

Jen Barton
916-303-6937
dredsovrn@gmail.com
Picture Book
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STANKENSTEIN

Stankenstein had a problem. In a family of monsters who were all stinky stanky, he didn't stink. He didn't even stank. In fact, Stankenstein smelled, well...quite nice.

His mom, Mary Smelley (who had a colossal skunky funk), wasn't worried. "Oh, Stanky, I know you smell like a bed of roses. But don't worry, love, you'll find your stink."

His dad, Smelvin Ewegene Fartinand the Furred (who everyone called Sour Bob), steamed with the stench of a thousand and three soiled socks. "Still smell like a disgusting clean shirt right out of the laundry, son? Hang in there, my boy! You'll find your stink."

His little sister, Gagnes (who reeked of rotten eggs), held her nose whenever she was around. "You smell like sweet perfume! I think I might be sick!"

"Ugh," Stankenstein sighed. He was tired of smelling fresh as a dumb old daisy! He needed a stinky stank, a wretched rank, like he'd just crawled out of an old fish tank. He thought and thought. "I know!"

[He finds stinky cheese. Tiny, family's pet sea monster, wants Stanky to feed her. He ignores.]

Stankenstein rubbed the moldy cheese all over. He got behind his ears and even between his toes. It was gooey and greasy. And very stinky. Really rotten. Repulsive!

“This is it! Now I’ll stink just like mom.”

[Stanky and Tiny on street w/other monsters. Tiny begs to be fed. Stanky ignores.]

“Do you smell that?”

“That’s nothin’. You should’ve smelled the family of grubs I pulled from my ear this morning.”

“Ugh,” said Stankenstein. “What now? I need a stinky stank, a wretched rank, like I just crawled out of an old fish tank.” He thought and thought. “I know!”

[At garbage dump. Tiny begging to be fed. Stanky ignores.]

Stankenstein rolled through rancid reubens and rotting risotto. He crawled in decaying clumps of cabbage and curdled cottage cheese. It was mucky and yucky. And very stinky. Really rotten. Revolting!

“This is it! Now I’ll stink just like Gagnes.”

[Wordless spread w/Stanky cleaned in a rainstorm. He’s super disappointed.]

“Ugh,” said Stankenstein. “What now? I need a stinky stank, a wretched rank, like I just crawled out of an old fish tank.” He thought and thought. “I know!”

[At home. Finds Dad’s Toepourri cologne. Tiny’s hunger grows. Stanky ignores.]

Stankenstein sprayed his hair, his belly, and under all his arms. It was noxious and nasty. And very stinky. Really rotten. Repugnant!

“This is it! Now I’ll stink just like dad.”

[Smell melts walls of bathroom.]

“Sorry,” Stankenstein said. “I just wanted a stinky stank.”

“I know, love,” his mom said. “But this stink is for your dad. On you it smells…”

“Like nasty chocolate cookies!” Gagnes yelled. “Straight from the oven.
BLECK!”

“I’ll never find my stink!” Stankenstein cried. “I’m the worst monster ever.
Everyone smells worse than me. Even Gagnes.”

His monster heart was broken.

“Oh, Stanky,” his mom said, pulling him close. “Your stink won’t come from
expensive rotten cheese or dad’s fancy cologne. It’ll come from inside, from something
you love.”

Yeah right, he thought. Moms always say stuff like that. Maybe she meant he’d
be like Aunt Soozy. Her insides leaked everywhere, and they smelled terrible. He could
only hope.

“And Stanky,” his mom said. “You’d better feed Tiny. She looks awfully
hungry.”

“Gagnes can do it.”

“Stanky…”

“Ugh.”

[Crawls out of tank after FINALLY feeding Tiny]

“What is that HORRIBLE smell?” his mom shouted happily.

“Ghastly!” cried Smelvin with pride.

“It smells delicious!” Gagnes said, both mouths watering. “Are we having fish
milkshakes for dinner?”

“I think,” Stankenstein slowly realized, “...it’s ME!”

He sniffed his toes and under all his arms. He checked his tail and behind his ears. He was cruddy and crummy. He was slimy and scummy. He was filthy and funky and foul. And very, very stinky. This time he really was rotten! He was repulsive, revolting, and repugnant!

“I found it! I found it!” he cried. “I found a stinky stank, a wretched rank, like I’d just... hey, wait a second.”

[Stankenstein hugs Tiny]

I don’t stink like mom, he thought, or Gagnes or dad. Or even Aunt Soozy.

His monster heart was bursting. I stink JUST LIKE ME!

“Mom! Gagnes can break the dishes after dinner—from now on I’m feeding Tiny.”

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*Stanky ignores Tiny—the physical manifestation of his individuality—to his detriment, as he’s only looking outside for his “stink.” Tiny’s hunger builds comically through illus., leading readers to the moment Stanky feeds her and finds his stink.