

Ursel Scheffler

Stinky Inky



I am Stinky Inky

You want to know more about me?
This is my English Diary.

Hello,

my name is Inky. **STINKY INKY.**
I am cool, I am great, I am beautiful.
I am a monster.
A horrible ink-monster.
Run and hide, when I come!

There is double-ink in my name:

STINKY INKY

Hihhi! Great name! I love it!
There is also **ink** in **drink**, **pink**, **think** and **link**.
But I like the **ink** in **stink** and **sink** best.

((Abb. Rucksack S. 28))

10/11

Ink is important for me.
As for all **Ink**-Monsters
Ink is for me as important
as blood for a vampire.
When I drink **ink**
I am happy and blue.

I hate soap and water.
I hate clean places.
I hate people that use showers,
shampoo or a tooth-brush.

I love dark and dusty corners.
I love stinky kids.

If you don't like soap and water,
you are my friend!



Igitte, my dear ugly spider-friend

Once upon a time
I met her
in the dusty basement
of an old fashioned school:

IGITTE (Ugh! Yuk!)

She has eight wonderful legs.
She wears a ridiculous red cap.
She is clever and she knows
how to spin unteareable spider-webs.

We always have fun together.
This is what we do:
We fight.
We quarrel.
We argue a lot.
We use bad words.
She always tells me to behave better.
She criticises my manners.
I call her names
like Silly Sally, Ugly Duckly,
Smartie Fartie or Snoodle-poodle-noodle-kaboodle

Igitte is my very special friend.

As long as she is around,
I hate her with all my heart.
But when she leaves, I miss her.

My other frieds

Forget a while about Igitte!
I also like the company of woodlouse,
cockroach, dung beetle, woodworm,
jelly-fish, octopus, snails and snakes.

I like to climb in coffins and skeletons.
If I like the smell of a stinky person,
I stay with him or her for some time.
That is how I had a great time
with Piratz, the Harbour Rat.
Willy, the peddler,
and Erwin, ²the woodworm from the Morgue.³

²Ätze, das Piratenmonster

³ Ätze, das Rittermonster

My Adventures in London

At the moment
I live in London.
It is a wonderful town
with dark an dirty corners.
I sleep in a nice smelly baseball boot.



When I first came to London,
I was homeless and nameless.
I lived in a messy cellar in Soho.
Together with some mice and rats.
Tourists like me.

Victoria Station

One morning
I went to Victoria Station.
It is a great railway station.
Thousands of people are there
In two thousand shoes.
Everybody tries to catch a train.
In the rush hours
there are lots of very nice stinkers!
Everybody is in a hurry.
Some people walk in large shoes
or in heavy boots.
I have to be careful,
that they don't kill me!

I know a quiet little spot

behind a paper-basket
It is a great observation-place.
I can see everything
But nobody can see me.

Big surprise:
Suddenly I noticed
a beautiful, horrible spider girl
with a little red hat
and eight pretty legs.
Guess who it was!
Little red Riding Hood?
No, haha!
It was my sweet girl-friend Igitte.
„What the hell are you looking for
in London?“, I asked her.
„Definitely not for you“, she answered
and put her nose up in the sky.
„I am on a bussiness trip to Scotland!“

I know that Igitte has relatives in Scotland:
An uncle, an aunt, a cousin and
some great-grandparents.
They are clever weavers.
They know how to make
untearable spider webs.
So I asked her:
„Are you looking
for modern weaving-patterns
for your old fashioned spider webs?“
„No, I am looking
for an oldfashioned Hamburger
for my empty stomach!“
She sighed and added:
„I am so hungry!“
„So am I!“, was my answer.

Ten minutes later

we shared the rests
of a sticky Hamburger
with cheese and Ketchup
in front of a McDonald.´s.
I ate too much!
Suddenly I startet to cough
and – splash! –
there was ink and ketchup
on Igitte´s nice white t-shirt.
She was very angry.
She called me Stinky Inky.
I liked that name.
I decided to keep it .
At least as long as I stayed in London.
In fact: it is a wonderful name.
A smelly name.
I like smelly names.

