TED AND HIS TIME-TRAVELLING TOILET



PAINT AND PANDEMONIUM

STEVEN VINACOUR

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What do **Leonardo da Vinci, Picasso, Georgia O'Keeffe, Van Gogh** and me, **Ted Jones,** have in common?

The answer is we are all **GREAT PAINTERS** – except **me.** And that's a **PROBLEM,** as I **NEED** to win the **school art competition.**

Time for a **time-travelling TOILET trip** to get some advice from the **arty experts,** then I'll **WIN** and **Chloe** will fall in **LOVE** with me!

The **only** problem is – **WHAT do I draw?** Also, **HOW do I draw?** And, er, **WHO do I draw?** Then... **WHEN do I draw?** And **WHY do I draw?**

(Actually, not why. You know why – because there is an art competition. I just explained that!)

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BY
STEVEN VINACOUR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES COTTELL

AWARD PUBLICATIONS LIMITED

In memory of my mum,
Yvette Vinacour.

She always used to tell me,
"Don't just talk about it, do it!"

Now I'm sharing her words to inspire
and encourage you all to go and achieve
your dreams, just like I have done.

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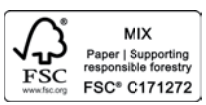
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WARNING:
CONTAINS TOILET HUMOUR!



CHAPTER 1

A hobby and an interest are two very different things.

The dictionary definition of a **HOBBY** is:

> an activity that someone does for pleasure when they are not working.

(It's also a medium-sized horse, but for the purposes of this conversation let's stick with the first meaning.)

Do you have a hobby? (An activity you like doing, not a medium-sized horse,

obviously.) Some of you might like gardening or collecting things, or collecting things you find in the garden. Or gardening with things you've collected, or...

Reader: Yes, OK we've got the point!

Right, OK. You might like football or skateboarding or dancing or stamp collecting, and that's cool. (Actually, stamp collecting is a lot of things but **'COOL'** is not one of them. Sorry if you are a stamp collector, or philatelist, which is the correct name.) I tend not to discuss my hobby because I do not want people to know what it is. None of my friends or family know about it. Why? Because my hobby is...

I LIKE TO FLUSH MYSELF DOWN THE TOILET!

OK, so that isn't the actual hobby – that would be weird if there was no purpose to

it. I don't climb into the toilet, flush it, climb out, dry off and then carry on my day just for fun. I flush myself **d o w n** the toilet to travel back in time. I can go anywhere and meet anyone. Which is cool, BUT I know that if everyone knew what I did then they would call me names.

The top 5 names that I think people would call me if they knew I flushed myself down the toilet (which they don't) (but if they did then they might):

5. Bog monster
4. Turd Jones
3. Poo Jackman
2. Dungface
1. Dr Poo and the Daleks

So that's why I don't tell anyone. It's a secret. You mustn't tell anyone, OK? **OK?** No, you have to say: 'OK, I promise not to tell

anyone that you like playing...'

'I DO NOT PLAY IN TOILETS! I TIME-TRAVEL.'

Try that again. Say, 'I promise not to tell anyone that you have a time-travelling toilet.' OK, good.

I've told you this because I am currently sitting in an English class and the teacher has asked us to write about our hobbies. I figured that whatever I write about, someone would make fun of me. So, I told everyone I liked stamp collecting (I don't). Unsurprisingly, the rest of the class laughed and pretended to yawn. Then Martin Harris, the school bully, came over to me and said, 'So, you like stamps, do you?'

'Yes,' I lied.

'Well, here's one for your collection,' and then he stomped on my foot making me

shout out in pain and hop around the class, banging into desks and ending up sitting on Misha Barret's lap, which prompted Martin to shout, 'Ted and Misha are kissing in class! Bleugh! I feel sick.'

I stood up, apologised to Misha and limped back to my chair as the teacher shouted for us to both go and sit down.

After the lesson, my friend Faith caught up with me. (I think she like likes me, but I'm not so sure any more. She might just like me.)

'I've never heard you talk about stamp collecting before,' said Faith.

'That's because I don't like stamp collecting,' I replied.

'Then why did you say you did?'

I shrugged and told her I didn't want anyone to know my actual hobby.

'Why? What is your actual hobby?'

'I collect belly button fluff,' I whispered.

