



## STINKWOOD SAM

Hidden away in Stinkwood Dell,  
Lived a strange little boy with a powerful smell.

He was always dressed

In a raggedy vest,

Which was never, ever washed.

And he liked to play

In the swamp all day,

Where he splished and splashed and splashed.

His pets were snails and slugs and frogs,

And he slept on a bed of Stinkwood logs.

His favourite food was Frogspawn Jam,

And he went by the name of Stinkwood Sam.

The soles of his feet were riddled with cracks,

And his ears were full of crusty old wax,

His body was covered with thick, dark hair,

Which littered the floor of his underground lair.

Now Stinkwood Sam had a mum and a dad,  
Who worried about their son.  
He was always doing something mad,  
And was always having fun.  
Either chasing stoats, or sailing boats  
In the bog around his den,  
Or rolling around in the glubby old mud,  
Then doing it over again.

His mum would shout,  
'Now Sam, you lout,  
It's time you settled down.  
So take a bath, put on this scarf,  
We're going into town!'

'No fear, old dear' said cheeky Sam, 'I've better things to do,  
Like shoving beetles up my nose, or sticking my head down the loo.'

Then Sammy's dad, he grabbed the lad,  
And spun him round and round.  
He bounced him off the soggy walls,  
'Till Sam fell to the ground.

'Now Stinkwood Sam, I do declare, you've got to get a grip.  
So brush your rear, clean out your ears, and no more of your lip!  
This might seem tough, but we've had enough,  
You've been like this for years.  
Don't look so glum, the time has come, to set aside your fears.'

‘We’ve found a wife for you, young lad,  
Her name is Stumparella,  
She needs a chap like you, my Sam, a handsome, sturdy fella!  
She can lift six sacks of fresh Bog-turf, she’s a lovely little thing,  
She cooks, she sews, she blows her nose,  
And you should hear her sing.

You count your lucky stars, my boy, she is the perfect wife,  
Now let go of that weasel, please, and give me back my knife!’

But Stinkwood Sam had other plans and wriggled like an eel,  
He tumbled through the pantry and with a huge cartwheel,  
Hurled himself through pots and pans, his granny’s evening meal,  
And shot out through the window with a supersonic squeal.

Through the dank, dark swamp, he splashed and swam,  
Through Stinkwood Dell he crashed and ran.

‘A wife...a wife!

Not on your life,

I’m only forty three!

In the mud I will roll, till I’m creaky and old,

I’ll live at the top of a tree!’

He ran until he could no more,

Until his feet were numb.

He fell asleep on a dozing sheep,

Upon its fleecy tum.

He dreamt of toads and newts and snakes,  
Fat sacks of crunchy Roast Slugflakes,  
Of dragonflies with bulging eyes,  
Pink tadpoles and flying voles,  
Digging holes for lazy moles  
Through bubbling streams of chocolate soup,  
And burning piles of badger poop.

Sam woke with a start,  
With a poke to his heart  
From a girl with a stick  
In her fist so thick.

‘A girl! A girl! Well, what in the world!’  
She poked him again,  
In the ribs and the belly.  
Then poked him some more,  
Goodness me! She was smelly!

Her hair was mad tangled and full of old grot,  
and from her nose dangled a string of pale snot.  
She grunted and poked him, this time in the ear,  
Till Sam cried out 'STOP... you've made yourself clear!'

He jumped to his feet and they circled each other,  
Four eyes staring wide, to see what they'd discover.  
And after a while, Sam managed a smile,

And he held his hands out wide.  
The girl dropped her stick,  
And then squashed a tick  
Upon her nose and sighed.  
'Minnie Mugbutt is my name,  
But you can call me Min,  
I live beneath that pile of rotting wood beside the bin.

I've lived here on my own for years,  
I ran away from home,  
'Cos my parents tried to marry me off  
To Barry, the local gnome.'

They talked and laughed  
Then talked some more,  
Until the night drew in.  
And who could guess what was in store  
For Stinkwood Sam and Min.

The years flew by,  
Oh me oh my,  
There's Sammy in a tree.  
His teeth are blacked, his feet still cracked,  
But what's that on his knee?  
It's Stinkwood Sue,  
Aged nearly two,  
She's chewing on a slug,

And who's that sitting next to her?

Her brother - Stinkwood Doug!

Look further up, amongst the leaves,

Twins Stinkwood Max and Burt,

Their fingernails are splintered,

And their vests are caked in dirt.

They're singing little shanties, in perfect harmony,

Planning epic journeys,

Across the raging sea.

There's Stinkwood Gabriela,

With a basket full of mice

She's hurling them

Like furry bombs,

Which isn't very nice.

So a gang of mini Stinkwoods,

Amongst the swaying trees.

Chattering and hooting,

Like mad monkeys in the breeze.

Then a piercing shriek rings out and echoes cross the shire,

“Oi, Stinkwood Sam! Come down you lout, your supper's in the fire!

And bring that rabble with you, their bedtime's way gone by,

Or I'll slap you in the lughole, and I'll poke you in the eye!”

So with a ‘Hup!’

Sam rounds them up

And down the tree they come.  
    Biting, falling, fighting,  
To be the first to hug their Mum.  
Without a peep, they fall asleep,  
    On beds of Stinkwood logs.  
They dream of cream, fat golden bream,  
    And crows who bark like dogs.

    Then Sam and Min,  
        Sit back and grin,  
            Pop on a DVD.  
And feast on Roasted Slugflakes,  
    With a pot of Otter Tea.