Big Ben

Many years later Igitte told me,
that she hated me for my ketchup-attack.
She was furious:
She climbed on the next best Tower
she could find. The tower was high
and close to the River Thames.
People in London call the tower „Big Ben“.
(The clock on top of the tower
tells them the time!)
From the top of the tower
Igitte had a wonderful view.
She started to make spider webs.
Untearable spider webs.
She wove the webs
around the wheels of the tower-clock.
((Abb. neu))
One day the wheels of the clock
could not move any longer.
People in London

were very much upset,
as the arms of the clock
did not move any more.
It took one week
to repair it.
Igitte had to look
for a new place.

Trafalgar Square

I met Igitte again
on Trafalgar Square.
It is a busy place
in the middle of London.
There is a large column in the middle
and thousands of pigeons flying around.
Igitte wanted to climb on the column.
One of the pigeons wanted to attack her.
I arrived just in time!
I made a horrible noise: Grrrr!
I sent green flashes out of my eyes.
The pigeon was so startled,
that it flew away.
That is, how I saved Igitte's life.
„Thank you!“, she said.
I hate these words.

Tower Bridge



In the evening
Igitte showed me
a cosy sleeping place
under the pillars of Tower Bridge.
Some of her relatives

lived there since hundreds of years.
At least she said so.
(Maybe it is spider years!)

Big fat spiders!
They make wonderful nets
in all corners of the old bridge.
They rent hamacs
to tourists like me.
They call it World Wide Web Hotel.
Funny, isn't it?
Other nice people,
like mice, beetles, worms and rats
live there, too.
A good company
for a monster like me.

Buckingham Palace

At night they all meet
under the pillars of Tower Bridge
and tell stories.
„I want to become as old as Queen Mum“,
said an old spider lady.
„And who is Queen Mum?“, I asked.
„The mother of the Queen.
She became over 100 years old.“
„How do you know?“ I asked.
„Because I lived in Buckingham Palace!
I know everything about the Royals!“
„And who are the Royals?“,
I asked.
„The royal Family.
The Queen, the princes and the princesses.
And the royal dogs and horses.
And the royal spiders...“

And then she didn't stop
to tell boring stories

about princes and princesses
and wonderful dresses,
shiny bathrooms
and clean water toilets
with lavender soap.
I hate people,
that wash and dress up.
I like stinky folk
and smelly toilets!
„Why did you go
to this horrible place?“, I asked her.
„Because I like ham!“, said the mouse.
Everybody started laughing.
Hahahahaha!
She hoped to find HAM
in „Bucking-Ham“- Palace.
Hihihihih!

The mouse was offended.
She turned around and cried.
I like it, when people cry!
„Listen!“, I said to the folks under the bridge.
„Now I am going to tell you my adventures.
They are much more interesting!“
Mouse, rats, worms,
bats and beetles
came close to listen.

A young spider-girl asked me:
„How did you meet Igitte?“
So I told her about it.
And all the other adventures
of my exciting life.
Evening after evening.

((Abb. Fledermäuse hängen herunter))

A group of bats
hanging under the bridge,

asked me to write
my adventures down,
word for word.
(They had to leave
for hunting, when it became dark
and didn't want to miss a word!)

They convinced me
that I am a person of public interest
and that I had to write my memoires.

So I wrote my adventures
in ten volumes.
Here is a short summary.
If you want to know the rest,
you'll have to read the books.

