

# FARTY GODMOTHER & THE ROYAL POO

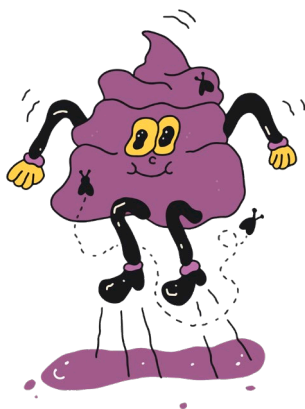


A POOPER HEROES STORY  
BY ZSOLT BATKI

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'Oh no. Not again!' sighed the Fairy Godmother in despair as she read the poster on the hefty wooden gates of the King's castle. It said:

## **MISSING POO**

Please help us find Princess Fartuna's lost poop! It looks like this:



(TO BE CLEAR, THIS IS THE POOP,  
NOT THE PRINCESS!)

## **BIG REWARD**

You can pick anything  
from the Royal treasures

(GIVEN THAT IT CAN BE FULLY DEDUCTED  
FROM HER MAJESTY'S TAXES)

Now, you may ask who this Princess Fartuna was. Or why she was so obsessed with her poo. I will tell you about that later, but for now let's just focus on the one question which is most important to our story: 'What is the meaning of life?' The answer is... poop. Obviously. It is a well-known scientific fact, ever since Dr Pooperstein published his famous book *The Meaning of Life is Poop*.

In his revolutionary work, Dr Pooperstein explains that every living creature produces poop (or some other kind of excrement) and that from every steaming pile new life will grow. If we think about it, the circle of life is actually the circle of poop. He points out that all the astronomers looking for extra-terrestrial life aren't doing their job right, searching for traces of water in space, or for intelligent radio signals. Instead, they should be hunting for poo in outer space, because that is the only clear sign of

life. (I wonder when NASA will send astronauts to look for dirty nappies up there.)



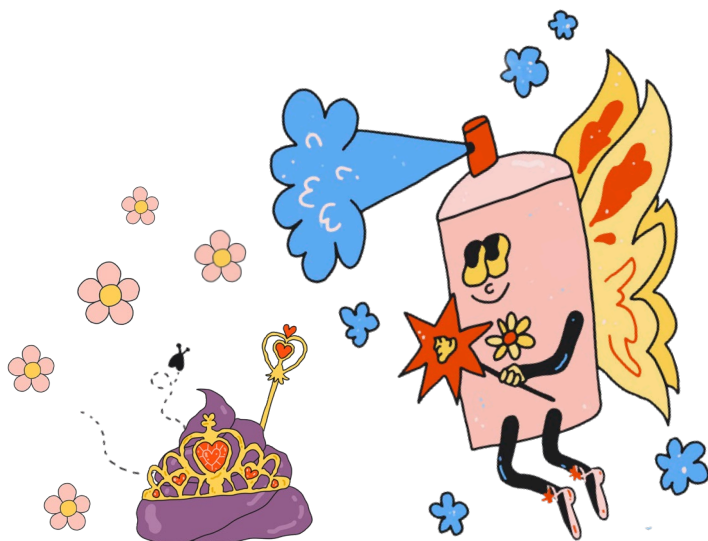
This book of Dr Pooperstein's was a huge success and was sitting on top of the best-selling list for seven months, thanks to the scientific community. You see, not every scientist has a great sense of humour,

but this book made all of them laugh so hard they were all rolling on the floor after reading it. Only a handful of people took the book seriously and one of them was King Farthur's daughter, Princess Fartuna.

Poor Princess Fartuna had never even heard about poop, let alone seen any, before she read that book. Of course not, because her father wanted to protect her from anything bad, evil or yucky, so he had hired the best bodyguard force of them all, the Godmother Squad. I am sure you have heard about the Fairy Godmother, the captain of the Godmother Squad, who uses her magic powers to make secret wishes come true. But there are other Godmothers in her team with their own special powers for helping the innocent and vulnerable. Furry Godmother, for example, is a super-talented animal trainer who can teach Cinderella's pigeons to pick lentils from the ashes or instruct a fox to

befriend a Little Prince. And then there is Farty Godmother, who can make a unicorn fart a rainbow and make a princess's poo smell like roses.

