

## **The Princess who Hated Farts**

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There once was a princess, the story goes,  
who had the world's most sensitive nose.  
She could smell bad breath from fifty feet,  
and sweaty armpits from across the street.

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She didn't like anything fishy or cheesy,  
and bins and drains made her feel queasy.  
But the odour she hated with all her heart,  
was the stink of other peoples' farts.

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Zingers were bad, humdingers a curse,  
and silent-but-deadlies the worst of the worst.  
If anyone dared let a quiet one out,  
the princess would pinch her nose closed and shout.  
"Open up the windows! Open up the door!  
I don't think my nose can take much more!"

// 4

Then one day the King said to his daughter,  
three brave knights would come to court her.

And she should choose which one to marry:

Sir Tom, Sir Dick or Sir Harry.

// 5

Sir Tom was keen to one day be king.

So brought with him an emerald ring.

He also brought a cunning plan,

to win the lady's noble hand.

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When he and the princess sat down to speak,

he squeezed together his butt cheeks.

But the courting lasted more than an hour,

and Sir Tom ran out of squeezing power.

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And a loud and smelly backside eruption,

threw the room into complete disruption.

The princess cried, "How dare you, Sir,

pollute this Majesty's royal air."

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With a shake of his helmet, Sir Tom denied it.

But the princess said, "It's clear that YOU supplied it."

And with that she fired off a fragrant spray,

and sent Sir Tom on his merry way.

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Sir Dick REALLY wanted to one day be king.

So brought with him a ruby ring.

He also brought a brilliant scheme,

to make the princess his wife and queen.

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Fart proof pants his mum had bought.

To make sure Dick's butt thunder was caught.

But the pants they soon got overloaded,

and the poopy gas inside exploded.

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"My word!" cried the princess. "What a foul funk!

Are you perhaps part man and part skunk?"

And with that she stuck a peg on her hooter,

and gave a red card to her flatulent suitor.

// 12

Sir Harry was DESPERATE to one day be king.

So brought with him a diamond ring.

He also brought an inspired plot,

to get the princess to tie the knot.

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His trusty hound he'd brought along.

And every time he made a pong.

He pointed his finger and said, "I didn't do it.

My poodle, dear lady, was the one who blew it."

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"How dare you," said the princess, "blame your poor dog,  
for your awful butt breeze that reeks like a bog."

And with that she put a gas mask on her face,  
and chased Sir Harry away in disgrace.

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"Am I," sobbed the princess, "to be unmarried for life?  
Will I not be a knight's darling wife?"

But then came her father and said, "There's one more.  
He arrived just this moment and awaits at the door."

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Up jumped the princess and took off at a trot,  
but the suitor at the door a knight he was not.

Just a plain flower grower whose name was Singh,  
with lofty ambitions to one day be a king.

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The lady was shocked by the cheek of this man,  
who had not a horse or a ring for her hand.

"You're not a knight!" she angrily said.

"No common gardener this princess will wed!"

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"But Madam," said Singh, "You don't understand.

There isn't a knight in all of this land,

who won't stink out your boudoir and gas all your maids.

That's just the way men are made, I'm afraid."

// 19

"But Sir," said the princess, "Aren't you a man?

Do you not fart too? I don't understand."

"Of course," said Singh, "I'm a male of the species.

But my bottom burps, dear lady, do not smell of faeces."

// 21

"How wonderful!" cried the princess. "But how can that be?

Are you playing some kind of joke on poor me?"

Said Singh, "My dear lady, I beg your royal pardon.

Every day I take a trip out to the garden.

To pick the finest and most fragrant of flowers,

and gulp them down, though they taste a bit sour.

Then later when time comes for me to let rip,  
My trumps smell of pansy, rose or tulip."

// 23

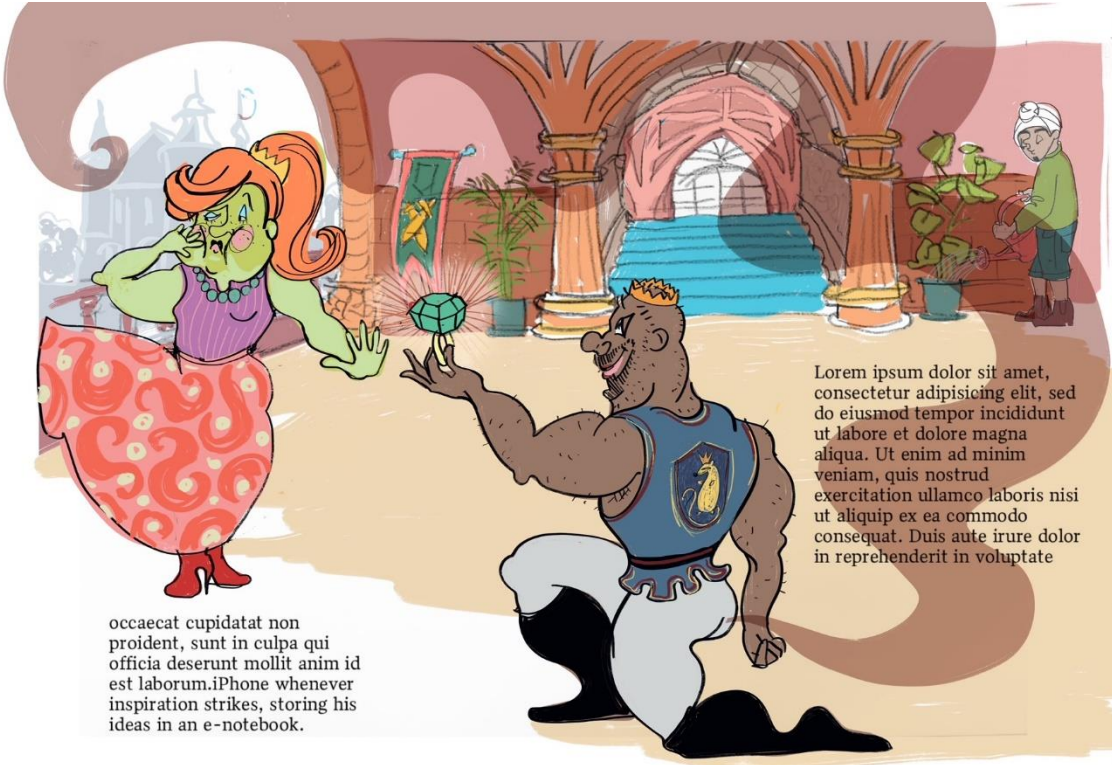
And with that he let off a monstrous fart,  
which gave the princess a terrible start.  
But lo and behold this fart did smell of roses,  
and was pleasing to even the most sensitive noses.

// 24

The princess swooned into Singh's arms.  
"I've fallen," she said, "for your *bottomly* charms.  
You may not be a knight, but I don't really care.  
If it means a life of sweet-smelling air."

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The couple were married the very next week,  
and the King he put on a fantastic feast.  
Though on the table were no beans and no meat.  
Just pansies, roses, tulips, daffodils, lilies, irises, daisies and violets. . .  
all smelling so sweet.



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