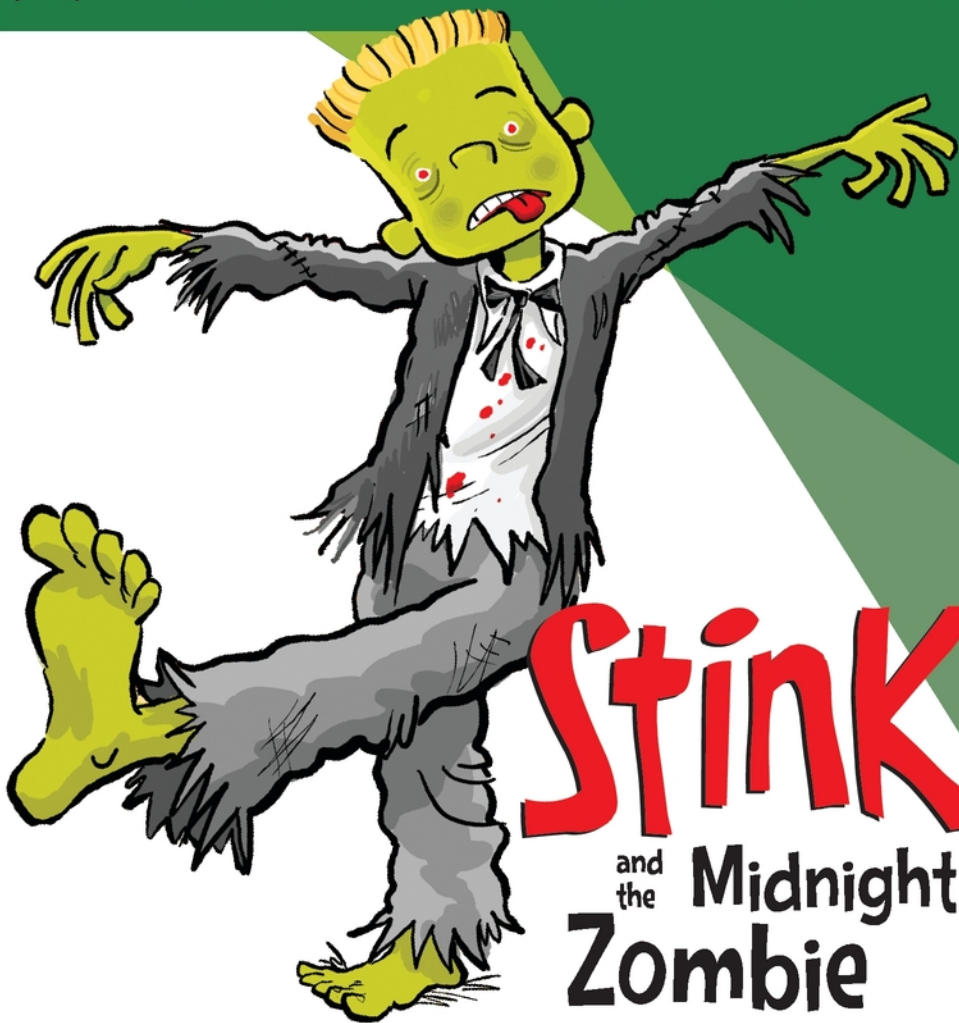


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MEGAN McDONALD

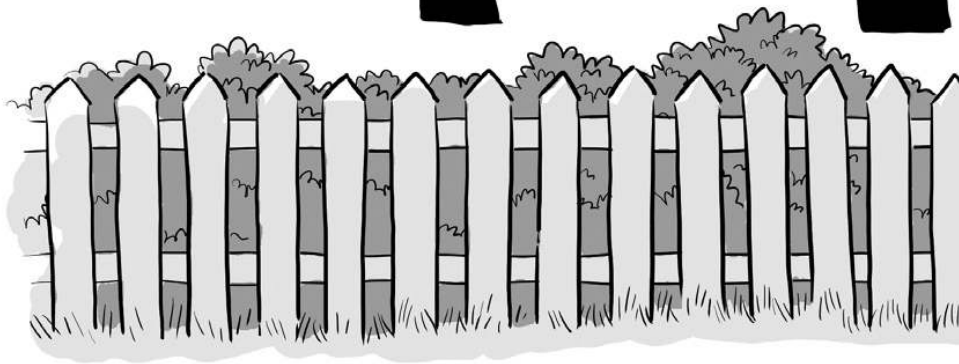


Stink

and the Midnight
**Zombie
Walk**

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds

Stin



Megan McDonald

illustrated by



