

CHAPTER SAMPLER

# THIS BOOK STINKS!

DANIELLE & JEFF  
SAINT-ONGE — SZPIRGLAS



ILLUSTRATED BY  
ALYSSA WATERBURY



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ORCA BOOK PUBLISHERS

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**Summary:**

In this partially illustrated early chapter book, Drita and her fellow library helper, Josh, hatch a plan to save the much-loved Fart Face books from being banned at their school by showing parents that, even with their “toilet talk,” the books encourage literacy, learning and curiosity.

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To Léo, Ruby,  
and Padme the Poo Poo Poodle

# FARTFACE VS. BARFBEARD

BY  
JOJO BROWN

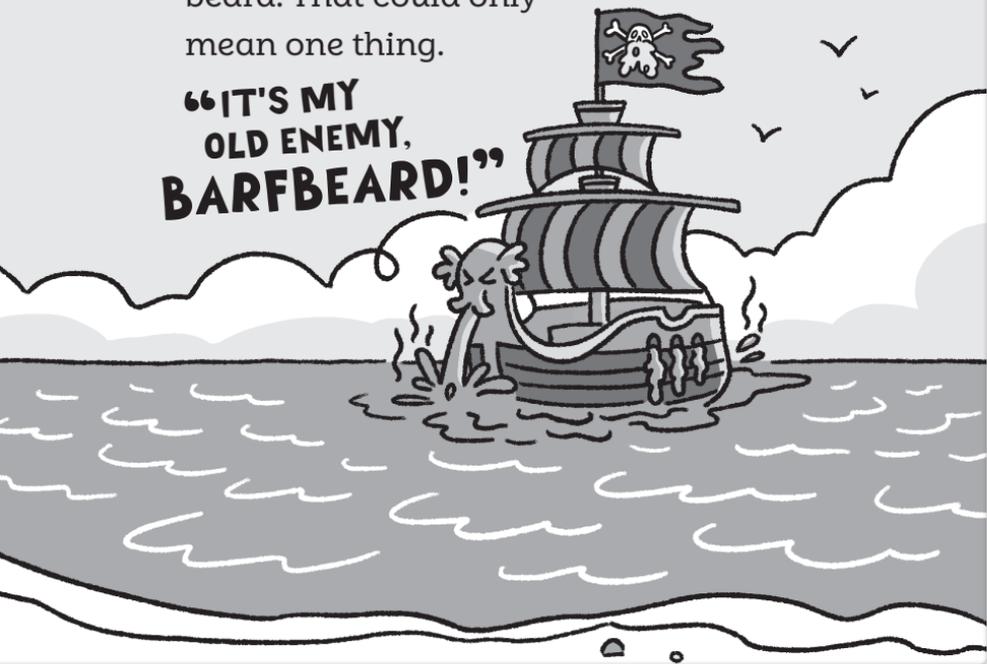


# CHAPTER ONE

Fart Face was already getting angry. This was a problem. Because when Fart Face got angry, Fart Face lived up to his name. Farts came out of his ears. Farts came out of his nose. Farts even came out of his EYES!

Fart Face stood at the seashore. A ship was coming in. Flying high near the topsail was a black flag with a skull and crossbones. But beneath the skull was a skeleton beard. That could only mean one thing.

**“IT’S MY  
OLD ENEMY,  
BARFBEARD!”**



Yes, Barfbeard was back! It seemed like only a few weeks since the seasick pirate had barfed all over the seaside city. The entire harbor had been covered in knee-deep puke. How could one man make that much barf?

It had taken all of Fart Face's power to blow the barf back into the ocean. Fart power beat puke power! But Fart Face did not know if he had the strength to fart his enemy away for good.

He was going to need help this time. But from whom?

Suddenly Fart Face heard something behind him.

"Ruff! Ruff!"

Suddenly Fart Face smelled something behind him. And it wasn't him.

"Ruff! Ruff!"

Fart Face turned and looked down to see a scruffy dog sitting before him. He bent down and looked at the dog's name tag fastened to its collar. "Poo Poo Poodle?" he asked.

"Ruff! Ruff!"

**“WHAT A  
GAS!”**

Fart Face shouted.



