



WARNING!

Some readers may find this
true story about DADDY
and his farty shorts
EXTREMELY distressing.
It involves

*big smells ...
farty faces*

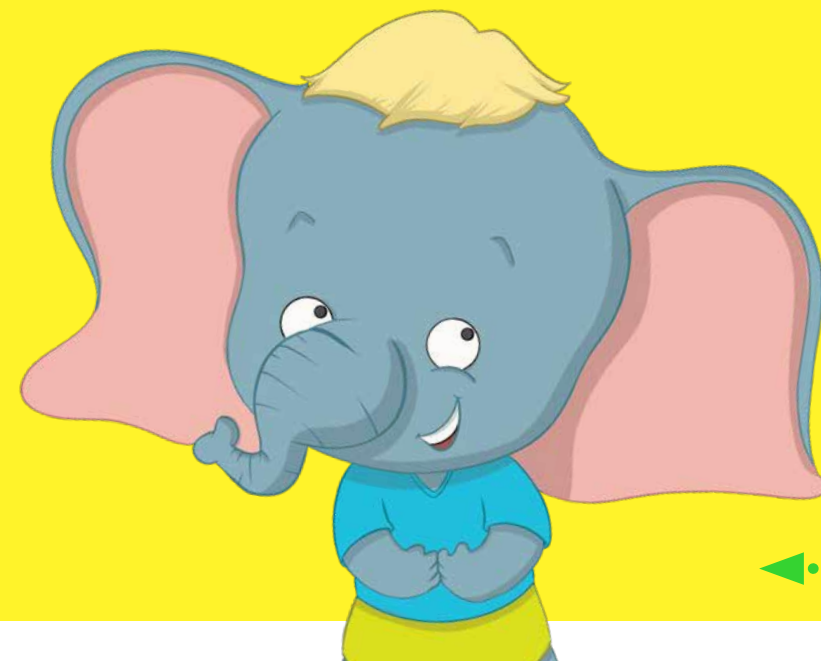
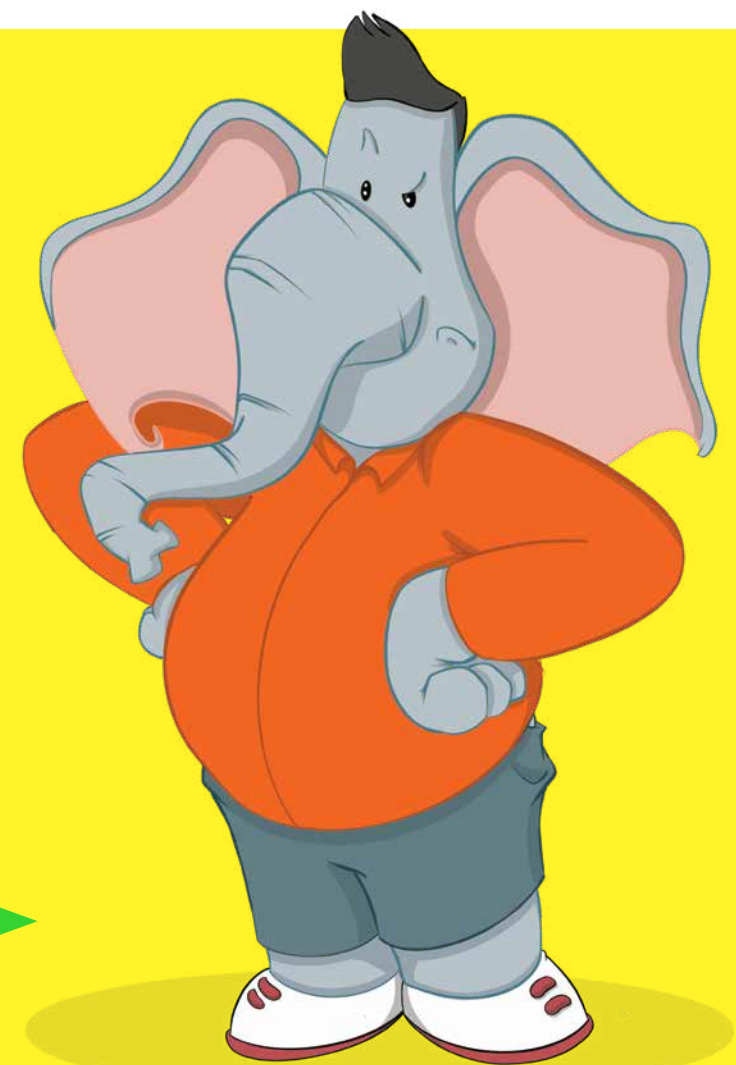


and the embarrassing,
untimely demise of Daddy's
embarrassing shorts.



