out of my desk,
Miss Jones turned around. Need I tell you the rest?

CHAPTER 3
Amy Gets into Trouble...

Stinky stood, proud and tall, like he'd done nothing wrong,
and said, "Pleased to meet you, I'm Stinky Pong!"



Miss Jones gave Stinky a cold, dark look
and that harsh expression was all it took

to give poor Stinky another fright.
Do you know what happened? Yes, that's right!



He let off another big, nasty smell
and that's when Miss Jones really started to yell.

"Amy, how could you bring a skunk to school?
No pets are allowed. That is a rule!"



I tried to explain, saying, "Please, Miss Jones,
he's hardly a pet: he's all skin and bones.
I found him outside when I walked home from school
and I had no intention of breaking a rule,



but Mum and Dad said, 'At home he can't stay,'
so I brought him to school. There was no other way!"

I could tell she'd stopped listening as her eyes were glazed,
she was holding her nose and her expression was crazed.



She said very slowly, "Get him out of here!"
so I jumped out of the window, Stinky held near.





When we landed I heard a horrible crack.
My arm really hurt and so did my back,

but I couldn't give up on saving my friend,
and if I was injured, well, I would mend.



With the smell in our classroom they'd send him away,
though it wasn't his fault, I knew he would say.

I had to agree, he wasn't to blame,
but from his expression I knew he felt shame,

so I said, "Come on Stinky, I'll stand up for you.
It's not your fault you smell worse than the zoo.



I will convince them. I know they're not right.
I won't give you up. They're in for a fight!

For now let's lie low and let things calm down.
We'll hide out for a while but there's no need to frown.
We'll come back later on, when we're good and ready,
and by then their tempers will be much more steady."



I was actually not very sure what to do,
but I put my skunk first: well, wouldn't you?

CHAPTER 4
Stinky Saves the Day...

When I gave him a hug, he smiled a bit,
and into my hand his little paw fit,



and we started to run away together,
despite the return of the rainy weather,



but just as we thought we'd stolen away,
I stumbled and fell - my legs just gave way.



My arm hurt a lot and my back did as well,
and Stinky let off the most awful smell.
He said, "Oh Amy, we have to go back.
Your arm could be broken. We did hear a crack!
I'm terribly sorry about the smell,
but I'm afraid for you, so please don't yell.

I know that to save me you broke a rule,
but now there's no choice: you must go back to school."



We walked back slowly - I was in no rush -
and when I started to cry, Stinky said, "Hush!"



Don't fret over me. I'm a tough little guy
and I don't like it when little girls cry.

You just have to know, if they send me away,
I'll be in your heart every night and each day,
and you and I will be friends forever and ever,
even if, right now, we can't stay together.



Right now, what you need to do is get better,
and you can't do that in this cold, rainy weather."

It was then that my school came into view.
Miss Jones was running: towards me she flew.



She didn't notice that Stinky was there
as she called to me, "Amy, you gave us a scare!
Are you okay? You look like you're in pain!
Let's go inside and get out of this rain."



Stinky padded behind us and she didn't see,
after all, he's quite small, just comes up to my knee.



The nurse took a long, hard look at my arm
and said, "A cast would do no harm."



She checked me all over and said I'd be fine
and that my arm would heal, in time.

Into the office, just then, walked my mum and dad
and I was totally sure they'd be angry, not glad.
I knew that they'd notice that Stinky was there,
and I worried they'd shout and give him a scare,



but all they said was, "Sweetie, are you okay?"
and, "Oh, that skunk didn't go away."

Then and there I knew I must tell the whole story,
and give my friend Stinky all his due glory.
That was how it came out, this whole sorry tale,
and when I said how my bone cracked, I heard my mum wail.



When they heard how he saved me, they seemed impressed,
so I said Stinky Pong was the very best
friend in the world that I'd ever had
and if he could stay with us, then I'd be so glad.

Now out in our garden for all to see
is a small wooden house in the shade of a tree.
You see, my parents said Stinky could stay,
not quite in our house, but not far away.



So that's where Stinky lives, in his very own place,
and each morning out to the garden I race
and say, "How are you?" to my very best friend.
You see, it all turned out fine in the end.

Stories For My Little Sister



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