FART FACE  
THE SUPER

FART FACE  
VS BARBEARD

FART FACE GOES  
TOILET SURFING

FART FACE  
MAKES A BIG  
STINK

FART FACE MEETS  
SIR BOOBS-A-LOT

FART FACE  
+ THE

FART FACE  
+ THE  
BIG STINK



Drita lowered the book she was reading. “This might be the best book ever!”

“Are you reading *Fart Face* right now?” came a voice from above.

Drita looked up. On a stepladder to the side of the school hallway was Drita’s teacher, Mr. Mills. He was also the school librarian. Now he was trying to keep balanced on the ladder while he put paper cutouts of feet onto the wall for the school’s read-a-thon.

Drita was sitting in a chair beside him. She was meant to be putting pieces of masking tape onto the backs of the paper feet. But then she had seen the small pile of books Mr. Mills had left beside the paper cutouts. The words *Fart Face* and *Barfbeard* jumped out at her from the cover.

“Can you pass me those feet?” he asked from the top of the ladder.

“Just a sec,” Drita said. “I just need to finish this page.”

“Drita, you wanted to be a library helper. You have to actually help.”

“Oh,” Drita said. She put one of the paper feet in the book to hold her spot and then passed two others up to Mr. Mills.

Mr. Mills stuck them to the wall. There was already a small line of cutouts on the wall that led out of the library. Each foot

represented a book a student had read. The goal for the read-a-thon was for kids at Alpine School to make the footprints go all the way to the office.

“Looking good, Mr. Mills!” she said. Then Drita saw that both feet had the words *Fart Face* on them. “Wow, kids really like *Fart Face*!” She stood up and paced back along the hall, counting how many other feet had *Fart Face* on them. “Whoa!” Drita said. “*Fart Face vs. Barfbear* has been read twelve times!”

“Drita, I need you over here, please.”

“Oh, right!” Drita said. She ran back to the table where the paper feet were and put pieces of tape on two more. “Here you go!”

Mr. Mills took them and stuck them to the wall. “How’s that?” he asked.

“Whoa!” Drita shouted. “Two more Fart Faces!”

Mr. Mills looked at the trail of paper feet on the wall. “I can’t keep those books on the shelves,” he said.

“Did someone say ‘Fart Face’?” another voice called out.

Drita turned and saw a boy come racing out of the library. He galloped down the empty hallway. It was Josh, a boy in her class. He had started at Alpine just a few months back. Josh liked making silly noises during class. Lots of kids laughed at him. Drita was unsure why Josh wanted to be a library helper like her. He had lots of friends who played outside at recess. Why was he helping out Mr. Mills instead?

“Drita just picked up a copy of *Fart Face vs. Barfbeard*,” Mr. Mills said from the ladder.

“Ooooh,” Josh said. His eyes went wide. “Is that the one with Poo Poo Poodle?”

Drita nodded.

“I love that one. Did you get to the part where Poo Poo Poodle makes a jumbo poo that stops Barfbeard?”

“Spoilers!” Drita shouted at Josh. “Don’t give away the ending.”

“Whoops,” Josh said. “I thought everybody had read that.” He pointed to the wall with the row of foot cutouts. “See? There’s my footprint right over there.”

Josh pointed to another foot. “I also read *Fart Face Makes a Big Stink*, *Fart Face Goes Toilet Surfing* and *Fart Face*



Meets Sir Poops-a-Lot.” He was pointing all over the place.

“You read a lot,” Drita said.

“Duh,” Josh said back. “Why do you think I wanted to be a library helper? That’s how I get copies of Fart Face books before anyone else. Is that why you joined?”

Drita was not sure what to say, because she’d joined for a different reason. Recess was loud and busy, and she liked the quiet

and the space of the library. That was why she enjoyed helping Mr. Mills every Tuesday and Thursday after lunch.

Then a recess bell rang. It meant school was about to get super loud again.

“Josh and Drita, can you hold the ladder while I come down?” Mr. Mills said.

“Wait a sec, Mr. Mills!” Josh said. He ran away down the hall.

“What are you doing?”

Josh unzipped his backpack, which was hanging from the coat hook in the hallway, and pulled out some books. He ran and then slid back on the slippery tile right in front of Drita. He handed her the small pile of Fart Face books. “Check these out. I am the Fart King!”

“Well, Fart King,” Mr. Mills said, “it’s time to go back to class.”



“Psssst!”

