

FARTY BARTY SAVES THE DAY!



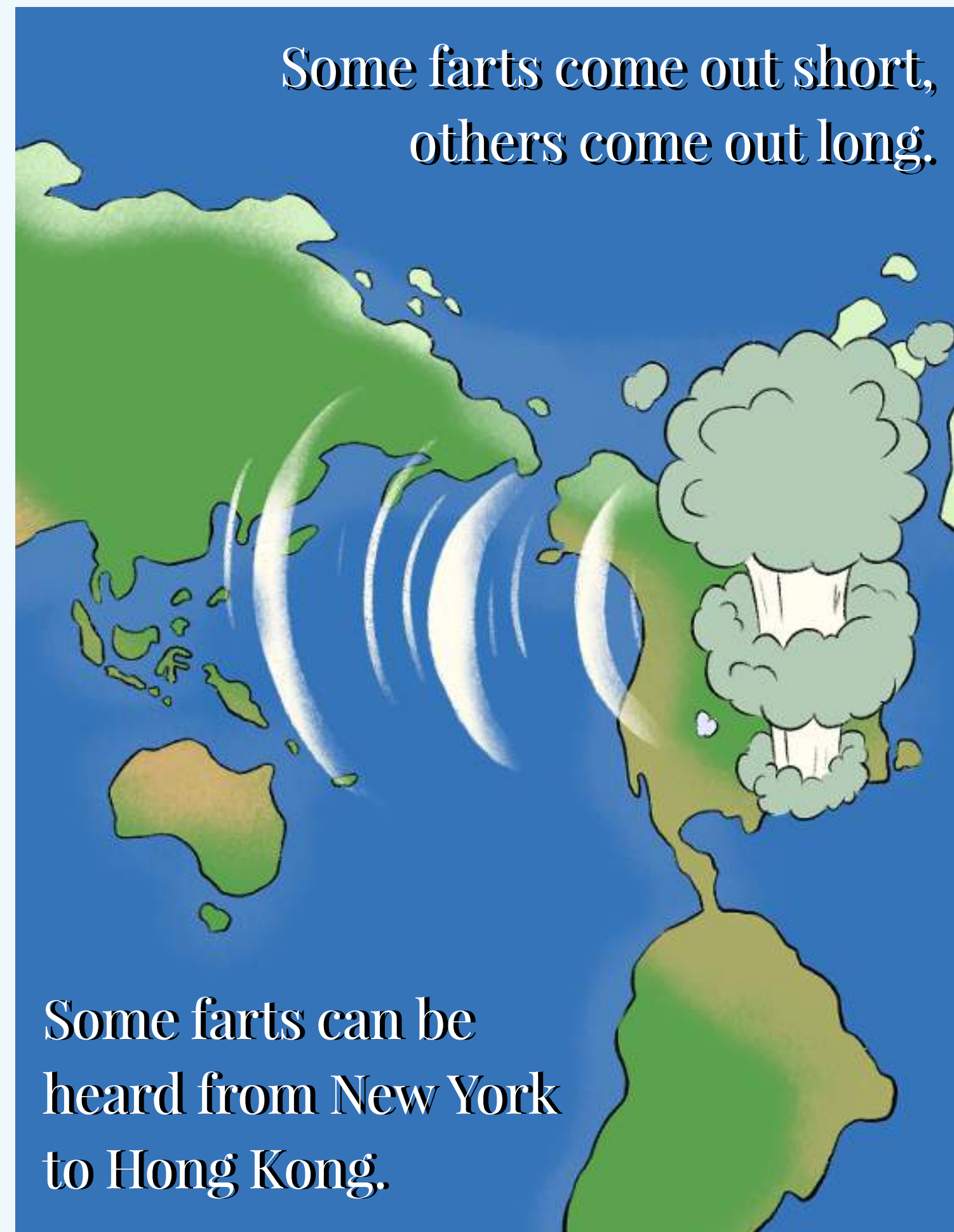
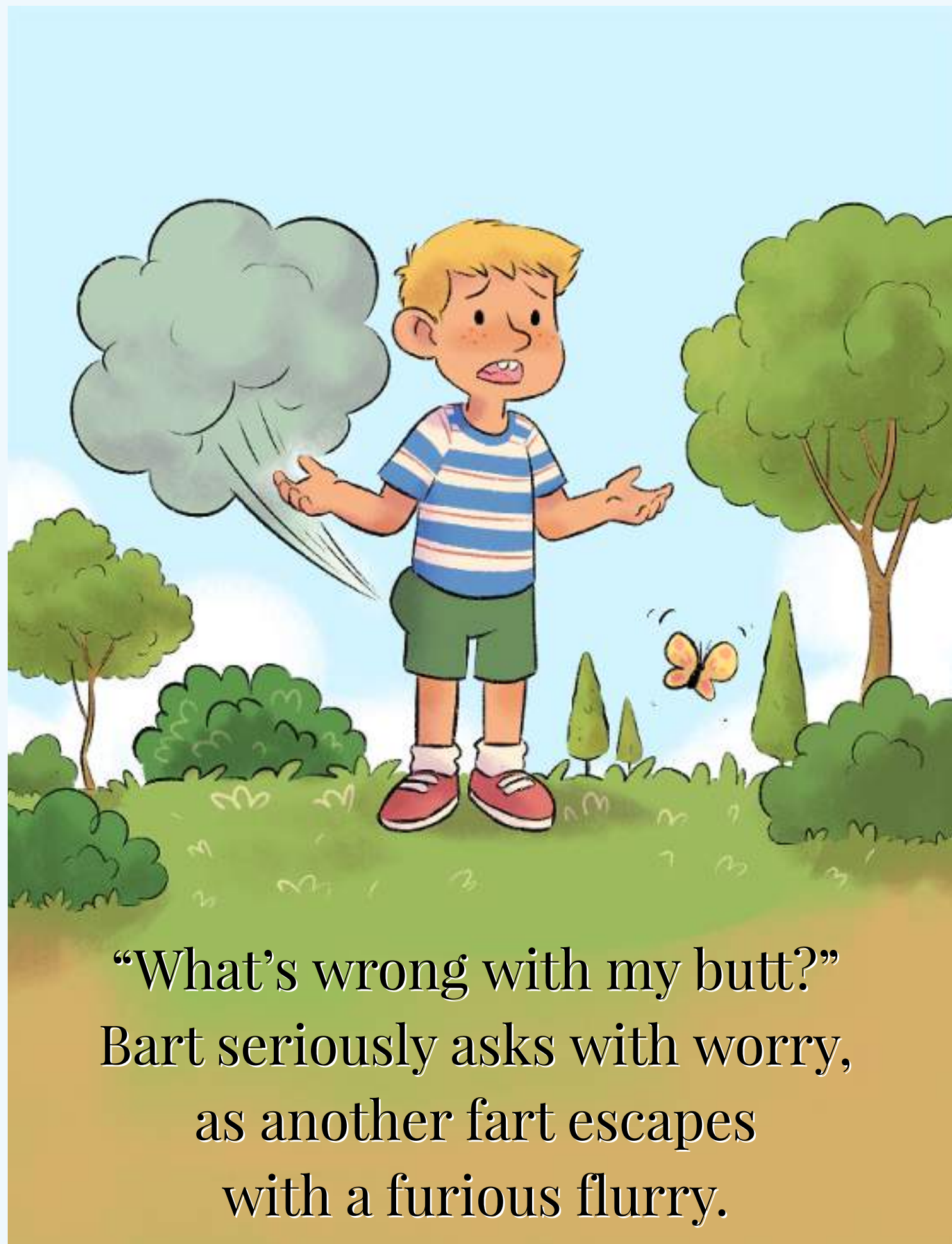
by Flatus Maximus



