

The Great Wall



Shake!

Rattle!

Squeal!

Stink could hardly see as he carried a Leaning Tower of Cereal Boxes up to Webster's front door. "Ding-dong," he called out.

"Whoa!" said Webster. "C'mon in. Sophie's here, too. This is going to be the most fun ever."

"How many cereal boxes did you collect?" Sophie asked.

“Umpteen,” said Stink.

“All I brought was Cheerful O’s,” said Sophie of the Elves. “My dad says they’re heart healthy.”

“Carrying all these boxes is *not* heart healthy,” said the out-of-breath Stink. “Why couldn’t we just use sugar cubes?”

“Stink, we’re building the Great Wall of China! Do you know how long it would take to build a wall out of teeny-tiny cubes?”

“Well, it took hundreds of years in real life,” said Stink.



“Ours is only going to take one day,” said Webster.

Just then, Stink’s giant stack of cereal boxes crashed to the ground. “Somebody sure likes Mood Flakes!” said Webster.

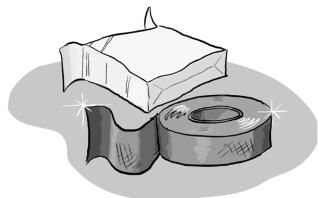
“My sister, Judy,” said Stink. “They change color when you pour milk on them.”

“Weird!” said Webster.

“Interesting,” said Sophie.

Stink pulled two shiny silver-gray rolls of tape out of his back pockets. “I brought super-sticky duck tape!”

“In our family, we call it goose tape,” said Sophie. Stink and Webster cracked up. The three friends lined up the cereal boxes in the backyard and goose-taped them together.



“The Great Wall of Goose Tape!” said Stink. “Did you guys know that you can see the Great Wall from outer space?” He wondered if any aliens or martians would be able to see the Great Wall of Cereal Boxes when it was done.

“The *real* Great Wall is more than

two thousand miles long,” said Webster.

“We have about a thousand miles to go,” said Sophie.

Webster stood up. His arm was stuck to Sophie. Sophie’s shoe was stuck to Stink. Stink’s shirt was stuck to Webster’s sleeve.



“Oh, no!” said Sophie. “We’re stuck to each other.”

“Don’t worry,” said Stink. “Friends *should* stick together.”

When they finally got unstuck, Stink looked at the Great Wall. He could not believe his eyes. The Great Wall was moving. The Great Wall was shaking. The Great Wall was quaking. “Look!” he said, pointing.

“Why is it *moving*?” asked Webster.

“Maybe it’s the wind,” said Sophie.

“Does the wind go *wee, wee, wee, wee, wee*?” asked Stink.

All three of them heard the squeaking sound now. *Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.* “There it is again!” said Stink. “Something’s inside the Great Wall!”

“Sounds like a baby bird,” said Sophie.

“Or a creepy rat,” said Webster.



Stink and his friends crawled on hands and knees through the grass. Stink peered into an empty box of Mood Flakes at one end. A furry hair ball with dark brown eyes, a wet pink nose, and twitchy whiskers peered back at him.



“All I found is . . . a guinea pig!”
said Stink.

“I found one, too!” said Sophie.

“I found one, three!” said Webster.

