

Stinky's Christmas Surprise



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My Friend Stinky

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When I went out that December morning,
it was cold and dark, and I was yawning.
At first I thought I was having a dream,
so incredible was what I thought I had seen.



For further along Stinky's path I could see
a small figure walking ahead of me.

I rushed ahead, calling out, "Over there, who are you?"
It was then that I smelled it, worse than a zoo.
Then came the response, "My name is Celeste,
but call me Big Pong." Can you guess the rest?
"I'm here for Christmas to see Stinky Pong.
I just need to walk a bit further along.



Stinky's my son, my pride and joy,
and all I want for Christmas is to see my boy!

I'm so very sorry about the smell.
You surprised me, that's all, so please don't yell."
"I'm Amy Johnson," I said with a smile,
"and Stinky has lived near us for a while.



That is his house, right there round that bend,
and I'm proud to be his very best friend."

A wonderful thought then occurred to me:
a surprise for Stinky, how great that would be,



so I asked if Big Pong would come home with me,
and I hoped against hope that she might agree.

She said, "I had hoped to see Stinky now!"
So I asked if she could imagine how
his eyes would light up on Christmas morning
if she was under the tree as the day was dawning.



She said, "What a plan: a Christmas surprise!
I can't wait to see the look in his eyes!"

There was a problem, I knew very well.
What if, at my house, Big Pong made a smell?
I decided to take it one step at a time.
After all, it might work out just fine.



So we went back up the path to my house,
and I walked on tiptoe, quiet as a mouse.

Through the window a moving shadow I saw,
and when we arrived, there was Mum at the door.



Big Pong jumped a whole foot in the air,
for Mum wore her face mask, curlers in her hair.
I could guess what had caused Big Pong's jump to that height,
for Mum, well, she really looked quite a fright.

That's how we learned how Big Pong got her name, for the smell we could smell, well, she was to blame. Big Pong said, "I'm sorry about that smell. You gave me a fright, so please don't yell."



All I want is to see my boy, Stinky Pong, and I didn't mean to do anything wrong. I want to surprise him on Christmas Day. Please, oh please, don't send me away!

My dear, your face and your hair are a mess.
Why, they look so bad, I must confess
that you gave me quite a terrible fright,
and that's why I jumped to such a great height.



You could look quite pretty, I should say,
and you must look nice on Christmas Day.
Christmas dinner I'll make, on that I insist,
full of foods that no one could ever resist.
You just get ready, and get some rest,
and as for the food, Big Pong knows best."

Mum tried to speak, but no words would come out,
and although she was angry, she couldn't shout.

Big Pong's arrival was quite a surprise,
for I could see only shock in Mum's eyes.



I said to her, "Mum, please can Big Pong stay
and surprise Stinky on Christmas Day?"
I looked at her, hopeful, with big pleading eyes,
for I so did want Stinky to have his surprise,
and Mum murmured softly, "Okay then, okay,"
and now you know how Big Pong got to stay.

Mum said, "You're welcome to stay with us here,
for to us your son, Stinky, is so very dear.



I'll make a place at our table, that I will do,
and for your offer to cook, I must say thank you."

Big Pong started to cook that very day,
and, boy, did she cook in her own special way!
She made puddings and crumbles, pastries and pies,
all smelling so strong they brought tears to Mum's eyes.



We tried to tell her to give it a rest,
but of course she was only trying her best
to give us all the loveliest meal
and to her cooking was a really big deal!

Just then we heard a 'ding-dong', the door bell, and, "Amy, please get that," I heard my Mum yell. So I ran to the door and you can guess who was there. That's right, there was Stinky, sniffing the air.



He said, "I missed you this morning. Are you okay? Ooh, would you like to come over and play?"

All the while, of course, he continued to sniff, as he padded inside, to the source of the whiff. That's right, to the kitchen Stinky was walking, and so, to distract him, I started talking, but it was the smell that had caught his attention: to get to the kitchen was his sole intention.



"Amy, that smell, it smells so divine, of foods most splendid and so very fine. Is that what we're having on Christmas Day? May I please have just a taste right away? It reminds me of smells that I smelled as a kid, of foods my mum cooked, oh yes she did."

I backed up towards the kitchen door, blocked the way with my arms, so he couldn't see more.



Behind me I heard a lot of clattering of pots and pans and maybe plates shattering. If Stinky went in he'd catch sight of Big Pong, and his Christmas surprise would go very wrong,

but as he burst past me and I turned around,
Big Pong, she was nowhere to be found.
There were pots and pans bubbling, food everywhere,
and of course, that smell, filling the air,



but Big Pong had hidden, very well to be sure,
in a cupboard just left of the kitchen door.
I grabbed hold of Stinky, pulled him towards me,
and said, "Out in the snow is where we should be."

So we made snow angels, threw snowballs too,
and our snowman resembled, well... you can guess who.



The surprise was still secret, thanks to Big Pong,
so I really thought nothing else could go wrong.

Waking up very early on Christmas Day,
right over to Stinky's I made my way.



He scrambled outside, all excited like me,
to open his presents under our tree.