There once was a boy named Bart,
who really liked to fart.
He didn't know why his booty,
was always so full of tooties.



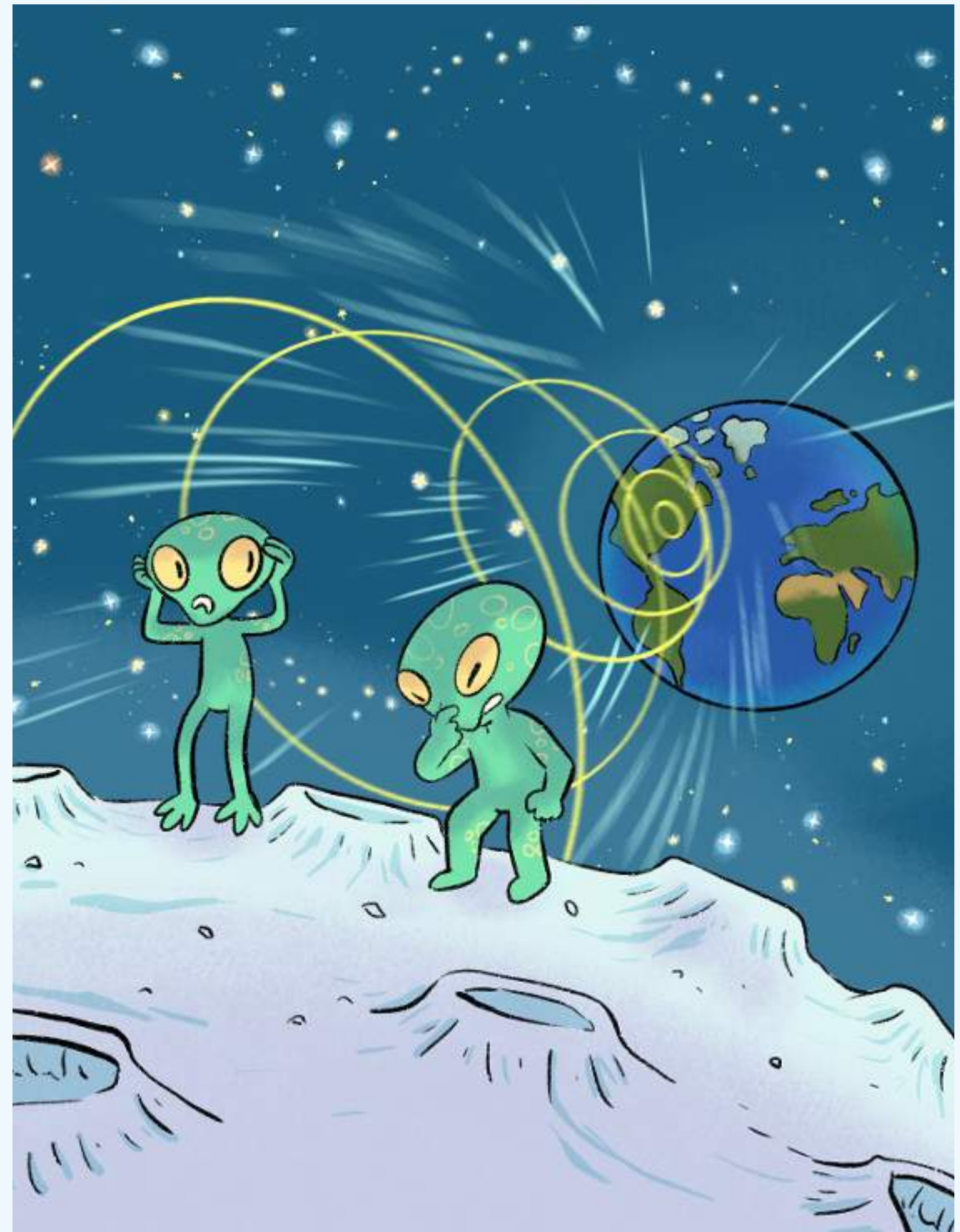
To everyone those sounds are just noise,
but to Bart, it's what he really enjoys.
He likes to make gigantic fart sounds,
like a blaring foghorn that astounds.



