TED AND HIS TIME-TRAVELLING TOILET

TUDOR TANGLE



BY

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WARNING:
CONTAINS TOILET HUMOUR!

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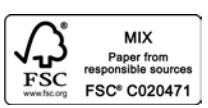
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CHAPTER 1

The class on stage had just finished their assembly telling the rest of the school how much they'd learned about butterflies (or, come to think of it, it might've been about Florence Nightingale or even about things you find in ponds – I wasn't **really** listening, and a quick glance around the hall showed me that neither was anyone else, including two teachers who had fallen asleep and were both **snoring** loudly). The class waited expectantly for a clap or at

least some sort of acknowledgement, but the entire hall was silent, until one of the boys started **picking his nose** with great enthusiasm.

(When I say picking, he was digging like a pneumatic drill digs up a road.)

Giggling turned to laughter as he continued to dig further and **further**, deeper and **deeper**. I thought at one point, his finger was going to come wiggling out of his ear! Slowly but surely all the other students noticed and all the attention had turned from the other children on stage to the busy boy with a digit up his nostril. The giggling got louder and louder until eventually our head teacher Mr Munford stepped in.

'Well, what a **fascinating** assembly. We all enjoyed it and learned a lot

about the pyramids of Egypt.'

Oh! It was about the pyramids of Egypt?

I literally had **no** idea!

The head teacher continued, 'You've all worked very hard, and I think the whole school has learned something new.'

'I didn't, but then I'm more... **picky**,' shouted Martin Harris, the school bully. **Everyone** laughed. Some because it was a funny thing to say given recent events, and some because they didn't want Martin to **PUNCH** them on the nose when he saw them next.

'Yes, thank you, Martin, you've earned yourself a **DETENTION** for shouting out!' snapped Mr Munford. Martin looked annoyed.

'Now, before you go back to class I have a couple of announcements to make. **Blah**,

blah, blah ...' He didn't actually say blah, blah, blah (although I wish he had – that would've been brilliant!), but the things he said are not worth telling you (most of them were not worth telling me, and I go to that school!). But, then he surprised us all by finishing the assembly with a very interesting bit of information.

'... and that's why this year, for the first time in our school history, there will be a prom. There will be live music ...'

Everyone cheered.

'... there will be a photo booth ...'

Everyone cheered again.

'... and there will be excellent food provided by our school dinner ladies.' Everyone booed.

'That's enough. That's very rude of you all. Our dinner ladies work very hard

to make sure you don't go hungry,' said Mr Munford.

'Well it looks like it hasn't worked for him!' shouted Martin Harris, pointing to the nose-picking boy who was just removing his nose-picking finger from his mouth.

EWWWW!

'Detention all this week, Martin!' hollered Mr Munford. 'Now, all of you, go back to your classrooms quietly!'

We filed out of the hall making as much noise as we could. Because we are kids and it's what we do.

We all piled back into our classroom and waited for our teacher to follow. Someone called my name and I was just about to answer when...

HOLD IT! PAUSE THE STORY. NOBODY

MOVE! EVERYONE STAY EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE. BRACE YOURSELVES. SOMETHING INCREDIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!!!

READY?

OK, HERE IT IS...

Chloe, the best-looking girl in the school, was walking towards me. Chloe and I had been getting on really well lately. I had to pause the story because, well if Chloe needs to speak to me then it's bound to be **really** important or maybe she just wants to hang out with me and chill out, you know? Hold on. Here she is now. Deep breath, here we go...

'Hey,' she says.

'Hey,' I replied.

... and she walked off.

Good, well that went well. Nice chat. Friendly, upbeat. I admit it could've been a **little** more ... well, just a little more would've been better, but, you know ... I see it as a positive step in the right direction.

So, where was I before Chloe and I hung out?

(Who's laughing? Are you laughing? We spoke and for a few moments we hung out. So, technically I'm correct. WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, EH? Oh, it's still you.)