I shouted, "He's here," as we rushed right inside,
and seeing Big Pong, Stinky's smile was so wide,



his eyes lit up, as I'd known they would,
and he ran into her arms, as a good son should.

So fast did he run, Big Pong almost fell,
and lived up to her name, and let out a bad smell.

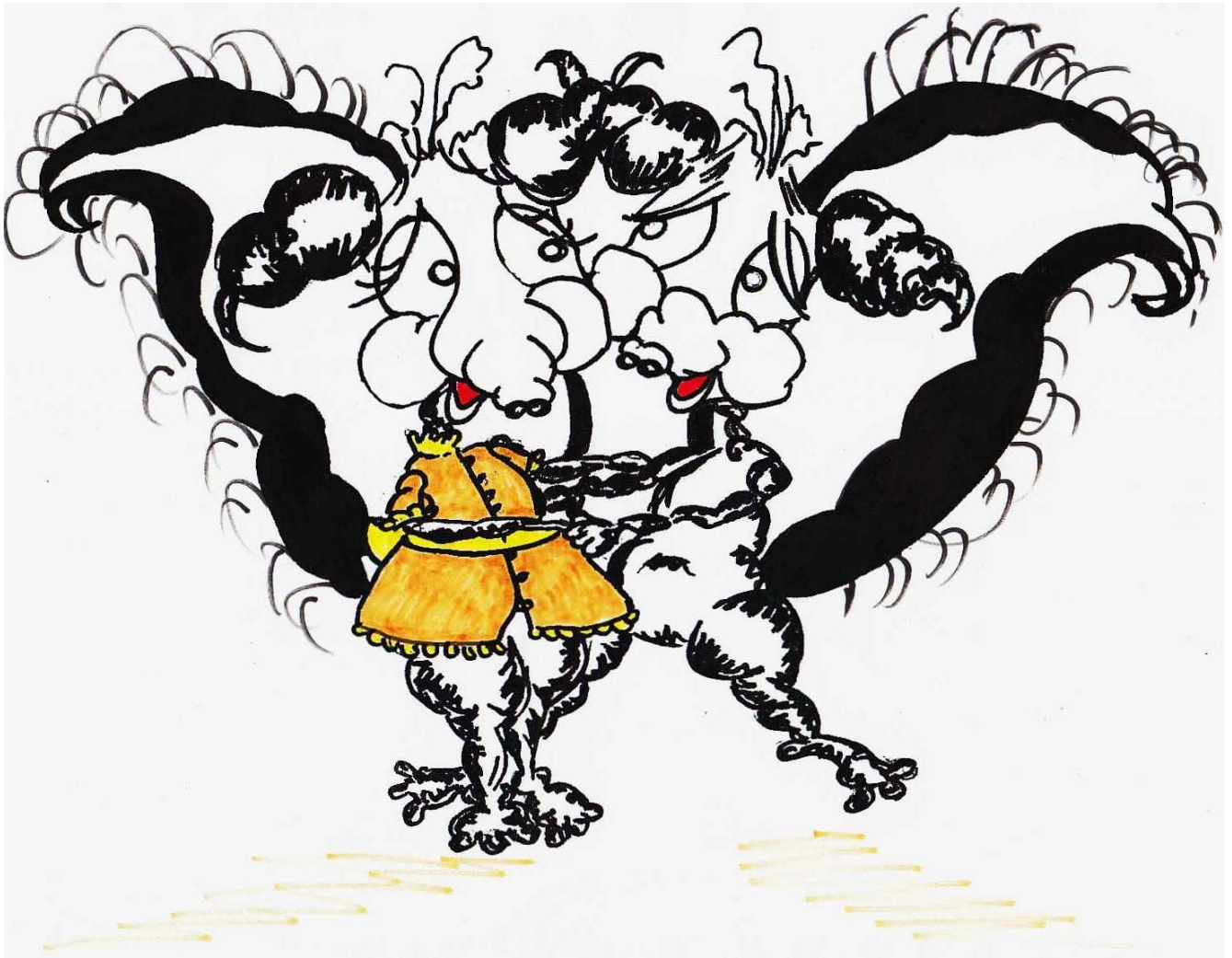


"Oh Mum, did I hurt you?" he asked Big Pong,
as he made a smell that was so very strong.

I looked at my parents, their heads in their hands, after all, it was Christmas and they had made plans,



but Stinky just loved his Christmas surprise,
and Big Pong loved the look in his eyes.



With their Christmas spirit alive and well,
my parents said they'd put up with the smell.

Soon lunchtime arrived, we sat down at the table, and Big Pong set down a huge pot and a ladle.



She spooned out some food, and boy did it stink:
I wanted to put my plate straight in the sink!



It sure wasn't turkey; it was some kind of cheese
which was so smelly that it made me sneeze.

"Yum, yum," murmured Stinky, licking his lips.
"How I wish all my meals could smell like this!"



"Don't worry, my darling, my dear son.
I've got even more treats still yet to come!"

I thought maybe she would bring out a turkey,
but out came a soup, its colour all murky.



I think it was fish, though I'm still not quite sure:
it smelled so bad, I ran out the door.