Farty Godmother truly loved the little Princess. She never went a day without visiting her and when the adorable Princess Fartuna went to the Royal loo, her devoted Farty Godmother instantly evapoored all her nasty troubles and smelly bubbles. The Princess and Farty Godmother were the best of friends, until the little



Princess learned about the importance of poop from Dr Pooperstein's book. From that day she decided she didn't need the services of Farty Godmother any more and, to make sure she wouldn't clear away his daughter's precious poop again, King Farthur banned Farty Godmother from the castle.

When her boss, the Fairy Godmother, saw the poster about the missing poop hanging on the gate of the castle she knew it had something to do with Farty Godmother, who, ever since the king had exiled her, had been trying to see her favourite Princess again. To investigate, the Fairy Godmother flew back to the headquarters of the Godmother Squad and summoned Farty Godmother at once... But she didn't reply. She was not in her bedroom. She was not on the training grounds and she hadn't even reported for duty that morning. Farty Godmother was missing.





The Fairy Godmother was looking for her missing squad member all morning. She flew around the kingdom, castle by castle, combing the lands of the Knights of the Round Potty, but Farty Godmother was nowhere to be seen. Finally, approaching the last castle in the kingdom, she heard a scream and, when she hovered over the castle to see where it came from, she spotted a knight on the tiltyard. The knight was jumping up and down, up and down, and then he threw his hands in the air and yelled,

***'HEY-HO! HEY-HO!'*** 

'Well, that's a weird training programme for jousting,' thought the Fairy Godmother, but it was just the beginning. The knight, wearing his gold-and-blue armour, now did a slide to the left, then a slide to the right, then a criss-cross, and another criss-cross before he started to cha-cha real smooth.





'Excuse me, Sir Dancealot,' the Fairy Godmother called, 'Have you seen Farty Godmother lately?'

'Oh yeah!' the dancing knight replied, going backwards doing the moonwalk. 'We were dancing all night long in the Stool Henge Club. That lady really knows how to throw an epic farty party!'

'And where might this Stone Henge Club be?'



'You will find it down south, in the middle of a big meadow. You can't miss it: it's a big round arena surrounded by huge stone pillars and hordes of tourists...' the knight shouted, then he dropped to the ground trying to do the helicopter dance move, but, instead, he suddenly fell asleep...



The Fairy Godmother soared on and kept her ears and nose wide open, looking for this new club. Soon she heard booming, tooting noise and caught a whiff of the unmistakable

odour of a farty party. Farty Godmother was still on the stage, trumping her favourite tunes out of her skirt.

‘Stop the party, Farty!’ her captain shouted at her. ‘Why didn’t you report to duty this morning?’

‘I am sorry, but since I was banned from the castle there hasn’t been much work for me to do. So I’ve skipped the morning briefings lately...’ the surprised tooting artist admitted.

‘Are you saying that you don’t know anything about what happened last night?’ Farty Godmother stared back at her with an innocent and clueless face that told her captain at once that she didn’t have anything to do with the missing poop incident. So she straightaway gave the Farty Godmother an order.

‘Princess Fartuna needs you. Her poop went missing, and you have to find it – and catch the villain who took it from her.’

So there she was, Farty Godmother, the kind-hearted Pooper Hero on a mission again! Too bad she had wasted so much time partying, because someone else was already on the case. The smartest knight of the Round Potty, Sir Dancealot! King Farthur was very happy when his favourite cavalier in his blue-and-gold armour that morning volunteered to be the official Royal pootector. Her daughter, on the other hand, was not so pleased with the situation.

‘Do you really have to stand in front of my door the whole time, Sir Dancealot?’ she implored.

‘Yes, your Highness. I promised your father that I would guard your door day and night and check everyone coming and going.’

‘Yes, but this is my toilet door. Nobody wants to come in here.’



