



A SMUNK PLAYS A PRANK (ng and nk words)

One day in spring Jix goes digging for gold. He brings along a snack, a shovel, and a ladder. On the bank of a pond he begins to dig, singing a song to pass the time. When the hole gets deep, he drags the ladder into it. He digs a long time, but all he finds is junk—a plastic ring, an ink bottle, and a kite string. When he gets hungry, he goes back up, plunks himself down on a rock, and has his snack. He drinks a sip of punch, then dunks some grass into it and sucks on it.

After he has drunk the rest, he swings himself onto the ladder but slips...and falls down into the hole, banging his fangs on the last rung.

“Ow!” yells Jix. Suddenly the ladder goes up. No, not by itself. Two hands are pulling it up from above. That’s when he sees an ugly face grinning down at him. It has a pink striped trunk and long fangs. Also, it stinks—just as much as any skunk. But it is NOT a skunk; it is a SMUNK.

“What will you give me to get your ladder back?” honks the smunk, winking at Jix.

Jix thinks. “A plastic ring?” he asks.

“No, thanks,” says the smunk. “What else?”

“An ink bottle?”

“No, thanks. What else?”



“A kite string?”

“No, thanks. What else?”

“Nothing else!” yells a cranky Jix. “You can’t keep me down here. I’ll yell for help.”

But before he can, the smunk plunks its big rump over the hole. Jix blinks. Now it is as black as ink in the hole.

“Help!” yells Jix at the top of his lungs. He is about to fling the ink bottle at the smunk’s rump when he bumps into its stinger. If I grab its stinger and hang on, it will jump up and pull me out of this hole, thinks Jix. Then I’ll let go.

So that is what he does, but he yanks so hard on the stinger it comes out in his hand.

“Ow!” yells the smunk. “Give me back my stinger!”

“Not until you give me back my ladder,” says Jix.

Grumbling, the smunk agrees.

When Jix gets to the top of the ladder, he waves the stinger at the smunk, who shrinks back.

“No more pranks?” asks Jix.

“No more pranks,” says the smunk.

So Jix gives the smunk its stinger back.

From that day on Jix and the smunk get along fine. In fact, now they play ping-pong every Friday.

ng words

along
bang
bring
fang
fling
hang
hungry
long
lungs
nothing
ping-pong
ring
rung
sing
song
spring
stinger
string
swing

nk words

bank
blink
cranky
drink
drunk
dunk
honk
ink
junk
pink
plunk
prank
shrink
skunk
stink
thanks
think
trunk
wink
yank