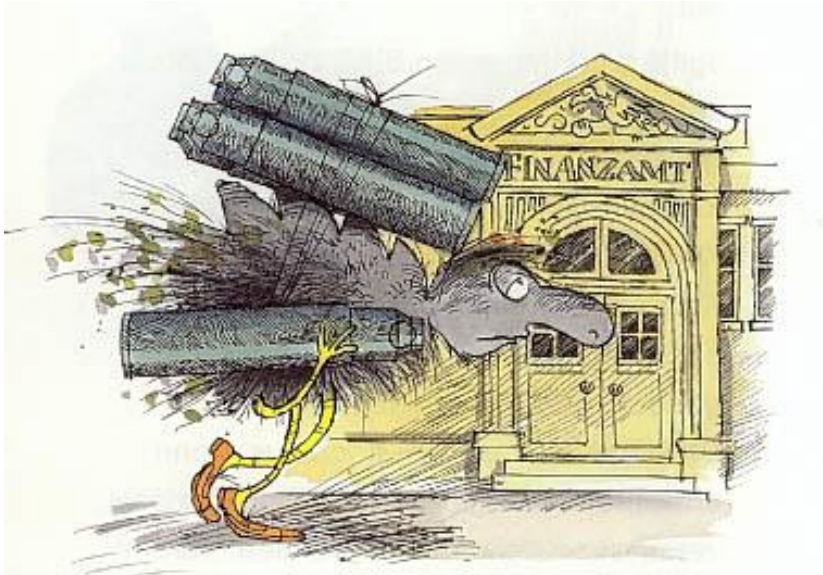
1. My first Adventure: **I started as a School- Monster**

At first my life at school
was great fun!
I found ink all over the place.
Ink is as important for me
as blood is for a vampire.
When I am full of blue ink,
I am in shocker mood:
I shock cleaners, painters,
janitors, headmasters and teachers.

I love red ink best!
I find it in copy-books and in teachers bags.
- lick - slick - lick.
My long tonge licks it from everywhere!

The whole school was upset.

A horrible ink-monster
haunted the school!
They started to make war at me
with soap and desinfectants.
A cleaning lady
almost killed me with a wet cloth.
As they started to use insecticides
I grabbed my ink supplies
and went to a dusty place next door.
an old grey building:



The Tax Office!
Igitte and some of her relatives were already there,
having a good time in the dust of centuries.

2. My second adventure : How I became Charlys Pocketmonster

The Tax Office was a good place
for a monster like me.
I found a dusty place on a book-shelf.
There were lots of old files
which had not been touched for years.
That is where I met
Charlys uncle Albert.
I tried to shock him.
But he had rather good nerves.
He became my monster-trainer.

That is what I learned from him:
Bungee-jumping from the lamp
rubber-band-twist
pole-vault with a pencil
bread-crumb-football
trampoline-hopping on the sponge,
tight-rope-walking on a string,
pen-pushing,
paper-clip-joggling
and other office-sports.

((Abb))

He took me home
to shock his wife Elly,
(because she didn't allow him
to have a pet!)
There I met Charly,
the dirty, smelly, chaotic nephew
of Elly and Albert.
It was love at first sight!

Charly has wonderful messy pockets.



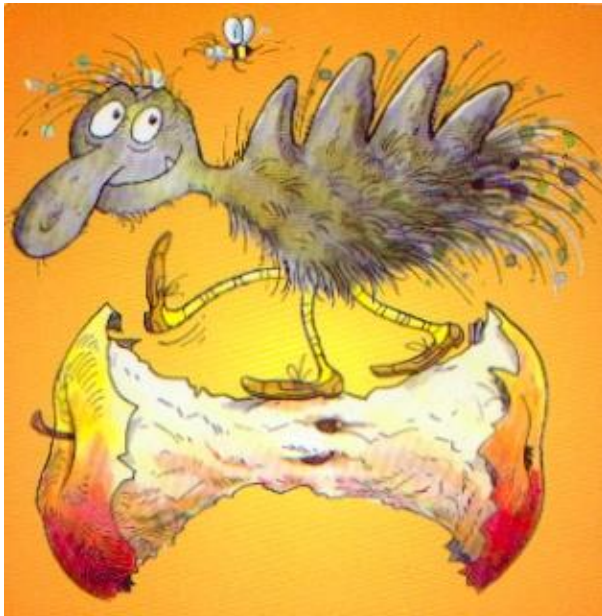
They are full of rubbish.
Great monster-nests!
So I decided to stay with Charly
for some time.

I love guys like Charly.
He wears seven weeks the same sweatshirt.
He rarely changes his socks.
Oh, what a lovely smell!
I could sleep in his stinky rubber boots forever!

