

## Better Out Than In – Bob’s Burp

Written By Adam Wallace, Illustrated by Heath McKenzie

A boy named Bob,  
the star of this story,  
Had no idea he was  
headed for glory.



He asked his Mum if he  
could go for a walk,  
She just nodded. She wasn't  
one for much talk.  
Bob walked down the street till  
he reached the milk bar,  
It only took him five  
minutes. It wasn't far.  
He went inside, bought a  
drink and some gum,  
And this was where the  
fun really begun.

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Bob chewed on his chewie  
and took a big drink,  
Into his body fizzy bubbles  
did sink.  
Then the drink and the gum  
did a wonderful thing,  
From deep within Bob a  
massive burp did ring.



100

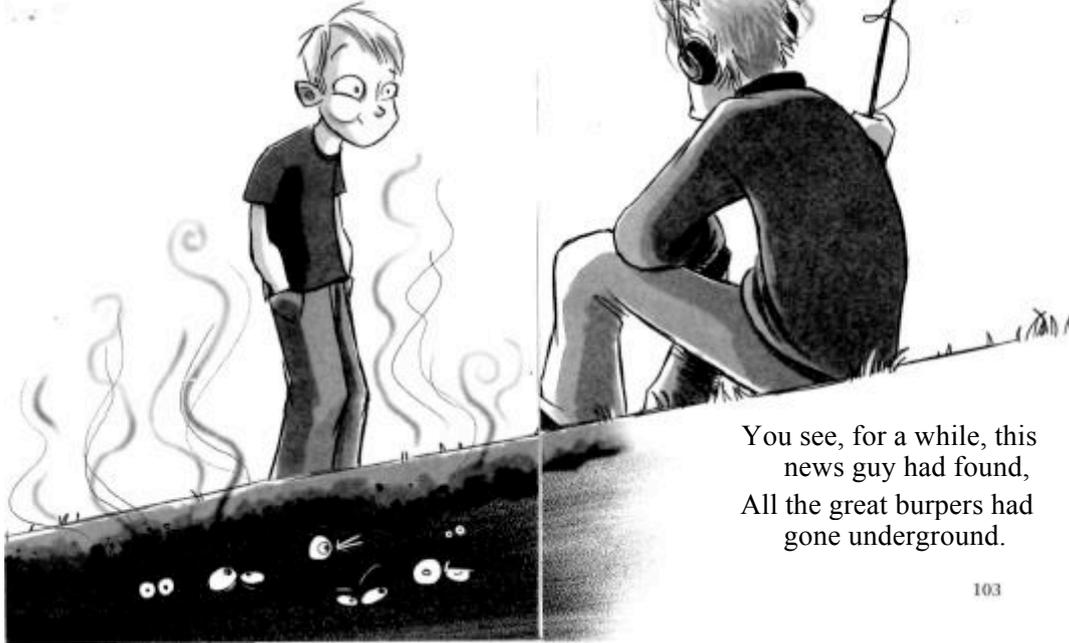
Everyone looked at Bob like  
he'd committed a sin,  
Bob just smiled and said,  
**'BETTER OUT THAN IN.'**



A news crew member who  
was part of the crowd,  
Had never, ever, EVER heard  
a burp **THAT** loud.