'You are gross and you get weirder every day,' she laughed.

'Really? Do you think there is a maximum weirdness that a person can get to? Should I worry about what level I will reach when I become an adult?'

'I don't think you'll ever really become an adult,' she sighed.

'Oh OK. Thanks, Faith,' I replied.

'So, how are you feeling since... you know?' Faith mumbled quietly.

OK, stop the story!

I need to explain what 'you know' means in case you don't know. You should know, but you might not know, so here goes. I was in love with the most awesome girl in

the whole school, Chloe Onions. We became friends. Such good friends that she chose me to tell her biggest secret to – that she had decided to date another boy in my class, Ed Jones. This was VERY, VERY, VERY bad news. Even worse than like, the world **EXPLODING.** At least if that happened then Ed wouldn't be able to date Chloe (because there would be nowhere to go – what with the world **EXPLODING** and everything).

But I will be fine. I have had to cope with bad news before. Once, my mum forgot to buy spaghetti hoops. I really like spaghetti hoops. I had to eat spaghetti letters, which is not the same. When I looked in the bowl, they had spelled out 'DO NOT EAT ME', which I took to be a sign. Besides, you can't hook lots of letters onto

your fork in one go. Unless they are all O's and if you are going to do that then you may as well buy spaghetti hoops. Anyway, I coped with disappointment then and I will cope with it now.

My 'relationship' with Chloe was getting far too complicated and it was making my head hurt. When I say relationship, I have come to terms with the fact that I don't have a relationship with her at all – because Ed Jones does. ED JONES! The boy who has a (slightly) better name than me (it's shorter) and now he has a better girlfriend than me – in that, I don't have a girlfriend, but if I did then he still would have a better girlfriend than me because Chloe Onions is the best-looking girl in the universe. And now she is Ed Jones's girlfriend, which is the worst thing ever to

happen to me (which, bearing in mind I once got stuck in a toilet and nearly kissed the school bully by mistake, is saying something!) Now I have to come to school and see them holding hands. Which is disgusting and shouldn't be allowed. Unless it's with me.*

*Just to make it perfectly clear, I want to hold hands with Chloe – NOT ED.

**OK, so you're up to date with everything now, right, and we can get back to the story?

'I'm completely fine. They make a great couple, and I am happy for them,' I replied to Faith, trying to sound extra cheerful.

'Oh, it's just that I saw you write in your notebook "I love Chloe! Why would she date Ed? It's the WORST thing that could ever

happen and I want to cry".'

'No, I didn't,' I blurted.

'OK, sure, well, if you need to talk then come and find me. I'm a good listener,' she said, running off to catch up with a group of girls.

'I'm a good whistler too,' said my best friend Ollie, creeping up behind me and making me jump.

'She said listener, not whistler,' I replied.

'Oh, really? I wasn't listening. I was too busy whistling. Anyway, she wouldn't be able to whistle as well as I can. I'm the best,' Ollie bragged smugly.

'Go on then, prove it,' I challenged him.

'Err, oh, well, I'm out of practice and I haven't warmed up, but, erm... I'll give it a try...'

Ollie filled his cheeks with AIR and

blew out enthusiastically, making a huge raspberry noise whilst spraying DRIBBLE in every direction. I wiped the saliva off my face and sighed.

'I just needed to warm up...' he said weakly.

'It's fine, Ollie,' I sighed soggily. 'Let me just dry off, then let's go and get some lunch.'

We queued up in the dinner hall and waited for our turn. Miss Sal Monella the GRUESOME dinner lady was at the counter.

'Hello,' I said cheerily. 'What's for lunch?'

'Chops,' replied the dinner lady.

'Lamb chops?' I asked.

'Nope. **Karate.**'

'I don't think karate chops are a food,' I replied.

'Don't have them then,' she shrugged.

'Is there anything else?' I asked.

'There's bolognese,' she muttered.

'Oh, OK then. In that case, I'll have the bolog—'

'No, wait,' she interrupted. 'I meant mayonnaise, not bolognese.'

'But mayonnaise isn't really a ***meal***, though, is it?'

'Depends how much you eat, doesn't it?' she snapped.

'I think I'll have a sandwich,' I sighed. Ollie, who was standing behind me, eagerly agreed to a plateful of whatever it was the dinner lady had to offer. As soon as we sat down he began hastily spooning it into his mouth like a hungry dog.

