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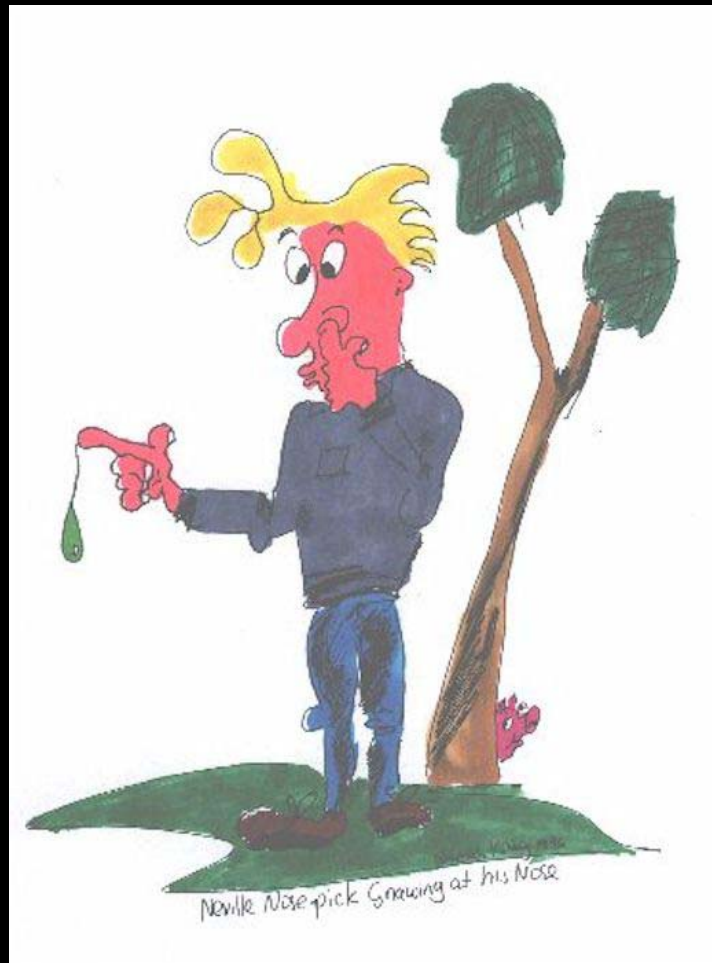
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