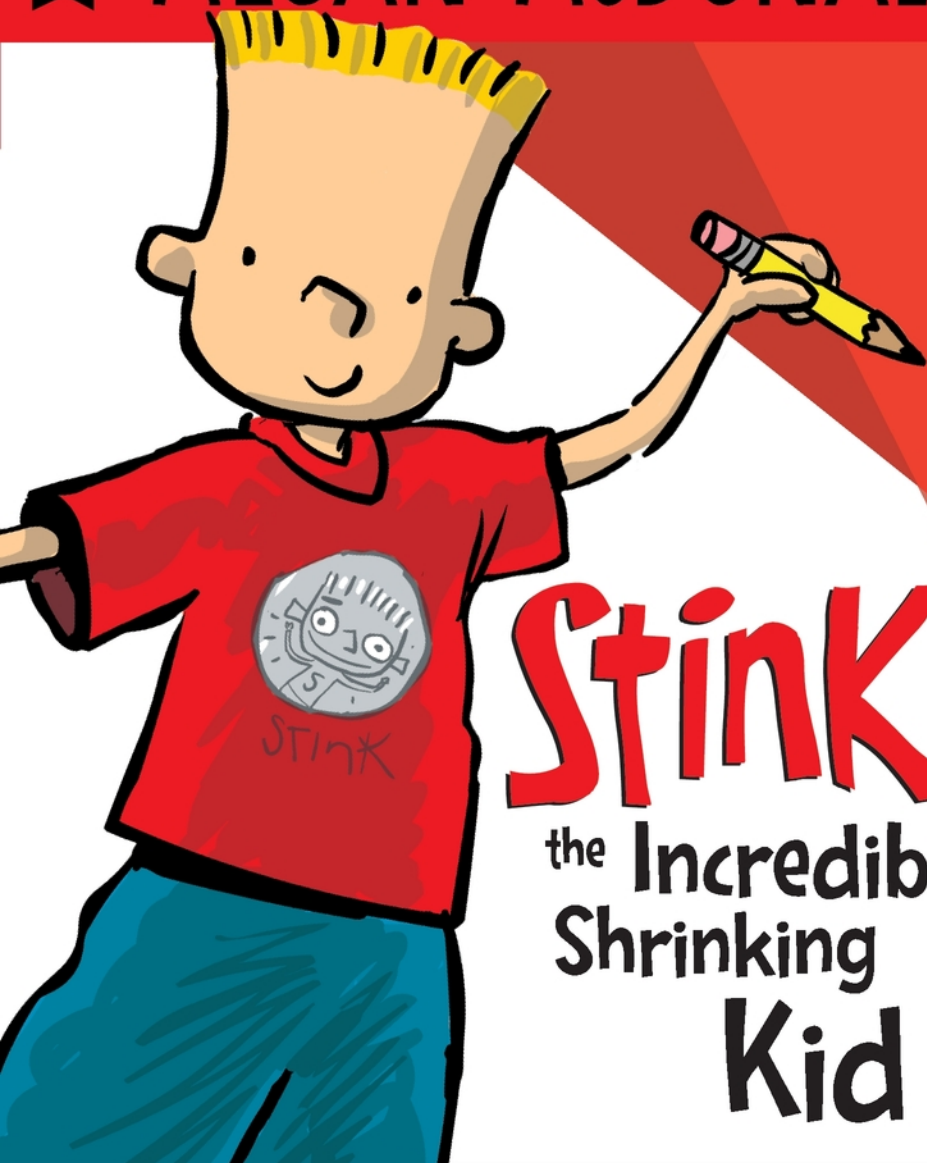


MEGAN McDONALD



Stink
the Incredible
Shrinking
Kid

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds



Spin

Megan McDonald

illustrated by

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The
Incredible
Shrinking
Kid



Peter H. Reynolds



CANDLEWICK PRESS

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously.

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First paperback edition in this format 2021

The Library of Congress has cataloged the original hardcover edition as follows:

McDonald, Megan.

Stink : the incredible shrinking kid / Megan McDonald ;

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds. — 1st ed.

p. cm.

Summary: The shortest kid in the second grade, James Moody, also known as Stink, learns all about the shortest president of the United States, James Madison, when they celebrate Presidents' Day at school.

ISBN 978-0-7636-2025-7 (hardcover)

[1. Size—Fiction. 2. Schools—Fiction. 3. Brothers and sisters—Fiction.

4. Presidents—Fiction.] I. Reynolds, Peter, ill. II. Title.

PZ7.M478419St 2005

[Fic]—dc22 2003065246

ISBN 978-0-7636-6388-9 (reformatted hardcover)

ISBN 978-1-5362-1377-5 (paperback)

23 24 25 26 SHD 12 11 10 9 8 7 6

Printed in Chelsea, MI, USA

The book was typeset in Stone Informal and hand-lettered by the illustrator.

The illustrations were created digitally.

Candlewick Press

99 Dover Street

Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

www.candlewick.com



for all the readers who asked for Stink
M. M.

To the Gary Stager, members of the
Multimedia House of Pancakes, and
every Hotdog-on-a-Stick employee
past, present, and future.