‘We don’t know that, my Princess. We have to look out for those pooper-looters who stole your precious poop last night, because they are sure to try swiping more off of your Royal bum. But not on my watch! I’m at your service and ready to give my life for you.’

‘And are you ready to give me toilet paper as well? I am more in need of that in here...’

‘Does that mean you are done? If so, then let me in and I will make sure that your Royal poop is in safe hands. In my hands.’

‘You don’t think I pooped in here with you listening through the door, do you?! Oh no! I already did that at dawn, and then I carefully hid the poop from the villains.’

‘Oh no! That is too bad. I mean, too dangerous. You have to tell me where it is so I can have it... I mean, guard it.’

‘That won’t be necessary, Sir Dancealot. It’s in a safe place where

no thief would look for it. In the back of the kitchen, inside a very, very cold white container...'

At this very same moment Chef Rawbottom, King Farthur's cook, opened his fridge-freezer and exclaimed in surprise,

**'OH! CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM!  
THIS SAVES THE DAY...'**

Indeed it saved the day, as well as the head of Chef Rawbottom, who had accidentally burnt King Farthur's dessert, and was desperate to find something sweet to serve for His Majesty. This little leftover bit of chocolate ice cream would be just perfect, although the cook didn't even remember putting it in his freezer. He served it quickly on a gold plate with some whipped cream and a cherry on top, and off he ran with it to the dining hall. King



Farthur was already cross that his last course was late, but when he saw this rare delicacy he cheered up. He lifted his spoon when, suddenly, a pink shadow flew in through the window. It was Farty Godmother. She rushed straight to the table and before King Farthur's spoon could touch it, she kicked the plate off the table. King Farthur stared at his plate lying on the ground, and his face turned flame-red.

***'HOW DARE YOU?!'***

he yelled at Farty Godmother.

'Coming into the Palace when you are banned from here and then ruining my lunch?! It is high treason! Now you'll rot in the dungeon!'

But before the king could summon the guards to catch the rebellious Farty Godmother, his daughter and a knight in blue-and-gold armour burst into the dining hall.

'Don't eat that ice cream, Your Majesty!' Sir Dancealot cried out 'It's

pooisoned!’

‘Sorry, dad, it’s all my fault’ Princess Fartuna continued, guiltily. Then she explained how she had hidden her poo in Chef Rawbottom’s fridge and how it had been served as ice cream to the Royal table. Listening to his daughter, King Farthur slowly realized that Farty Godmother had actually saved his life by kicking the plate off the table.

‘Forgive my ill-judged words before,’ the King cried, turning to Farty Godmother, ‘You are a true hero for saving my life, and of course you are no longer banned from the Palace.’

‘Hurray!’ exclaimed Princess Fartuna, as she ran happily to Farty Godmother, ‘I missed you so much...’

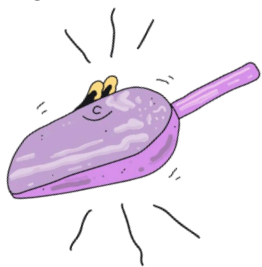
‘Really?! I thought you didn’t need me any more,’ said Farty Godmother.

‘Of course I need my best friend!’ declared the Princess, smiling and hugging her.

‘How lovely!’ Sir Dancealot cut in,



with a bit of mockery in his voice. 'The Princess is happy, the Farty Godmother has returned and the King has been saved. Now, can we focus again on the really impoortant things?' and to show what he meant, the knight scooped up the melting poop-cream dish from the floor.



'You are right.'  
Farty Godmother nodded. 'Someone here tried to steal my Princess's poop, and I think I know poodunnit. I just need to test my theory.'

'And what would this test be?' queried the king.

'Simple' replied Farty Godmother, and then she farted a thundering bum-boom. If there were glasses in the windows of the castle they were sure to have all been shattered. And that was just the beginning, because Farty Godmother went on trumping, short toots after long ones, and, if you listened carefully, you could hear the

melody of a popular song. Princess Fartuna was the first to recognize it. She slid to the left, then slid to the right, then did a criss-cross, and another criss-cross before she started to cha-cha real smooth.

