



Ham and Sal and the Very Good Smell



By Jacob Grimm

Illustrated by Sabdo Purnomo

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For further information contact:
Institute of Reading Development
5 Commercial Blvd.
Novato, CA 94949
www.readingprograms.org

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Meet two hamsters,
Ham and Sal.



They live in Peggy's room.

Life was good.

They had a wheel.

They had tubes.

They had food.



The cage had it all.

There was no reason to leave.

Until the day of the
very good smell...





Ham smelled it first.

Sal was napping.

“Sal! Wake up!”

Ham said.

“I smell something!”



Sal rubbed his eyes.

“What is it?”

“I do not know,” Ham said.

“But it has a very good smell.”



Sal sniffed the air.

“Yum. I smell nuts!

And seeds! And berries!

I want some!”



“Me too!”

Ham sniffed again.

“I think it is downstairs!”



“Downstairs?” Sal said.

“Too bad.

That is too far.”

He turned over.

He closed his eyes.

“Maybe I will dream about it.”



“Wait!” Ham said.

“Downstairs is not far.

We can follow the very good smell.

Then we will find

this very good treat!”

“Will it be worth it?”

asked Sal.

“We will not know

until we go!”

Ham said.

He climbed a tube.

He opened the cage.

“So let’s go!”





They hopped to the floor.

“This floor is fuzzy.”

Sal said.

“It makes my feet itch.”



“It is just a rug,” said Ham.

Sal sighed.

“I do not want
to be itchy, Ham.”



“Get on my back,” Ham said.

“I will carry you.”

“Thank you, Ham!” said Sal.



Sal sniffed the air.

“The very good smell
leads that way!”



Ham carried Sal to the stairs.

“These stairs are steep,”

said Sal.

“We cannot climb down.”



Ham looked up.

There was a rail.

“We will not climb down, Sal,”
said Ham.

“We will slide!”



“Uh-oh,” Sal said.

“This is wood.

I could get a splinter.”

“You will be fine,” Ham said.



“I am scared of splinters, Ham!”

said Sal.

“Okay,” Ham said.

“You can sit on my lap.”



“Thank you, Ham!” said Sal.

“Yummy treat, here we come!”



The pets zoomed down the rail.

They landed.

PLOP!

“That was fun!” Sal said.

He looked around.

“Ham?”

A voice squeaked from under Sal.

“Down here!” said Ham.





Sal rolled off his friend.

“The very good smell
is strong here!”

Ham sniffed.

“It is right behind us!”



The hamsters turned.

The kitchen was straight ahead.

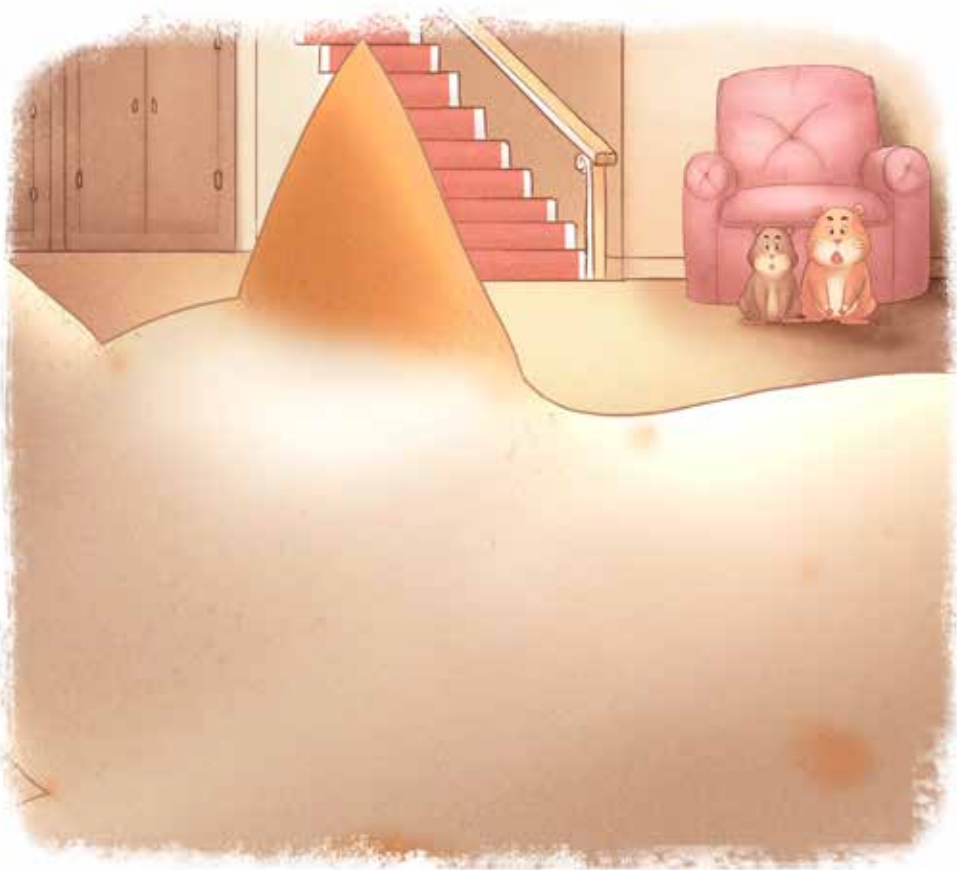
But something was in the way.



It was big.

It was furry.

And it was asleep.



“That is the biggest hamster
I have ever seen!” Sal said.
“How will we get by?”



“That is not a hamster, Sal,”

Ham said.

Sal did not listen.

“Excuse me,
very, very large hamster,”
Sal said.





“Sshh! Do not wake it up!”

Ham said.

“That is a cat!”

The cat's tail flipped up and down.

Ham held his breath.

The cat was just dreaming.



Ham made a plan.

“Run past when it lifts its tail.

Ready, set, go!”





They ran into the kitchen!

The very good smell
was very, very strong.



Sal pointed.

There was a plate of
hot muffins on the table.

They climbed up.

They took handfuls of muffin.

Sal shouted.

“I taste nuts!

I taste seeds!

And I taste berries!

Yum!”





The cat heard Sal's cheer.

It jumped on the table.



Muffins went flying.

“Meee-ow!”

The hamsters hid.



Peggy came in.

“What is going on in here?”

she asked.

She saw the cat.

She saw the muffins.



“My muffins!” she shouted.

“Bad kitty!”

Ham nudged Sal.

“Quick! Back to the cage.”

The hamsters ran.



They climbed the stairs.





They ran to Peggy's room.

Sal did not say anything
about the itchy rug.



They climbed back into their cage.

“We were so close!”

Sal said.

“Just one more bite!”

Ham said.



Peggy came in.

The very good smell
came in with her.



“Ham and Sal,
it is your lucky day.
The cat ruined my muffins!”



She opened the cage.

She put a muffin
between the pets.



So Ham and Sal
got their very good treat.
And they ate it right there,
in the cage that had it all.