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Big Fred and Jud Mud

This story uses one syllable words with short vowels containing one of the following combinations: 1. no blends 2. beginning blends 3. ending blends 4. beginning and ending blends 5. consonant teams 6. consonant teams and blends.

Fred Sands is a big man. His thick flesh hangs on him. His chest is a long stretch of a stump. His cloth vest is a rug. At the flick of the clock Big Fred can crunch a nut with his lips. His gut is a hump; his hand is as big as a ham, and his chin is as slack as a bag. Big Fred has grits and fish and clams and squid and eggs as snacks. Fred Sands is a big man.

Fred has a pal: Jud Mud. Jud is a wisp of a man. He is thin as a stick, but he is fast with his lips and will hint to Big Fred of things. This day Jud Mud is at his shack with Bam, his dog. Bam is a runt, but he packs a stiff punch.

Jud has just lost his trunk. He can't pack till he has his trunk back, and he has a hunch. "Big Fred, let us go fetch my trunk." "Get in the truck," said Big

Fred." Big Fred, Jud Mud, and Bam hit the truck. Bam has a stink that has Big Fred on the blink, and he shifts Bam in back to the bed of the truck.

Just then Big Fred tells Jud he must stop at the bank on the strip. Big Fred went left and did stop at the bank's branch on the strip. "This trick is slick, Big Fred." Big Fred went to the lad in the box at the bank and did not flinch. "I am a class act and will not fuss, but is it not odd that I did not get my check?" "Big Fred, you are the man, and I will get the check if you will but press your thumb to the ink pad." Big Fred's chest did swell. "I will press my thumb to the ink pad, you scamp, but the next flap from you, and I will hum a jig, and you will be mum."

Big Fred got his check and left the bank. Jud Mud did pet Bam till Big Fred got back in the truck; then the truck ran into a jam. This car, that car, a cab, a van, a truck, a big jam—Big Fred had no luck. "Jud, my chum, I still can not find the trunk, and I can not swing into the fast

lane." **Bam** sat still in the **back** of the **truck**. "This **fix** is no **thrill**, **Jud Mud**. **Bam** smells bad, and this **block** is long. Let us **stop** the **truck** and get **grub**." "But the **trunk**, **Big Fred**, I can not go to **bed** till the **trunk** is **back** in my **shack**." **Big Fred** had a **plan**. "Jud Mud, do not be a **dud**. We will get the **trunk**. That **plan** is a **must**. But let us **drop** the **truck** off and **grab** a **bit** of a **dish** of **fish**. Then when we **munch**, I will **spin** a **hunch**."

They went to the **inn** and had **fish** and **yams** and **kelp**. "Yuck," says **Jud Mud**. "This **kelp** has no **zest**; it **stinks**." "Kelp is a **grass**," says **Big Fred**. "It **swims** in the **big drink** and has **lots** of **zinc**." "That **fact** is **swell**," says **Jud Mud**, "but I **still** **think** it **smells**, and I will not **fill** my **gut** with that **yuck**."

"Let us **swim** in the **pond**," says **Big Fred**. "**Bam** still **smells** like a **skunk**, and he will **yelp** if he is **left**." "But, **Big Fred**, I **still** have no **trunk**," said **Jud Mud** with a **gasp** and a **gulp**. "This **clang** is the **fifth** one from you, **Jud Mud**, and I **spot** a **grump**." "But, **Big Fred**, I do my **best**; I

can not dress till I get the trunk back in my **shack**." A **chill** went **smack** into **Big Fred**. "I will **mend** the **trunk loss**," said **Big Fred**, "but you had **best** not be a **chump**. Let us **spin** the **gab**. Who has the **trunk**?"

"Well, I **think** the **cast** is **set**," says **Jud Mud**. "I do not have the **trunk**, and you do not have the **trunk**. And **Bam** has no **trunk**. In fact he has no **cloth**." "I will **grip** you in the **chin**, **Jud Mud**. **Bam** has no **cloth**; **Bam** is a **dog**. Am I **glum**? Am I a **bust**? Will you not **stop** this **stunt**? I will **clinch** the **plan**. We will **swim**, and then we **fan** the **land** and **spend** the **month** on **track** for the **trunk**."

But **Jud Mud** did not **swim**; in fact **Jud Mud** did not **let** his **dog** **swim**. "I will not **fuss**, but I **must** **scrub** this **act**," said **Jud Mud** with a **gasp**. "I have **spent** a **bunch** on that **trunk**, and I **must** not **fizz** in the **mud**; I **must** go on till my **trunk** is **back**. **Swim**, **Big Fred**, but I **must** **test** my **luck** to **spot** the **theft** of the **trunk**." **Jud Mud** left. **Bam** went with him.

Big Fred went to the pond and had a bang of a swim. He did splash a bit in the pond as a shrimp or fish with a gill. He slid but did not have a bad spill.

On his romp back to Jud Mud's shack, Big Fred had a grin from his chin to his shin. He did hum a song of the monks as he trod in the land of sun. Big Fred did flap his wings and sang songs. This trek is a smash and a task that is a blast. I will not chunk Jud Mud's plan. He is my pal, and I will help him. I will not brag nor fax Jud Mud my plan to send the trunk back to the shack in the end. He must trust my plan, which will stand the test of the land. Big Fred hit a long clump of a dump. He kept on. I must not fling a stick or a rock. I must ring Jud Mud and tell him we will ding this thing.

Big Fred sprang a plan to land the trunk back in the shack at Jud Mud's. "Hi, Jud Mud, I am Big Fred. Get Bam. I have a plan to get that trunk back from the lam." "Big Fred, is that you? Are you the man with a plan to get my trunk

back?" "Yes, Jud Mud, I am the man with the plan to land the trunk back on track at the shack. This plan is no flim flam." Big Fred went to the truck. He kept his fan and his clock in the back of the truck for luck. He went past the fan and the clock and got in the front of the truck. Then he sped off to get Jud Mud and Bam at the shack. My pal has a lost trunk, and it gets me in a funk, but I will not slink off.

Then in a flash Big Fred had a hunch. I will not go to Jud Mud's shack. No, I will get the trunk, and he went to Bob Sob's Beg-for-an-Egg stand. "Bob Sob, it's Big Fred. It is a long song from the last we met." "Big Fred, you must be fed," and Bob Sob got grub for Big Fred. "Bob Sob, let us cut the gab. Jud Mud lost a trunk and must have it back." Bob Sob got a clod in his lips. "Big Fred, Jud Mud sent for me. He had me lift the trunk and send it to the back of his bunk. It is a sad song, but Jud Mud is on the blink. The trunk is in his shack, and that stat is a fact." "Thank you, Bob Sob. I must tell Jud Mud the facts."

Big Fred went to Jud Mud's shack. Jud Mud sat in the back on a rack. "Big Fred, let us go rush and get my trunk back." "No, Jud Mud. We will not rush. We will rest and be flush." "But, Big Fred, I am left with no trunk. I must act in a flash, or I will get no trunk back." Big Fred went to the back and went in the shack. Just as Bob Sob had said, in the back of the bunk was the lost trunk.

"Oh, Jud Mud, it is Big Fred. Is that not the lost trunk?" "Big Fred, I am a lug. That is my trunk. Bob Sob and I slid it in the back of my bunk. I think I lost track of that fact." Big Fred did a shrug. "It is no big tub of fuss. Let us let go of this mess and get on with the swing of things." Big Fred and Jud Mud got Bam and went to Bob Sob's Beg-for-an-Egg stand for a snack.