and the
**Midnight
ZOMBIE
Walk**



Peter H. Reynolds



CANDLEWICK PRESS

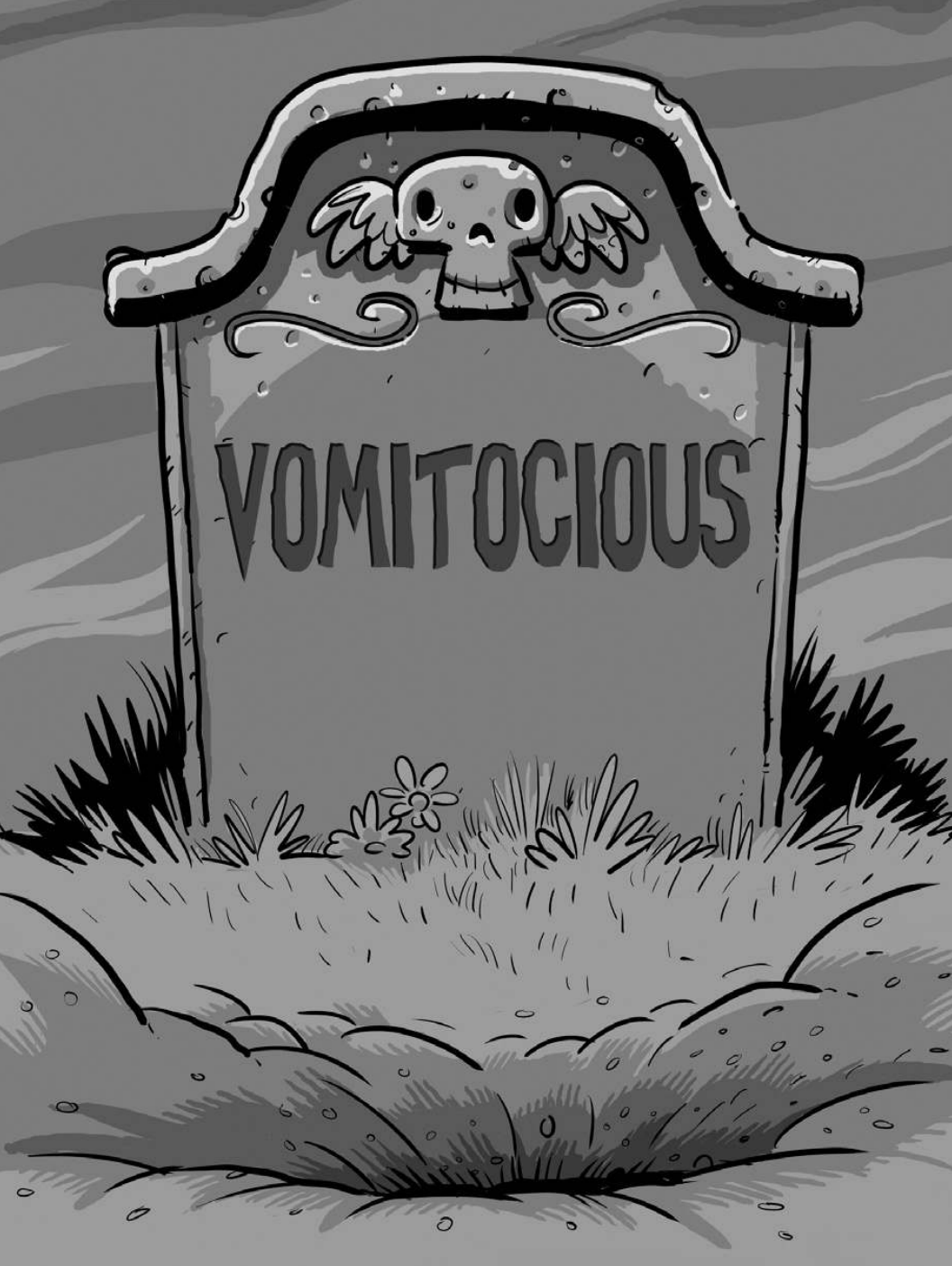


for all the booksellers
and readers at Copperfield's
M. M.

To Elizabeth Morton
and her mom and dad
P. H. R.

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VOMITOCIOUS

Guts!

