

The Adventures of Mr. Fart

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I have a big secret. Can you keep it?
My butt is special and has great powers.
My first gas carried me fast; with my wit
and diaper, I landed on spring flowers.



No one knows about my butt except you.
When I eat some foul, it's ready to shoot;
kids run and scream, "That is one smelly shoe!"
I giggle, "Nothing beats my nasty Toot!"



I use its powers every gym hour, so
I fart and run while passing everyone.
My engines roar, and my rivals now know
that I have beaten everyone and won.



My butt's great powers help me fly for hours.
My strong gas shoots me high in the blue sky;
I squat down and touch the grass and flowers,
and I fly past birds while saying goodbye.



Mom fled and said, "You are your father's son,"
but no one beats dad when it comes to gas.
My newborn sister shoots farts by the ton,
so I cried, "She wins. Her farts are top-class!"