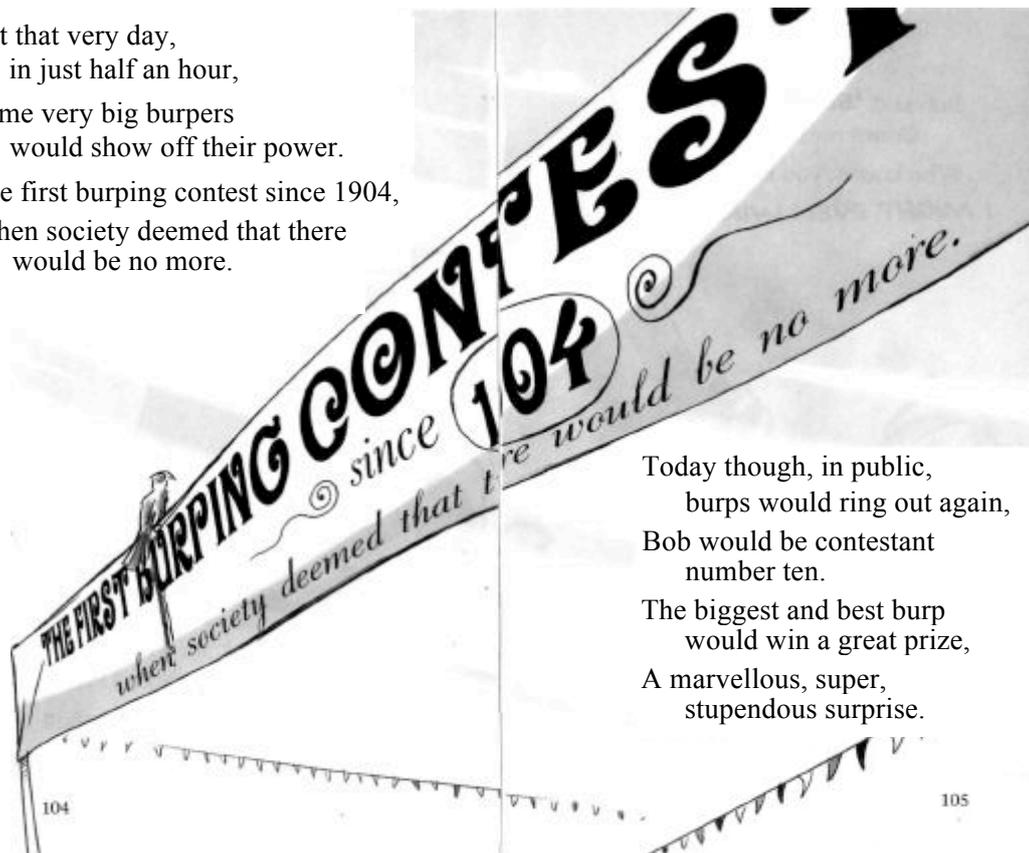
101

He went up to Bob and  
said a quick hi,  
Said he'd loved Bob's burp,  
then began to say why.



You see, for a while, this  
news guy had found,  
All the great burpers had  
gone underground.

But that very day,  
in just half an hour,  
Some very big burpers  
would show off their power.  
The first burping contest since 1904,  
When society deemed that there  
would be no more.



Today though, in public,  
burps would ring out again,  
Bob would be contestant  
number ten.  
The biggest and best burp  
would win a great prize,  
A marvellous, super,  
stupendous surprise.

Bob said, 'SURE. WHY NOT?  
 Count me in.  
 Who knows, you know,  
**I MIGHT EVEN WIN!**'



'That's the spirit young lad,' said  
 the excited news man,  
 Then he raced Bob off in his  
 brand new news van.



Well the contest began, a  
 big crowd was there,  
 The first burper let rip  
 with barely a care.  
 A monsterly, big, smelly,  
 loud, garlic belch,  
 A bit of food content was  
**heard in the squelch.**



Three people fell down,  
 they were in the front row,  
 Not a good spot at a burp  
 comp, you know.  
 The burp was quite good, the  
 ground shook a bit,  
 But it wasn't so good that Bob  
 thought he should quit.



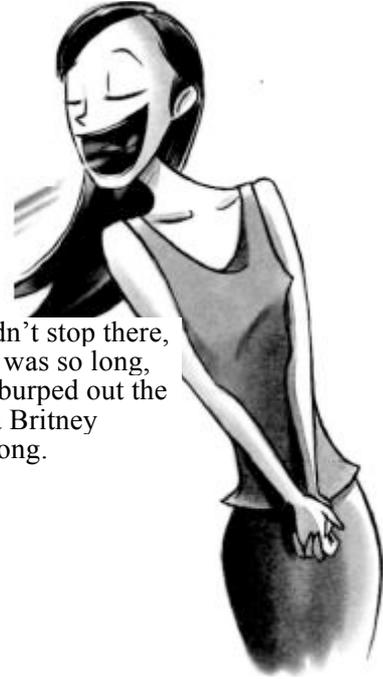
The next seven burpers,  
 they all had their go,  
 But compared to the first  
 guy they were so-so.  
 Then it was the turn of  
 burper number nine,  
 And as burpers go she  
 was really quite fine.