P. H. R.

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SHORT,

SHORTER,

SHORTEST

Shrimp-o!

Runtsville!

Shorty Pants!

Stink was short. Short, shorter, shortest. Short as an inchworm. Short as a . . . stinkbug!

Stink was the shortest one in the Moody family (except for Mouse, the cat). The shortest second-grader in Class 2D. Probably the shortest human being in the whole world, *including Alaska and Hawaii*. Stink was one whole

head shorter than his sister, Judy Moody. Every morning he made Judy measure him. And every morning it was the same.

Three feet, eight inches tall.

Shrimpsville.

He had not grown one inch. Not one centimeter. Not one hair.

He was always one head shorter than Judy. "I need another head," he told his mom and dad.

"What for?" asked Dad.

"I like your head just the way it is," said Mom.



“You need a new *brain*,” said Judy.

“I have to get taller,” said Stink.

“How can I get taller?”

“Eat your peas,” said Dad.

“Drink your milk,” said Mom.

“Eat more seafood!” said Judy.

“Seafood?”

“Yes—*shrimp!*” Judy said.

“Hardee-har-har,” said Stink. His sister thought she was so funny.

“What’s so bad about being short?” asked Dad.

“I have to drink at the baby fountain,” said Stink. “And stand in the

front row for class pictures. And I always have to be a mouse in school plays. Just once, I'd like a speaking part, not a *squeaking* part."



“Being short isn’t all bad,” said Dad.
“You still get those free coloring books
you like at the doctor’s.”

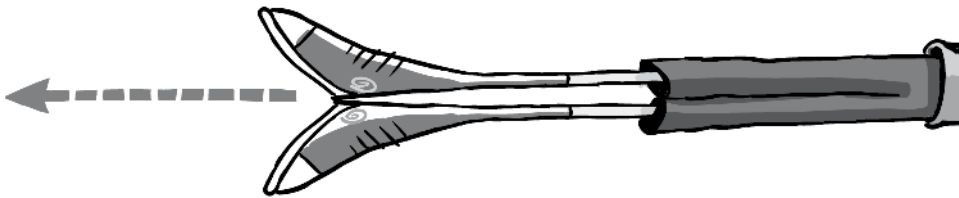
“And the Spider-Man pajamas you
love still fit you,” said Mom.

“And you still get to use your baby
step stool just to brush your teeth,”
said Judy. Stink rolled his eyes.

“You’ll grow,” said Dad.

“Growing takes time,” said Mom.

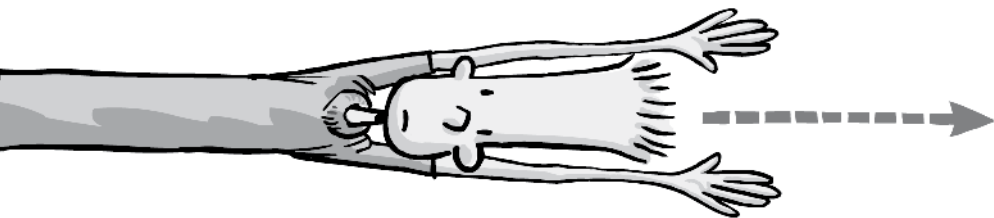
“Lie down on the floor,” Judy told
him.



“What for?”

“If I pull your arms, and Mom and Dad each take a leg, we could stretch you out like a rubber band. Then you’d be taller.”

Stink did not want to be a rubber band. So he ate all his peas at dinner. He did not hide even one in his napkin. He drank all his milk, and did not pour even one drop into Judy’s glass when she wasn’t looking.



* * *

“Measure me again,” Stink said to Judy. “One more time. Before bed.”

“Stink, I just measured you this morning.”

“That was before I ate all those peas and drank all that milk,” said Stink.

Stink put on his shoes. He stood next to the Shrimp-O-Meter. He stood up straight. He stood up tall.

Judy got out her Elizabeth Blackwell Women of Science ruler. “Hey, no shoes!” she said. Stink took off his shoes. He stood on tiptoe.

“No tippy-toes either.”

Judy measured Stink top to bottom. She measured him foot to head. She measured him head to foot. Something was not right.

“Well?” asked Stink.

“Bad news,” said Judy.

“What?” asked Stink.

“You’re shorter than you were this morning. One quarter inch shorter!”

Stink made a face. “Not possible.”

“Stink. The Women of Science ruler does not lie.”

“Shorter? How can I be shorter?”

“Simple,” said Judy. “You shrunk!”

“You’ll grow,” said Dad.

“You’ll grow,” said Mom.

“But you’ll never, ever, *ever* catch up to me!” said Judy.

The Adventures of Stink in Shrink Monster



The horrible Shrink Monster attacks the City of Moodyville!



**SHRINK,
SHRANK,
SHRUNK**

When Stink woke up the next morning, his bed felt as big as a country. The ceiling was up there with the sky. And it was a long way down to the floor.

When he went to brush his teeth, even the sink seemed too tall.

“Yipe! I really am shrinking,” said Stink, checking himself out in the mirror. Were his arms a little shorter? Was his head a little smaller?