In fact, the story is
SO embarrassing
we can't show Daddy's
real face.

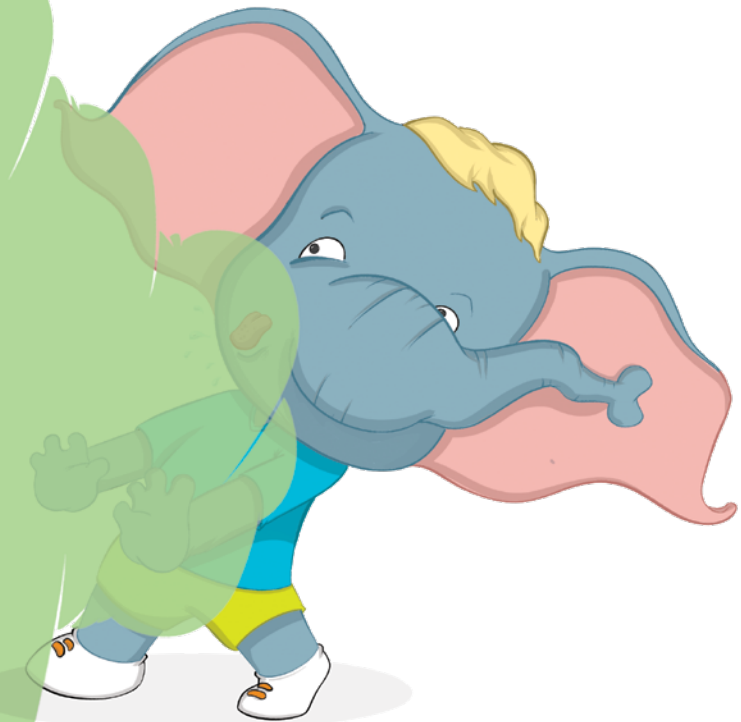
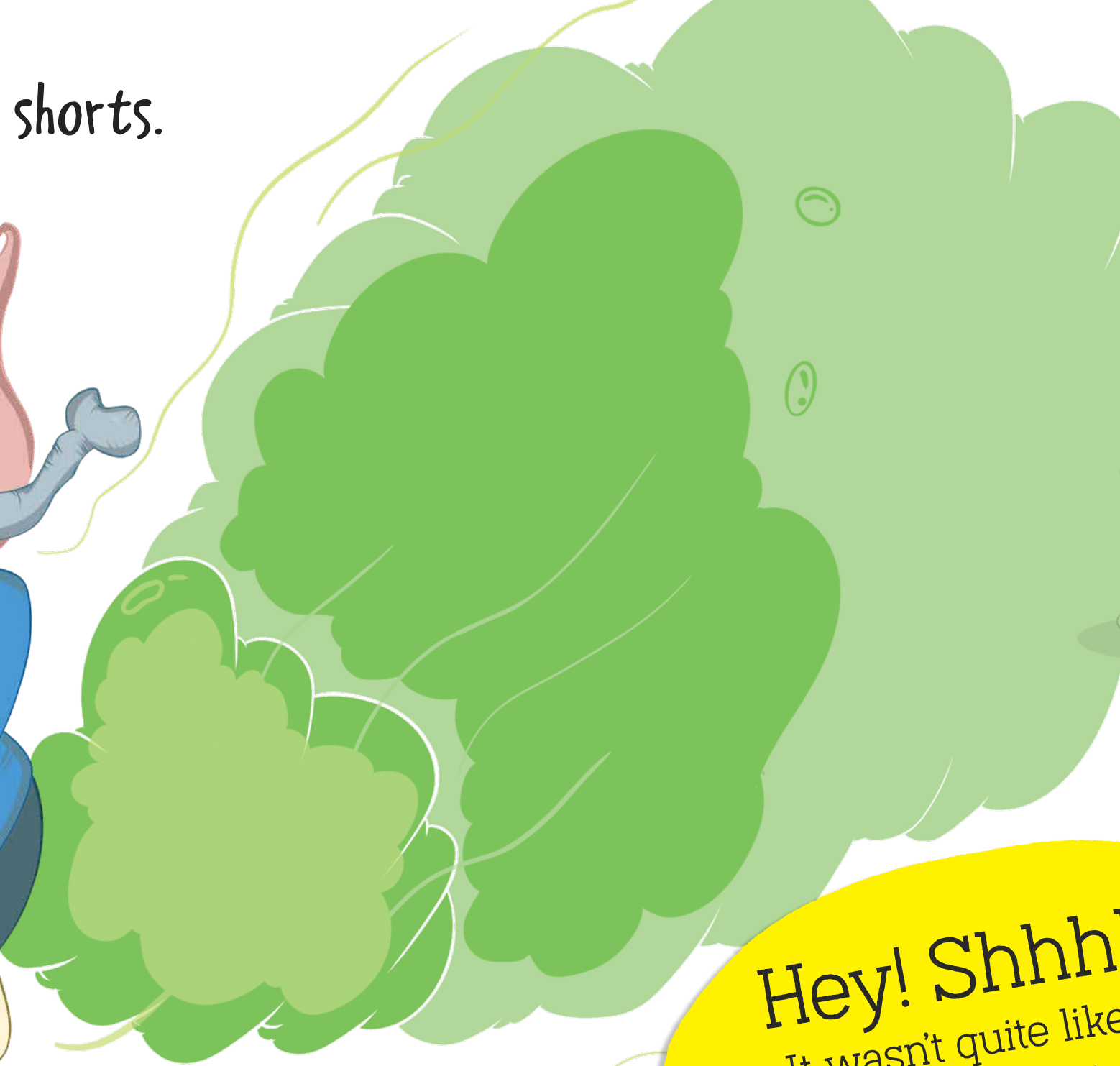
We have made him
an elephant.



