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SCENARIOS 1-6

(BEGINNERS)



SURVIVAL SCENARIO 1: THE WEDDING

It is **Subject S**'s wedding day. It should be the happiest day of her life but all she can tell herself is: soon it will be over. She hasn't slept properly for a fortnight and feels like she's been through some sort of boot camp. There should be a military medal for putting up with this much advice from your mother.

After a few last fussing ministrations from her beautician cousin Maggie outside the door, **Subject S** is inside the church. The little old organist spots her and starts playing. And there he is. Dear **Dan**. She has never been happier to see anyone in her whole life. In what feels like a moment she's at the altar and just a few minutes later (she refused to have a full mass – give them an inch and they'll start reading out things about lepers and tax collectors) they're at the vows.

Dan: I do solemnly declare . . .

Now she is ready to well up. It is at this moment, however, that she is blindsided by the nastiest fart of her entire life. Nerves have been bubbling in her empty stomach since four thirty this morning, when she awoke. She must have been dimly aware of the need to go to the toilet, but it was simply too low on her long list of priorities. And what has come out is one so intense and concentrated, it's made of pure evil.

She goes rigid and stares at **Dan** in total terror. The dress is big and multi-layered, but even if it was made of asbestos it wouldn't keep him and the **Vicar** safe from this smell for long.

WHAT DOES SUBJECT S DO?

Solution A (Sane)

Well, she's not ruining the whole bloody day because of one unfortunate moment. Let's face it, if this is an aroma **Dan** really hasn't smelled before, he won't remain in that virgin state for long. Best get used to it now, buster. For better or worse, right? Right.

As for the **Vicar**, **Subject S** is truly sorry about him. He has the genial face of an old dog that sleeps by a pub fireplace. Later, in private, she will beg his forgiveness (which you would hope he would give, if he takes pride in his work). Anyhow, he must christen babies all the time, and they fart non-stop. *And* puke. He should count himself lucky she hasn't barfed all over his cassock.

As the odour reaches **Dan**, he goes stiff, just as she did. He stumbles on his words.

Dan: . . . you I wed, I mean, with this ring, er, I, I you wed . . .



Smile and wait, **Subject S** tells herself. Smile and wait. It *will* be over.

Dan's face muscles are twitching, his nostrils flaring into hoops. He can hardly talk. The congregation seem to be taking it for nerves and finding it incredibly sweet. The **Vicar**, on the other hand, is totally serene, watching him intently, without the slightest sign of discomfort. **Subject S** is silently awed by the **Vicar**'s self-control. What a pro, she thinks. What a *pro!*

Dan now places the ring on her finger. Suddenly, she realizes she's married. She looks up at **Dan** and the **Vicar**. They are both smiling.

Vicar: Repeat after me . . .