We had lots of fun together.
But in the end
Charly fell in love with a girl.
And he started
to have a shower in the morning
and to wash his hair!
What a shame.
I hate the smell of soap!!!
I left his clean pocket in panic,
jumped out of the school-bus
and started to look immediately
for a new monster nest.

3. My third Adventure

How I became Willi's Backpackmonster



After I had left the school bus in panic,
I was attracted by the smell
of old Cheshire cheese.
It came from the backpack
of Willy, the Fiddler. (peddler)
It took some time to convince him,
that he needed me.
But then we became close friends.
I was his scarecrow, scare-flea, scare gnats.
We hiked around the county
and had great adventures together.
(Abb. Seite 11)

One night we slept in a barn.
Suddenly there was the smell of fire.
We rushed to the farm-house
and woke up the farm people.
The fire-engine came.
But the fireman couldn't save the barn.
(Abb Buch Seite 33)

Afterwards these stupid people said,
Willi and I started the fire!
We had to run away and hide.
So we continued our life als tramps.
One day Willy played on his fiddle
in front of the *Circus Spirelli*.

((Abb. Se. 43))

I collected money in his hat.
(That is how we earned our living!)

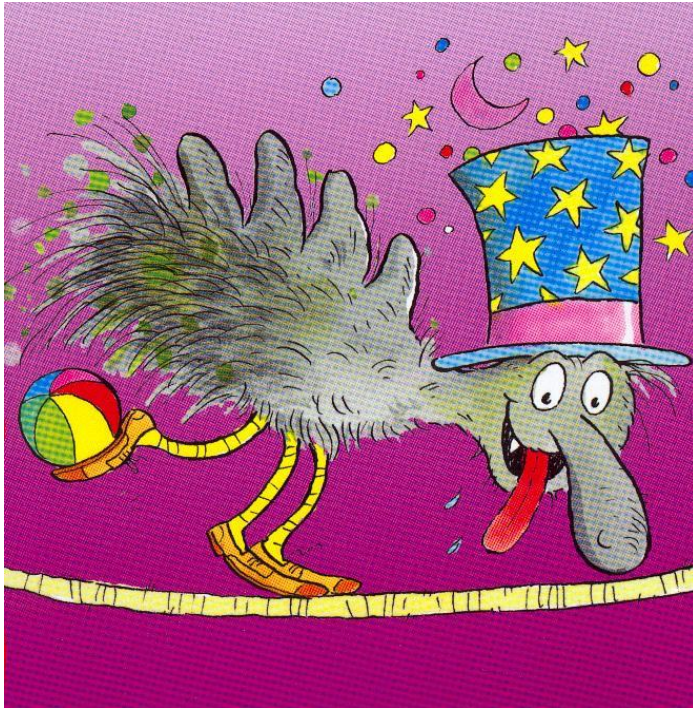
One of the firemen
was having a beer in front of the tent.
He recognized Willy and called the police.
They came and caught him.
Wili had to go to prison.
That was very sad.
I collected as much ink for him
as I could find.

((Abb. Seite 28))

Willy wrote wonderful poems.
Even in prison.
But when his poems and books
were published he became famous.
He started to wash his hands, shirts and hair.
He moved in a clean apartment.
Ungrateful friend! Disgusting fellow!
Son of a witch!
I had to leave him.
I left a message.

((Abb Buch letzte Seite Ätze schreibt Brief an Willi))

4. My fourth Adventure - How I became a Circus-Monster



I missed Willy a lot.
And the smell of chester cheese, too.
But I didn't stay alone for a long time.
Soon I spotted a new stinker.
Her name was Ann.
She worked in the Circus Spirelli.
She was surrounded by the delicious smell
of horse droppings.
She took care of me and the circus-horses.
She allowed me to sleep in her gipsy waggon.

((Abb. S. 18))

O how I liked to sniff her horse-perfume!
I used all sorts of tricks
to protect her from Macrocosimus Hyponosius,
malicious ambitious magician.

((S. 25))

One day I had a bath in his secret ink
and I learned a lot about dangers
and advantages of invisibility.