Drita heard the sound coming from behind her. But she ignored it. She was watching Mr. Mills as he taught a science lesson about living things. She loved learning about plants and animals and even had a pet gecko named Elvis at home. Elvis ate crickets and mealworms. He used to belong to her older brother, Ari, until Ari got bored with it.

“Psssst!”

Drita turned around this time. So had one or two other kids in the class. She saw that Josh, who sat two chairs back, was waving at her. “Not now, Josh.”

Josh had something in his hand. He passed it to Jasper, who sat in between him and Drita. “Give this to Drita, Jasper.”

Jasper shrugged and passed the note to Drita.

It was a small card with the letters *FFFC* written on it. Below those letters were the words *For Drita*.

Drita made a face. She looked up from the card and back at Josh. He smiled and gave her a thumbs-up. “Are you in?” he asked.

Up at the front of the class, Mr. Mills cleared his throat. “Yes, Josh. You *are* in. You are in science class right now.”

“I’m talking to Drita,” Josh said, as if he didn’t know not to talk back.

“And passing her notes,” Mr. Mills said.

“Ooooh,” some of the kids said. Drita rolled her eyes.

“No, no, no,” Josh said. He got up from his chair, went over to Drita’s desk and picked the note out of her hands. “It’s not just any note.” He pointed at the card. “See? This is an invite to the FFFC.”

At the other end of the room, Aisha raised her hand.

“Yes?” Mr. Mills said.

“My question is for Josh. What is the FFFC?”

“I know!” Jasper said. “Flying Fish Fighting Cats!”

“No!” Josh said.



“Is it Fruity Fun For Cows?” Romesh asked.

“What?” Josh said. “Why would there be cows or cats in this?”

“Because this is a science class about living things,” Mr. Mills said from the front of the room, his arms crossed over his chest.

Josh looked confused. “Well, why would I invite Drita to any of those things?”

“So what does it stand for, then?” Drita asked. Usually she didn’t speak out in class, but she couldn’t help herself.

“I thought you would guess after our library-helper time,” Josh said. “It’s the Fart Face Fan Club, of course!”

“FART FACE!” Aisha shouted. “I love Fart Face!”

“Me too,” said Jasper. “Did you read the one with Poo Poo Poodle?”

“Don’t give it away,” Josh said. “Drita hasn’t read it yet.”

“What?” Aisha snapped. “That book has been out for three months.”

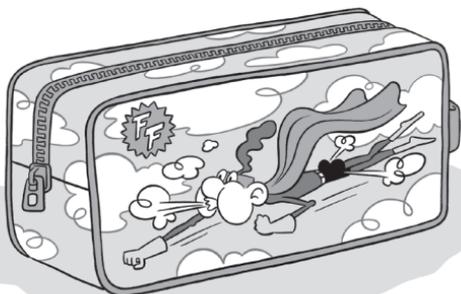
“I know,” said Salah. “I’ve been trying to take it out of the library for weeks.”

“Well, it’s back in the library now,” Mr. Mills said. He sounded tired. “I just checked it in at recess.”

“You WHAT?!?!” Salah shouted.

He was not the only one shouting. Now a bunch of the kids in class were looking at each other. Aisha was holding up her Fart Face pencil case to show everybody. Jasper started making farting sounds.

Drita looked from the class



over to Mr. Mills, who gave a silly smile. “Hmm,” Mr. Mills said, keeping his eyes on Drita. “I guess there’s only one way to solve this.”

Then, with a big voice, he said, “One, two, three, eyes on me!”

Nothing.

Mr. Mills cleared his throat again. “I said, ONE, TWO, THREE, EYES ON ME!”

It wasn’t helping. Mr. Mills stopped, and then his eyes lit up. He made a huge farting noise that filled the room.

Everybody stopped what they were doing.

“WHAT A GAS!” Mr. Mills shouted.

There was a moment of silence. Drita was not sure what to do. Were they in trouble? Was everything okay with Mr. Mills?

It was Jasper who broke the silence. He pointed to Mr. Mills. “That’s what Fart Face always says when something cool happens.”

“I know,” Mr. Mills said. “Since everybody wants to hear about *Fart Face vs. Barfbeard*, why don’t I get that copy from the library and read it to you?”

The whole class broke into a huge cheer! “Fart Face! Fart Face!” they chanted.

“This is the greatest day of my whole life,” Aisha said.