Stink got dressed. He put on up-and-

down-striped pants and an up-and-down-striped shirt.

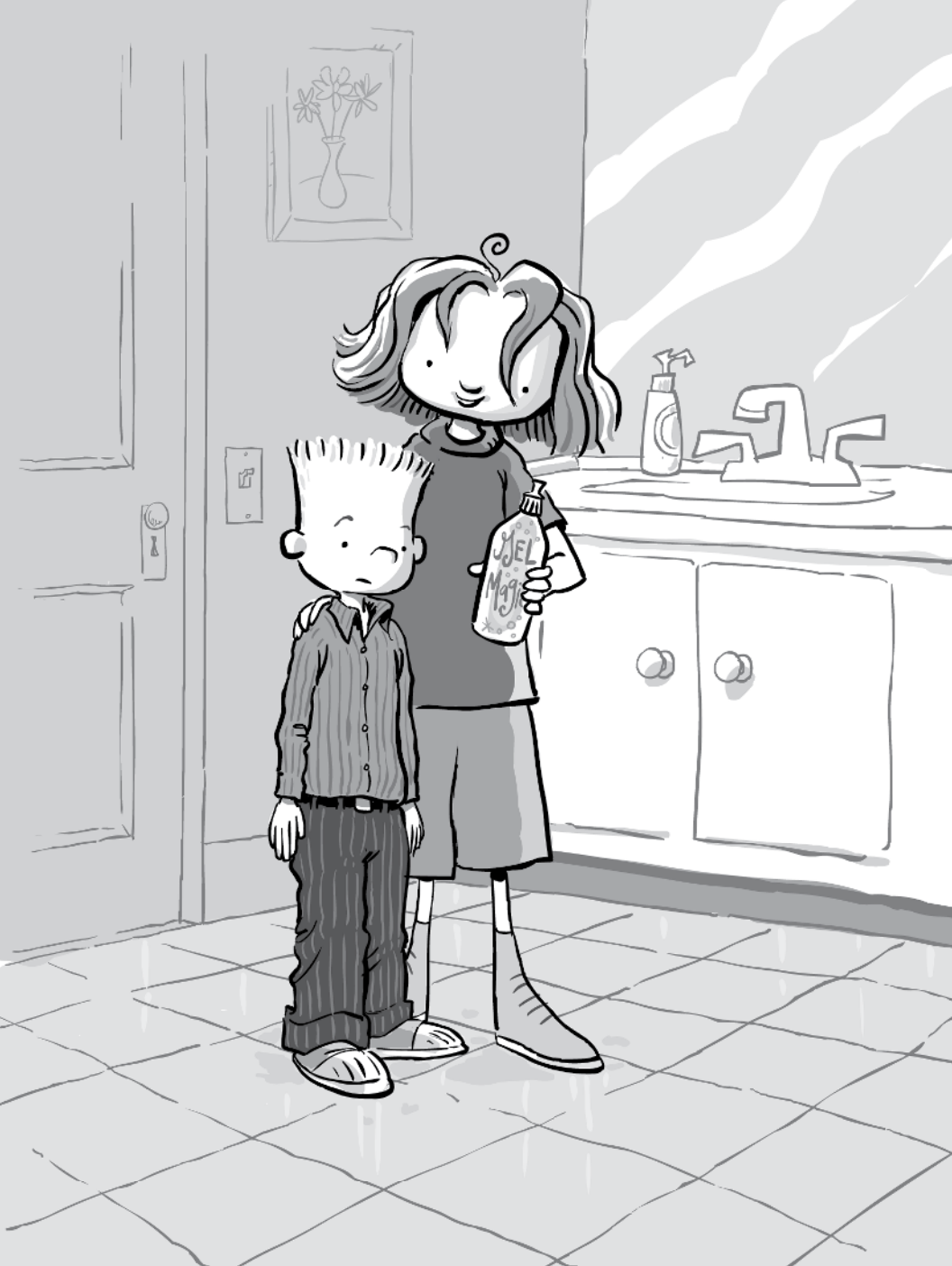
“What’s with the stripes?” asked Judy.

“Makes me look taller,” said Stink.

“If you say so,” said Judy.

“What?”

“If you really want to look taller, here’s what you do.” Judy handed him a fancy shampoo-type bottle. “Put this hair gel on your hair and leave it in for ten minutes. Then you’ll be able to comb your hair so it sticks straight up. Sticking-up hair will make you look taller.”



Stink put the goopy goop in his hair. He left it in his hair while he made his bed. He left it in his hair while he packed up his backpack. He left it in his hair all through breakfast.

“We could play baseball, and you could be *shortstop*,” Judy told him.

“So funny I forgot to laugh,” said Stink.

Judy pointed to Stink’s hair. “Hey, I think it’s working!” she said.

“Really? Do you think people will notice?”

“They’ll notice,” said Judy.

Stink ran upstairs to look in the mirror. “HEY! My HAIR! It’s ORANGE!”



“Don’t worry,” said Judy. “It’ll wash out . . . in about a week.”

“I look like a carrot!” said Stink.

“Carrots are tall,” said Judy, and she laughed all the way to the bus stop.