Can aliens hear them
from the moon or the stars?

Can they smell them
from Pluto or Mars?

When the farts come out
at the perfect tune,
they can surely
be heard from Neptune.



Bart's mom yells, "Your farts smell!
Shut your stinky butt!"



"No, they smell good,
like a cinnamon donut.

Some smell like perfume...
...others smell like a flower."

"They smell
like
rotten cream
that's gone
very sour!"



“You have to eat your vegetables
and you have to eat your fruits.”



“But Mom, you know all
those foods just give me
the honkin’ toots!”

“That’s not true,
those healthy foods
are really good
for your heart.”

“No, those foods
are only good for
giving me BIG,
LOUD farts.”



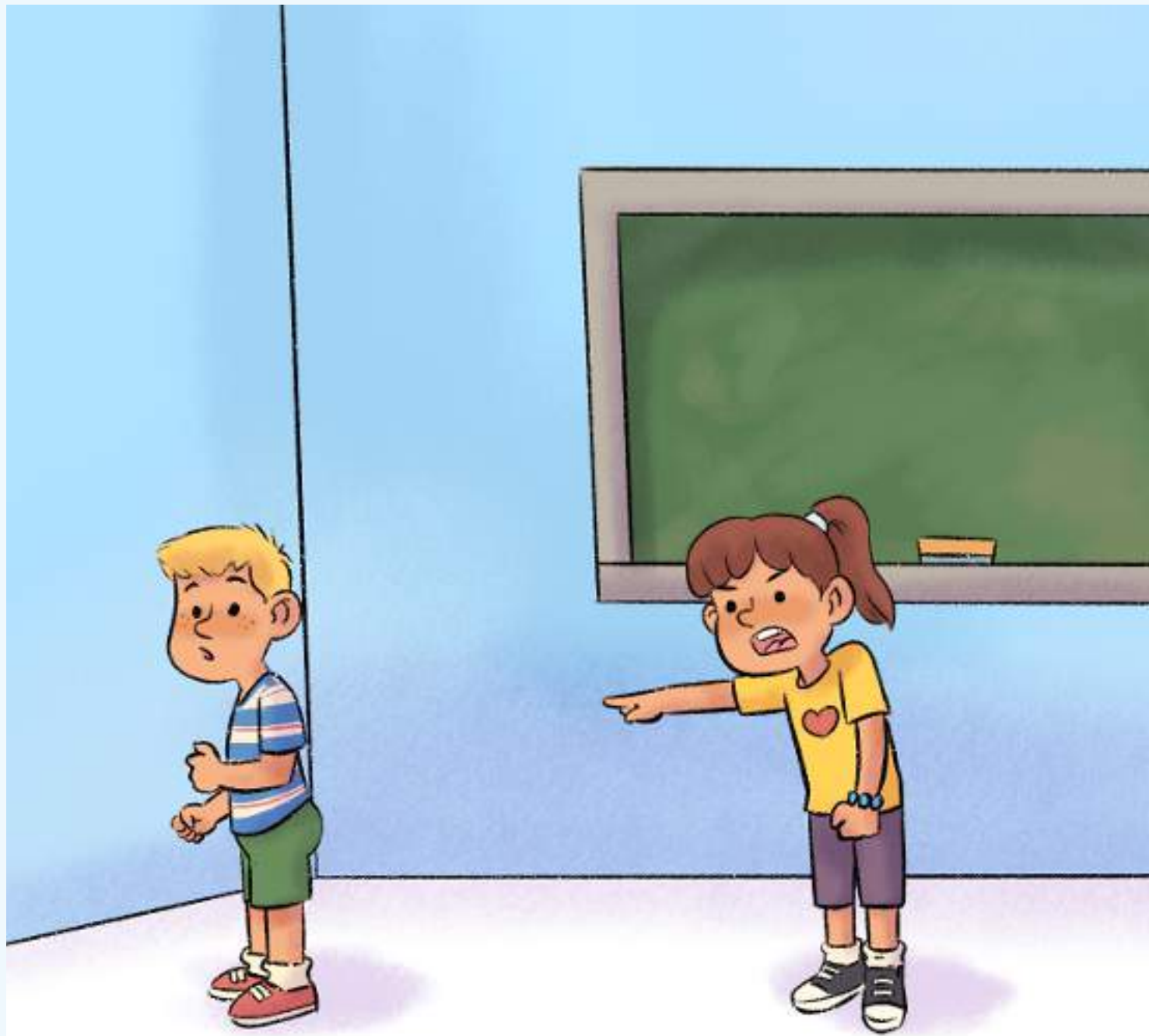
Then Bart goes to school,
where his classmates all agree,
“Bart, your farts really do
smell rotten and cruddy!”