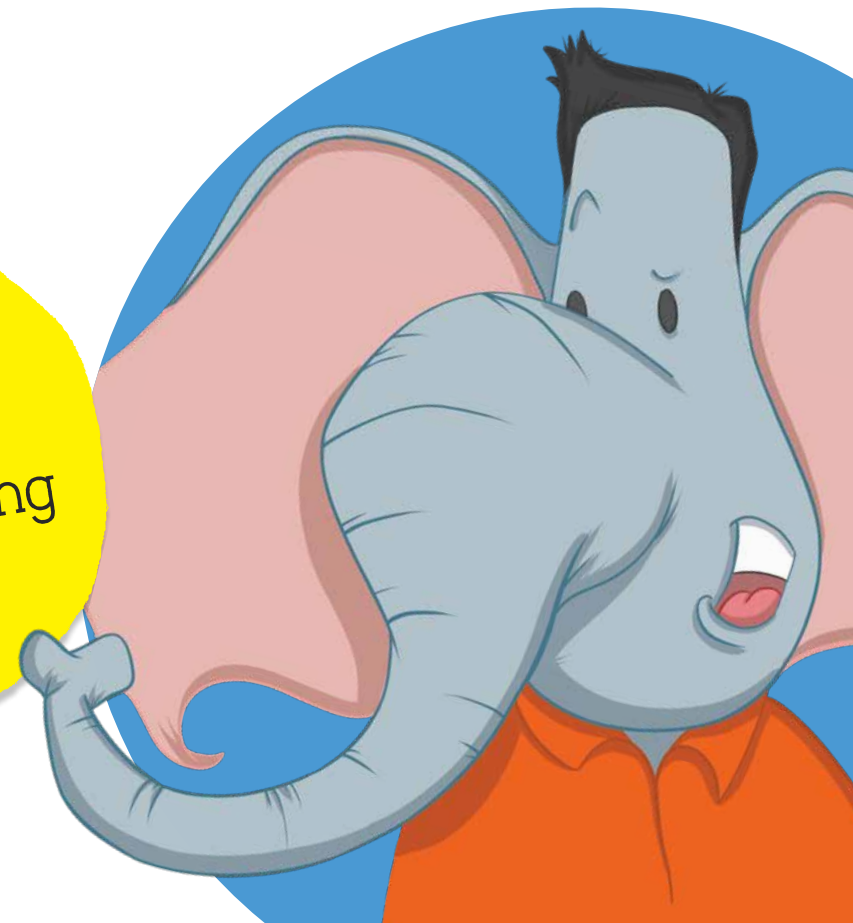
Turn the page for the
whole awful story,
based on eyewitness
recordings which still
exist ... by me.

Arnold. 4 years old.

One day, Daddy farted in his shorts.



Hey! Shhhhhh!
It wasn't quite like that.
And it's not like this shorts-farting
business happens often,
does it...?





ALL THE TIME.

We're not even
REALLY sure that's
what it was . . .
I always blame those
noises on a low-
flying duck—



But Arnie heard them.
And Daddy's pants they smelt
so smelly,
so . . .



... the shorts got thrown in the bin!

Daddy farted in his shorts again.

