

Stink

and the Attack of the Slime Mold



Megan McDonald illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds





THE GLOB!

IT CRAWLS!
IT CREEPS!
IT OOZES!



Glip!

Glop!

Gloop!

“It crawls! It creeps! It oozes! It comes from outer space!”

“First it was some sort of blob stuck to his hand. Then it landed on his head. It kept getting bigger and bigger and BIGGER. And then, all of a sudden, he just sort of . . . disappeared!”

“What do you mean . . . disappeared?”

“The thing . . . it ATE him. Right before my eyes.”

“Was it a monster?”

“It was worse than a monster. It was THE GLOB!”

“AAAAAGGGHHH!”

“Aaagh!” Stink screamed. He pulled his T-shirt up over his eyes so he would not have to look at the movie screen. Judy jumped. Her popcorn went flying all over the backseat of the car.

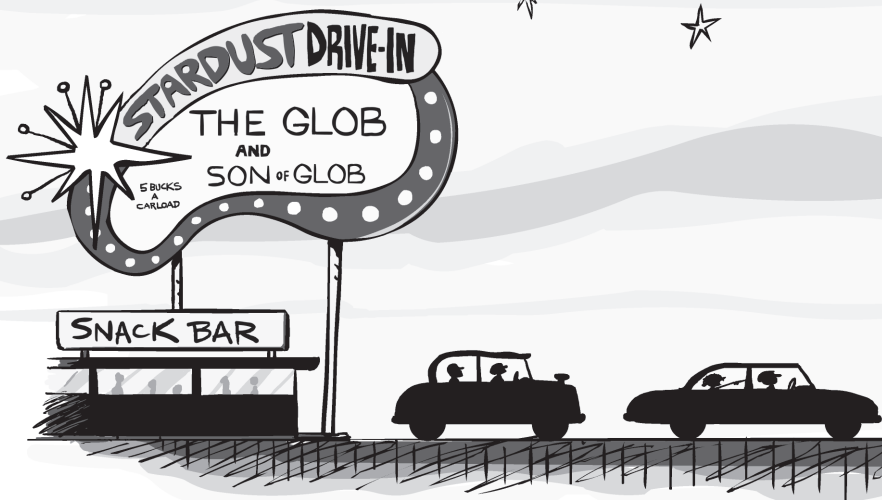
In the front seat, Mom and Dad chuckled.



“Whose brainy idea was it to come to the drive-in movies, anyway?” Stink said, with a shiver in his voice.

“Yours,” said Mom, Dad, and Judy at the same time.

“Well, I thought it would be cool to get to sit in the car and watch a movie. Outside. Under the stars.”



The Stardust, an old drive-in movie theater like the kind that had been around when Mom and Dad were kids, had just reopened in Frog Neck Lake.

“It is cool,” said Judy.

“And dark,” said Stink. “And a little scary.”



“It’s dark at the inside movies, too,” Judy pointed out. “Besides, it’s the Friday Night Freak Fest, Stink. You wanted to see an old monster movie. It’s *supposed* to be freaky.”

Stink couldn’t bear to look at the screen. At the same time, he couldn’t bear *not* to look. He peeked out over the top of his T-shirt. A screaming crowd came running out of a diner.



The Glob was oozing down the street.

"It's taking over the whole town!"

"Nothing will stop it, Doctor! It's the most horrible thing I've ever seen!"

Stink screamed again. He turned and looked at Judy with saucer eyes. "What if the Glob eats the whole town?"

"It's not real, Stink, remember? Think of it like a giant glob of Jell-O. Jell-O's not scary, is it?"

Stink leaned in and stuck his head between Mom and Dad. "More popcorn, please." Mom passed the bag back to Stink.

“We’re going to have to find the biggest plane we can get our hands on and take this thing to the Arctic, where it’ll freeze for good.”

“Will that work?”

“We have to do something before it wipes out the whole town.”

Stink and Judy watched wide-eyed until the end. “Good thing they found a plane big enough to take the Glob to the North Pole and freeze it,” said Stink.

“Poor Santa,” said Judy.

“Mom? Dad? Can we stay for the second show?” Stink asked. “It’s *Son of Glob*.”

“Stink,” said Mom, “you covered your eyes for half the movie.”

“So?”

“So,” said Dad, “I think we’ve had enough glob for one night. Besides, we have to get you home to bed. Tomorrow you have Saturday Science Club, Stink.”

On the way home, Stink could not get the Glob out of his head. When they turned onto Croaker Road, he imagined it following them, oozing down the street, up the sidewalk to his front door, and into his very own house.

That's when he remembered something truly terrifying. He remembered the experiment they were going to be doing tomorrow in Saturday Science Club.

AAAAAGGGHHH!

THE GLOB

BY STINK E. MOODY



Stink and the Attack of the Slime Mold

Megan McDonald

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds

Buy online from
an indie bookstore



Buy on [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

BUY NOW



CANDLEWICK PRESS
www.candlewick.com