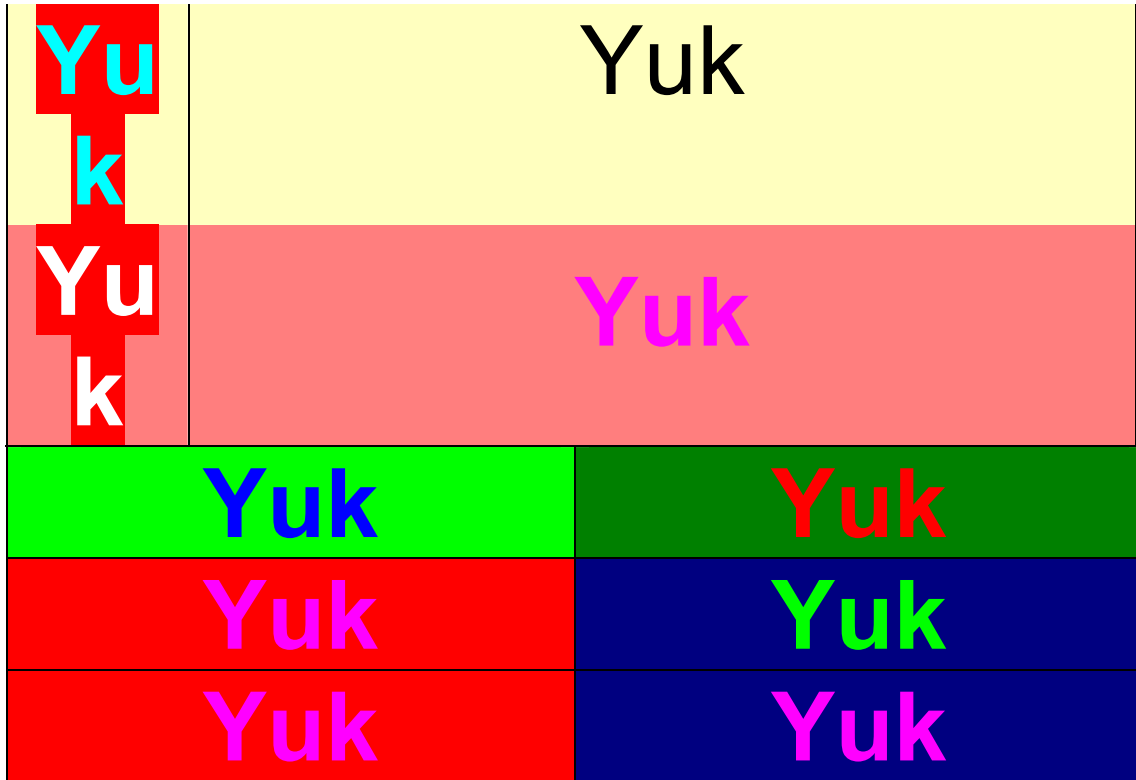
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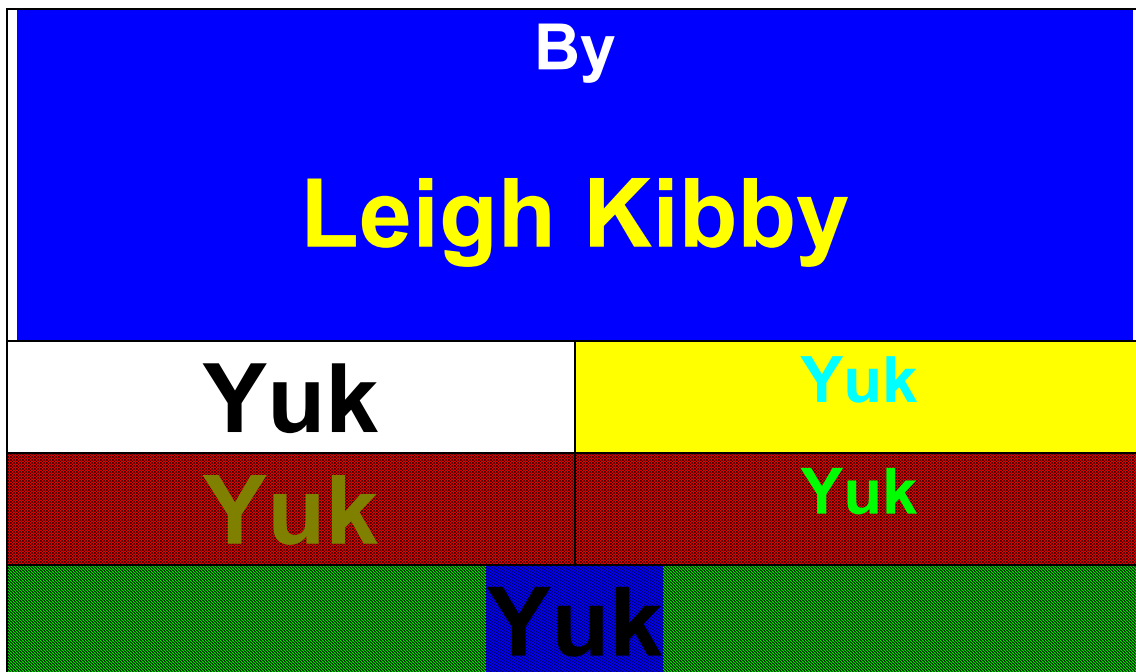
Nifty Neville Nose Pick