Dad came out to get me, saying, "Amy, behave! Big Pong is our guest!" his expression all grave.



"She's serving dessert. Now, you give that a try. Dear girl, you don't want to make Big Pong cry."

Big Pong gave me a huge slice of cake,
and a big effort I wanted to make.
I took a small bite and I started to chew,
and just as I swallowed, that's when I knew.



It smelled like no other cake in the world,
for into the mix, Brussels sprouts had been swirled.
Little green spots were all over the cake,
and the most foul taste did they ever make.

Stinky was eating a second slice,
when he said to Big Pong, "This cake is so nice!"

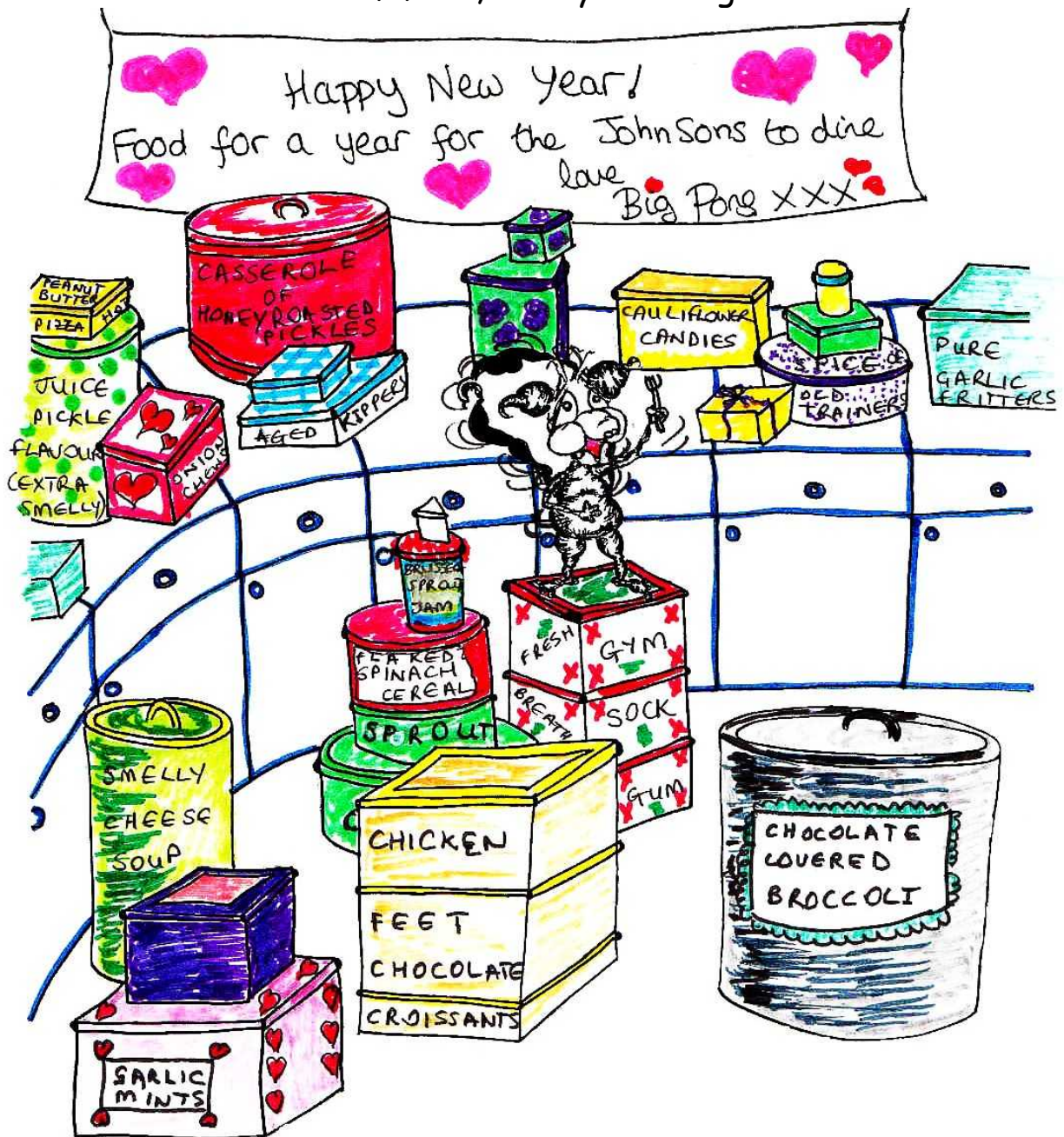


Big Pong bid us goodbye the very next day,
and said that next Christmas she'd come back to stay,



but in the kitchen she'd left a surprise.
Why, we could barely believe our eyes!

On every surface, even the floor,
were containers of food, nearly blocking the door.



The smell in the kitchen was so very strong,
such was our present from Big Pong.

'Happy New Year!' read an overhead sign,
'Food for a year for the Johnsons to dine.'

We really did not know what to do,
but, as for Stinky, he shouted, "Woo hoo!
Mum's food for me for a whole year long.

This has been a great Christmas for Stinky Pong!"



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