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BUGSY AND ★ GOOEY

ON A SLOPPY SLEEPOVER

The Story About
a Messy Room





WHAT DOES GRANDMA SMUDGELINA
LOVE MOST IN THE WORLD?

1. Her grandson, Gooley, and his friend, Bugsy.
2. Dirt under fingernails.
3. A jar of rotten cherry jam.
4. A can of pickled nose hairs.
5. A ball of gray dust.



WHAT ARE PAULA'S EXCUSES FOR NOT
CLEANING HER ROOM?

1. Not now, I have to weave
a spider web braid.
2. Not now, I have to sharpen the eraser.
3. Not now, I have to cook lunch out of the air.
4. Not now, I have to plant a lollipop tree.
5. Not now, I have to iron my wrinkly thoughts.

Howdy Yucky!

Welcome to our icky, sticky world!

If you have a mountain of dirty clothes in your room,
at least six misplaced toys, thirteen thousand cookie crumbs
in the carpet, four broken blocks, three kilograms of pencil shavings,
twenty pieces of dried plasticine, and half a kilogram of dust,
then this messy story is just what you need!

*Bugsy and Gooley, we're stinky little beings,
get comfy and cozy, while we do our silly things!*



*To my dear Pavla,
Jelena P.*

Some grandmothers are gentle. Some grandmothers are strong. Some grandmothers smell like jam-filled rolls. Some grandmothers sing beautiful songs, but no grandmother is as messy, dirty, greasy, smelly, dusty, yucky, and filthy as Gooley's Grandma Smudgelina.

Grandma Smudgelina was a crazy old bacterium, an experienced aerobics practitioner, a fan of Spanish TV series, and a collector of unnecessary things. **And she loved mess.**

However, more than the dustiest dust and more than the smelliest smell, Grandma Smudgelina loved her naughty grandson, the bacterium Gooley, and his misbehaving best friend, the bacterium Bugsy. They, just like her, loved everything dirty, filthy, smelly, and yucky.

Gooley loved to remember the wonderful smelly moments spent with his grandmother. One of the most beautiful was his and Bugsy's first sleepover together at Grandma Smudgelina when they were still very small bacteria, and Grandma lived in the dirtiest room in the world - little girl Paula's room.



Paula adored her family: mom Christina, dad Mario, and their dog Luna. Just like Grandma Smudgelina, Paula collected all kinds of things: round, striped, orange, rustling, rattles, triangular, glittery, and even some greenish ones.

Paula loved to crumble when she ate cookies. She loved to spill when she drank water. To take something out of the drawer and not put it back in. To start a game and never finish it. To make a mess and not clean up after yourself.

- Paula, will you ever **clean up your room?** - her dad often asked her.

- I will, Dad, once the sun turns green and the sea turns sweet - Paula would get wise.

To get to her bed, Paula had to jump over two small and one large mountain of clothes, toys, books, and blocks that were piling up in her room. No one would want to sleep in that messy, filthy room, let alone live in it. No one except Grandma Smudgelina, who found the room wonderfully dirty and who had built her home in that very room.

