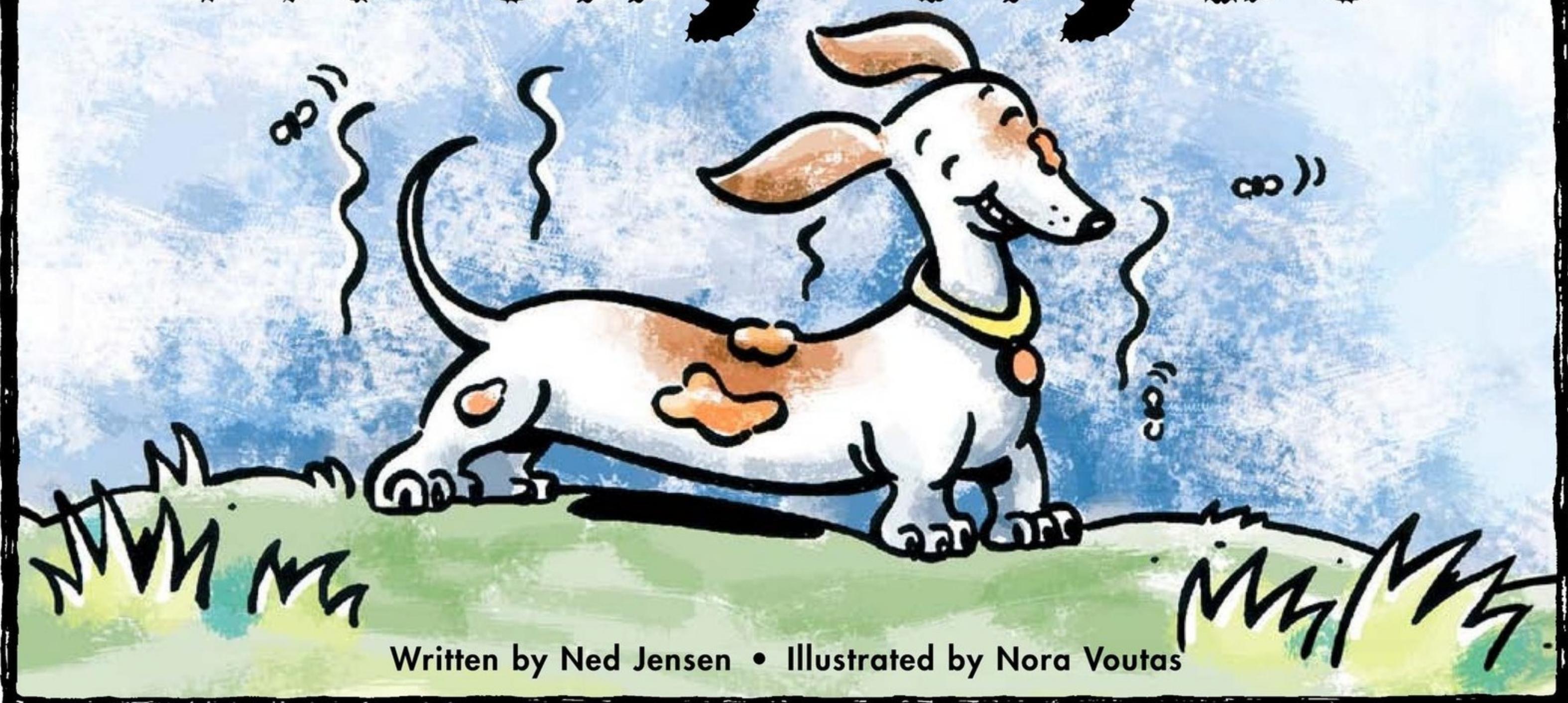


LEVELED BOOK • L

Smelly Clyde



Written by Ned Jensen • Illustrated by Nora Voutas

Smelly Clyde



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Clyde was a clever dog. He was smart, and he was loyal.
He would get the newspaper for his master, Mr. Mora.
He would get Mr. Mora's slippers.



He could roll over and sit up.

He could lie down and shake hands.



But Clyde had one terribly bad habit.
He loved to roll in manure. Whenever he had the chance,
Clyde would race down to Farmer Brown's farm.



Clyde would point his nose high in the air.

Then he would begin to sniff.

He would sniff and sniff. And soon he would pick up a whiff of what he loved—manure.



One day, Clyde ran to the chicken yard.
He wiggled and wormed his way under the fence.
Then he lay down and rolled over and over.
He scooted through the dirt and manure.



When he had enough, Clyde wiggled
and wormed his way back under the fence.
Then, once again, he put his nose
high into the air and began to sniff.
Soon Clyde sniffed the smell of another favorite—cow manure.



Through the fence and into the barnyard he went.
When he found the biggest pile of cow manure,
he jumped on it.



He rolled around and around.

He rubbed his fur through the delightful smelling
cow manure.