But then the famous Circus Spirelli
got an engagement overseas.
The artists went on board a ship
bound for America.
It looked so white, so clean and so shiny,
that I got sick by the mere look of it.
I could not go on board,
without vomiting. Ouarg!
((Vignette S. 35))
Sorry! So I had to leave Ann alone
with her boyfriend
and stay behind.
Good luck in bad luck:
I found a nice dirty corner
in the harbour of Hamburg
and a new friend:
Piratz, the Pirat-Rat.

5. My fifth Adventure

How I became a Pirat-Monster



Piratz the Pirat Rat told me,
he knew monsters bigger
and far more horrible than me.
I could not believe it!
((Vignette Zirkusmonster S. 57))
So he told me
about the giant bongonesian
Paddlewaddlehippopotatoepotamus

or the jetblack crappychekered
cockadoodledinospinocrackpotcrocodile.
(I am not sure if the spelling is correct)
„If you see them,
you get a deadly shock!“, he said.
I was impressed.
„Did you see these horrible monsters?“,
I asked him.
„Of course not!“ , he answered.
„Because I am still alive!“

So I wonder, who has told him
if they all are dead at first sight?
I am sure there is no monster in the world
that is more scary than me.

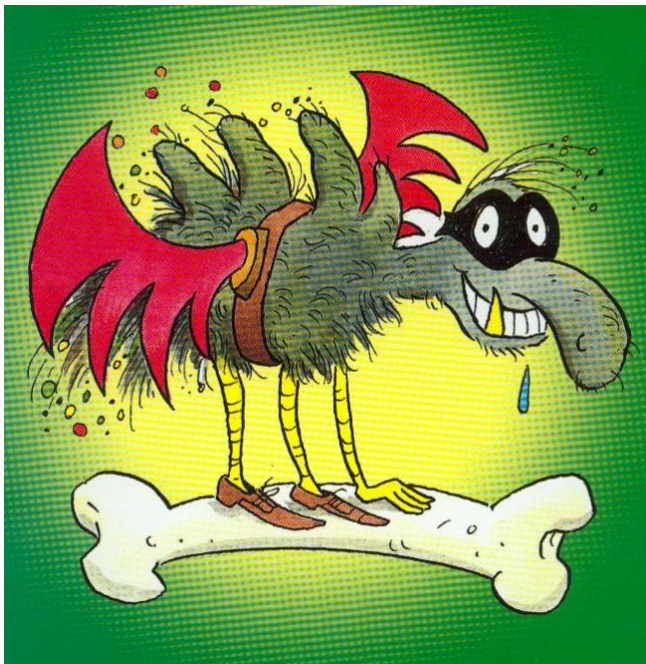
Five minutes later
I forgave Piratz this rudeness.
Because he showed me
a wonderful hotel:
An old shabby harbor-store-house.
That is where we meet Elmer,
a runaway-Boy.
We helped him to board a ship
as a stowaway.
((Abb. Vignette S. 33))
The name of the ship was
Cumbacumba.
It was heading for Bongo.
We accompanied the boy.
(I thought: good occasion to check,
if there really are giant bongonesian
Paddlewaddlehippopotatoepotamus!)
But I soon forgot about monsters
bigger than me,
because we ran
into a real exciting pirat-adventure!
Suddenly we were in the middle

of smugglers and gun-running
(Vignette S. 81))

and a revolution
against the King of Bongo...

Without me and my monster-skills
things would have taken
an unhappy ending.
You must read the rest
in the book.

((Schluss-Vignette Seite 84))



6. My sixth Adventure - How I became the Gruesome Monster

When I returned from Bongo
Igitte spottet me
right at my arrival
in the harbor of Hamburg.

There she was, waving,
when I came down the gangway
of the Cumbacumba.
What a shock!
(More or less my fault,
because I had sent her
a letter in a bottle,
telling the exact time of my arrival!)
((Bild S. 91))
It tried to insult her
with bad words
and monster curses.
Finally she left rather offended.
I had some cool inky drinks
in the dockland-pub
named *Totally-Tabu-Tatoo*.
I explored the fishmarket
at the waterfront.
There I met Wendy,
a nice stinky girl.
She was in search
of gruesome objects
for a ghosttrain.
(She is working at a fun-fair!)
I liked her smell at once.
Do I need to say
that I followed her immediately?