When you have finished laughing at me and are prepared to be ***sensible*** and accept that Chloe **clearly** likes me and that we are destined to be together, then you can come and join me at the beginning of the next chapter. Until then, you **stay**

right here and think about your attitude.



CHAPTER 2

Back in the classroom, Miss Makeshift waited until we were settled and quiet and then told us a bit more about the prom.

'This will be a very special night. You will all have to dress up smartly in suits and dresses, there will be a DJ, dancing, a buffet meal and a prize for the prom king and queen. It is traditional for students to invite each other to be their prom date,' she *giggled.*

The whole class erupted into

laugher and banter: the girls teasing each other about who would invite who' and the boys claiming they weren't going if they had to ask a girl to go with them (the usual, mature classroom conversations!). Eventually, Miss Makeshift quietened everyone down.

I looked over at the love of my life, Chloe Onions - yes, OK, if you haven't read my previous story, her surname is Onions, as in Onions. And, like the vegetable she makes me cry, because she is so beautiful, but unlike the vegetable she isn't round and smelly! (Actually, that sounded really weird, I'd like that to be removed from this book and for all readers to forget that I said anything about Chloe being round and smelly.) Where was I? Oh yes, she is beautiful and one we will day get married.

But, before that, I've got a prom to think about, and to make sure everything goes perfectly, I think I am going to need a plan.

THE PLAN

- Create a plan (done – see 'The Plan' above (labelled, 'The Plan')).
- Travel back in time to a time and place where I can learn how to dance and be the perfect prom date. (Requires some research.)
- Invite Chloe to be my prom date.
- Hire suit (could wear Dad's old suit but don't want to look like I'm wearing Dad's old suit, and the problem with Dad's old suit is that it's Dad's old suit and therefore will definitely look like Dad's old suit).
- Be crowned prom king alongside

Chloe, who will be prom queen.

- Marry Chloe. (Just so you know, this is for the future. I'm still at school so marriage is definitely not on the cards just yet, but it should be part of the plan – it's ALWAYS part of every plan.)

I was just finishing off my school lunch – a sandwich, as usual. I didn't want a sandwich but this is what happened:

Me: What's for lunch?
Dinner lady: Bolognaise
Me: Ooh, sounds good. Is it nice?
Dinner lady: Dunno, not tried it. The other dinner lady, Sandra, had it.
Me: Oh, I'll ask her then. Where is she?
Dinner lady: She went home sick. Food poisoning.

Me: I'll have a sandwich.

I took another bite and looked up to see my best friend, Ollie. He was carrying a tray of food. He loves school dinners. Today, he'd opted for **orange stuff with green bits** for main course and green stuff with orange bits for dessert. Ollie came rushing straight over to me, carefully balancing his tray and chewing the end of a pencil (which looked slightly tastier than the school lunch he'd chosen). Ollie doesn't rush very often, nor does he like to keep fit. He gets tired running a bath.

HAHA good joke! **HIGH-FIVE!**
Don't leave me hanging!
Why are you leaving me hanging?
(Fine, suit yourselves.)

Ollie was trying to tell me something while attempting to catch his breath. All I heard was this:

'There's ... puff ... pant ... some ... puff ... pant ... cough ... one ... puff ... pant ...'

'What are you saying?' I asked, trying to understand him. 'Something about some pants that have made you cough? They sound like an awful pair of pants. Perhaps they are too tight? I suggest you stop wearing them immediately,' I said helpfully and went back to picking at my soggy sandwich.

Eventually, he caught his breath, stood up straight and calmed down enough to deliver some SHOCKING news.

(If you are a nervous person then I'd look away now, although, if you look away you aren't going

to be able to read the shocking news and it's kind of key to the story so, I suggest putting your hand over your eyes and just peeking through your fingers. Anyway, here goes with the news...)

'I've just overheard, Stuart Hants is also going to ask Chloe to the prom!'

'What!!!???' I said, not believing what I'd just heard. 'Stuart Hants? ***The*** Stuart Hants? A.k.a. Stu Hants? A.k.a. Stu Hants Poo Pants? He pooed his pants.'

