

The Farting Contest

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I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,
Of a great farting contest at Burton-on-Tease,
Where all the best farters paraded the field,
To compete in a contest for various shields.

Some tighten their bumcheeks and fart up the scale,
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,
Whilst others whose arseholes are biggest and strongest,
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd,
For it had appeared in the evening edition,
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside,
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side,
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease,
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas.

The vicar arrived and ascended the stand,
And thus he addressed this remarkable band:
"The contest is on as is shown on the bills,
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bingle arrived amid roars of applause,
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers,
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see on this day.

Now, young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place,
Though she'd ovten been placed in the deepest disgrace,
By dropping a fart on a Sunday in church,
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurch.

The ladies lined up at the signal to start,
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones took first fart,
The people around stood in silence and wonder,
While her wireless transmitted gale warnings and thunder.

Now Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this,

She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss,
She took up her place with her arse opened wide,
But unluckily s*** and was disqualified.

Then young Mrs. Porter was called to the front,
And started by doing a wonderful stunt,
She took a deep breath, and clenching her hands,
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands.

That left Mrs. Bingle who shyly appeared,
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered,
And though it was reckoned her chances were small,
She ran out a winner, outfarting them all.

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone,
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of tone,
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause,
And said, "First to Mrs. Bingle, now pull up your drawers."

But with muscles well-tensed and legs full apart,
She started a final and glorious fart,
Beginning with Chopin, and ending with Wing,
She went right up the scale to God Save the King.

She went to the rostrum with maidenly gait,
And took from the vicar a set of gold plate,
Then she turned to the vicar with sweetness sublime,
And smilingly said, "Come see me sometime."

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