I was the star
of the ghost-train
for some time.
Of course I was
the greatest, biggest, coolest
and most horrible
of all the monsters
in the fair-ground!
What fun!

But there were
very dangerous days, too!

I had a little accident
and lost one of my three shoes
in a lump of sticky Turkish Honey.

I got trapped in a flea circus.
I had to show tricks
under the glass of a cheese-cover.
Igitte saved me in the last moment.
How did she find me?
That was good luck.
Igitte was working
for a man man called McSpider
(He sells high class spider-webs
to haunted houses and ghost trains!)
He sent her to the fair.

Just in time!
So she saved my life.

7. My seventh Adventure -

How I became the monster of a haunted castle

Igittes and some of her family and friends
live and work in the spider-web-factory
in an old castle on the Rhine.
It belongs to Mr. McSpider, a Scotsman.
He wanted to turn the place
in a haunted castle.
(they have lots of haunted castles in Scotland)
He hired artists, to play the ghosts.
But then I came!

I was the best, the greatest, the most gruesome,
most ghastly ghost he had ever seen.
I got the job!
Mr. McSpider told me,
to haunt the visitors of the castle.
What a pleasure for Stinky Inky the shocker!
I horrified whole school-classes,
parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and journalists.

Thousands of people came
(maybe only hundreds)
to visit the haunted place
since I worked there.
They bought postcards, handkerchiefs, mugs,
glas my name is Inky. **STINKY INKY.**
I am cool, I am great, I am beautiful.
I am a monster.
A horrible ink-monster.

Run and hide, when I come!sballs, t-shirts and potties
with my foto.

One day I became a movie-star .
Together with Igitte.
(Of course I played the main part
in the movie!)
Every tourist visiting the castle
had to watch ist.
I soon had a large fan-club.

But later on
I had lots of discussions with Igitte!
She thinks, the castle is her place
and she can tell me, what to do.
What a nuisance.
Igitte works hard and when I insult her,
she cries.
Oh, women!



My best friend is woodworm Willi.
He lives in an old coffin in the morgue.
with his help I discovered
secret parchment in the vault of the castle.
It tells how to prepare spiderwebs
and make them untearable!



This is a precious secret.
Mr. McSpider is very happy about it.

Untearable spider-webs!
A great idea! A sensation!
Even NASA got interested
in this light but tight material.
American astronauts
thought about using
the untearable spider-web material in space.
The Scotsman felt,
that there was the smell of money in it.
And right he was!

But what a shame:
Money makes the world go round.
And the cleaning women, too!
They restored the castle.
It became nice and tidy.
What a shock
when I awoke
from hibernation.
Uaaagh! I had to leave
head over heels.
There is no hiding place
in a clean castle
for a monster like me.

My new Monster-friend
arrives at the right moment.
He comes from America.
His name is Harvey.
Harvey's father is astronaut.
He is interested in Igittes
untearable spider-webs.

((Vignette 7 in Weltraummonster))

Harvey is a wonderful boy.
He is afraid of nothing.
And he is a lovely stinker.

When he returned
to the United States
I accompanied him.
Hidden in his stinky baseball-socks
I managed to fool the clever sniffer dogs
of the American Immigration Office.

8. My eights Adventure

How I became a space monster

Together with Harvey
I arrived in Miami/Florida.
I went to school at first.
I had some cool adventures there.
But the coolest part
was extraterrestrial:
Harveys father took us
to Cape Canaveral.
(Abb 66 Weltraum))

A lot of people were there.
They wanted to watch the launch
of a new Apollo shuttle.