Brains!

Eyeballs!

“Take that. You’re dead,” said Fred
Zombie.

“I’m not dead. I’m *un*-dead,” said
Voodoo Zombie.

Stink and Webster were playing
Attack of the Knitting Needle Zombies
when Fred Zombie’s eye fell off and
rolled across the floor.

“Holy eyeball!” yelled Stink.

“Hey, where did you get these way-cool zombies anyway?” said Webster.

“When I was, like, five, my grandma Lou made me monsters out of yarn. So I turned them into zombies. See? This one still has a needle in his head.”

“Stick a needle in his eye,” said Webster. “Sick.”

“One more week,” said Stink.

“One more week,” said Webster.

“One more week till what?” asked Judy Moody, Stink’s big sister. Sometimes she was such a Nosy Parker.

“DUH! The Midnight Zombie Walk!”



Stink and Webster said at the same time. Stink pointed to the website.

ZOMBIES INVADE
BLUE FROG BOOKSTORE
THIS SATURDAY! 9:00 P.M.
Book Release Party for
Nightmare on Zombie Street, Book Five
Only \$12.99! Order your copy today.
Going faster than canned brains!
Midnight Zombie Walk to follow book
sales—at the stroke of 10!

Webster pointed to the countdown clock. “See? Only seven more days!”

“Book Five. *Creature with the Cootie Brain,*” said Stink.

“Zombies. Cootie brains. What’s so great about those books, anyway?” Judy asked.

“Only *everything!*” said Stink.

“They’re funny,” said Webster.

“And gross,” said Stink.

“And creepy,” said Webster.

“Vomitocious!” said Stink and Webster.

“And they have comics at the end of every chapter,” said Stink.

“And they count for reading points toward the one million minutes,” said Webster.

“Our school is trying to reach one

million minutes of reading,” said Stink.

“Hel-lo! I know! I go to your same school,” said Judy. She waved a Nancy Drew book in front of them.

“See, there are four zombies, named Hoodoo, Voodoo, Gilgamesh, and Fred. And they speak in Zombie,” said Stink.

“Yeah, in Zombie everything starts with a Z,” said Webster.

“Like, your name would be Zudy Zoody, my zorky zister,” said Stink.

“Very funny, Zink!” said Judy.

“In Book One, super-galactic alien

zombies from outer space descend on Braintree, Massachusetts, and take over Nightmare Street,” said Stink.

“And in Book Two, the zombies can’t get enough brains. So they take over fifth-grade recess! Fifth-grade brains are juicy.”

“Then there’s *Dr. Decay and the Zombies of Doom*. In that one, Hoodoo gets bitten by this evil zombie, Dr. Decay, and his brains are all hanging out and—”

“Gross,” said Judy. “I didn’t ask for a book report!”



“You’d like it,” said Stink. “There’s even a Band-Aid-crazy zombie, like you.”

“You guys have zombies on the brain,” said Judy.

Webster picked up Hoodoo and Voodoo. “We’re going to brain you!” Hoodoo and Voodoo said to Fred.

“We eat brains!” said Stink.

Fred attacked Voodoo. “Mmm, mmm, good.”

“Brains for lunch,” said Webster.
“Munch, munch munch-a-roni.”

“And breakfast. And dinner. Body parts. Yum. We love body parts!”

“Somebody ate *your* brain, Stink, if you think you’re going to a Midnight Zombie Walk,” Judy said.

“Why?”

“Hel-lo! Mid-night! That means staying up as late as Santa on Christmas Eve.”

“So? I can eat a whole bunch of

Zombie Zitz and get hyper and stay awake past midnight.”

“Actually, the walk starts at ten o’clock,” said Webster.

“Ten o’clock is so not midnight,” Judy said. “Besides, it says here you have to buy the new zombie book to get in. Books cost money. Twelve dollars and ninety-nine cents each.”

“Twelve ninety-nine plus twelve ninety-nine. That’s like . . . ninety-nine dollars,” said Stink.

“Twenty-five dollars and ninety-eight cents, to be exact,” said Judy. “You spent all your money on that

video game, *Zombietron 4.3*. Where are you guys going to get twenty-five dollars and ninety-eight cents?”

Stink crossed his arms. “No sweat. I have a plan.”

“Don’t you mean a *brainstorm*?” Judy asked.

“Good one,” said Stink.

“Your plans stink,” said Judy.

Stink cracked up. “My plan *does* stink.”