(Just to that you know, I don't think Stu Hants did actually poo his pants. It's more a rhyming thing than factual. But, I was a desperate man so...)

'There is no way that Chloe would choose Stu Hants Poo Pants over me... Is there?' I

asked, slightly concerned of the answer I'd get back. If she goes with him then she might fall in love and they might be together forever and get married and she would be known as Chloe Poo Pants which is even worse than Onions – which isn't bad...please don't tell her I said that!

'Well, he can dance, properly, and so can Chloe. If Chloe wants to be voted the prom queen, she will have to dance with her partner and you won't stand a chance of dancing with her.'

'What are you talking about? I can dance! I am an awesome dancer,' I argued, feeling a little hurt that my best friend should even question my dancing abilities.

'Being able to join a conga line is not dancing, Ted,' said Ollie as he smirked and

fake conga-ed out of the school canteen.

'Anyone can conga!' I shouted. To prove the point, I too started to conga towards the door. Except as I kicked one leg out, I stubbed my toe on a chair and fell to the floor, rolling in agony. The dinner lady walked over and looked down at me.

'You didn't have the bolognaise, did you?' she asked, prodding me with the toe of her shoe.

'No,' I groaned.

'Oh, good. **Phew!** I thought you'd eaten it and then died. I didn't fancy explaining ***that*** to the headmaster... not again anyway.' She smiled to herself and walked off whistling a tune.

'Wait! What? What do you mean ***"again"*** ?' But she had disappeared into the kitchen.

Later on that day, after school finished, Ollie came back to my house to hang out. We were both sitting quietly on my bedroom floor, deep in thought. Finally, Ollie spoke. 'I've been thinking about your dancing. You need to watch Rudolf Nureyev.'

'Rudolf who now?' I asked. 'Doesn't he help fly Santa Claus around? I hardly think that a shiny red-nosed, *magic reindeer* can help me bust out some moves! Ollie, seriously, there's a reason that none of the other reindeer let him join in the reindeer games and it wasn't because he was king of the dance floor!'

Ollie sighed. 'He's a Russian *ballet dancer*.'

'Ollie, reindeers can't do ballet. They have four legs and hooves for a start.'

'Rudolf Nureyev is a famous *ballet dancer*. He was one of the best dancers in the

world. He was the one who made ballet acceptable and an important role for men.'

'How on earth do you know all that?' I asked.

'I have a photographic memory, I remember everything,' he replied.

'No you don't,' I argued.

'Yes I do.'

'All right then, how long have you had a photographic memory?' I asked.

'Ummm.' He thought, scratching his head. He looked at me sheepishly (and by that I mean that he looked a bit embarrassed and not that he was suddenly covered in wool, standing in a field, eating grass and saying 'baa').

'I thought as much! Anyway, when I hit the dance floor on prom night, performing two grande *pliés* followed by a *jeté* and then ending with a *pirouette*, it's not going to win

me the title of prom king. I need to turn up, armed with a wicked waltz and a terrific tango to show I'm SOPHISTICATED, followed by a superb street dance to show how cool I am.'

'Or you could just shuffle from side to side and occasionally click your fingers. That's what I'm going to do.' Ollie smiled triumphantly whilst demonstrating his ridiculously basic dance routine.

Ollie's advice was useless – I had to learn how to dance, FAST. (And by that I mean I had to learn quickly – not dance FAST. Unless it's a really FAST dance in which case I should learn how to dance FAST, FAST! Anyway, it doesn't matter...)

There was only one thing for it: I needed to go to the toilet. Only my toilet can help me now – is a sentence that no one has ever said before...ever!

In case you haven't yet realised, I am able to TRAVEL BACK IN TIME via my toilet. I know, when it comes to superhero abilities it's a little questionable but I can, and so I do. That's all you need to know right now.

The BIG question is, where do I travel back to and what dance should I learn?