(Yes, I know dogs don't eat with a spoon. Everyone says dogs are really intelligent, but there are a lot of things they can't do... and eating with a spoon is one of them.)

Other things dogs can't do:

- Take good photos
- Read a book and write a review of it
- Drive a bus
- Chop down a tree
- Cook spaghetti
- Karaoke
- Wallpaper a room
- Tell good jokes (As soon as they got to the 'knock-knock' bits they would just run around barking.)

Anyway, I'm sure there are more things, but we seem to be getting off-topic.

We finished our lunch and headed out to the playground.

'So, how is it, being *Head Boy*?' Ollie asked me.

'I haven't done anything yet,' I replied.

'Wow, you are a pretty rubbish Head Boy then,' he mumbled.

'I am not a rubbish Head Boy. I just haven't been asked to do anything yet. I'm waiting to be told what to do, or have a meeting or something. But in the meantime, I'm just walking around keeping my eye on things. I think I command a certain amount of **respect** around the school now,' I said confidently. Just then a football bounced over to me.

'Oi, big ears, pass the ball back!' shouted a younger boy.

'You can't call me big ears! I'm the *Head Boy*!' I said in my best Head Boy voice.

'And your head has massive ears on the side of it. Now kick our ball back!' yelled the boy.

'Well,' laughed Ollie, 'I am very impressed

by the level of respect you command.'

'Shut up. Anyway, I'm not looking forward to having a meeting. I'm too nervous about having to talk to Chloe,' I groaned.

'I thought you'd be happy about that?' Ollie said.

'I would've been happy if she hadn't started going out with ED Jones,' I replied.

'I didn't know she was dating Ed!' Ollie gasped, surprised.

'Of course you knew that!' I blurted out. 'Everyone knows that!'

'Oh, well, I forgot,' Ollie shrugged.

'Didn't you once tell me that you have a photographic memory and never forgot anything... EVER?' I said, drawing out the last word sarcastically.

'I don't remember,' he said blankly.

'Sometimes, Ollie, I think I'd get a better

conversation from a damp sponge.' Ollie just shrugged again.

After a bit of a walk around the playground, we headed back to class. The afternoon began with form time, where we were told something very interesting by Miss Simon (which was a surprise) and we actually listened to her (even more of a surprise).



CHAPTER 2

'I'm excited to let you know,' Miss Simon began, 'that we have something special lined up for you to celebrate the end of term.

'For the first time ever, we have entered you all into the art competition for local schools. All pupils in your year will be taking part. You will have to *draw* or **PAINT** a picture, which, if it... yes, Ollie?' We all turned to look at Ollie, who had his hand up in the air.

'Can we use **crayons?**' he asked.

'I guess so. Yes, I'm sure that's allowed,'

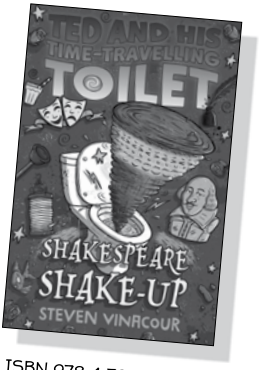
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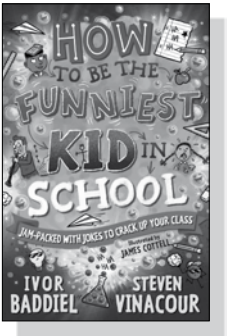


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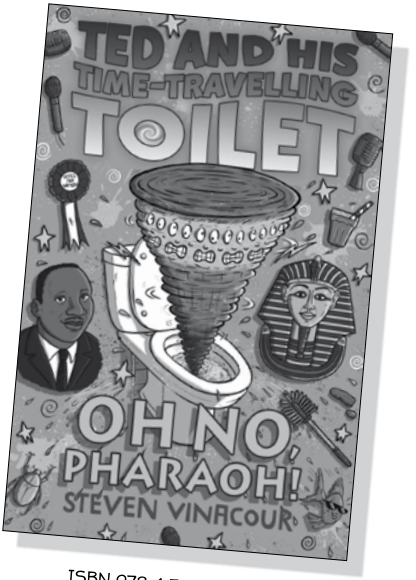


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