“It does?” Webster asked.

“Of corpse. The smelliest,” said Stink. Stink and Webster rolled on the floor laughing.

Judy made the cuckoo sign. “You guys know you’re a little weird-o, right?”

“A little weirdo? Well . . . your *brain* is little,” said Stink. “At least we don’t have pea brains.” He held up two fingers to show the absolute pea size of Judy’s brain. “Teeny. Tiny. Weeny brain.”

“The better *not* to get eaten by a zombie,” said Judy.



Z I K L I



AKA ZOMBIE HAIKU

WE WALK THE DARK NIGHT,
SEARCHING FOR JUICY HUMANS.
WE ARE THE UNDEAD.



BURP!

I HUN-GRY! WANT BRAINS!
YUMMY-TO-MY-TUMMY BRAINS.
DON'T FORGET TO BURP.

IN THE DARK GRAVEYARD,
A HAND POPS OUT OF THE DIRT,
COMING TO GET YOU!





THE
SMELLATORIUM

On Monday after school, Webster asked Stink, “So what’s your plan?”

“Plan? What plan?”

“The super-smelly plan that’s going to make us ninety-nine gazillion dollars. So we can both buy the book? So we can go to the Midnight Zombie Walk?”

“Don’t have one.”

“But you said . . .”

“I just said that to mess with my sister.”

“We need a *not-fake* plan,” said Webster.

“Let’s think,” said Stink. “Two brains are better than one.” He slurped a brain-shaped sucker. Webster munched Zombie Zitz and Candy Scabs.

Ding! “I know,” said Stink. “Let’s have a blowout yard sale and sell all our old stuff. Like action figures we don’t play with anymore.”

“Yeah! We can sell dinosaurs, cowboys, Mr. Spud Head, Debbie Dump

Truck, my old Handy Andy, and Buzz Lightspeed. Too preschool.”

“Deal,” said Stink.

* * *

Webster ran home to raid his closet. He came back with a big box. In the box was one old marble, a toy lizard without a tail, and a plastic egg.

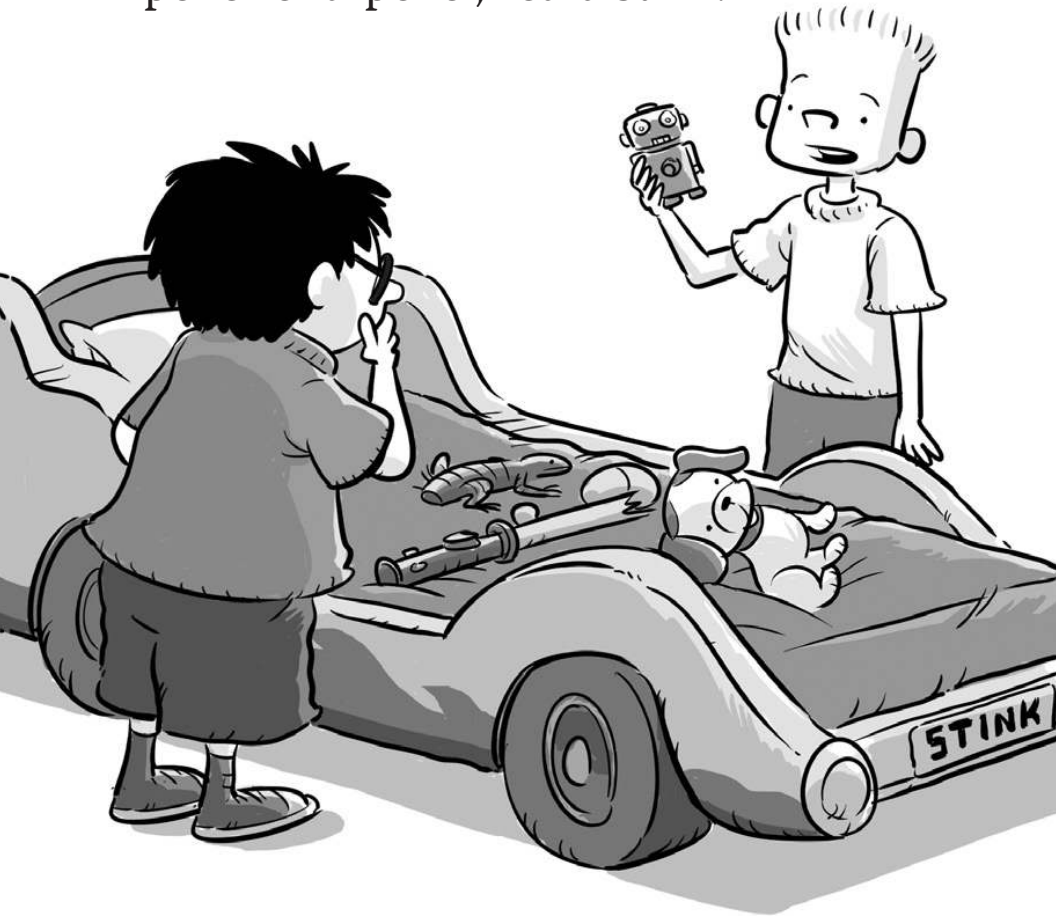
“That’s it?” asked Stink. “This is so not going to make us rich.”

