



CHAPTER 1

FARTING

Like most of our family day trips, the last one we ever took ended in an argument.

“Mum!” moaned my big sister, Fiona, from the back seat of the car. “Max is farting again!”

My mum sighed from the front passenger seat. “Max, stop it!” she snapped. Beside her, my dad gripped the steering wheel tightly.

“I can’t help it,” groaned Max, clutching at his stomach. “I don’t feel well.”

“Then you should have had a proper breakfast instead of gobbling down a handful of biscuits just before we left.”

Max turned to me and winked. He had complete control over his farts. It was his party trick. He can let one rip on demand – and he’s really proud of the fact.

Even though we’re identical twins, there are some big differences between me and Max. I’m into rugby, while he likes motorbikes. I can turn my eyelids inside out, and he can fart at will. I’d never told him, but I’d much prefer to have his disgusting skill.

I tried it once, during a science test at school. It didn’t end well.

“Mum!” cried Fiona. “He’s done it again!”

My mum twisted round in her seat to glare at Max. “Stop blowing off!”

“I told you,” said Max as innocently as he could.

“I can’t help it.”

“Then swap places with Danny.”

“No, we can’t do that,” I said, pushing myself out towards the edge of the seat. “I feel sick if I sit in the middle. I have to stay by the window.”

“What, so I have to put up with his stink?”
exclaimed Fiona.

“Language!” snapped my mum.

“But he smells!”

“Then wind your window down, Fiona. And stop going on. We’ll be there soon.”

Fiona slumped back in the seat, her arms folded. “I didn’t want to go to a stupid castle in the first place,” she muttered. “I was supposed to be going shopping with Kelly today.”

My dad’s fingers tightened around the leather cover of the steering wheel.

“You spend too much time with that girl,” said my mum. “She’s a bad influence.”

“But she’s only...”

“Seventeen is too young to get a tattoo, Fiona,” interrupted my mum. “You are not getting one.”

“But...”

“End of discussion!”

Fiona was really fuming now. It wouldn’t take much to make her blow, big time – and I could feel Max squirming around in the seat between us, brewing up another bottom burp.

“Still no reason to be stomping around some windy old castle on a Saturday,” grumbled Fiona. “It’s like some sort of child cruelty, if you ask me.”

I heard my dad grind his teeth.

“Harlech Castle is a fascinating place,” said my mum, waving a tourist information leaflet in our