And Betty Bottom Cough



Yuk One



Nifty Neville Nose-Pick

by

Leigh Kibby 1996

Neville Nose-Pick was not always a nose picker. In fact, he didn't know that noses could be picked until he saw a Police Officer.

The Police Officer was in his Police car, which was stopped at the traffic lights. The Police Officer didn't know anyone was watching and didn't notice Neville at the side of the road.

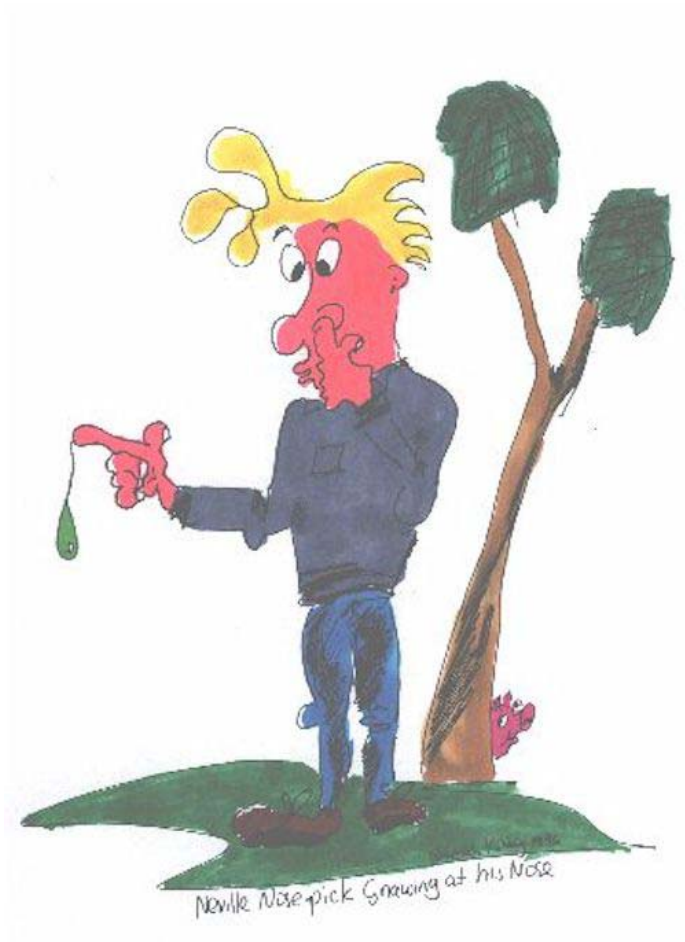
"Wow," thought Neville as the Police Officer picked his nose.

"Cool," thought Neville when the Police Officer flicked it out the window.

When the Police Officer stopped picking, he looked around and saw Neville watching very closely with a big smile on his face. The Police Officer turned red in the face and drove away quickly. But, it was too late, Neville had seen enough.

All the way home, Neville nose-picked as best he could, right until the very last booger was picked out of his nose. He picked some plain looking ones that were very, very boring.

But, Neville also picked some stringy, green ones thick and chunky like beans. They stuck on the end of his finger as Neville twirled them around. It even seemed as if some boogers wanted to stay with Neville because he would flick and flop them but they would stay stuck to his fingers, just like a good friend who wanted to stay close.



When he got home, Neville was all picked out, so no-one noticed his new found fun. But, next day when he got to school, Neville showed all his friends what he could do.

First he picked a little one, just to show how it was done and everyone laughed. He picked a long one that was like a small banana and everyone was surprised. Then he twirled and flicked it, which was a fiendish thing to do. Everybody yelled and some even ran away.

Later, Neville became even more “gross”. He nose picked a long, gooey, sticky, bean type booger that looked like green chewing gum. So, Neville gave it a try. He popped the booger in his mouth and began to chew. All his friends screamed and some began to vomit.

Neville was very pleased with this and thought of even more obnoxious things to do. Unfortunately though, he had picked his last booger and had to wait until others grew.

Next day, when the boogers had grown back, Neville picked them from his nose and put them in fiendish places.

He hung one from the classroom door handle and so no-one would open the door to go into class. He hung one from the toilet door and two boys almost wet their pants because they didn't know how to get in without being boogered.

Luckily, Neville ran out of boogers by morning break, so everyone was safe after that. However, Nifty Neville Nose-Pick was planning his most fiendish nose picking prank. He had decided to catch a cold so that he would have plenty of boogers to pick.

Neville stayed outside late with just a singlet on and wet his hair at school.

Of course, Neville did catch cold. At first, it was a good cold and Neville had many boogers to pick and flick each day. Eventually, everyone at school became annoyed at Neville's nose picks and boogers everywhere like on the toilet seat, in Neville's hair and on the end of his nose. They stopped thinking that nose picking was fun and thought that it was awful.

The boogers up Neville's nose kept growing. Some even tried to escape his nose even without being picked and would lay on his pillow at night. Some even tried to get out when Neville coughed, jumping onto his toast and jam at breakfast in the morning. But, Neville kept on picking.