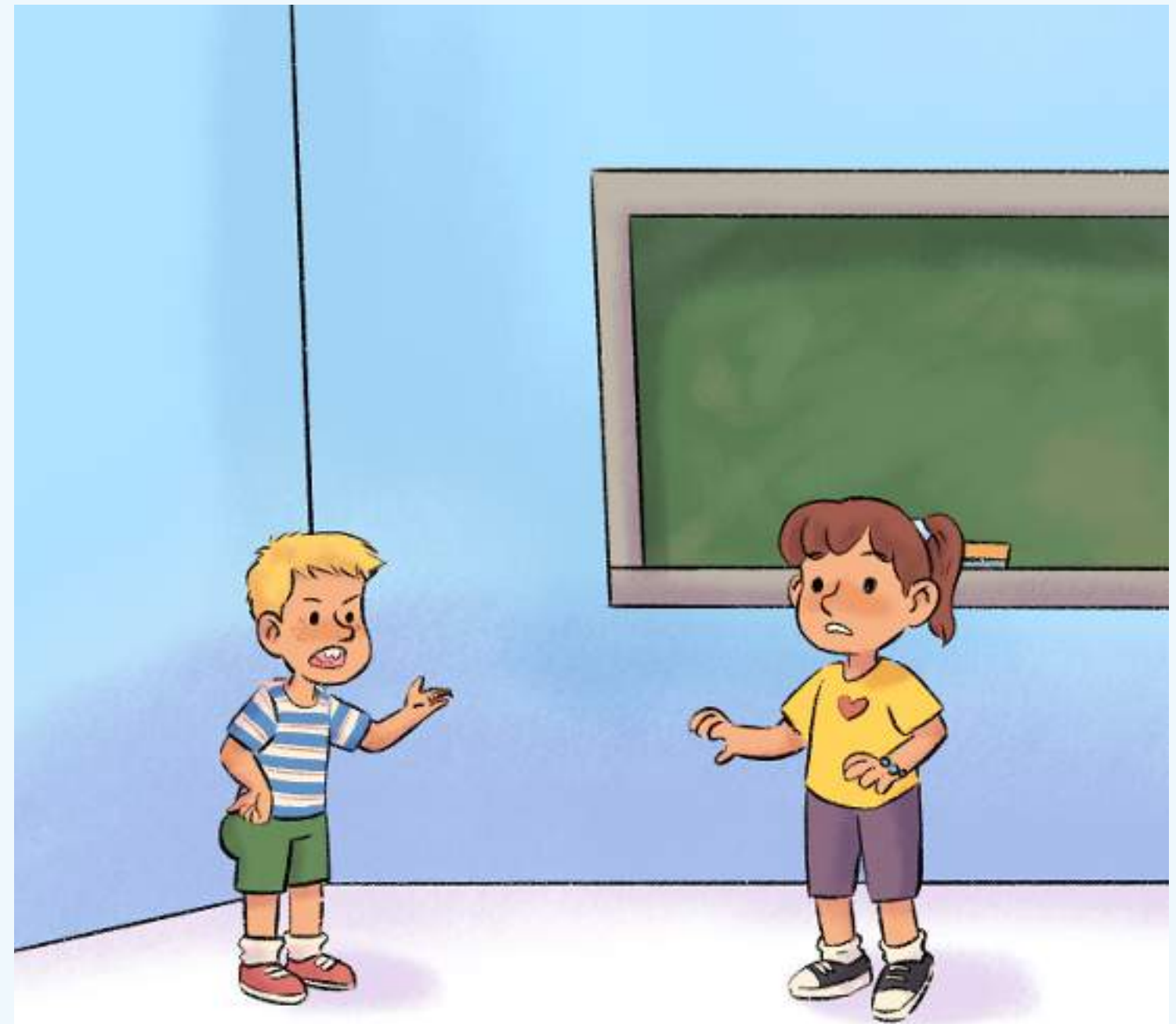
“I can’t help it,
it’s not my fault.
I just want to hang out.”



“This is serious. We feel sick,
and are about to pass out!”



“Tooooooot!” A loud sound comes
right from Bart’s area.
“You farted again!”
Suzy screams in hysteria.



Embarrassed, Bart said,
“That wasn’t me,
it must have been you.
Because all I smell from your area
is bad doo-doo.”

“Go back home Bart,
until you learn to behave.
Right now your farts
send out large shock waves,
that are felt from the
White House to the Eiffel Tower.
People think they’re bombs,
they have so much power!”





"Why am I the only one
who thinks my farts smell good?

