

# ANONYMOUS

## THE FARTING CONTEST

by  
Anon

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

Some tighten their arses and fart up the scale,  
To compete for a cup and a gallon of ale.  
While others whose arses are biggest and strongest,  
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now this years event had drawn quite a large crowd,  
And the betting was even on Mrs. MacLeod.  
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 chances 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 in the bills,  
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bindle 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 this day.

Now, young Mrs. Pothole was backed for a place,  
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace  
By dropping a fart that had beaten the organ,  
And the poor Vicar, old Jonathon Morgan.

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 announced gale warnings and thunder.

Now, Mrs. MacLeod reckoned nothing of this,  
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and pride.  
So she took up her place and her arse opened wide,  
But unluckily shit... and was disqualified.

Then young Mrs. Pothole 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. Bindle, who shyly appeared,  
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered.  
And though it was reckoned her chances were small,  
She let 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, Mrs. Bindle... 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 panel, a set of gold plate.  
Then she turned to the Vicar with sweetness sublime  
And smilingly said, 'Come up and see me some time!'