

BENNIE AND THE STINKERS!



A 15-PAGE STOOPIDLY STINKY COMIC

Adapted from the supplied book by The Supreme Boogeyman

Bennie worked the road crew until even his shadow looked tired.



Home was quiet. Too quiet.



Then Bennie made a dangerous decision: two cats were better than one.



**A colleague knew just where
a pair of kittens was
waiting.**



**One had white paws. The
other had lightning in her
eyes.**



**Thunderbeam and Mewie
moved in—and never let go.**



For four months, life was simple: work, food, naps, repeat.



Then came Christmas at Mom's house.



'If they get annoying, just feed them,' Mom said.



The kittens treated wet food like a competitive sport.



By morning, the house had become a stink laboratory.



Bennie cleaned. The cats watched. Mom kept feeding.



At home, Bennie added one more meal. Then he fell asleep.



6:15 a.m. The alarm screamed. Bennie did not.



He fled for the bus, leaving the apartment—and its smell—behind.



The cats played. The stink spread.



Neighbors gathered. Every smoke detector joined the chorus.



The fire department arrived. Nobody could find a fire.



Water hit the hallway. The mess became a leaning tower.



One tiny bump was all it took.



The neighbors learned that gravity—and cat food—always win.



Enter PCS: the Poop Cleanup Service.



Forty residents. One portable outhouse. Bad arithmetic.



When the sensors went wild, the outhouse went first.



The cats found Bennie's emergency stash.



Then the balcony became a cat nightclub.



The radio went to 130. The stink cloud went everywhere.



By nightfall, a green cloud covered Alemeloni.



People fell asleep wherever they stood.



The morning papers had a story. Bennie had a problem.



**Bennie and his colleague
drove home in gas masks.**



**Roadblocks. Sirens. Army
trucks. Motorcycle police.**



**Then a blue-suited official
asked a question nobody
understood.**



Bennie tried to explain. The official tried to arrest him.



The neighbors brought tar, feathers, and pitchforks.



Alemeloni had found its scapegoat.



At last, Bennie reached his own front door.



He cleaned until sunrise—and learned the hard way.



A little extra food can create a very large consequence.



THE MORAL



**Never feed two cats like a marching band.
No matter how fast a lie travels, the truth catches up.**