

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.

One metre, twelve centimetres tall.
Shrimpsville.

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

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

"What for?" asked Dad.

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



“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 Mum.

“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 colouring books you like at the doctor’s.”

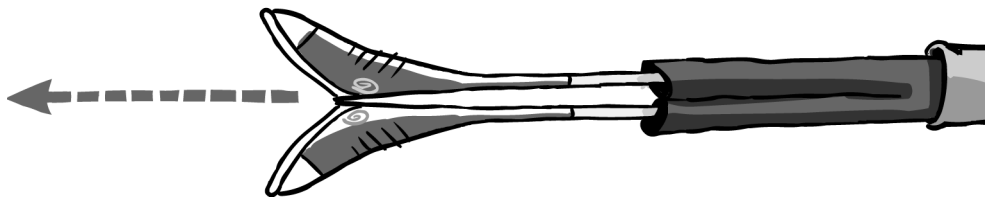
“And the Spider-Man pyjamas you love still fit you,” said Mum.

“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 Mum.

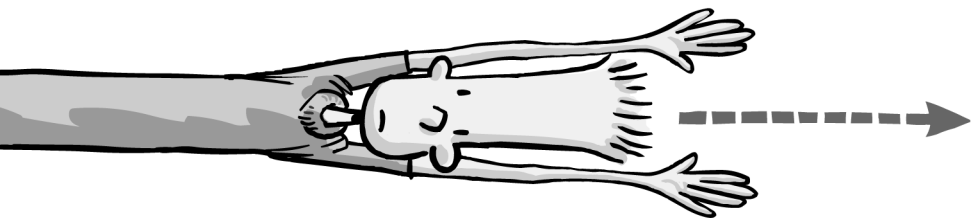
“Lie down on the floor,” Judy told him.



“What for?”

“If I pull your arms, and Mum 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. Half a centimetre 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 shrank!”

“You’ll grow,” said Dad.

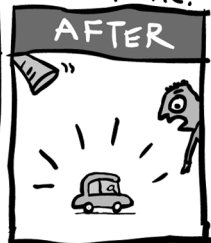
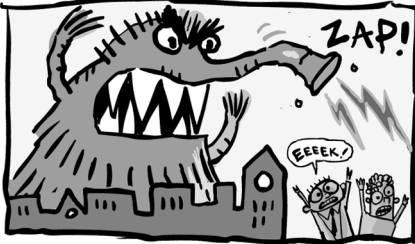
“You’ll grow,” said Mum.

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

The Adventures of Stink in Shrink Monster



The horrible Shrink Monster attacks the City of Moodyville!



Will Stink have enough time to invent an un-shrinker? Or will Stink be attending Molecule Elementary School?