108



Not a whole lot of power, but  
length? You bet,  
In one mighty burp she said  
The whole alphabet



And she didn't stop there,  
the burp was so long,  
that she burped out the  
tune of a Britney  
Spears song.



On the last note, the burp,  
it finally stopped,  
Not with a bang, it sort of  
just popped.  
The burper sat down, a smile  
on her face,  
She felt pretty sure that  
she'd sewn up first place.

Bob chewed on his gum,  
then took a long swig,  
He knew that to win this burp  
had to be big.  
He opened his mouth,  
but nothing came out,  
**'Come On! BURP!'** the audience  
did shout.



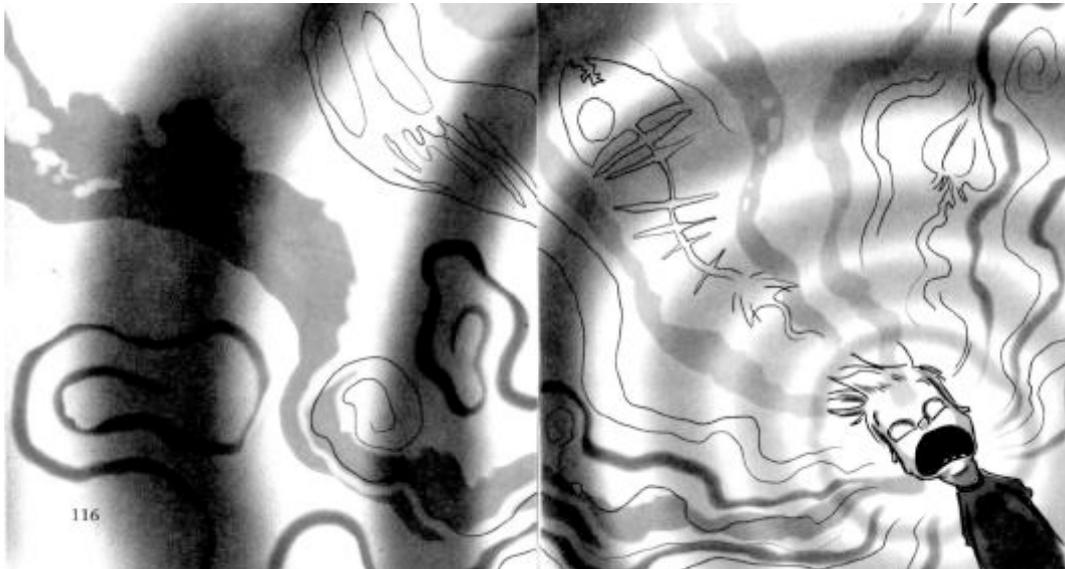
Bob gave his drink one more  
little slurp,  
And then let loose with  
an astounding burp.  
The judge standing next to him?  
He was knocked flat,  
And some deaf guy in England said,  
'BY GUM, WHAT WAS THAT?'  
The burp just kept going,  
its power immense,  
It made the Great Wall of China  
a three foot high fence.  
The Leaning Tower of Pisa, it  
don't lean no more,  
Bob's burp sent it down,  
straight to the floor.

114



On and on Bob burped,  
and although the power became less,  
It still turned Stonehenge  
into a rubbly mess.

And when Bob did stop, it was  
just as well, 'cos then came  
along the burp's mighty smell.'



Brussel sprouts from the night before  
Garlic, and eggs, and fish and more.  
All mixed together, from deep  
in the belly,  
It made the burp's aftersmell  
ever so smelly.  
There was no doubt now  
that Bob would win,  
Those still conscious raised an  
almighty din.  
And then, though he'd caused  
a worldwide disaster,  
Bob got a trophy, and the title  
of Grand Burpmaster.