Ah, this is heavenly, he thought.



When he had enough, Clyde stood up.
Again he stuck his nose high into the air.
And again, he began to sniff.



Soon he smelled another lovely odor.
It drifted toward him from the stable.
Clyde panted with excitement at the smell
of another favorite—horse manure.



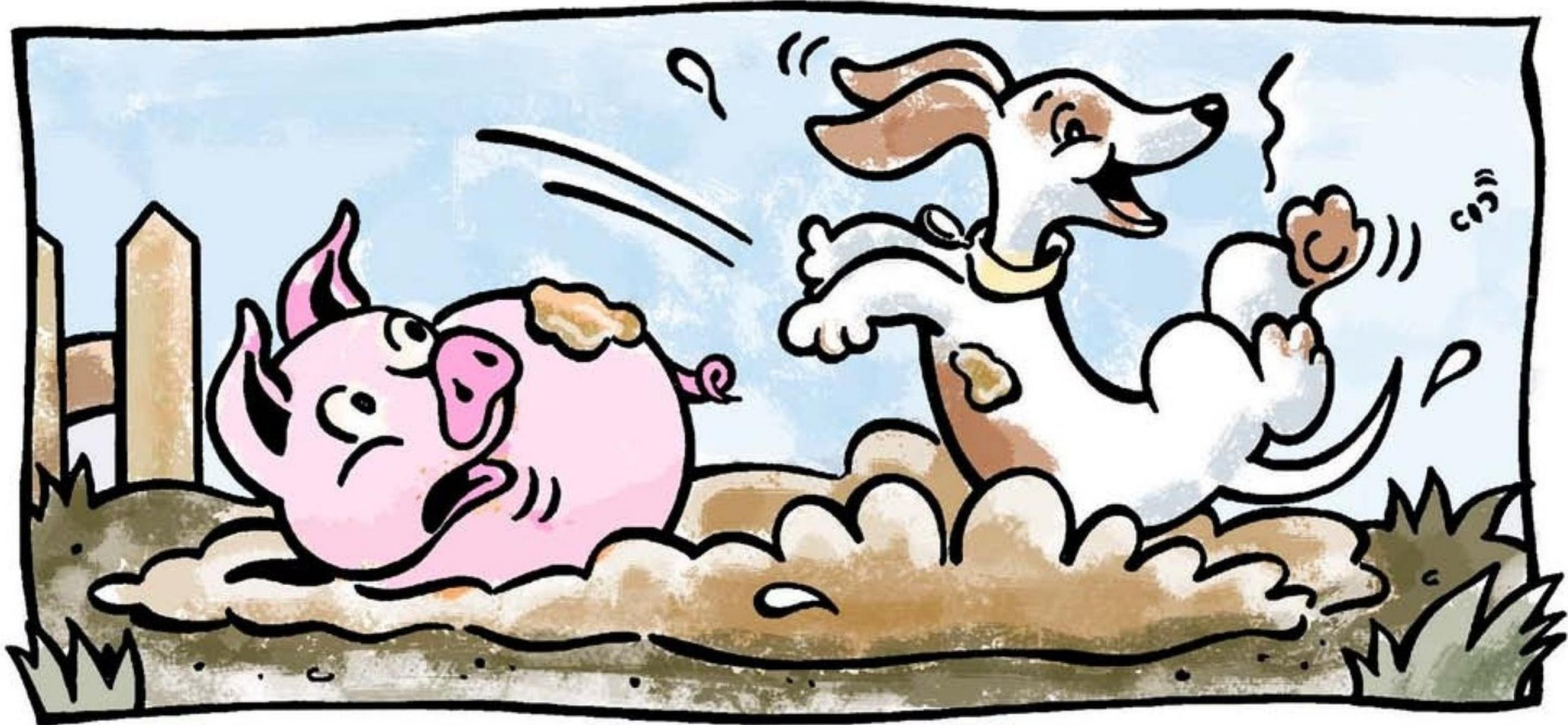
After rolling around in the horse manure,
Clyde felt even more refreshed.



He walked happily from the stable.

And what do you think he smelled? You guessed it.

Drifting past the stable was Clyde's absolute favorite odor—pig manure.



So off he ran toward the pigpens.

Soon he was standing over a mud hole.

He jumped in and rolled around in the mud and pig manure.



Clyde felt quite content. He thought he smelled great, so he headed back home. When he arrived home, he slipped through the doggy door and into the house.



Mr. Mora's nose went into the air. He began to sniff and sniff.
“Clyde!” he yelled. “What is that awful odor I smell?
Have you been down to Farmer Brown’s again?
You bad dog. You smell absolutely awful.”



Clyde put his tail between his legs and looked for a place to hide.

Then he put his nose in the air. And he sniffed.

Suddenly he smelled the most dreaded odor of all—SOAP.

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