Surely I'm not the only one
who feels misunderstood.

My farts smell great,
like a fine piece of cheese.

Everyone else though,
is so hard to please."



But then one day,
while roaming around,
Bart spotted something
atop a high mound.

It was a windmill
high on the hill,
and powered by a nice
neighbor named Bill.

Bill asked, “Hello young man,
why are you so upset?”



“Because my farts are so bad,
people think they’re a threat.

They’re so loud and powerful,
people get a scare —
They laugh, run away from me,
and clearly don’t care.”



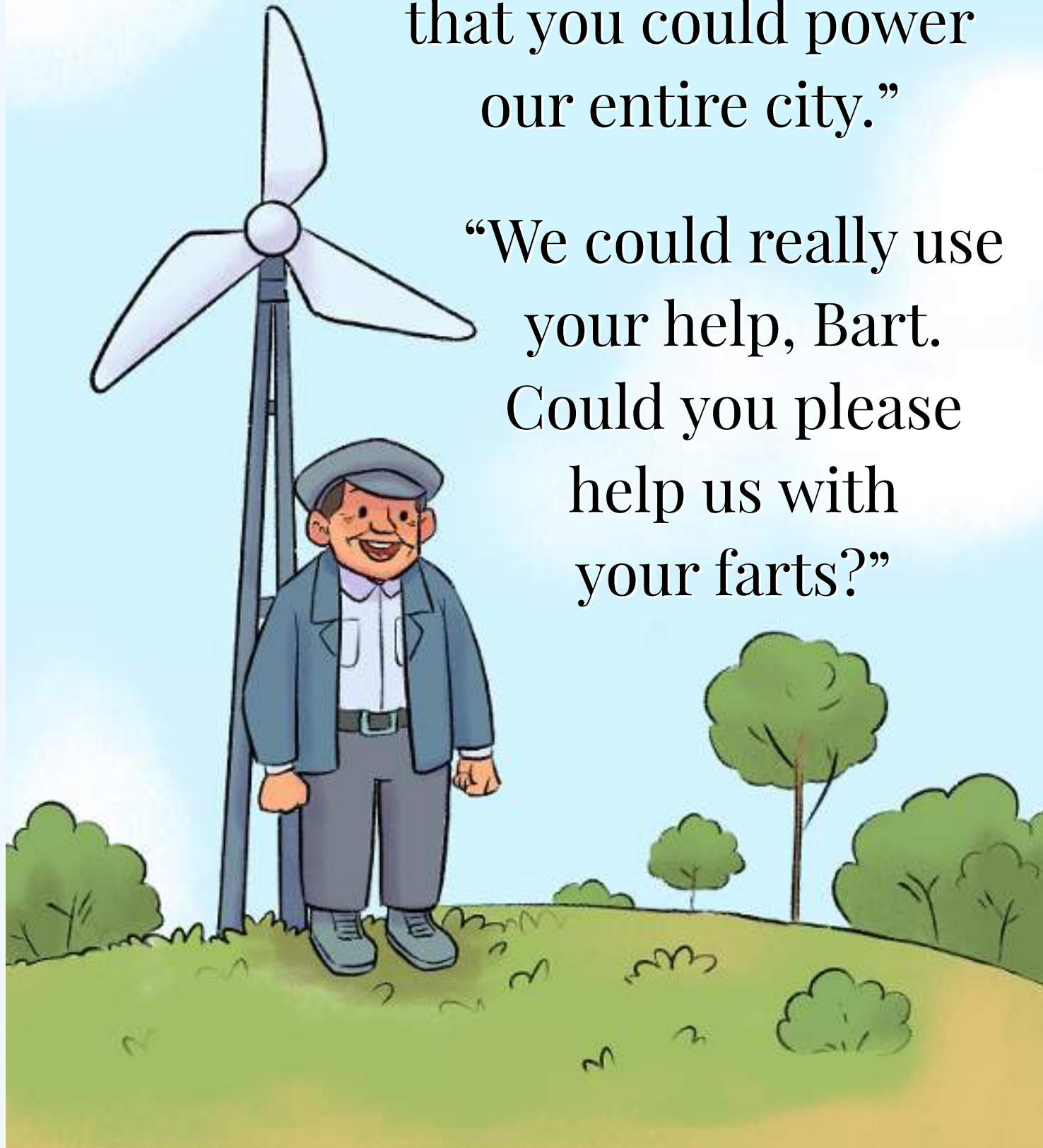


“Wow!” said Bill, “We need someone with your expertise! You would be perfect here to help create a breeze.”

“We don’t have power, and haven't had wind recently. As a result, we don’t have electricity.”

“Your farts are so strong,
powerful and windy,
that you could power
our entire city.”

“We could really use
your help, Bart.
Could you please
help us with
your farts?”



For the first time, Bart felt appreciated and needed, even though his friends at school had made him feel defeated.



He said, "Of course, I will help you however I can."



Even if that means I fart **BIG** like the boogeyman."





So he farted away,
and farted some more.

