

# THE STINKERS

# FOR THE LOVE OF CHOCOLATE

## Chapter One

### FRIDAY NIGHT

“You did *what*? You’re *grounded*? Next *week*?

But we’re only nine. We’ll be *old* by then! How are we going to play DJ at my radio station if you can’t come over?”

Cindy Campbell hangs up the phone and throws herself onto the sofa.

“My life is O-O-o-o-ver-r-r-r-r-r!”

Cindy rolls and kicks pillows across the room.

“What to do? What to do?” she sighs.

She jumps up onto the sofa and sings into her pinkish purplish hairbrush.

Her little sister, Jenny, races into the playroom, dragging her rag doll, Becca.

Jenny huffs, blowing strands of curls off of her face.

“Emergency, emergency. The animal hospital is out of bandages.”

Cindy puts the pretend microphone to her lips.

“This is Cindy Campbell, live from K-Boss Radio. There seems to be a situation building here in the town of Folly’s Korner. There are no band-aides anywhere.” She turns to Jenny.

“I know my radio station donated a box full two days ago.” Cindy extends her hairbrush toward Jenny’s mouth.

“My animals need a lot of attention. Becca and I had to doctor Jimmy’s arm. I think he got an ow-e-e-e playing with Janna.”

“Are those your monkeys?” asks Cindy.

“You know they are Sissy.” Jenny stamps her feet. “You were with me when Mommy got them for me at the toy store.”

“Oh-h-h, that’s right,” says Cindy. “Tell the good citizens of Folly’s Korner more about these wild animals.”

She pushes the pretend microphone back toward Jenny’s face.

“Well, my monkeys are always getting hurt ‘cause they do lots of things they shouldn’t do. They jump on the bed, bounce off of my desk, and swing on the ceiling fan.”

“Sounds like your jungle friends are out of control,” says Cindy.

“They are. I have told them over and over that I’m the boss and they have to follow my rules.”

“We all have to follow the rules,” says Cindy.