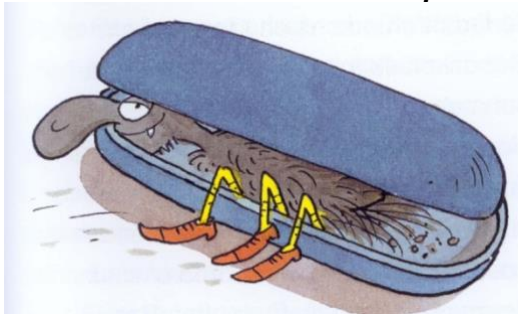
Mr. Grant was dissapointed,
that he was not on board.
So was I.
I absolutely wanted
to discover the space.
(On the fotos at the wall
the space looked like
a big ink ocean!)
I managed to shock
one of the astronauts.
With the help of Magic Ink
I became invisible.
I took his toothbrush,

his socks and his wristwatch
and walked across the ceiling.
He couldn't see me.
But he saw
socks, watch and brush
moving over his head.

((vignette S. 62))

He lost his nerves!
He cried for help.
The doctor came.

So Harveys father
got the place
in the space shuttle.
Jappadappadu!
That fitted in my plans!
I absolutely wanted
to become an Inkonaut.
((Abb. S. 45))
In Mr. Grants spectacle-case
I went on board *the Apollo*.



We stayed some days in the space.
When the astronauts discovered me,
they thought I am an Alien,

And do you know, what I discovered?
Igitte was on board!
Together with some of her friends.
She sat behind a glass window,

spinning.
The scientists wanted to find out,
if McSpiders spiders
could produce
their untearable spider-webs
in space as well.

We reached the space-platform
without problems.

I went outside.

Suddenly I lost all my weight!

I could fly like an eagle!

I was tempted to dive
from the space-platform
in the blue ink ocean.

I could not resist.

Off I went!

But what a shock:

I could not swim back!

I was weightless!

(Imagine: Normally I weigh 13g)

I am sure

I would circulate in an orbit still today,
if Igitte had not secretly fixed
one of her untearable spider-threads
on my ankle.

She pulled the savety-string
and rescued me .

But not until I said „Please“ !!!!

A horrible word.

So far it never came over my lips!

I had to say it in German:

„Bitte Igitte!“

Then she pulled me back.

That is, how she saved me
from becoming an unidentified space object
or an intergalactic glow-worm.

She is so clever. Oh, how I hate her!

9. My ninth adventure

How I became a computer Monster.

Harvey packed me in a narrow box
and sent me back to Germany.
I was tossed all over the place.
It was a horror-trip!
No ink! No fresh air!
I became seasick.
I was almost dead
by the time I arrived
at Andy Müllers house.
(Andy is Harveys e-mail friend!)
Good luck:
Andy is a great stinker.
He loves chaos in his room.
He takes a shower
only once in a season.
Andy is thirteen years old,
shortsighted with freckles.
He loves music and hates sports.
His sister Natascha is horrible.
She stays in the bathroom for hours.
She is a soap-stinker.
Andys best friend is Mandy,
his Computer.
(I became a little jealous!)
I went to school with Andy.
This was very exciting.
Burglars came.
They took all the computers
and Claras precious Cello.
I became a detective.
I discovered the thieves.

I think you should read
the rest yourself!
The best part was,
how I shocked Natascha,
how I shocked Andy
how I shocked Igitte.
Because I am the greatest, the ugliest,
the most horrible monster in the world.

Run and hide!
I am coming!

**And this will be my tenth
and best Adventure!**

Ätze in London:

Unter dem Decknamen **Stinky Inky** macht Ätze das Tintenmonster die englische Hauptstadt unsicher. Er erlebt die Schauplätze, die auch in Englischbüchern vorkommen und erzählt zwischen Ratten, Mäusen und Kakerlaken unter der Tower-Brücke Geschichten von früher.



Umfang: 25 000 Zeichen
Termin: abliefern 15. April 04

**Achtung: Im Ausland tritt das raffinierte Tinten-Monster
undercover unter verschiedenen Pseudonymen auf:**

Inkiostrik (in Italien)

Tintof (in Spanien)

Margolo (im Baskenland)

Arsenic Lapanique (in Frankreich)

Stinky Inky (im englisch sprechenden Ausland)

Terpentinus (in den Niederlanden)

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