“Giving away stuff is harder than I thought,” said Webster.

“Tell me about it,” said Stink. He pointed to the small pile on his bed.

One Poky Little Puppy, a broken light saber, and a Red Robot pencil sharpener.

“Actually, I think I want to keep the pencil sharpener,” said Stink.



“Forget it,” said Webster. “Judy’s right. This plan stinks.”

“The stinkiest.” Stink sharpened pencils with his Red Robot. Pencil shavings littered the floor. They looked like moth wings. He picked them up and sniffed. They smelled good, like trees.

“Wait a second,” said Stink. “Maybe I *do* have a stinky plan after all.”

“What is it?”

“We sell smells,” said Stink.

“Shells?”

“No, smells! We get a paper cup,

right? We put smelly stuff in the cup. Then we charge fifty cents for people to smell it.”

“What people?”

Stink shrugged. “Any people.”

“But who’s going to give us money just to smell stuff?”

“You’ll see. People love to smell stuff.”

“People don’t love to smell *skunks*.”

“But we can sell *good* smells, like . . . berries and dirt and stuff. No skunks. And *no* corpse flowers.”

“Who will pay us to smell dirt?”

“Riley Rottenberger. She likes anything rotten.”

“Riley Rottenberger would pay to smell putrid rotten burgers,” said Webster.

* * *

Stink set up a table in the yard and lined up his smell cups. Candy cane, pinecone, cinnamon, fruit gum, dirt, and dish soap.

“Dish soap?” asked Webster.

“What? It smells good. Like lemons.”

Also pencil shavings and eraser crumbs. Stink made a sign. 50¢ A SMELL. He set a fancy dish on the table. He put one dollar in the dish.

“The secret to selling stuff is you put

some of your own money out. People see it, and they'll pay money to smell stuff, too. Plus the fancy dish makes it look like a real store. Trust me."



"Fifty cents a sniff!" yelled Webster.

"Two for a dollar!" Stink called to anybody who came down the street. Mrs. Ling, the neighbor. Jack Frost, the mailman. But they all said, "No, thanks."

“Fifty cents a smell,” Stink called to a kid on a bike.

“But I can smell stuff at home for free. I’m smelling free stuff right now.”

“Nah-uh,” said Stink.

“Ya-huh. Air.”

“This isn’t working,” said Webster.
“Let’s give up.”

“We can’t just give up,” said Stink.
“New ideas take time. It’s a known fact that it takes seventy-two hours for a human being to like a new idea.”

“It does?”

“Sure. Everybody knows that. Just

like everybody knows that smell is the best out of all five senses.”

“It is?”

Sheesh. Sometimes his best friend sure was behind the Magic 8 Ball.

“What’s all this?” Judy asked, coming outside. She picked up a cup. She took a sniff. She made a face. She took another whiff.

“One dollar,” said Stink. “Hand it over. You took two whole smells.”

“We’re selling smells,” said Webster.

“Then you owe me *two* dollars for stealing my bowling pin eraser set.”

Judy held up the cup full of eraser crumbs.

“Great,” said Webster. “Now we’re in the minus instead of the plus.”

“Does Mom know you’re using her good dish?” Judy asked.

“Nothing is going to happen to Mom’s dish. I swear!”

“It’s *your* life,” said Judy, heading back inside.

Stink and Webster waited. Not one person came down the street. Not one car drove by. Not one whiff. Not one sniff.



Zombie farts

rt

Zombie zits

Zombie toejan

Zombie B.O.

Candy Candy

Fruit Bum

dish Soap

50¢ A SMELL