‘Hey, Sir Dancelot!’ the Princess called. ‘It’s your favourite song. Why don’t you come and dance with me?’

‘Because he is not Sir Dancealot!’ Farty Godmother declared.

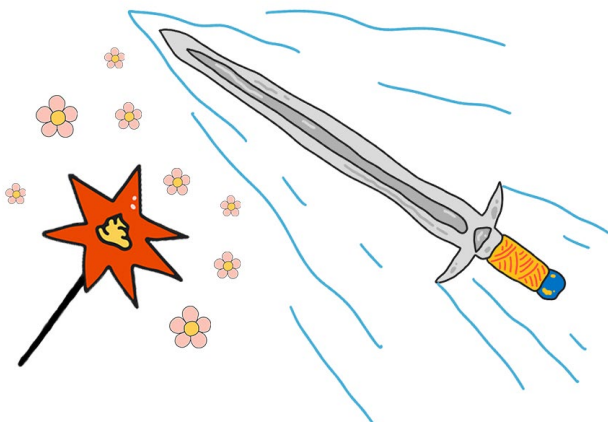
‘Well, of course I am. Look!’ the knight in the blue-and-gold armour cried, and to prove that he really was Sir Dancealot, he started to dance. It was everything but smooth. How he moved his hips didn’t look like dancing the cha-cha, but more like shaking kaka off of his bottom.

‘Stop, this hurts my eyes!’ Princess Fartuna moaned. The King was furious.

‘I don’t know who you are, but now I will introduce you to my sword!’ he declared, pulling out his legendary weapon, the X-kakalibur. The unknown

knight too pulled out his sword but, instead of facing the King, he turned towards the helpless Princess, and threw the steel blade at her heart.

The poor Princess would have been dead in the blink of an eye if Farty Godmother hadn't acted like a real Pooper Hero once again. She waved her magic wand and the flying sword bent into a U-shaped boomerang which turned back and hit the knight's helmet so hard that he fell to the ground, unconscious. Farty Godmother waved her magic wand once more, and the dented helmet popped off the mysterious knight's head, revealing his face.



**'OH MY GOODNESS!'**

Princess Fartuna cried,

**'IF IT ISN'T  
OR POOPERSTEIN!'**

'Indeed it is' said Farty Godmother. 'I bet he wanted your pure Princess poop for one of his crazy experiments. He disguised himself as Sir Dancealot just to stay close to you and convince everyone that he was the right person to take care of your Royal pooblems. But I knew that he wasn't the real Dancealot as soon as I saw him burst into the dining room.'

'How?' asked the King and the Princess together.

'Well, the real Sir Dancealot must be sleeping somewhere after all the dancing and jumping he did at my farty party last night.'

'Oh yes!' Princess Fartuna exclaimed. 'Those irresistible party tunes of yours! Can we hear them now? You know, to celebrate that you saved us and solved the poodunnit

mystery.'

'Sure,' the Farty Godmother smiled. 'Let's get this farty party started!'

**AND THEY ALL  
TOOTED HAPPILY  
EVER AFTER...\***

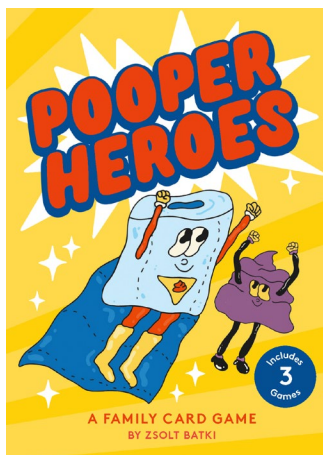


\* except for Dr Pooperstein, of course.

# **POOPER HEROES**

**A FAMILY CARD GAME**

**BY ZSOLT BATKI**



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## **Game design and text by Zsolt Batki**

Zsolt Batki is a writer, one-time actor, radio journalist, university lecturer and game designer, who works in digital marketing. A father of three, he loves designing fun family games.

## **Illustrations by Aga Giecko**

Aga Giecko is a London-based Polish illustrator. Whimsical characters with cheeky smiles and wonky lines are her signature style.