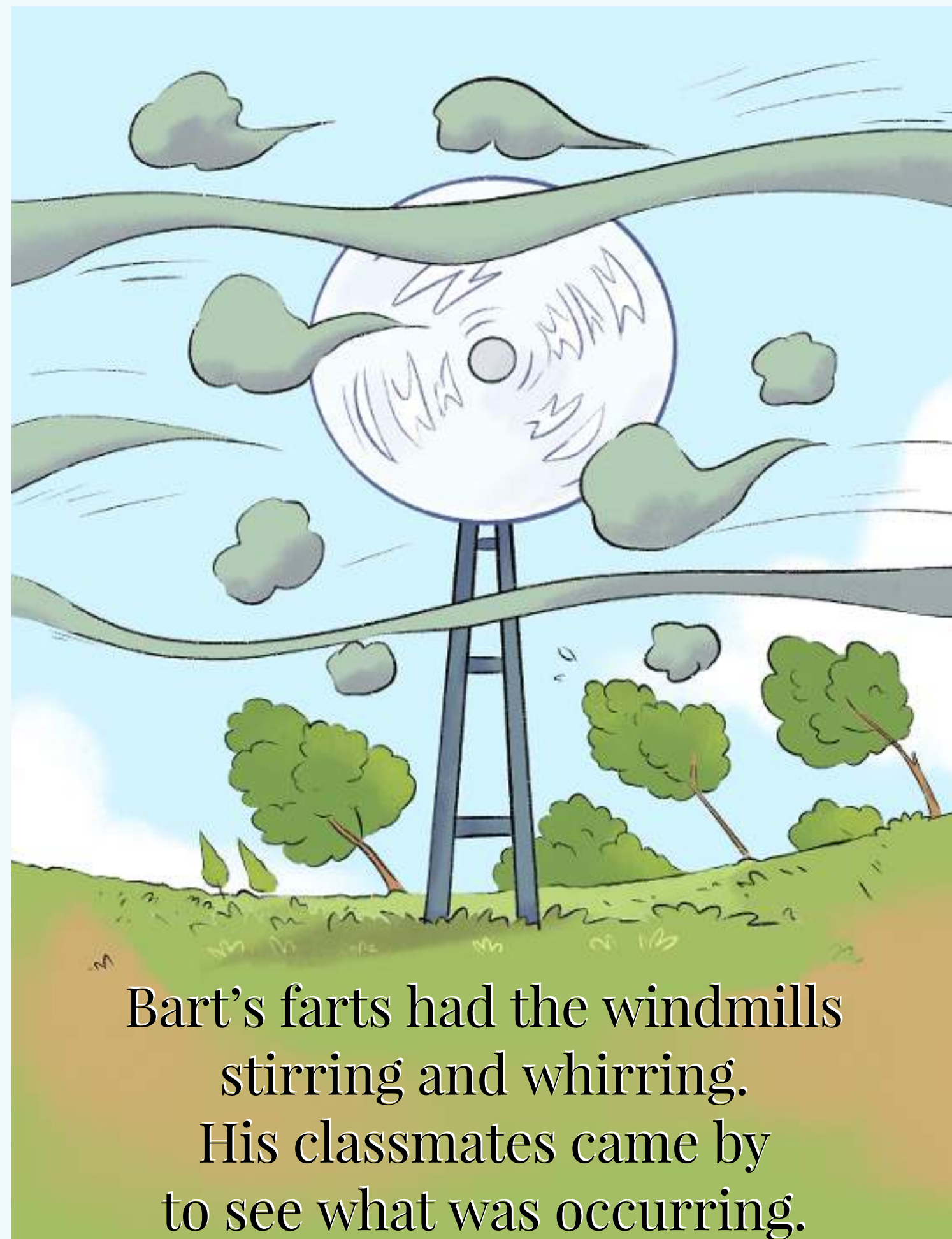
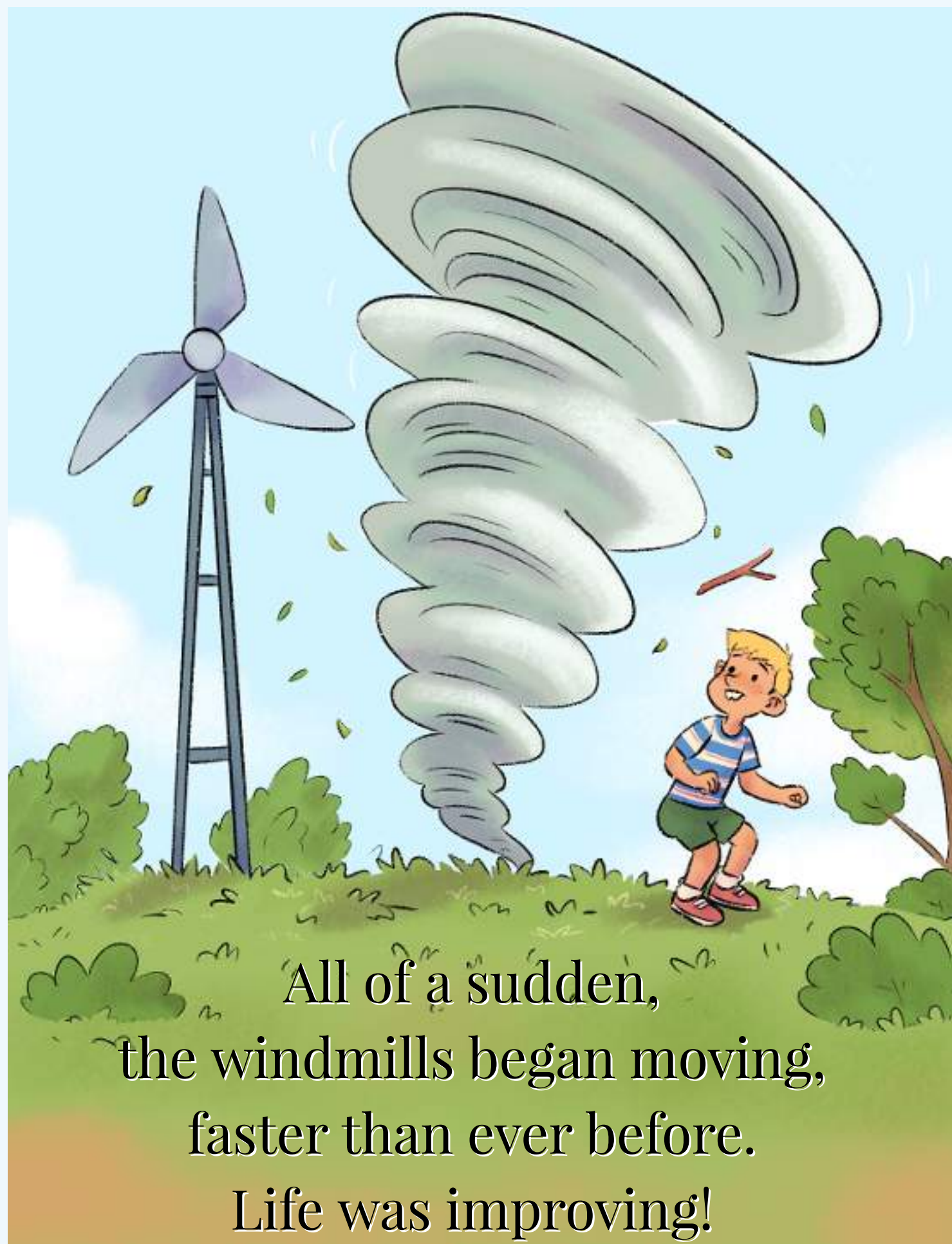
He farted so much,
it was farts galore!