During one particularly deep gouge, Neville picked his brain and almost died. The doctor's had to super glue Neville's finger up his nose to stop his brains leaking out. So, Neville never, never picked his nose again.

Betty Bottom-Cough

by
Leigh Kibby 1996

Betty had not always been a bottom-cougher. But, she began one day after boiled eggs and onion for breakfast. In the middle of a particularly funny story being read by the teacher, Betty laughed and bottom-coughed.

First of all, no-one made any noise and Betty turned bright red. Then, some-one coughed as an awful smell spread silently around the room.

"Deadly," said Bob Belcher and everyone laughed.

"Disgusting!" growled the teacher.

"Cool," thought Betty.

After that, Betty enjoyed bottom-coughing. In fact, she became the best bottom-cougher in her whole family.

Betty's brothers bottom-coughed loud, but not as loud as Betty.

Betty's sister bottom-coughed softly and smelly, but not as softly nor as smelly as Betty.

Betty's father bottom coughed and blamed it on the dog and Betty's mother pretended that she didn't bottom-cough at all.

One day, Betty bottom-coughed loudly while everyone was watching T.V. Betty laughed but Dad got angry.

Another day, Betty bottom-coughed while the family was eating tea. But her Old Aunt Agatha felt sick and had to lie down.

Betty even bottom-coughed at school during assembly while the principal was talking and everyone, except the boring fuss-pot teachers, laughed. Later, Betty had to spend all lunch time picking

up papers and didn't have a chance to bottom-cough in front of anyone at all.

Betty enjoyed bottom-coughing and often bottom-coughed in the bath.



In fact, bottom-coughing was so much fun for Betty, she began to eat amazing things to become an even better bottom-cougher. She ate sardines with salami, sauce and sugar. Betty ate onions, with olives, aubergines and other 'orrible things. And, worst of all, Betty ate baked beans with biscuits and blueberries on bread.

The things that Betty ate made her bottom-coughs smellier and smellier. And, Betty learnt how to bottom-cough loud or soft. She could even bottom-cough "Happy Birthday" at friends' parties.

Betty bottom-coughed at school, but silent and deadly now so the teacher wouldn't catch her. She bottom-coughed deadly at lunch with her friends. Betty bottom-coughed in the car on the way home and no-one could get out. Betty even bottom-coughed loudly when the Prime Minister visited the school, so he only waved and drove by instead of stopping to say hello.

One day, however, Bob Belcher said he could bottom-cough better than Betty. "No way," thought Betty as she walked home that night and planned what she would do.

For tea that night, Betty had baked beans, cabbage and brussel sprouts. For breakfast the next morning, Betty had egg and sardines on toast. Then for lunch Betty had an anchovy and onion sandwich.

Deep inside Betty's stomach, the beans and cabbage and sprouts and eggs and sardines and anchovies and onions mixed together like a gurgly, gaseous stew. More and more and more gas was made by the mighty mix of mess gurgling in Betty's bowel. Minute by minute, second by second, the pressure in Betty's bottom grew. Betty held on tighter and tighter, straining to hold on for just the right moment.

The recess bell rang and Betty ran outside to meet Bob Belcher and deliver the best bottom-cough of all time. But, the wind blew dust into Betty's nose and when she sneezed she let go a mighty bang - the biggest fart of all time.

An odorous cloud killed the grass, flowers withered and people fell to the ground coughing as their eyes filled with tears. The air was so thick you could taste the baked beans Betty had eaten for tea. Even Bob belcher seemed bothered.

When the cloud of dust and smell settled, Betty was gone. The only sign of Betty was a burnt out shoe near a hole in the ground that smelt like beans and cabbage and sprouts and eggs and sardines and anchovies and onions mixed together like a gurgly, gaseous stew.

Some say Betty blew herself right to the moon. Others say she blew herself right into the future. Whatever happened, Betty had bottom-coughed for the very last time. But, late at night when no-one is around, people say the air near Betty's hole smells like rotten eggs and dog poo and that ghostly bottom-coughs can be heard in the whispering of the wind. The End

[Other "Yuk" titles](#)

[Susan Swap Spit](#)
[Tim Tongue Up Nose](#)
[Denise Doggy Breath](#)
[Bob Belcher and Beatrice Bottom Squeak](#)
[The Goobensniders](#)