

Bottling Farts



by
Donald
Rump



Bottling Farts (Sample)

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*This book is dedicated to
Joe Konrath*

Bottling Farts

Henry Winkle wasn't your ordinary pint-sized little bastard. He was an exceptionally evil turd who enjoyed taunting others, even giants that could crush his tiny Raisinet balls with ease. No wonder the miscreant was held back an entire year, and his parents had no choice but to send him to the Catholics after he was expelled from the public school across the street. Just two weeks at St. Agnes, he'd already pissed off most of the staff, notably the soft-spoken Father Amos (or was it Anus?) who embraced everyone, even demonically-possessed little shits who enjoyed super gluing nuns to chairs. When his parents received word of Henry's latest exploits—swapping holy water with toilet water at the front of the church—they wondered if he might be better off at military school. Perhaps they should just load him into a cannon and fire in the direction that they thought Fork Union Military Academy was.

Hell, it was worth a shot.

So it was of no surprise that Henry found his nose again bloodied and tears streaming down his cheeks after getting knocked senseless by a child less than half his size. Perhaps he shouldn't have told the second-degree black belt transgender student that she hit like a girl.

"Hey, little buddy. What's wrong?" Vlad the ancient janitor mopped the floor.

**Thank you for reading this
sample of Bottling Farts!**

Now get out there and bottle some farts!

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