One fart here...

and one fart there...

Soon farts were

EVERYWHERE!





“Hooray!” they yelled,

“Bart is our savior!

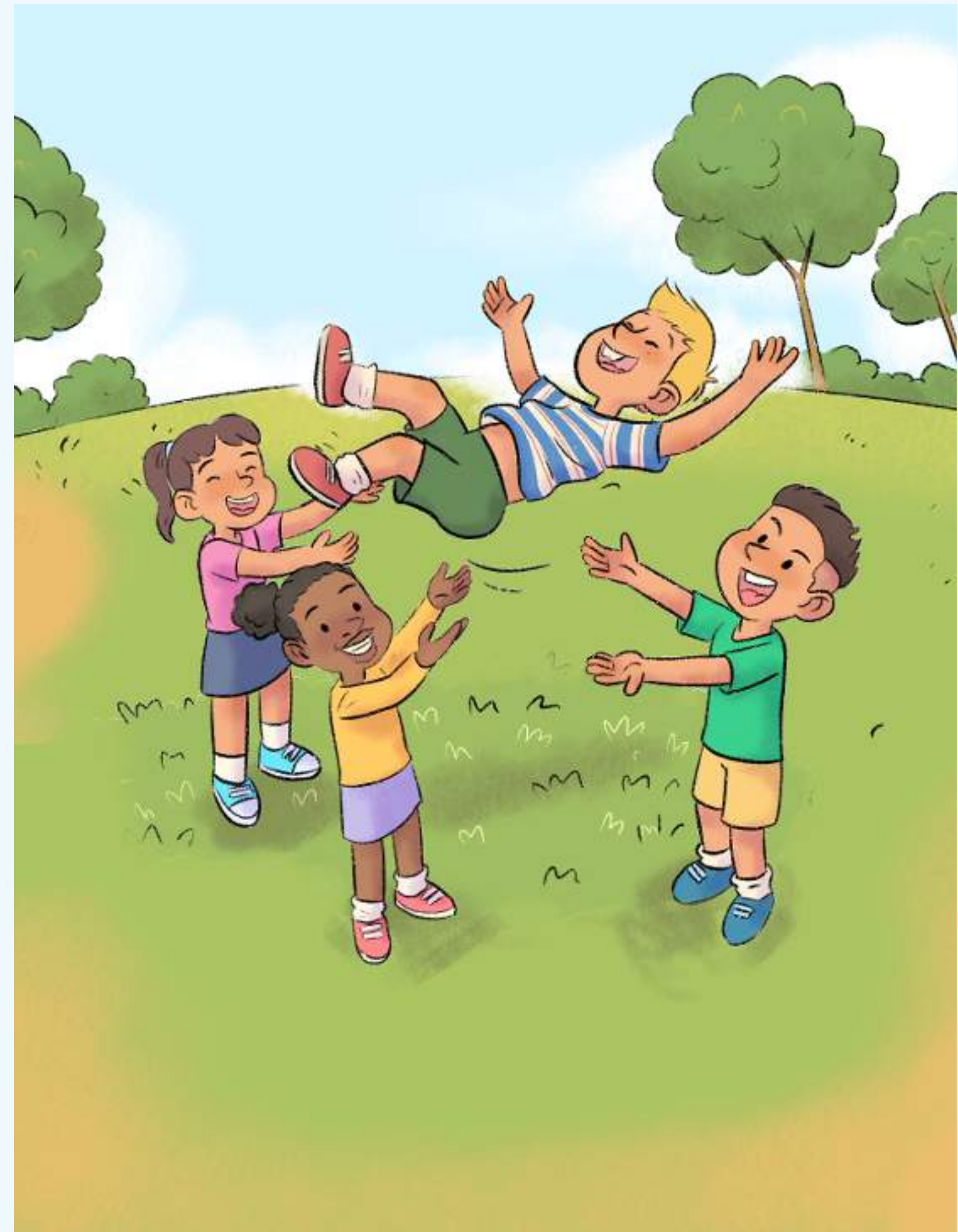
We are so sorry
for our behavior.

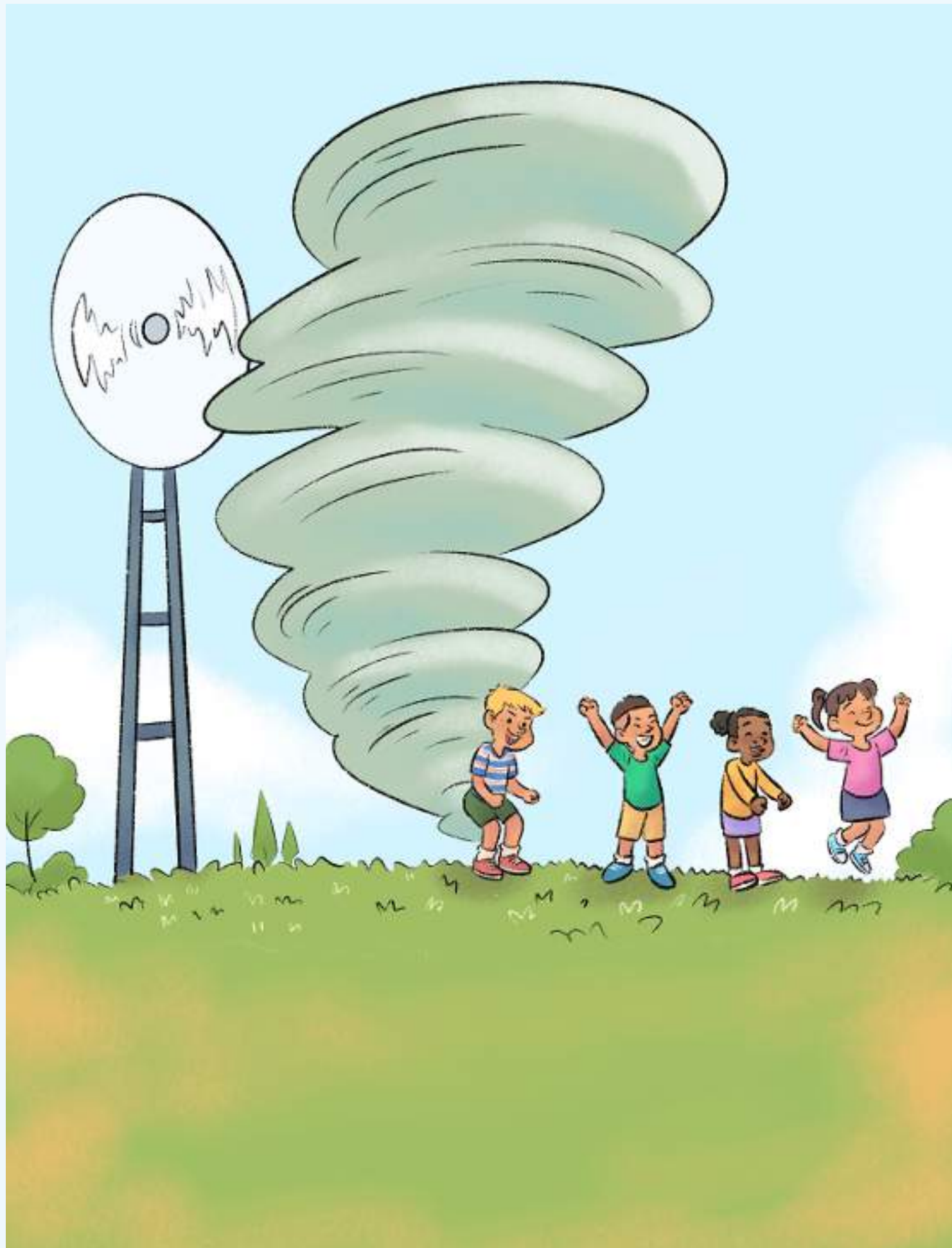
We were wrong
because we had no clue.

All we can say now is,

‘We thank you!’”

For once, Bart felt like he
saved the day.
His toots really weren't bad...
but actually okay.
Bart made many friends
because of his farts.
Everybody loved him
with all of their hearts.





Bart no longer felt the need
to contain his farts.

He farted so loud,
it was off the charts.

All of his classmates cheered
whenever Bart passed gas,
knowing it supplied power
for all of their class.

“Now we can learn
some more at school.

Thanks to Bart,
We think you’re really cool!

When we see you,
can you please fart for us too?

We all now hope
to be able to join you.”

